

THE MADAWASKA HIGHLANDER

LOCAL - HISTORICAL - ENVIRONMENTAL

Volume 8 Issue 5

Free

October 2012

Pioneer Voices: Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson

As told to Elmer Strong:

Editor's note: Back in the 1960s Elmer Strong, originally of Matawatchan, conducted numerous interviews with local men who had been involved in the timber industry in their past. Many of these men who had worked the bush or the Madawaska River were at the time of the interview in their mid-80s or 90s. From these interviews Mr. Strong compiled a book entitled *Matawatchan: A glimpse into the past* (copyright).

This is an excerpt from that book. This is a different John Thompson from the previous Highlander.

Calabogie: May 1968

I visited with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson at their home in the village of Calabogie and recorded our conversation in May of 1968. This elderly couple, who lived alone in a house on the northern outskirts of the village, near the railway tracks, had been recommended to me as a couple who had lived nearly all their lives in the area and were quite knowledgeable concerning the local history. They advised me that they were not related to any of the various Thompson families in the Matawatchan and Denbigh area.

Since this was our first and only meeting, considerable time was spent in exchanging pleasantries and getting acquainted before serious discussions of early Calabogie history could commence. The village was undergoing considerable turmoil as a result of a large influx of new people connected with a major hydro-generating plant development nearby. The conversa-

tion frequently shifted from reminiscing about the past to noting current issues that were on everyone's mind at that time. Consequently such, editing of this recorded conversation was necessary. The resulting edited version is short but does contain some interesting historical nuggets concerning the early timber trade in the region.

Mr. Thompson: I never saw the square timber. The last raft of square timber went down about 1908. When I came here McLachlin and Gillies were taking out logs – also Harrison Tie. Pottinger and Barnett were the last. They took out pulpwood for Eddies, you see. They drove it down the river in long lengths. That would be in the 1920s — T. S. Barnett and Syd Pottinger. Pottinger lumbered all his life—up by Pembroke—up on Lake Traverse. That's where he lumbered, you see.

Gordon Stoughton is our lumberman here now. He is about fifty seven or fifty-eight. That's his mill in the village of Calabogie. He owns a lot of timber limits—the McLachin limits, you know. He and Jack Wilson started the company. Jack Wilson was from Matawatchan. He died and Gordon Stoughton bought him out. It is a good sized lumber outfit. They would cut about two or three million feet a year. Don't cut so much now.

I drove the river, both pulpwood and logs for Jack Dempsey. He just drove it to here. He bought stuff along the river and drove it down here. He was a member of Parliament at the last, in Toronto. He drove the river and had a sawmill here. He took pulp

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Dunn's lake in the fall

Photo: Tracy Hunchals

Interest in Heritage is on the Rise

By Bill Graham, Editor

Interest in heritage issues is on the rise throughout the Township of Greater Madawaska. There are two initiatives in Calabogie; one centred at Heritage Point and the other at Barnet Park, while a third initiative comes out of Matawatchan. All of this comes at a time during the second half of this Council's mandate when culture has been designated as a priority. To certify this priority, Council created a new committee of Council for culture called the Culture Advisory Committee at its September 11 meeting.

Culture, but especially heritage, has suddenly become important to separate groups across the township. For some the motivation is tourism and economic development and for others it is the

preservation of the past. Materials such as photographs, letters, official documents, interviews and artefacts such as old implements and tools are disappearing. Over successive generations these historical items become less important and gather dust in basements and attics.

With digital technology many of these items can be scanned or photographed then described by annotations and be made available to the public either on the Internet or in a digital museum. While digital museums and heritage centres are important, what is most important is gathering the historical material before it is lost.

The Calabogie Library has had a history project for over a year. The Greater Madawaska Local History Digital Collection is hosted at an Ontario Government site. Librarian Sharon Shalla

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Up to Speed

Broadband Internet for the Madawaska Highlands

By Lois Thomson

My quest to unloak the mysteries of broadband access in the Madawaska Highlands was met with a paradox. You need broadband to research broadband. My research would have been almost impossible to accomplish without a few well-placed phone calls, a couple of chance meetings with Bell technicians and our recently connected Xplornet Satellite service. Yes, you need broadband to research broadband. In fact, you need high-speed to research anything these days. Increasingly, we need high-speed to file our taxes and download forms. We need it for banking, education, and healthcare. We need it to attract industry. Municipalities get almost all of their funding from property taxes, which can't be supported by residential assessments alone. What do we need to attract industry? Broadband.

It's a Catch 22 that's recognized by all levels of government in Canada. They know that every community must be connected in order for Canada to compete in the global economy. They also know that upgrading the infrastructure in Eastern Ontario to connect one million people spread over 50,000 square kilometres would be prohibitively expensive for rural municipalities and service providers alone. It's considered to be so essential that Last November the United Nations declared broadband access a basic human right. Not just dial up. Broadband.

So everyone knows we need it, but where is it?

Technically, it's here now. We already have high-speed access in the form of Satellite service provided by Xplornet. Rural access to affordable satellite service is part of a \$170-million project being managed by the Eastern Ontario Regional Network (EORN). The Eastern Ontario Wardens Caucus (EOWC), created EORN to handle the rollout of broadband in the region. The project is being funded by federal and provincial governments (\$55-million each), the private sector (\$50-million) and the Eastern Ontario Warden's Caucus (\$10-million). It includes satellite service at "almost urban" rates and infrastructure upgrades to phone lines and cellular networks. EORN is building a 5,500 km. fibre optic "backbone" across the region, which includes more than 400 kilometres of new cable. They will also provide ongoing monitoring of pricing, performance and customer satisfaction. Any problems with your service should be reported to EORN. Which brings us to the burning question. What will that service be? Who will be getting the faster and more reliable forms of broadband access and when?

If you have a Hi-Speed connection (yes, I hear you), go to EORN's web site to find out what kind of connection will be coming to a computer near you. Just enter your address or click anywhere on the map to get an instant answer. <http://www.eorn.ca/address-search/>

That sounds simple, but there was a complication you might have come across. Until recently, the information on the site for our area was incorrect. It was showing that we would be getting either fixed wireless (cellular network HSPA+) or Terrestrial (wireline). This didn't make sense since most of the area is without cell service. My calls to EORN weren't returned, but about a week after speaking with Bruce Parker (former Councillor and Head of the Li-

brary Board) about it, I noticed that the information on the site was corrected. It might have been a coincidence, but the web site no longer shows a fixed wireless option. It now shows which addresses will be getting Terrestrial and which ones will only have the Satellite option. These are estimates and what you get depends on a few factors.

What I've been able to glean is that Bell has been upgrading phone lines along Highway 41 and along Matawatchan Road / Centennial Lake Road with fibre optic cable. About every 8 Kilometres along that line, you will find a node, a grey metal box about the size of a file cabinet. These nodes act as signal boosters and key connection points. Essentially, anyone who lives 6 to 8 kilometres from one of these nodes will have broadband access. This means that anyone who lives along the new fibre lines along Highway 41 should have access. It also means it should reach the village of Matawatchan. Exactly how far it goes depends on the type of phone line you have leading to your home or business. One of the Bell technicians showed me that fiber lines are tagged with rectangular orange markers and copper wires are usually identified with yellow disks. Wires leading from a node on Centennial Lake Road, near Matawatchan Road are copper, so 6 kilometres is the estimate. If they were fibre lines, the signal would stay strong for about 8 kilometres before needing a boost. Copper lines are slower than fibre, but faster than satellite.

Connection dates of spring 2013 on the EORN site are also estimates. The technician at the top of the pole told me it could be next month. The technician at the switching cabinet told me it could be December, but the only way to know for sure is to wait for a call or a knock on the door from Bell when it's

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Published in Matawatchan

Voices (Cont)

down too. He cut it and shipped it out in carloads, you know. He took it down in lengths too. He bought it along the river. He had a camp there at Matawatchan for quite a few years. He sawed at Matawatchan. He sawed about two million feet a year. That was about fifty years ago. We have lived in Calabogie fifty-three years. I worked one winter up in Matawatchan cutting logs.

Calabogie used to be a railway centre. There used to be a lot of Matawatchan business done here. But now there is none comes here—all goes the other way. They used to all come here to buy in those stores here—Docks and Waynes. That was the two stores here. Stuff was cheap here.

Mrs. Thompson: The old store burnt down last winter----with the lovely hotel on the corner.

Mr. Thompson: I never shantied much, after that I came here. I was in the hotel business with my brother Jim. The drives were coming down then—some—but not like in the earlier part. It was terrible, they say. They used to bring the drives down to Calabogie where they paid the men off.

Mrs. Thompson: I remember up where I lived, the Rathburn Lumber Company had a mill that they ran for years and years. As soon as the lake opened up in the spring, they would run it until November, until it froze up. They used to load thirteen big flat cars a day. They

worked twelve hours. There were four trains a day at that time. There were two freight trains and two express trains. The freight had about thirteen cars that they filled every day. The logs would go up a chain and they would roll them down on to the flat cars. Father made the stakes, hardwood stakes, for the flat cars.

I think the trains went to Deseronto. That's where the big company was. They went on the K and P. My father made stakes for years. This was about three miles off the tract. They called it Cameron Bay. There is nothing there now but the top of the old barn. I can remember well the logs going up this long chain and then rolled them down. It was a big high hill and the sides was bare and they rolled them...It was on skids and when it got so high they tied the key log until they got them up.

The drive used to come down the river as soon as the lake opened up there. Mother used to board the men for about a month until their cook came. They would work there until the freeze up in November. They took a lot of timber out.

Mr. Thompson: I can remember all those mills. There was the big mill here and Rupers' mill. And Carswells' mill—we called it the loading place at our place. Rathburns ran it. Carswells also had a mill over on that point at Grassy Bay. Carswells was right up here where Stoughtons is now. McLarens had a mill on the second line near Renfrew. The mills were all operated by steam power.

End

Heritage (Cont)

who leads this project is a member of the Culture Advisory Committee.

There are two competing visions for a heritage centre in Calabogie. One is sited at Heritage Point and is championed by CABA and the Economic Development Committee. It sees a digital museum where the past in our township would be presented to visitors through multimedia — photos, interviews, music, etc. It would be a draw for tourists and as such would boost economic development.

The second vision is being championed by the Barnet Park Committee, which would be a museum sited at Barnet Park. This 'heritage centre' sees itself as a repository for historical items collected from across the Township. One interesting project that they have already identified is the restoration of a 'pointer boat' that would be featured at the centre.

Although these are competing visions within Calabogie, there is no need that they compete. Rather, they could be

complementary. They are at opposite ends of a walk that might some day be described as 'downtown Calabogie'. That and the fact that one is digitally oriented and the other 'artefact' oriented.

Concurrently a third vision is coming from Matawatchan. This vision styles itself as a 'cultural centre' with heritage being a large important component. In addition to being an archive/museum and library where research and learning can take place, it would also be a drop-in centre or meeting place for local residents and visitors; a place for showcasing visual and performing arts and a wellness centre.

Each project is represented on the Township's new Culture Advisory Committee and is separately represented by individual organizing committees. The Township (Greater Madawaska) will be the likely vehicle for submissions by any of the three projects when they approach upper-tier government agencies (federal or provincial) for funds.

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Thanksgiving Market

Saturday October 6: 10 am to 2pm

Come and enjoy locally made arts, crafts, home baking and fresh organic vegetables

- Tasty treats, gourmet teas and coffee
- Roast Beef Lunch with proceeds donated to the Hall will be served at 11:30 a.m.

