

NEWS CLIPPINGS WE HAVE GATHERED

WORLD:

Chile blows top off a mountain for giant telescope. Will they find another planet like this one?

Isolated Amazon tribe has made rare contact with Brazilian environmental authorities after illegal logging in the rainforest. What is the true value of trees?

Mexican and Central American children crossing US border illegally, following extracted resources to the land of plenty.

Widespread flooding, massive wildfires and severe weather dominate the news.

UN Climate Summit "Catalysing Action" set for September 23, 2014 in advance of global climate agreement set to conclude in 2015

Why these headlines? See editorial Pg. 23

CANADA:

The Supreme Court recognized, for the first time in Canada, aboriginal title to a specific tract of land and set a historic precedent affecting resource rights in the BC First Nation Tsilhqot'in case.

Top court upholds Ontario's logging rights on Grassy Narrows First Nations land, but resource extraction must serve best interests of First Nations before development can proceed.

Woman leads walk around ailing Lake Winnipeg, the world's 6th largest freshwater lake. Wants lake to be recognized as a person and be healed.

Widespread flooding, massive wildfires and severe weather dominate the news.

Why these headlines? See editorial Pg. 23

ONTARIO:

June 21, 2014 Historic signing of friendship agreement between Kipawa First Nations, Town of Kipawa and Town of Temiscaming for shared economic development.

MNR bans historic portage around Bala Falls in Muskoka Township in favour of power plant, citing safety issues. Ontario court of appeal reserves judgement.

Ontario working with stakeholders to restrict use of bee-killing neonicotinoid treated seeds next season.

LOCAL:

We had a long tough winter, but we're having a beautiful summer so far on the 2nd anniversary on July 23, 2012 of micro burst storm damage in Calabogie and Norway Lake. Are we prepared? Article Pg. 19

Municipal Elections October 27
The Madawaska Highlander will be following events in Greater Madawaska. So far no contest. Article Pg.10

THE MADAWASKA HIGHLANDER



Catch up on community news, culture, entertainment and history.

Like a visit to the country store, this paper offers a little bit of everything you need to enjoy life in the Highlands!

It reads like a magazine, but it's a community newspaper that connects home owners, cottagers and visitors in parts of four Eastern Ontario counties.

We offer tidbits of world and regional news picked from the headlines that are relevant to all of us here in the Madawaska and Addington Highlands.

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By Christie Laundrie

The Summer Soltice has come and gone and the days are getting shorter again. While we have had rain, rain, and more rain, and then a week of unbearably hot and humid weather, the days of sunshine and colling winds makes up for that. All that extra humidity has magnified the foliage, leaving it thck and dark green this year. People are commenting on how well their gardens are growing and beautiful wildflowers bloom profusely everywhere, tall and stately, cascading their colours along the highways and byways. Water levels remain high this summer, too, to the delight of fishing enthusiasts and swimmers alike.

Construction of the Hyde's Creek bridge is progressing, with traffic lights controlling commuters and visitors passing over. Yours truly has not seen any swallows darting in or out of the erected nesting sites, but I have heard them twittering in the nearby trees on my way to and fro.

Coffee time continues Friday mornings at Stop 41 Restaurant from 9am until noon. We always welcome newcomers, so drop in, say Hi and sample some of Dave's cooking, the pork schnitzel being his Friday specialty. Dave and Bev, the proprietors have a variety of specials every day and an assortment

of in store or take out food, including very good pizza. It makes for a relaxing time with good food and good friends. The Blue Bench Bakery at the Lake-lands Health Centre continues to serve up down home country cooking and freshly baked goods, along with great coffee and a variety of teas to suit any palate. Joanne, the owner, makes a fantastic soup, too. Once a month she offers a full dinner for a reasonable price. You don't need to leave Denbigh to take your sweetheart out for dinner. The atmosphere at Blue Bench is nostalgic and charming, set in one of the classrooms of the old public school.

And of course, we have a country store again! Glaeser's country store has gro-

cery basics including gluten free products and is open to stocking what you need, so drop in and let them know what you're looking for. They have fishing gear, gifts and art, too.

This is Yours Truly wishing all of you many happy summer days. Please note that although we have had much rain, ground can continue to be dry, so always check fire conditions. Avoid fines or worse and contact your local fire chief for proper information.

Note: "...If a man is only as good as his word, and his word is no good... Is he?

CALABOGIE BEAT

by Skippy Hale

Hiatus is over and I am back in my writer's chair. News is trickling in and I hope you continue to send me local stories to share with our readers.

Two very special men have earned a well-deserved retirement. Reverend Don Anderson retired in June from St. Andrew's United Church in Calabogie after years. Not only did he minister to Calabogie, but Sunday mornings found him in White Lake and Burnstown. His Spiritual family on our lake bid 'Farewell' to this gentle man on June 21. I do not know if a new pastor is arriving soon.

Two blocks away, another dear man retired on December 31, 2013. Father Pat Blake retired after 19 years at Most Precious Blood Parish. Since the congregation includes summer people, his reception was held on June 22. At present, Father Ric Starks has been appointed Administrator to say Sunday Mass here (11:00 am) and earlier at the mountain. He has been very busy with Baptisms and Funerals since January.

Pastor Bill Griffiths is still at Calabogie Fellowship Church, thankfully. He has offered to be available for counselling to anyone who needs comfort and or spiritual guidance.

We are privileged in GM to have an excellent library. Over the years, it has struggled for funding. It was hard to compete with asphalt, but persist it has through thick and thin. In order to provide programming without adequate budgets, there have been various

methods to raise funds over the years. For several years the CBC Reading of Dickens' 'A Christmas Carol', was presented. There were Pancake Breakfasts, Variety Shows at The Peaks, Book Sales, Children's Entertainers, and the ever-present 'Donation Frog'. Trilium and, in the