Christmas Market

Saturday November 24: 10 am to 2 pm

Community 'Pot Luck' Buffet (11:30 am to 1:30 pm) featuring roast turkey

Call Joanne at 333-5534 for 'pot luck' contributions

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The Healing Tree

By Robbie Anderman

BALSAM FIR (*Abies balsamea*)

Best known for its 'north woods' fragrance, young Balsam Fir are popular for Christmas trees and wreaths because of this beautiful scent, and because they tend to hold on to their needles longer than Spruce or Pine.

In maturity, and from a distance, Balsam Fir is often mistaken for Spruce. It's the symmetrical, spire-like crown, sometimes called the 'church steeple,' that distinguishes it from the Spruce. Close inspection reveals a 3 cm stemless flat round-tipped needle with two white stripes on the underside, where the Spruce needle is four sided, rolls easily between two fingers, and is sharp pointed.

Another obvious characteristic of the 'Canada Balsam' is its 3 - 8 cm purplish green (drying to brown) female cone. Alone amongst conifer cones it grows upward. When ripe this cone falls apart, to the gourmet delight of red squirrels), grouse, and crossbills, leaving the erect central slender spike on the tree.

One needs to get right up to the tree trunk to find the most outstanding feature of the Balsam Fir, the bubbles or blisters of resin. A sharp fingernail, knife, or pointed stick is usually all it takes to pierce the thin layer of covering bark. Fragrant sap then oozes forth. This gummy resin is the principal contribution of the Balsam Fir for aiding the ails of humankind.

Gathered most freely around the time of the full moon from the 'blisters,' or by drilling a small hole and letting the sap granulate and dry, the resin is most commonly used imbibed in a tea for coughs, colds, and pulmonary chest problems. Externally it can be applied to the skin for cuts, wounds, burns and sores. When heated its fumes can be inhaled to calm nervous convulsions.

Internally the resin has also been taken fresh 'on the spot' or mixed with hot water as a stimulant, a diuretic, a laxative for constipation, for fevers and for consumption (TB). Dried into a gum it is chewed for pleasure, used as a cough drop, and even used as a temporary tooth filling and root canal sealer. Peterson's guide to Edible Wild Plants reminds us that though the taste may be unappealing, (it tastes somewhat like turpentine) in emergency there is great food value in these blisters.

Externally the antiseptic resin is soothing and healing to cuts, burns, sore nipples, ulcers and abscesses. Its use on open cuts is not advocated, but as a later dressing to promote further healing. Often it has been applied as a poultice or a plaster.

The inner bark is nourishing and can be used dried and ground into meal to extend a flour supply in times of need, or grated fresh and eaten for its nutrients, or chewed fresh off the tree as a hiking food. I said nourishing. Notice I didn't say it's the most appetizing. Amazing how hunger can influence our taste buds. Ascorbic acid (vitamin C) is certainly one of the nutrients.

As a tea infusion, the inner bark can be drunk for chest pains and applied in a poultice to cure consumption. The steam has been inhaled as a nasal stimulant.

A tea of the young twigs was commonly drunk to stimulate sweating before entering the sweat lodge or saunas; while inside the twigs were often placed on the red hot rocks as a healing incense. In the home the twigs were placed on live coals to produce a smoke that was inhaled to ease a cold.

Soaked in hot water and mashed, the twigs were applied as a poultice to draw out painful inflammations. The needles are still today enclosed in pillows as a cold preventative. Vitamin C, zinc and molybdenum are nutrients of note that are found in Balsam Fir needles and can be released by infusing the needles in a tea.

The root has been sucked to cure mouth sores. Hot root decoctions were sprinkled on heated stones to 'steam' rheumatic joints especially the knees - by enclosing the knees and steaming vessel closely with a blanket.

Wildlife also appreciate Balsam Fir. The moose family eats the foliage, twigs and small branches often all the way back to the trunk and as high as they can reach. Whitetail deer and snowshoe hare also like the foliage and young twigs. Porcupine dine on the bark. Spruce budworms just eat the needles.

Often considered a weed tree in a forest, Balsam Firs are medium sized trees that prefer low-lying, moderately moist sites, like those near lakes and streams.

They often grow in pure stands. Still this Fir is very adaptable to a variety of soils and climates, even up to the northern timber line where it may grow as a low matlike shrub. Its roots are shallow and strong; windstorms will often bring down quite a few Balsam Fir.

The wood is clear while with no contrast between heartwood and sapwood. Mostly used for pulp and paper., Fir is also marketed as lower grade 'Spruce' lumber, and for interior knotty pine.

The resin yields an aromatic oleoresin called 'CanadaBalsam.' This resin is used for mounting microscopic specimens and for an optical glass cement. People camping and living close to the outdoors use the resin as a canoe and boat caulk and waterproof cement. The branchlets are used as a tent bedding.

Up To Speed (Cont)

End

ready. When I called Bell, they had no information about potential high speed in the area. They won't until it's ready.

I wasn't able to find out if Bell plans to install a cell tower for the area, so the future of wireless broadband is still unclear to me. For now we'll have to assume that people who are lucky enough to have cell phone access will be able to access the faster HSPA+ network with a USB modem. This little USB stick will turn your computer into a mobile device. You will still need a data plan

from a provider, much like a cell phone plan, but if you have a smart phone, you should be able to share its connection with your computer wirelessly. Everyone else will have to wait for a cell tower with a broadband signal; which isn't likely to happen until we attract more businesses, residents and tourists to the area; which isn't likely to happen until we have reliable broadband; which brings up another paradox. You need broadband to get broadband.

End



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Griffith / Matawatchan News

By Garry Ferguson

After three years of selfless toiling on committees and in back rooms, the Greater Madawaska (GM) Seniors Housing Corporation began its appeal to the public for funds on Sunday September 16 when it kicked off a long-term fund-raising campaign at the Matawatchan Hall. Present board members Bill Griffiths, Juliette LeGal, Patricia Holleran and Peter Emon did a great job in organizing and conducting an Annual General Meeting followed by an afternoon of socializing and music - all fuelled by a BBQ cooked and served up by Reeve Peter and members of the GM Council. More than \$1000 was donated during the day and three new board members were recruited: not a bad day by any means. Gail Holtzhauer, Jim Ferguson and Nancy Reid came forward to volunteer. Nice going, folks.

Perhaps the highlight of the day was the long awaited divulgement (pronounced with a Canadian French accent that word almost sounds legitimate) of the generous citizen who donated more

than an acre of land on which to build the first five seniors housing units. Many of us were not surprised when the finger was pointed at Pete Fischer. The land that Pete will turn over to the Corporation is situated along Eastern Avenue in Griffith. With such evident generosity, no one could have headed for home that evening doubting that GM has some of the finest citizens in Canada.

The Matawatchan Market hasn't finished its season yet. There'll be two more kicks at the kitty. (no disrespect to cats intended) The **Thanksgiving Market**, complete with a roast beef dinner, will take place on Saturday October 06 between 9 a. m. and 2 p.m. The dinner, (11 a.m. to 1 p.m.) will be put on by David Guest and Linda Weiss as a fund-raiser. The cost is to be \$10 with proceeds going to the hall. And lo, the **Christmas Market** will come to pass* on Saturday November 24 from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. A free Community Appreciation Lunch, involving turkey, will be served, however, donations of non-perishable food items or cash for the food bank would be welcomed.

Addington Highlands News

By Christi Laundrie

The Denbigh-Griffith Lions made a pledge of 25,000 dollars over five years to the Lakelands Family Health Team. A donation of 5,000 dollars was made just recently. This is the second instalment of the pledge. Janice Powell, E.D., Lakelands Family Health Team, accepted the check. This is great news, so good to have such wonderful organizations helping out our new Health service, a service badly needed in this area where amenities are at least an hour drive away.

Denbigh Countryfest was a success again this year. Our local musicians did us proud again with ongoing entertainment, along with other local talents performing on both the stage at the hall and the one at Heritage Park. The lawn-mower races always attract spectators, even though the number of contestants was lower. As usual, children had a blast at the games and got to have a look inside the fire trucks. A balloon artist kept everyone happy with his unique creations. Logging games finished off the day. Sundays horse pull drew the crowds again, and of course, the canteen and hall dinner were a big hit. A thank you to all the volunteers who again helped to make this a success.

Local residents are rather perturbed at the amount of garbage along the sides of highways and roads. To quote one

angry resident "With all the environmental issues out there, you'd think people would be more respectful of our rural areas and not throw their garbage out their car windows." Yours truly approves this message wholeheartedly. After all, this is not the "bush" or the "wilds", this is our backyard and we do not appreciate garbage in it any more than any of those who toss it here would like to see it on their front lawns. This problem is always more prevalent during tourist season. Come on, folks, please take your garbage home.

Stop 41 has a new look inside. The social area tables now have brand new black plether tablecloths, well matched to the black and red chairs. Gives a very classy air to the place. Thank you to proprietors Dave and Bev for such an inviting atmosphere.

The summer drought left us all wondering if we would have any fall colours this year, but it seems we might be in luck after all. The stiff frost during the second week in Sept started the ball rolling. Now if we have another night of hard frost, you will see red emerging everywhere. Yours truly does love the fall colours and always have the camera ready.

A thought," If a man is only as good as his word, and his word is no good...then is he?"

End

**A little Christmas-sounding language inserted to generate early Yuletide spirit*

Unknown to many in the community, there has come together an enthusiastic group of historyphobes (Okay! I made that one up) keenly interested in creating or adapting a place (building) to preserve photos, data and artifacts illustrating the history of Matawatchan and area - a mixture of museum, archive and cultural centre. Several community-minded citizens have taken the lead in attempting to determine the feasibility of and community interest in such an undertaking.

Meetings have been held to determine just what would be needed in preparation for presentation at a public meeting to be held in the Matawatchan Hall at 2 p.m. on Sunday October 21, 2012. The immediate task has only to do with determining the size, cost and financial support available for such a facility as well as the readiness of citizens to roll up their sleeves and pitch in.

The beginning of the 7-p.m., every-second-Friday-night euchre season at the Griffith Lions Hall has again alerted us to the onset of autumn. Those card sessions, in past years, have created many a bright oasis of good cheer during cold winter doldrums, so

if you like socialization with a slight competitive edge, make an effort to come out. **People of all ages and all levels of skill are welcome:** the more the merrier. Coffee, tea and cookies are laid on at each meeting by willing participants and a donation jar is present for those wishing to make small donations. Prizes for high scores over each six week period will be presented. October, 2012 dates are the 5th and 19th. Dennis Barnes has again agreed to act as organizer and can be contacted at 613 333 1488.

There's fresh blood on the Matawatchan hall board. At the recent Annual General Meeting, Mark Tomlin became the president and David Burton the vice-president. The directors are: Bill Graham Ken Birkett David Guest, Pat Burton, Brigitte (Gitte) Chess, J.P. De Grandmont and Al Kitching. At a board meeting in the hall at 7 p.m. on Tuesday October 09, the remaining executive positions, treasurer and secretary, will be filled from among the board members. Since this enthusiastic board has already been chosen, you may attend meetings without having to cringe in a dark corner hoping to avoid notice. All meetings are open and members do appreciate your presence as a show of support.

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FUNDRAISING LAUNCH FOR SENIORS HOUSING A SUCCESS!

The official launch of the fundraising campaign to build seniors housing in Griffith was a huge success. The event was held during the Annual General Meeting and BBQ of the Greater Madawaska Seniors Housing Corporation held on September 16th at the Matawatchan Community Memorial Centre.

mitment to the project. The Township has also offered land in both Griffith and Calabogie for phase 2 of the project.

Almost one dozen local musicians volunteered to entertain the participants and filled the air with their wonderful music. This truly made a difference in the celebration.

Over 100 people attended the festive gathering at which time the mystery donor of land was finally announced. In fact, over 1 acre of land on Eastern Street in Griffith was given by Peter Fischer and family in memory of his father, Al Fischer. “I feel that giving back to the community is very important” says Mr. Fischer.

Bill Griffiths, the new president of the Corporation offered the following message on behalf of the Corporation “We would like to thank the whole community for their support and specifically thank all the volunteers who worked on various aspects of this event: those who prepared the site; the food; cleaned the site; the musicians that gave atmosphere to the event; the Griffith Lions Club who donated most of the flea market items; the four businesses who provided door prizes, Scott MacDonald, Griffith Building Supply, the Griffith General Store and the Pine Valley Restaurant; and, last but not least, all market vendors who attended with their products and produce. Although we cannot name everyone we greatly appreciate your contribution in making this launch a success.”

The organisation raised over \$1000.00, and two new volunteers joined the Board of Directors. As well, several expensive items were offered for a fundraising to be held this fall. The community extended its full and enthusiastic support for this project.

The Greater Madawaska Seniors Housing Corporation is planning a number of fundraising activities in the coming year. Stay tuned! For more information please call Pat Holleran at (613)333-1352 or Bill Griffiths at (613)752-2201

End

Madawaska Highlander Voluntary Subscriptions

Many thanks to the following readers for their support with a \$10 voluntary subscription.

Jan Patenaude, Jeff Balderson, Brian Moran, Dianne Moran, Kendra Smith, Lila LeClair, Dianne Isaacs, Paul Isaacs, David Guest, Jane & Rick Baxter, J.P. DeGrandmont, Kate McLaren, Richard Marquardt, Mark Tomlin, Mike Gorman, Ralph & Elaine Cole, Marrie Kenney, Norman Peterson and Iona McLaren.

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Call Juliette (613) 333-1352

Looking Back...



Old Jackie Kelly Place - circa 1897

Heritage (Cont)

A representative of the Ontario Ministry of Tourism, Culture and Sport will be meeting with the Culture Advisory Committee on October 17th as a first step in actualizing some of these projects. It is more than a meeting since it also entails a tour of Greater Madawaska and its cultural assets.

The Matawatchan project is not strictly heritage oriented. Though heritage is central to the project, culture (both visual and performing arts), wellness and a social venue are important components. This project is also not strictly about a building but rather the commencement of activities now with a building to follow. To begin, a weekly ‘drop-in social’ is planned for each Thursday between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. at the Matawatchan Hall where you can have coffee, tea, soup and sandwiches and meet with friends. To some extent this would replace the Saturday social when the Matawatchan Market is in season. At some of these drop-in Wednesdays there will be workshops on such matters as bread making, pottery, sauerkraut making, etc. This is part of the social / cultural component that can become active now. Drop-in Thursdays would begin on October 11 and run until November 20 to begin with..

While ‘Drop-in Thursday’s’ may be a beginning ultimately a building will be required to properly house the local history collection that has been pledged to the project and Matawatchan should the residents of Matawatchan choose to proceed with the project. The Matawatchan Hall is simply not able to provide a home for sensitive historical

documents that require some degree of climate control. In addition, the total lack of insulation means that the building cannot be affordably operated during the winter months because of prohibitive heating costs. Add to this the fact that the building is falling off its foundation. Whether the new cultural centre is added to the Hall, is a separate building or replaces the Hall will be the subject of a public meeting where the project will be described and the implications are explored.

A steering group of residents from the Matawatchan area has been meeting since mid-summer debating the merits of the project and collectively feel that this is a very viable project. There already have been a number of pledges. One is the extensive history collection already mentioned but also a considerable amount of money. More money would need to be raised but there are grants from various levels of government that are being explored and after the project (The Matawatchan Cultural Centre) gets ‘charitable status’ from Revenue Canada, private donations will be more likely.

The public meeting for the Matawatchan heritage project will be on Sunday October 21 from 2 to 4 p.m. The residents of Matawatchan (both full-year and seasonal) are the stakeholders in this possible future so everyone is encouraged to attend.

The fact that the past is slipping away is evident to all of the heritage projects currently in the works. Knowledge of the past is part of the identity of the present. You will be hearing more about heritage in the future.

End

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Passionate about Matawatchan History?

Imagine! Matawatchan

is an exciting new project for everyone who cares about Matawatchan's history and future. We need to honour and preserve our heritage and renew our cultural vitality all year round. How we do this is up to all of us who live, work and play here.



Want to Share Ideas for the Future?

Please join our

Public Information Session

Sunday, October 21 from 2:00 to 4:00
In the Matawatchan Memorial Hall
1677 Frontenac Road, Matawatchan



Encourage the Future ~ Embrace the Past ~ Enjoy the Present

CLIMB THE TOWER?

By Ernie Jukes of Camp J

It was in 1922 that the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests leased Dan's Mountain from the MacPherson family that pioneered in the area. It was the highest peak around located just south west of Matawatchan overlooking the Hutson's Lakes. At its apex a wooden fire tower was initially built and later a 100 foot steel tower was constructed to watch over our valuable forests. The tower men would climb to their lofty perch each day from May until October to watch for any signs of smoke. They would communicate with other towers by radio and to the village by telephone to send firefighters to the coordinates of their map and compass bearings when required.

For many years it was certainly the highlight of the small village of Matawatchan. People came from miles around to climb the mountain and visit the site and sign the guest book in the ranger's cabin below. "Did you climb the Tower?" became a local watchword of sorts, as hundreds of people over the years are recorded. For example my nephew Billie is in those same pages as having climbed the tower when only 4 years of age.

Later, forest observation and fire surveillance was conducted by aircraft making most towers obsolete. The Matawatchan tower was removed for safety and liability reasons about 1975. Of course, the spectacular vista remains and today one can still see the landmarks across the layers of hills. Over the upper Hutson Lake (originally Angus) you can still pick out the old Ferguson farms and the communication tower at Denbigh beyond. Looking to the south over the Matawatchan Provincial Nature Reserve, the Venachar microwave tower may be seen and to the north the Griffith church

spire. The lights of Foymount can be seen at night looking to the north-west as well as Shumski's at the end of the lower lake (originally Bellevue).

Now the high mountain plateau, valley and shoreline below are privately owned once again by the MacPherson family. People may continue to visit this wonderful view as long as their property rights and aims are respected (meaning no fires, 4 WD trucks, or hunting are allowed) As in the old days we still want to protect our forests and wildlife for the future and our Grandchildren.

Now, how would you like to see your Grandfather's or a relative's actual signature and comments in those old records? Well you can...without climbing the mountain! While the writer owned this property I collected as many of the old tower records as I could find from people like Lillian MacPherson and Harvey Malcolm. They are part of the collection that I donated to "The Wall in the Hall Museum" which is in the lower section of the Matawatchan Community Hall on Frontenac Road.

Here you can see the same Mountain View in one of my watercolours plus some early sawmills along the Madawaska. And if you look in "Drawer 12" on the counter you will find the tower hill records and other items describing our local and valley heritage. It is now the wish that this small beginning will someday grow into a meaningful museum. Have a look at it and see how you may also help ...history belongs to everyone.

End

The problem with political jokes is they get elected.
~Henry Cate, VII

Greater Madawaska Public Library Celebrates the Municipality's Culture and Heritage

By Sharon Shalla

The Library's Digital Archives collection continues to grow at the *Our Ontario* website. I have recently completed uploading material donated by Howard Popkie, who I should add, has been a very enthusiastic contributor to the collection. Portions of Howard's book, *Ghost Town*, have been scanned and uploaded to our digital collection as well as some of the highlights of his Scrapbook. *Ghost Town* is a collection of short stories from the Korean War, the History of Black Donald, and the Life and Times Growing up in the Ottawa Valley. Both of these resources are available in their entirety within the library, but the uploaded content to *Our Ontario* is a nice preview of what to expect.

Be sure to check out the Black Donald Mines DVD which was donated by the son of Bruce Edward, manager of the mine from 1944 -1954. To go directly to the DVD type in this URL <http://vitacollections.ca/GreaterMadawaska/2400913/data>

Other content featured on the site includes the booklet entitled "*Bagot & Blythfield Library - the First Five years*", and the "*Corporation of the Municipality of Bagot & Blythfield Township Review 1977-78 of Municipal Affairs*". Also available is a full interview with Wes Bomhower that was conducted at his residence in Ottawa back in January 2012, and Wes's complete CD featuring 26 songs including "The Norton Deer Hunt", "Moonlight on Bogie Lake", "Boy From Calabogie" and "Tom Sharbot".

I hope you will visit our digital archives at the *Our Ontario* website to view the full selection of interesting and nostalgic content uploaded thus far. We welcome your comments and feedback. You can view the library's digital archives at the following website <http://vitacollections.ca/Greater-Madawaska/search>

The next phase of the digital collection, which is now underway, is focusing on Renfrew Mercury newspaper clippings dating as far back as the late 1890s and continuing through to the 1960's. The

continued on page 13

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Community Calendar

CHURCH SERVICE SCHEDULE

GRIFFITH AND MATAWATCHAN

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

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

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

DENBIGH AND VENNACHAR

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

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

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

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

Burnstown

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

CALABOGIE

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

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

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

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

COMMUNITY EVENTS

Calabogie

Chairlift Rides
September 3 (Labour Day) to October 8 (Thanksgiving): from 11:00 am to 3:00 pm at Calabogie Peaks

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

October 7: Pancake Breakfast
at 8:00am to noon
at Calabogie Community Center
Sponsored by Calabogie Lions Club

Roast Beef Supper
October St. Andrew's Church, Calabogie

Halloween Party for ages 3 to 12 - October 27:
Show up in costume for –costume parade?/ Mask making/ spooky story reading and cupcake decorating at the Library.

Christmas Craft Show at the Calabogie Community Centre
October 27:

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

Calabogie Women's Institute meets usually second Thursday monthly, 7:30 pm. at Calabogie Home Support Office next to Pinky's Bar & Grill at 5056 Calabogie Rd.; April meeting is 3rd Thursday at 6:30 pm including pizza dinner. New members welcome. 613-752-2598

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

Griffith & Matawatchan

Matawatchan Community Market Thanksgiving Market Sat. Oct. 6
from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.
Roast Beef dinner served from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. with proceeds going to the Matawatchan Hall

Matawatchan Community Market Christmas Market
November 24 – 10 am to 2 pm
Community Appreciation Lunch

Children's Halloween Party Lion's Hall Griffith
Saturday October 27 1 till 3
Prizes / Fun / Goodie Bags
Sponsored by Griffith & Matawatchan Recreation, Sports & Culture Committee

Adult Halloween Party Lion's Hall Griffith
Saturday October 27: 8 pm til 1 am
Prizes and cash bar. Lots of Fun
Sponsored by Griffith & Matawatchan Recreation, Sports & Culture Committee

Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club Bingo
Bingo Oct. 2, Oct 16, Oct. 30, Nov. 13, & Nov 27

Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club Christmas Craft Sale
December 1 from 10 am to 3 pm

Griffith Matawatchan Euchre
The first & third Friday
at Griffith Hall at 7 pm

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

Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club Fellowship Lunch at noon
Meet the third Wednesday of each month
Northern Lights Seniors meeting to follow at 1:00 p.m.
General Wellness assessment by local Paramedics available at each lunch.
Diabetes Outreach Program every 3 months
contact Al Kitching . 333-1187
All Seniors Welcome

Dacre

During October: Heart Wise Exercise Walking Program on Mondays and Wednesdays from 9:30 to 10:30 at the DACA Centre in Dacre. For information contact Betty Frost 613-649-2668

DACA Centre
In the Fall DACA will be starting up Bingo again in October – Thanksgiving Bingo. Dates will be posted in the local newspapers and radio stations

Denbigh

Denbigh Christmas Parade
December 1 starting at 7 pm

Denbigh Euchre
Second & fourth Friday
At Community hall at 7 pm

Music in the Park
Every second Sunday 1 to 3 pm
at the Denbigh Heritage Park

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

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

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Madawaska Messenger

The Township has faced many challenges in 2012. July was particularly challenging when the CAO, who had been on staff less than six months, resigned and then the Macro Burst wind storm struck the next day. A short staffed office found itself with double the work the day after the storm. That is why the 12-page Messenger promised for the October Highlander has been delayed until December when the final Highlander of 2012 will be published.

The longer wait for the full sized Messenger does have advantages since a number of issues including the township submission for ODRAP funds, should be resolved by then. Until then, the township's 'Clear Bag' program, which launches on November 3rd, is a priority. The 'Clear Bag' program is the subject of this Madawaska Messenger.

CLEAR BAG PROGRAM

1. Why do we have to start using Clear Bags?

Each year, The Township of Greater Madawaska receives funding from Waste Diversion Ontario to support our Blue Box Program. In order to continue to receive the same amount or more, which is approximately \$20,000.00, we must increase our amount of Blue Box recyclable materials.

2. How will using clear bags increase our recycling diversion?

The use of clear bags for waste supports waste diversion in several ways. First, people are motivated to recycle due to social pressure. Secondly, they serve as a reminder as they can view its contents. Lastly, using clear bags helps Transfer Station Attendants monitor the amount of recyclable materials going to the landfill.

3. What happens if I do not use a clear bag for my household waste?

3. What happens if I do not use a clear bag for my household waste?

From November 3rd, 2012 to April 2013, we are urging people to bring all household waste to the transfer stations in clear bags. During that time, if someone brings waste in an opaque bag or if the Transfer Station Attendants notice a substantial amount of recyclable material in with your waste in your

clear bag, the attendant will hand you an information sheet detailing the Clear Bag Program along with a list of materials which can be recycled. At this time, you will not be turned away at the Transfer Station nor will you be asked to open the bag to remove recyclable items.

4. What happens after April 2013?

At that time, we will review the data which will be collected by the site attendants regarding the participation rate. It will then be decided what enforcement if any is required.

5. What if I have items in my garbage I do not feel comfortable having others look at?

You are permitted one opaque "privacy" bag inside each clear bag. This bag is to be approximately the size of a grocery store bag and can be any color.

6. Where can I buy clear bags and do they come in different sizes?

Clear bags may be purchased at most places that carry opaque bags. We have spoken with Sue from TIM-BR Mart Griffith Building Supply and Jacob at Calabogie Home Hardware and they will be stocking clear bags of various sizes. Clear bags vary in size, including 22"x24" and 26"x32.5", which are the average household waste can sizes.

Composting at the Transfer Station

We now have composting containers at every Transfer Station. Composting provides a way not only of reducing the amount of waste that needs to be disposed of, but also of converting it into a product that is useful for gardening, landscaping, or house plants.

In our Organic Program we do not allow plastic bags of any kind. There are several plastic or "plastic-like" bag products on the market that are or claim to

be compostable. These bags cause mechanical problems during processing and may not completely decompose during the composting process. Organic Paper bags are acceptable and have a cellulose liner to absorb moisture and. Material may also be placed loose, in newspaper or other paper products (such as microwave popcorn bags or cereal boxes).

An Organic Program like ours, which collects the material in an

animal proof bin before transporting to the Recycling Facility, offers a wider variety of items to be composted. Meat, bones and even dairy products may be put in our composting bins. Plastic, metal, glass and animal waste are not to go in the composters.

VOUCHERS

We are also offering one of each voucher to all tax payers in the Township. These vouchers are for

\$5.00 off any Recycling Bue Box, \$5.00 off any Kitchen Counter Compost Container and \$20.00 off any Backyard Composter. These vouchers are ONLY redeemable at The TIM-BR Mart Griffith Building Supply Store or the Calabogie Home Hardware Store. If you are interested in receiving a voucher, please contact Teri at the Public Works Department, at 613-752-2214 or roads@greatermadawaska.com .

ACCEPTABLE ITEMS TO COMPOST AT THE TRANSFER STATIONS

- Egg cartons (paper), Facial tissue, Baking ingredients, Bones, Bread, Butcher paper, Cereal, Coffee filters/grounds, Corncobs & cornhusks
- Dairy products, Drink trays (paper), Eggs & egg shells, Fish parts, Flowers, Fruit, House plants, Leaf & yard waste, Meat products, Microwave popcorn bags, Muffin papers, Napkins, Nuts/shells, Paper cups, Paper food containers, Paper plates, Paper towels, Pasta, Pizza & pizza boxes, Pumpkins
- Rice, Shellfish (including shells), Tea bags/leaves, Vegetables

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A Traveller's Story

By John Roxon

The white van pulled over to the side of the road. The engine sounded a bit rough, like it hadn't been tuned in a while. The passenger window started to roll halfway down.

"Where are ya going?" Came a male voice from inside.

"Just west", I replied.

"Get in", said the voice.

I slowly made my way to the van, allowing time for my senses to properly evaluate the situation. License plate was up to date. No strange dents or blood smears on the body work. Tires weren't bald or low on air.

"Just slide open the side and get in", ordered the voice in a friendly but guarded manner.

I fiddled with the latch for a while before finally getting the door open. Inside was a red, plastic Sealtest milk crate filled with unlabeled wine bottles. There was some bedding strewn about the back, as well as a cloth guitar case, a suitcase and an old Coleman camp stove. In the driver's seat was Ken and next to him, the one who invited me in, was Scott. Ken had long dark brown hair, braided, with a blue elastic about one inch from the end. Scott had short blonde hair, from what I could see, underneath a green 'Pioneer Seeds' baseball hat. Ken seemed fairly alert, which was a good thing, as it was 9:30 in the morning and he was driving. Scott was already having some trouble with his consonants and by the lingering smell in the van, I could tell that he recently enjoyed some mother nature.

"How far are you guys going?" I asked.

"Probably not much further than Swift Current", replied Ken.

"Swift Current sounds good." So I threw my knapsack into the back and settled in, sitting on another milk crate that was overturned. Ken and Scott were friends from public school days. They were driving to Swift Current to help Scott's sister move – apparently she had had enough and her latest black eye at the hands of the man she thought she loved was the final straw. Probably not the first time she's moved out, I thought to myself.

Ken said that he worked in shipping at the Co-Op store in Moose Jaw, while Scott was helping to build those new concrete grain terminals – the ones that were putting a lot of the older silos out of operation. Originally from Regina, which is about an hour to the east, Ken

moved to Moose Jaw with his parents when he was three. Scott was a lifer, as he put it.

"We got some tunes", Scott said, "What d'ya want to hear?"

"Dunno", I replied, "whatcha got?"

"Have you heard the new Stones album yet – what's it called, Ken – yeah, Some Girls? It's pretty decent".

"Sounds good to me", I said.

Ken popped the Stones cassette into the tape deck and a song about whips or lion tamers or something or other came on. At this point, I noticed Scott fiddling with his belt buckle, which he eventually removed. The tarnished brass buckle had a relief picture of the Mad Hatter from Alice in Wonderland on it and inside the hatter's oversized hat was a pipe. A plastic tube went from the hat, behind the buckle and came out through the Hatter's hands. Scott then opened a small square covered with aluminum foil and heated the contents over the flame from his Bic lighter.

"Want some of this, man?" offered Scott.

Still not too sure about the state of these two guys, I decided that I should politely decline for I wanted to have my senses about me should I have to bail in a hurry, which I had to do on at least one occasion previous.

"Uh, no, I'm good", I said, and glanced out the window at the passing prairie as Scott continued to stuff his Hatter pipe with the black, sticky substance.

A country-gospel sounding song came on and Ken started singing to it; "...And the preacher said you ought to have the Lord by your side..."

Ken mumbled a few lyrics then stopped singing altogether.

"Where ya from?" he asked me.

"Toronto, I said."

"Where ya going?"

"Vancouver, eventually", I replied.

"I hear it's really nice out there, though

continued on page 17

Summer Camp

By W.W.(Bill) Jukes

Boys will be boys, so one day Rob and I decided to come up with a plan to catch a chipmunk. Many of you will relate to our plan and probably anticipate the ending. Why not use a wooden box, a stick and a piece of string? Simple, right! Well, almost. It was an hour or so before we remembered that we had to have some bait to attract the critter. There must be some peanuts around here somewhere. A thorough search produced the last piece of Nan's peanut brittle, but I was sure she wouldn't mind too much. With bait in place and a proper hiding spot secured, we waited in joyful anticipation. Finally, our prey was within range and inched ever closer to our cleverly designed trap. Inch by inch he moved toward the peanut brittle, cautious at first and then with a final mad dash he raced into the trap and ran away with our bait. We would have to practice pulling the string a lot sooner in order to catch this guy. He was too quick for these young boys.

It is said that practice make perfect, so we practiced, and practiced, but now without bait. It would be two more days before we found enough pop bottles to cash in at the store to buy some fresh bait. Now with a whole bag of peanuts, we were convinced that victory was within our grasp. We had a plan that could not fail and we were now the fastest string pullers in all of Matawatchan. It was just after lunch on a sunny Tuesday that we were ready to try again. Let's see now, box, check, stick, check, string, check, bait, check. Back in our hiding spot, string puller in place, we waited. Once again the little guy poked around the Hemlock and headed for our trap. You could tell that he now had a taste for peanuts and wanted more. The string is grabbed, tight and ready. "There he goes, Rob, pull hard." Plop, down goes the box,

we have caught the chipmunk. Now what?

We really never thought we could do it and had not thought through just how we were going to get our hands on him. Well, we have to try something. Better get some gloves, or Nan's oven mitts, yeah, that will work. Suitably protected with the oven mitts, I reach under the box and grab the critter, only to have him bite right through the oven mitts and into my thumb. Of course I released my grip and off he goes, with our bait, again. This is going to be tougher than we thought, but we are not giving up. Just need to refine the plan so that we can actually say that we caught a chipmunk. We decide to place the trap on a piece of plywood. That way all we have to do is turn the whole thing over, peek in, and grab him. Ok, now the plan is perfected and we must try again. Just to be sure, this time we put out a small pile of peanuts. The smell will drive him crazy. Sure enough, within an hour he is back, inching cautiously toward the peanut pile. The string is grabbed, the chipmunk grabs a peanut, we pull the string and success! We caught him!

But, he is not happy! We turn over the box and take a peek, just to be sure, and yes he's there. Now we have to figure out where we are going to keep him, assuming we can actually get our hands on him. The minnow trap, yeah, that will work. This time we actually get our hands on him while he has his mouth full of peanuts and transfer him to the minnow trap. At first it was fun feeding him peanuts through the end of the minnow trap, but then we started to feel sorry for the poor guy. We were free to come and go, but now he was trapped with no where to go. Guilt is a strong motivator, so we let him go. It was a lot of fun and kept us occupied for a few days and gave us a cherished memory that I am pleased to share with you.

End

THE IMPOSSIBLE BURDEN THAT HAS BEEN PLACED ON VILLAGE ENTREPRENEURS BY GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS

By Roma Standefer

Editor's note: Roma Standefer is an Oxford D.Phil researcher and consultant, based in Ottawa, with twenty-five years of experience working for eight Canadian government departments and agencies. She is also a new contributor to the Madawaska Highlander.

Have you ever wondered why it is so difficult to find something to eat as you travel around the Madawaska Highlands and other parts of Eastern Ontario? While you may have noticed a slow but steady reduction in the number of restaurants and cooked foods available for sale in small take-out places, country stores, and farmer's markets, (particularly when you were far from home and hungry,) you may not have

been aware of why these restaurants and foods have been disappearing.

Although some have suggested the disappearance of outlets selling prepared foods was the symptom of a declining economy, in fact, the major cause has been an ever increasing number of government regulations relating to the production and sale of food which has made it increasingly difficult for a small village entrepreneur (or even a village housewife,) to produce food for sale in the home, a take-out place, or even a small restaurant due to the overwhelming number of regulatory requirements governing every step of the production and distribution process

Many of these regulations have only appeared in recent years, and are, ac-

continued on next page



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Regulations (Cont)

According to some, the result of the Walkerton tragedy in which many died from drinking tainted municipal water. The provincial government over-regulated by cracking down on all micro food producing enterprises from farms to neighbourhood pizza take-out businesses and food distribution outlets such as farmer's markets, country stores and village restaurants.

Village food enterprises, which are required to follow complex regulations for cooking and preparing food and have healthy demand for their products, are often faced with other requirements that either make things difficult or close them down. For example, running a legitimate farmers' market is a constant challenge to organizers. To be officially designated a 'farmers' market a ratio of 50% plus one must be maintained between farmers selling their agricultural products and vendors selling crafts. In a small community like Matawatchan home-made objects such as knitted socks and quilts, jewelry and wooden carvings, are often the only income supplement for seniors on meagre pensions. As farmer numbers drop, craft vendors must also drop to maintain the ratio. How do organizers determine which crafter cannot attend the market if the farmer to crafter ra-

tio should change? Now there are five farmers and four crafters. Next year if one farmer is lost to retirement or illness, one family who are crafters will also lose their income from the market unless another farmer can be recruited. If the legislated ratio is not maintained, the Matawatchan Market will then be officially labelled a 'flea market'. Then products such as jams, pickles and baked goods prepared off-site would be illegal to sell under the Ontario Food Safety and Quality Act. Also, if the farmers' market designation is lost, the wood-fired outdoor oven could not be used to bake bread or pizza for sale on market day. While many village food enterprises carefully followed complex and demanding regulations regarding the cooking and preparation of food and had a healthy demand for their products, there have often been other requirements that became the straw that broke the camel's back.

Many would think that the country store would be a good place to find locally made pies, cakes, and cookies as well as coffee for customers visiting the store. While coffee might be available, pies, cakes, and cookies may not be due to the complexity of regulations relating to their production and sale.

And while a customer may be able to buy a decent cup of coffee in the store,
continued on page 14

Library (Cont)

clippings were kindly donated by Rita Quilty some years ago, and I'm thrilled that we are finally now able to add them to our digital collection. Scanning of the clippings is currently taking place with the assistance of Bill, one of our very valuable volunteers. Keep an eye on the library's digital collection at *Our Ontario* for this new content being added shortly. We will be hosting another Digital Archives Open House in mid November, so be sure to check our website in late October for more details.

I am also very pleased to have recently become a member of the municipality's Cultural Advisory Committee. The library, along with other groups and individuals, has an interest in developing various cultural and heritage projects in the municipality. We gathered for our first "brainstorming" meeting in September, and I look forward to good

things happening as a result of the partnerships.

To find out more about the library's digital archives and to enquire about donating content, please call 613-752-2317, or send us an email at gmpl@bellnet.ca, or drop in to visit us. The library is open Tuesday from 1 – 7 p.m., and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday from 9 a.m. – 12:30 p.m. We are closed Sunday and Monday. *End*

Those who are too smart to engage in politics are punished by being governed by those who are dumber. ~Plato



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Regulations (Cont)

it might not be possible for them to sit down at a table to drink it. There are, apparently, other provincial regulations stating that if a country store offers a table and chairs for customers, they must also provide a washroom for them to use; an amenity that few country store owners can afford to add to their premises.

This is just one of many government regulations (or to borrow a phrase from former Alberta Premier, Ralph Kline, "dumb rules") that the owner or manager of a village store/gas station/restaurant/ bed and breakfast, farmer's market or any other village entrepreneur may have to face and deal with in order to stay in business.

Mary Sheridan, a film maker and writer who lives in the Madawaska Valley, has talked to a number of village entrepreneurs in the area in recent months. Many of these entrepreneurs have complained to her that they are "being regulated to death." The problems can be with the provincial Ministry of Health and long term care and the Technical Standards and Safety Authority (TSSA), or any one of a number of other provincial ministries and Agencies, or federal departments and agencies like the Canadian Revenue Agency, tasked with the implementation of government regulations. These

regulations can cover a wide range of areas including the replacement of underground fuel storage tanks, the storage and handling of propane tanks, food safety issues, liability insurance requirements, licensing, inspections, workers' compensation, payment of taxes, and collection of HST, along with a host of other requirements.

In recent years, the Canadian Federation of Independent Business (the CFIB), has taken a great deal of interest in the impact of government regulations on small Canadian businesses. In 2005 they produced a study on this issue: "Prosperity Restricted by Red Tape." The CFIB surveyed more than 7,300 Canadian businesses, and estimated that the cost for them to comply was with current government regulations was "\$33 billion annually."

An unfortunate aspect of the cost of these regulations is the fact that they fall more heavily on small businesses than they do on larger businesses. Generally regulations are applied across the board for both large and small businesses despite the fact that many regulations make little sense in a village or small, micro-business context.

The CFIB found that small businesses with less than five employees paid the equivalent of \$5,317 in compliance costs annually for each employee while

continued on next page

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Regulations (Cont)

a larger business with over a hundred employees only had to pay an annual compliance cost of \$1,104 per employee. Such high costs for compliance can be quite crippling to a small village entrepreneur. In addition to the costs, many have the feeling that a large number of the regulations they are required to follow are neither reasonable nor appropriate.

The CFIB study found that the majority of independent business owners believed that governments were not aware of the extent to which regulations affected their businesses. Even worse, they felt the government neither understood nor cared about "the magnitude" of the challenge that businesses faced in complying with regulations. This CFIB study, and an updated version produced in 2010, gives many examples of what Premier Klein would call "dumb rules." In fact, it is about time someone wrote a book about some of these Canadian regulations because many are quite lacking in common sense, particularly in the context of a small village or town.

If such a book has not yet been written on the inanity of some of Canada's regulations, books of this type have been written in the US and UK. In searching the ABE Books website recently for references on "government regulations," a total of 18,957 results were

found. Most of these references were on regulations themselves, but there were also references that were critical of many of the regulations, as well as their sheer volume.

Books of the latter type should serve as a warning to us. They include, for the US, "The Death of Common Sense: How Law is Suffocating America" (1995) by Philip K. Howard, "The Business End of Government: an in-depth look at how Federal regulators threaten to destroy the American businessman" (1973) by Dan Smoot, "The Rise of the Inane State" (2009) by Michael Pertschuk, "Meltdown on Main Street: Why Small Business is Leading the Revolution Against Big Government" (1996) by Richard Leshner, "Government Grief" (2011) by Amy H. Handlin, and "The Burden that Needless Regulation and Lack of Common Sense in Enforcement of Regulations Place Upon Small Business" (1999), a record of hearings in the US Congress of the Committee on Small Business. Turning to Great Britain, there are even more memorable titles, including "How to Label a Goat: The Silly Rules and Regulations That Are Strangling Britain" (2008) by Ross Clark, "Whose Side Are They On? How Britain's Bonkers Government is Coming After You" (2009) by Alan Pearce, and "Bad Laws: An Explosive Analysis of Britain's Petty Rules, Health and Safety Lunacies, Madcap Laws and Nit-Picking Regulations" (2010) by Philip

Johnson. And yes, if you could believe it, there are 45 different pages of British government regulations describing how to "label a goat" (or a sheep, for that matter.)

There is an added regulatory burden for the British because of the UK's membership in the European Union, itself the source of thousands of burdensome regulations and a continual source of irritation and complaints on the part of the British. In "The Great European Rip-Off: How the Corrupt, Wasteful EU is Taking Control of Our Lives" (2009), David Craig and Matthew Elliott ask, "...is the tsunami of regulations" that has been "pouring out of Brussels" having the effect of "strangling industry, destroying jobs" and, as well, "restricting personal freedoms?" In "How to Label a Goat" Ross Clark points out that red tape "has reached epidemic proportions" in Great Britain. In one 12 month period, the government passed "3,621 pieces of legislation" detailed in "93,600 pages." Alan Pierce, in "Whose Side Are They On" found that the government of Great Britain had 240,000 rules and regulations on its books.

These seem like appalling numbers, but Canadians should not be complacent. An inventory of federal regulations conducted in 2007 found that 13 different departments were responsible for administering over "400,000 business related requirements" according

to the 2010 CFIB study. There are hundreds of thousands more provincial regulations.

Fortunately the sheer act of counting these regulations has led many governments to recognize that there is something terribly wrong in having that many regulations on the books. Governments at the provincial and federal level have been taking steps in recent years to reduce the number of regulations, a process that will be described in a future article for the Madawaska Highlander.

For the beleaguered village entrepreneurs and (often hungry) travellers in the Madawaska Highlands, a reduction in regulations cannot come quickly enough. They will know if the reduction exercises are really working for them when they do not have to worry about whether or not the pizza oven at the Matawatchan Farmer's Market will be allowed to operate next summer. Or, equally as important, they are able to sit down with a coffee and piece of home-made pie and chat across a table with a friend in their local store.

Note by director Mary Sheridan: Dr. Standefer's research was done for Highland Village Productions. Our documentary films address these problems. Titles include: "Out of Gas", "Regulated to Death", "The Hills are Alive....."

Behind the tunes

By Peter Chess,

In 1941, Edward and Esther Bihari moved their family from Tulsa to Los Angeles. They had arrived in the US from Hungary in 1911 as part of a great wave of Jewish immigrants fleeing Eastern Europe prior to WW1. Jules, the second eldest of four brothers got a job in the Watts District servicing and operating jukeboxes and found difficulty locating and stocking the blues and R&B records his mainly black clientele wanted to hear. With his younger brothers, Saul and Joe, he bought a pressing plant and set up his own record label, Modern Records, in 1945. Eventually, they built Modern into a major record company. Jules was responsible for talent spotting and recording, Saul for manufacturing, and Lester for distribution. The youngest brother Joe worked with Ike Turner as a talent scout in Memphis, discovering among others, Johnny "Guitar" Watson and Matt Murphy, who appeared in the "Blues Brothers" movie decades later.

During the late 40's and early 50's Modern attracted many fine blues players, including BB King, who became legendary, Roscoe Gordon, Elmore James, Lightnin' Hopkins, Jimmy McCracklin, Jimmy Witherspoon, John Le Hooker and Etta James. They also leased Masters from Sam Philips at Sun Studios in Memphis where they had set up a subsidiary studio, Meteor Records. They were the first to release material from the man known as Howlin' Wolf who had recorded at Sun. Unfortunately, a split occurred with Sun when Sam Philips began to simultaneously lease the HowlinWolf masters to Chess Records in Chicago. They were able to attract other Memphis based artists such as rockabilly heroes, Charlie Feathers and Malcolm Yelvington, as well as blues artists Rufus Thomas, Little Milton, Bobby "Blue" Bland and Lowell Fulson who recorded at Meteor.

They were also successful in recording artists to enter the new rock and roll market which exploded in the mid fifties. They had national hits with the Cadets (Stranded In The Jungle) Marvin and Johnny and The Teen Queens, all of whom were one hit wonders. Modern was one of the very first labels to get into the 33 1/3 LP album format, releasing in 1950, a series of 10" LP's. Their early 12" LP's were of very high quality, very collectable today for their thick vinyl, informative liners notes, printed spines and exceptional graphics. When the Biharis recognized the potential for the album format they began to release a very inferior product into the market. They created a budget label, Crown, which was used to distribute albums that were made as cheaply as possible, featuring covers

of two pieces of thin cardboard held together with the printred paper covers, no liner notes, no inner sleeves and many had only ten songs instead of the customary twelve. The vinyl was very thin and it was reputed that sand was mixed into the vinyl as a filler to make it go further. Apparently some of these records sounded like there was sand in the grooves.. If an album didn't sell, they would simply paste a new cover on it and release it under a different name. Their imagination seemed limitless regarding duping the listening public. In many cases they would hire a group of anonymous studio musicians to record Broadway musical soundtracks, big band imitations, classical, children's music, sing along records and all sorts of schmaltz and drivel. Whenever a new musical craze came along, they repackaged old material and relabeled it. When the Twist craze appeared, they took dozens of instrumental studio recordings, from many genres of music, put "Twist" on the cover with a new title and even a photo of people twisting the night away.

The biggest loser, besides the buying public in this sorry affair was probably BB King, a prodigious talent, whose material was subjected to the same shoddy treatment as the rest of the Crown catalogue. Other musicians suffered the same indignities as their public appeal waned in the face of a changing market. In many cases, the brothers would give song writing credits on the label to themselves using pseudonyms. This practice allowed them to reap half the royalties from the actual creator. Brother Joe was frequently credited as Joe Josea, Jules as Jules Taub (their mother's maiden name) and Saul as Sam Ling. One song by John Lee Hooker, "Down Child" (the same song which gave Toronto's "Down Child Blues Band" their name, was credited solely to "Taub"

In large part because of these nefarious business practices, by the early 1960's Modern Records went bankrupt but the material continues to be repackaged under other subsidiary labels the brothers had formed. Besides Crown, there was Discos Corona, aimed at the Latin Market. Trini Lopez being a big seller, Riviera, Kent, Custom and United. One can imagine the people at KTel, remember them, being inspired in this fashion. Included in this array of gems was a collection from 1959 of Ottawa's own Paul Anka.

After the deaths of Saul, Lester and Jules, the Bihari estate licensed the entire catalogue to Ace Records in London UK in the mid '80's and later purchased by them in the '90's. Ace Records was eventually purchased by Virgin Records, owned by Sir Rich-

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Burial at Matawatchan

By Orval Strong,

Editor's note: Orval Strong passed away on the morning of September 29, 2012 after a long fight with cancer. He wrote this article some years ago and it was first printed in the Madawaska Highlander in 2007. I am now one of those grave diggers you will read about. We are reprinting Orval's article as a tribute to him and to the sentiments expressed in his text.

From time to time we open our weekly newspaper and read an obituary, and we see these words:

"Burial to follow at Matawatchan Community Cemetery"

"It is a community cemetery," we say. By that we mean it is not a church cemetery. Nor a municipal cemetery. Nor a private company cemetery. "It is owned by the community," we say. But we are at a loss to put into words what that means. It is not an incorporated cemetery, it does not fit any government classification; it has no formal procedure for electing a board or choosing a manager. For the most part, its bylaws are not written down. And its fee structure could well be described as nominal. Yet it is self evident that it is well managed and lovingly cared for.

Travellers (Cont)

I haven't been myself",

Ken continued. "Your first time?" "Yup", I said, "I have an aunt and some cousins out there that I haven't seen in awhile, so I figured...." BEEEEEP!

Ken swerved the van back into his lane at the sound of the transport's warning. "Wicked, man" was all that Scott could muster at this point.

"Where ya moving your sister, to?" I asked. "Somewhere in town or are you taking her back to the Jaw with ya?" "Nah, Man", said Scott, "just to a friend's in the Current." The miles clicked by on Highway One. Scott was now in his own world, looking out the window as Mick was singing about not wanting to be a Beast of Burden.

I told Ken that it was nice of them to help Scott's sister. I asked if they were going to give her old man some trouble.

"Nah", interjected Scott, "They have these dust-ups all the time. Stupid bitch claims that she still loves him. I tell her that she has her head up her ass, but what can you do?" More miles drifted by and the Stones tape clicked to off. "I wish you luck getting yer rides",

For it is a community cemetery—in a sense of community that in so many ways goes far beyond the meaning of ownership.

Its budget for mowing and fence repairs and equipment and perpetual care comes almost entirely from volunteer giving—at the annual cemetery memorial service and whenever people are moved to contribute.

Truly a community commitment. The graves are dug by volunteers—who unfailingly arrive on the morning of the funeral-to dig the grave, to be invited to a home for coffee, and to return later for the burial. A community effort. And each deceased is laid to rest among those who have been his or her friends, neighbours and relatives—some who will be the first generation buried here, and others who are the fourth or fifth generation. But all have been a part of the community-and are now buried in a community cemetery.

I enjoy living in this community, and like everyone else, I hope to continue enjoying it for some time yet. But we know not the day or the hour. And some evening a neighbour will sit down by the phone and dial a short list of volunteers. For my turn will have come. "Yeah, tomorrow morning around eight," he or she will say. And in Matawatchan tradition, by 7:40 the next

offered Ken. "Ya shouldn't have any trouble around here, people are pretty trustin'".

"Thanks", I said as the van pulled into a Gulf service station just outside Swift Current.

"Well, we gotta turn up that road, so I guess this is as good a place as any for you to get out".

"Thanks", I said, "Nice meeting you Ken, chill out Scott and good luck with your sister." "Thanks, man".

With that, I slid the door of the van open and got out into the humid July air. I watched the van pull away. As the van disappeared with the prairie sun reflecting off its back window, I thought about my brief journey with Ken and Scott. Just a slice of life? Perhaps, yet it's the sum of all these moments that shape who we are and help to define our values in life. We've all had them, and continue to have them. It's too bad that many of us don't give a second thought to the many such encounters we experience in any given day, month or year. These chance meetings have a greater effect on our lives than we could ever realize. For when we expand our vision, we expand our compassion as well.

End

morning the measuring will have been done and the shovels will be biting into the sod.

And I hope it will be shovels in the hands of friends and neighbours who are digging a grave in which to place the remains of a neighbour-and not the cold steel of a backhoe, operated by someone digging a hole in which to put a coffin in return for a few dollars in their pocket. And as the digging intensifies, I hope there will be the usual stories; told at the expense of the deceased about dumb or unusual things I did or said.

And God knows I will have left them lots of material to work with. And someone will ask,

"And how was he related to so-and-so?" "And was he the youngest of the boys?"

"And who did he buy his place from?"

And it will reaffirm that I lived.

And was part of this community.

And will be remembered.

And someone will comment, "I think we're down about four feet-so-and so should be showing up soon."

And perhaps when they reach the six-foot depth, a recent volunteer will be prevailed upon to "lie down and see if it's long enough".

And then the shovels will fly into action and he will come scrambling out, shaking the sand from his clothes and hair.

And two or three may wander off to check on a recent grave or to settle how old so-and-so was when he died. And maybe someone will recount how in 1858 a young community leader

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Bogie Beat

By Skippy Hale

On August 23, The Seniors dedicated a Memorial Garden at Barnet Park. Two floral gardens surround either side of the entrance gates, built several years ago by the Seniors' Club, and 16 shrubs were planted in honour of deceased members.

Do not tell me that youth of today are selfish! Two young people from Calabogie left for adventures abroad. Tyrell Kearns joined other young people as Teen Missionaries to Zambia. They worked hard helping villagers. Tyrell's heart went out to the children who did not have shoes to wear. When he came home, he decided to collect shoes for them. If you have children's shoes in good condition, please save them. Contact Tyrell or his mother Linda to arrange a drop-off. Another student, Krista Mahusky left for Warsaw at the end of August. Krista is on a year-long Rotary exchange.

Nothing says Schaly, like flowers! On Sunday September 16, I was delighted to join about 75 folks at Henny and Hank Schaly's 'Open House' in Calabogie. They have downsized and built a lovely home here set atop a hill surrounded by gardens only they could produce. The floral colours and whimsical garden art are out of this world. While wandering through the gardens, I spied Monarch Butterfly flitting from blossom to blossom collecting nectar from a Mexican Sunflower in preparation for its trip south. In spite of losing ten large trees during the Macro-burst and the terrible drought this past summer, their hills are alive with thousands of perennials, bushes and annuals. No Schaly property is complete without a Tea House constructed with wood from the property and a fire-pit around which the large family and friends gather to pray, sing and enjoy Hot Chocolate and

Hot dogs. The hill and large trees in the back form a natural amphitheatre or cathedral. In keeping with their deep Christian Faith, they dedicated the house and gardens to the Lord. Hank sang "Bless this house O Lord we pray" accompanied by his niece Angela Huyer on violin.

Pastor Bill Griffith sent me the following report: "On September 2nd, Calabogie Bible Fellowship had a send-off for our Youth Pastor, Joel Hardy, who has enrolled at Emmanuel Bible College in Kitchener to begin work on his Bachelor's degree. Joel began with CBF in 2009 and was subsequently credentialed with the Congregational Christian Churches in Canada [4C's] in 2010. Aside from his work with the Friday Night Lights youth ministry Joel was part of the regular teaching and preaching schedule at CBF. He will be missed, but the Board and Pastoral Staff wish him well. Joel received a bursary from CBF to help him with his education." Joel follows a family tradition going back to pioneer times in the US North Midwest whereby his forbears would travel by horseback and visit remote communities doing pastoral work.

In these uncertain economic times, we are blessed to have a Food Bank here. It is housed in the Calabogie Bible Fellowship Church on Mill Street with participation by St. Andrew's United and Most Precious Blood Roman Catholic Churches in the village. With Thanksgiving coming, the Food Bank will be filling boxes for families on the morning of October 4th. Pastor Bill and his wife Diane would welcome help filling these boxes, so please call Pastor Bill or Diane at 613-752-2201. Pastor Bill says, "Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter are special times of need but the balance of the year is also important. Thanks to all who contribute weekly or monthly through their local parish / congregation and to those in the wid-

er community who forward donations throughout the year. All contributions are gratefully accepted." I spoke with our new Librarian, Sharon Shalla, and there is a drop box there as well, so borrow some books and fill the bin!

This summer was not an eventful one for the work at St. Gabriel's in Springtown. The weather, employment responsibilities and vacations interrupted the progress. We have had a quote to do the re-grading and repairs to the foundation and substructure which is \$65,000, and we will need to raise about another \$1,000 or more to deal with other work around the property. Needless to say, the committee does not have that kind of money. We are exploring funding, but as a former county employee once

said, "Grant doesn't live here anymore." We are in need of someone to help develop a funding strategy. We have been fortunate to have volunteer work so far, but the next stage requires a different expertise.

Some good news is that our lovely Valley historian Carol Bennett McCuaig has written a book on the families of St. Gabriel's Church. It is well researched as are all her books and includes memories of former parishioners and their families. We expect to have a launch in time for Christmas gifts, so keep an eye out for specific dates. Contact me with local news and events: (613) 752-9944 or bogiebeat@gmail.com

End

Church Service at Springtown

By Howard Popkie

I had a sister and her name was Georgina. She died when she was a baby and was buried at Springtown.

When I was about four years old in 1938, I was at a church service in the historical Springtown church (St. Gabriel's) along the Madawaska River at Springtown. We went to see the little oak cross on my sister's grave that my Dad had made. It was right in the left-hand corner where my Mom and Dad bought six grave sites for the rest of our family.

Now that I am old, I went back to see Georgina's wooden cross but it fell down and was gone, but her name is now carved in stone at the Popkie plot.

I went to visit the Springtown church but it was all locked up. I could only look in the windows and that brought back memories of the first time I saw the church. The first time I was there, there were horses and buggies parked around the church. As I looked through the window I could see the same old church seats that I sat in as a child with all of the old people dressed in their Sunday best. Some of the old ladies had on dresses like Queen Victoria wore.

In those days you didn't throw out your Sunday best. So, those ladies had 'turn of the century' going to church clothes on.

End



G/M News (Cont)

The Griffith and Matawatchan Fish and Game Club folk are evidently wise to the fact that an epidemic of buck fever is about to break out. "The Hunt," they know, is already on the minds of the rugged outdoors set and so have already planned their annual activities to make the contest between man/woman and beast even more interesting. Each \$5 entry ticket will allow a hunter to pit her/his trophy against all comers in the Buck and Doe Contest and perhaps to win one of the two prizes of \$250 for the largest of each gender. Maybe even a new plastic \$100 bill for bringing one in at the mystery weight. Weigh stations

will be situated at the Griffith General Store and at the Eagle's Rest. All prizes will be presented at the Griffith General Store at noon on Sunday November 18, 2012.

For \$5 you can buy your way into the **Annual Hunters' Ball** at 8 p.m. on November 10 in the Matawatchan Hall, and for another fin, or as many as you can part with, you'll get a chance(s) at a Marlin 45-70 Guide rifle. Members will have received their September issue of the Newsletter by now but other interested parties suffering information deficiency should log onto fishandgameclub@gmail.com.

End

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lot of stuff and found good homes for a lot of our possessions." Still, they did bring a lot of things with them. "We just keep moving stuff around!" quipped Peter. He added that, "we are also storing a few belongings in a neighbour's barn."

According to Peter, "The hardest thing about moving was getting the place in the city ready for sale." Over a long period of time, the house had gotten shabby. It took six months to get the house in shape to sell on top of working, on top of looking after a very sick mother, and on top of helping a friend who had a terminal illness. After eleven months in the country, they have now finally decompressed from the stress of moving!

They still go back to their former city of St. Catharines. Gitte plans to go back every hunting season and during black fly season. But sometimes "family calls" and they will make the trip more often. Peter has only gone twice in the past year for family events. Gitte goes more often. They have kept their same Doctor and Dentist. Fortunately, Gitte and Peter are both quite healthy. For their cars, they have found a good mechanic locally. Gitte appreciates the fresh produce at the grocery stores in Renfrew but she is looking forward to buying fresh produce at the local Farmers Market once it opens on June 30. She buys all of her meat from local farmers. "I also like to support the local general store (The Eagle's Rest) where we can buy some pretty tasty ice

continued on page 23

Moving to the Country

By John Neale

Peter and Brigitte (Gitte) Chess

Peter and Gitte moved to Matawatchan on July 6, 2011. It was Peter's idea. It took a little more time for Gitte to get used to the notion of making such a big change in their life. Neither of them had any prior experience living in the country, although they had been coming up to their trailer at Holleran's Camp on Hutson Lake for many years.

Gitte's parents had recently passed away and she gradually came to agree with Peter that it was time to disconnect from the city. In her words, "I was fed-up with city life and all the congestion and all the rules!" She had

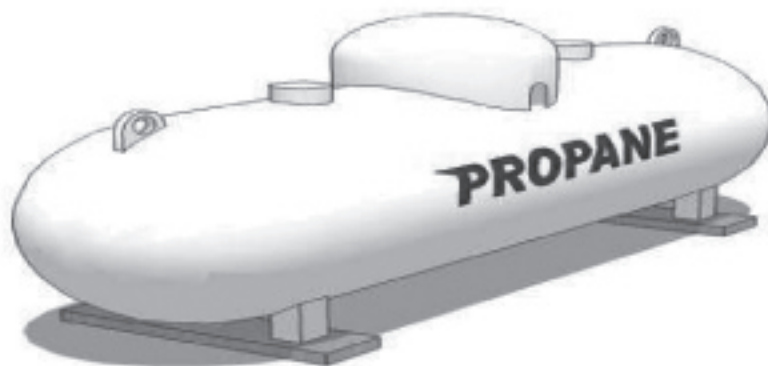
just retired, so the timing seemed right. Peter had also just retired, but he also felt that their neighbourhood in the city was "going downhill and becoming ghettoized." In Peter's words, "It was time to escape from the urban culture and try new things." He added that they likely couldn't afford both a property in the city and in the country unless he continued to work after retirement.

For Gitte, it has been difficult living under constant construction. Also, "there were many changes all at once and that was hard." For Gitte, moving to the country meant leaving long-time friends back in St. Catharines. This was compounded by the fact that their phone and e-mail took a long time to get up-and-running in the country. Gitte

added that, "the hardest lesson *by far* has been the discovery of traps being set not far off the roads." Goldie was killed by a trap set just a few feet from the road. "That was the most horrible thing I've ever had to live through," added Gitte. The memory is still very vivid and painful for her.

Gitte agreed that it is difficult to downsize from two places. "We gave away a

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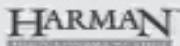
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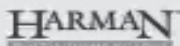
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Griffith Uplands Trail

By John Neale

The Griffith Uplands Trail is a new 10 km hiking trail looping across four mountains in the Madawaska Highlands: Lake, Buck, Spring and Godin. This trail traverses a rugged area with forests of large tooth aspen, red oak, white pine and remnant red pine. This undulating backcountry trail features lichen covered stone barrens, glacial erratics and expansive bald rock ridges covered with blueberry bushes and breathtaking views of the Madawaska Highlands and the Madawaska River Valley. I particularly enjoyed the views from the Lake and Godin mountains. This trail is physically challenging and it would be easy to sprain an ankle. Our group consisted of three men in our fifties, my 31 year old son and his 8 year old son. Just take your time, drink plenty of water, and don't hike this trail alone (i.e., have at least two adults). Our hiking time was just over four hours. This included a 30 minute lunch stop on Godin Mountain.

We took the trail in a clockwise direction, straight up to Lake Mountain where we saw a black bear. This is a new trail with limited foot traffic to date and the trail is not well defined in many areas. It is important that hikers pay close attention to the blue trail markers, which are supplemented with orange tape markers and rock inuksuks to mark the trail. The township's website strongly recommends a trail map and a GPS unit or compass. We had the trail map but neither a compass nor a GPS unit. Therefore, we all watched very carefully for the blue markers and our eight year old took this task particularly seriously! Whenever one of us led our party astray, he was immediately demoted to the back of the line!

I recommend that you wear long (quick-dry) pants since there are thorny raspberry bushes alongside the lower parts of the trail, especially near the parking lot. Hiking poles would have proven helpful since parts of the trail are quite steep, both up and down. The lichen-covered rocks were slippery in the light rain that fell off-and-on during our hike on August 27. The steepest slope was coming down off of Godin Mountain. The trail map, available on the Greater Madawaska Township website, shows the contour lines, which is very helpful to see where the trail will get steep. Drink lots of water and pack a picnic lunch. Bring a pair of binoculars and a camera. Wear a pair of sturdy hiking shoes with a good tread. Bring something to mop your brow! You will work up a sweat! The township's website refers to the trail as a hiking and snowshoeing trail. Personally, I feel that the slopes are often too steep for safe snowshoeing - even with poles. I just can't imagine coming down off of Godin Mountain on snowshoes!

How do you get there? At the bridge on Highway 41 in the village of Griffith turn onto Highland Creek Road and drive 2.2 km to the trailhead at the 9-1-1 address of 488 Highland Creek Road. However, there is no cellphone coverage to call 9-1-1, so be safe.



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Rural Vignettes

A FARMER'S WIFE IN TRAINING

By Antonia Chatson

When I was eight years old, my mother discovered a lump under her arm. She was to go into the Toronto General Hospital and have it removed. When they had done a quick biopsy on the lump and depending on the results, all or nothing would be removed! The initial findings were that the lump was benign. After spending five days in the hospital, she returned home. She was nicely recovering, when the hospital phoned to say that as they continued to dissect the lump, some cancerous cells were discovered. This meant that she had to return to the hospital immediately and have her breast removed. During her first hospitalization, my father stayed with me at the farm, but during her second stay which would be longer, he felt that he should stay in Richmond Hill, in order to be able to visit her. The only part of all of this that I did understand was that it was a major concern to both of them, as to what should happen to me.

My parents decided to ask another neighbour of ours at the farm to look after me. I knew this elderly cou-

ple well and felt at home with them. They were the in-laws of the notorious potato thief! Olive was their only child and she had married Fred and they lived on a farm opposite the Williams. At this stage Al and Effie Williams were well on in their eighties and could no longer work their 200 acre farm, but Fred and his hired man did.

Al and Effie's house was at the end of a half mile long laneway. Their laneway was bare of trees on either side, but up around the house and towards the barn there were beautiful old maple trees and beyond that was their woodlot from which they cut their winter's wood. The house was like a doll's house. The outside of it was covered in red shingles and the roof was covered with black shingles. There was a long low porch beyond the front door, which was never used as everyone went in and out of the back door. To the right of the back door was the wood shed. As you entered the back door a long entry hall stretched to the left, at the end of which was a dry sink, where the men washed up before a meal. They then returned to the back door but turned left into a huge dining room in the middle of which was a very large golden oak table, which was surrounded by press back chairs. There was a matching oak sideboard on one side of the room and along another was a wood stove and a couch for afternoon naps. Beyond the dining room, was a doorway to the right which led into a

rather small and narrow kitchen which boasted another dry sink, a gas stove, a lovely wood and metal hutch whose front consisted of windowed doors in which were kept baking supplies, and a long counter under which pots and pans were stored. To the right of this kitchen was another door leading to the living room which was not much used. In it was a large overstuffed chesterfield and two chairs like the ones my grandmother had in her house in Pennsylvania. At the end of the kitchen, a winding set of stairs led to the upstairs, which consisted of a large master bedroom and another very small and sparsely furnished bedroom which would be mine while I stayed there.

Being an only child, I was very attached to my parents and I had never been away from them at all. The Williams must have been very special people for I was actually looking forward to spending time with them. We seemed to have forged a bond when they came to visit us at the farmhouse in their old black Chev.

Mr Williams was old and bent over with arthritis and was very slow at moving, yet he was reluctant to throw in the farming towel completely. While Fred, his hired man and the Wilkerson's two young boys did the work on their farm, Fred used his tractor, but when it was haying time at the Wil-

liams' place, Fred deferred to Mr Williams and let him use his teams of horses to cut and rake the hay. But he did insist on baling the hay with his baler.

Although Mrs Williams was very frail, she too did not want to take an early retirement. She made herself useful in what ways she could, and while I stayed there, she included me in all her work. This made me feel very important. Fred ate breakfast at their place, brought a bagged lunch to eat at noon, but Mrs Williams insisted on providing a full course meal at supper time. We would spend all day preparing for it as she knew there had to be lots of it to assuage the appetites of working men.

After our breakfast, she and I would proceed to her large vegetable garden behind their house. She would dig up several hills of potatoes, put them in a bucket then bring them into the house where we would scrub them and put them in a pot of water, ready to boil later on in the day. She would then get a roast of beef ready and put it into the gas oven at a low temperature. We would then return to the garden and pick two basins of peas which we brought into the house and shucked. Mrs Williams put them in another pan of water, to be cooked later on in the day. By this time it was lunch time. Mr Williams would come in from the barn where he had given the horses some oats and water

continued on page 23

Up the Line

By Wes Bomhower

I CAN TIE KNOTS

Jack Morrow the sub-foreman, whom I've mentioned before, certainly knew his work and men sat up and took notice when Jack spoke. He was a swarthy skinned native of Snow Road, a little village some miles north and east from Sharbot Lake, and though Jack was not a big man, pound for pound, he was probably the strongest individual that I ever met in my life. He didn't smoke but he was seldom without a cud of Copenhagen in his cheek. That said, he was a good foreman but not a pleasant character by any means.

I had been with the crew back at the reels where we were kept busy making permanent splices in the previously used wire as it came off the big drums, but now I was back with Jack and the stringing crew once more.

Late one afternoon we finished pulling out a section of conductor and we were in the process of removing the one inch in diameter, manila bull ropes from the wire and coiling the rope up. Each rope was approximately 300 feet long and with the accumulation of dirt and debris in the fibres, the ropes were quite heavy. I struggled with the large

rope, coiling it up counter clockwise on the ground, and I knew Jack was watching me out of the corner of his eye but he said nothing until the coil was completed and I prepared to tie it up, and then he walked over and unceremoniously kicked the coil askew. Then he snarled, "do that rope up the right way". Feeling resentful after all my hard work, I asked, "what did I do wrong"? Jack spat out his cud of snuff and answered.

"Always, but always coil a rope up in a clockwise direction. Understand?"

Yes, I understood and I certainly never forgot that lesson in the following years, though my dislike for the man increased somewhat. When I think of it now, that was his way of making sure that I remembered.

The following morning, the big guy himself, Ike Ritchie came along where we were stringing and said, "Bomhower, you and Charron and McDonald get some handlines we are going to put up rider arms at the next road crossing". So we loaded up some other equipment plus the handlines on a truck and headed up the right of way. The temporary arms we were installing were small thirty foot poles which would be lashed with ropes to the standing rider poles to carry the conductor safely across the road and well above any traffic. Char-

ron and McDonald, the two linemen climbed the poles and I proceeded to tie knots with the handlines on each end of the arm to raise it into position with the truck. Ike was watching and he commented. "Where did you learn to tie knots like that, Bomhower"? All the while he was looking right through me with that damned glass eye of his, making me nervous. I could see that he was impressed though, so sticking out my skinny chest, I answered. "I learned from my brother and the old lineman, Morris Pollard". And I was feeling mighty grateful for the many evenings spent practicing those same knots with old Morris.

Whether my prowess at tying knots had any bearing on my next assignment or not, I would never know. When we finished installing the arms, Ike drew me aside and growled. "Bomhower, would you be willing to work as a cook's helper in the kitchen with old Ed, the cook. It will only be for a short while until we move camp again. The regular cook-ee has quit because old Ed is so hard to get along with". Well, I was not all that enthused about working with Ed either, but with Ike's glass eye penetrating my soul, what could I say? I nodded an assent and so began my first stint in the kitchen. Everything went fairly smoothly for a week or so, peeling potatoes, washing dishes, waiting on tables, scrubbing floors and so on until one morning after clearing the breakfast dishes, I went to the wash tent and then to my own tent to re-

trieve a packet of chewing gum. When I returned to start washing the dishes, old Ed began berating me for being away from the kitchen so long, (which was all of five minutes). Away he went to the office and very soon Ike came sauntering over, a great scowl on his face. "Oh oh, I thought, probably I'm going to get fired now". Ike came in, poured himself a coffee and asked me in a loud voice, "What do they think of you around home, Bomhower"? I was still angry with old Ed, and my answer was a bit short. "I don't know what the hell they think of me and right now I don't give a damn either"! Perhaps it was the answer I gave him, but Ike finished his coffee and growled as he went out the door, "try to get along with that old bastard for a few more days, would you"?

And I did make a special effort for the next few days until we moved in to share a camp with Charlie Sword and also to share his cook a few miles from Crystal Falls. That was the end of old Ed as our cook, and good riddance too, and I began working outside once more. Those were the days!

We hang the petty thieves and appoint the great ones to public office. ~Aesop

Burial (Cont)

named David McLellan, still in his late teens and planning to be a minister, said "Our community needs a cemetery and on this knoll is where it should be.

And when I return from the log drive in the spring . . ." only to drown in Mackie Creek and to be the first to be buried in this field that he chose. Indeed, this is a community cemetery.

And each year, on a day in summer, a wave of multi-coloured flowers will spread across the cemetery.

And a crowd will gather at this high point and the voice of the community will be heard in song.

And the pastor will speak of "those we loved" and "this sacred ground" and "the life eternal".

And nearby the unfurled flags of the cenotaph will bear witness to the fact that a price was paid by some members

of this community that the world might be free ...

And that this community might be free. And from time to time, over the next hundred years or so, someone will kneel by a grave stone and perhaps scratch away the moss and read the familiar family name and note the date.

And will look up and away from the cold granite and wilted flowers.

And look across this field of tombstones, each with a familiar family name. And will look beyond the fence, across the rolling pasture and down upon the green forest to the shore of Centennial Lake.

And will reflect for a moment or two about the meaning of it all for their life. And then will rise and continue along a path that is now easier to follow.

We call this a community cemetery because this cemetery is part of our community.

End

Behind the tunes (Cont)

ard Branscomb. It is inconceivable to think that the Bihari brothers from Watts in L.A. could have dreamed their intellectual property would some day be purchased by a Knight of the Realm

and I wonder if Sir Richard has any notion of the unscrupulous methods used to create and promote his newly acquired musical assets.....and if he does....would he even care?

End

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CABA corner

By Byron Hermann

Welcome from your business association. We would like to thank all those who visited and participated in the 5th annual "Festival of the Senses". We hope everyone had a great experience as you "indulged your senses". We also wish to thank all our corporate sponsors and a special thank you to the partnership with the Township of Greater Madawaska. (Details of these sponsors can be found at www.festivalofthesenses.ca). We would also like to thank all those who helped and participated in our activities at the Calabogie Canada Day celebrations. Since that time your association has been busy creating improved partnerships with all our Ottawa Valley Chambers of Commerce as

well as continued input into programs and initiatives of our Destination Marketing Organization, the OVTA. We have also been involved in several grant applications for beautification of some of our cultural sites as well as promotion and development of our Township trails system and the development of new innovative interpretive signage. The new business directory for 2012/13 has been printed and distributed. If you need to get copies please contact us info@calabogie.org. The website is also currently under a major rebuild and the executive is looking at how to improve all our digital assets to meet the needs of our members and the needs of our community.

We also wish to welcome our newest members. If you are interested in joining and understanding more about our membership benefits do not hesi-

tate to contact us. All members are invited to a very important General Meeting on Monday Oct. 15th at 7:00 at the Lakeshore Café in Calabogie. We will have an important discussion of the future direction of CABA. All your input will be appreciated.

Rural Vignettes (Cont)

to revive them after their morning's work of cutting or raking the hay. We would have a light lunch of soup, bread and cheese with ice cream for dessert. After a short snooze on the couch, Mr Williams would head out to the field with his horses again. Fred would soon be over with the tractor and baler.

Mrs Williams then whipped up a cake, usually spice, and popped it into the oven. While it was baking, she too had a short snooze in her chair in the living room. When the cake was out of the oven, and cooling, she and I would go back to the garden and pick several quarts of raspberries, which she would serve over ice-cream for dessert. The cake now being cool, she made the icing and let me, with help, ice the cake. The only thing I had against the sweet and gentle Mrs Williams was the fact that as soon as the icing bowl was empty,

A reminder to all to "Buy Local" and promote our Township as Ontario's premier four-season vacation destination, as well as a premier place to invest and to live.

End

she would whisk it out of my hands and put it into the sink for washing. Since I had left enough icing in the bowl that would provide me with several sweet mouthfuls, I felt cheated by her sudden descension on the bowl and spoon!

Everything was now prepared and we just had to set it in motion for the evening meal. The potatoes were boiled and also the peas for which she made a most delicious cream sauce. My mother used flour to thicken her sauces which had a rather bland taste, but Mrs Williams used cornstarch, which produced a light pleasing flavour. It may also have been enhanced by the fact that fresh milk was used. I set the large dining table with dishes and cutlery from the sideboard. As soon as we heard the men entering the back door, Mrs Williams hastened to load the table with the meat, vegetables and freshly baked bread from yesterday, pickles, relishes and a cabbage salad, a large container of which she kept on hand in the fridge.

After Mr Williams had said grace, little was heard except the appreciative passing of food and the eating of it. What a wonderful way to go - to work on the land, and to live off it. That intensive training I received for those few weeks instilled in me a desire to live that way—A wish that God has graciously granted to me.

End

Moving (Cont)

cream... plus they will order anything you ask for!" added Gitte.

In terms of advice that they would pass on to other boomers considering a move to the country, they feel that it is important to make an effort to meet people. Peter and Gitte did this by getting out to church suppers, attending and participating in the local market, going to music nights, and attending other community events. Their neighbours also introduced them to many new people.

When asked how they are enjoying country life after close to a year since the move, Peter is enthusiastic and gives their new life in the country a 9.9 on a scale of 1 to 10. For Peter, the best thing is the peace, the quiet and the tranquillity of living in the country as opposed to the city where there is a constant barrage of noise. For Peter, this is a gift and something that he cherishes. For Gitte, the tranquillity is also very important, but she places her new community and friends at the top of the list.

For Gitte, the main challenge is balancing new relationships with the old ones. Trying to keep in touch with her family is still a competing priority. Also, grocery shopping is a now a full day commitment, once a week in Renfrew, necessitating a 45-50 minute drive." For Peter, the main challenge remains the ongoing effort of rebuilding their new home and converting it from its former life as a hunt camp to a full-time residence on a budget.

End

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- * 0 K&P Trail - MLS #829140 \$309,000
- * 57 Viewmount Dr - MLS #837089 \$45,000



12620 Lanark Rd

Duplex in village of Calabogie. Recently renovated. One bdrmapt on main flr, 2 bdrm apt on second & third flrs, both units have separate entrance, parking. MLS #767210 \$199,900



9 Carnegie Cres.

Custom built home plus salon w/separate entrance. Open concept lv/dn/kit, 4 bdms 4 baths, master ensuite. Distinctive solarium on two sides w/ceramic flrs. Possibility for B&B, home business, in-law suite. Zoned tourist/residential. MLS #817024 \$449,900



185 Viewmount Dr

Uniquely designed 2 storey home in "Peaks Village". Cathedral ceilings, flr to ceiling windows, 4 bdms, 2 full baths, workshop, screened upper porch, stone fireplace, paved drive. Deeded access to Calabogie Lake. MLS # 834492 \$339,000



329A Church Farm Rd.

Year round living on Calabogie Lake. Bungalow w/hrdwd flrs, wood walls & ceilings in open concept lv/dn/kit area wall-to-wall windows overlooking tiered walkway to decks & dock. Separate oversized garage w/sleeping loft & 2pc bath. MLS #827087 \$465,000



52 Whipporwill Valley Lane

Cottage on Calabogie Lake with 245 ft frontage. Seasonal, 2 bdms, dock & decks. close to ski hill, golf, ATV/hiking trails. MLS #826114 \$249,900



Calabogie Real Estate

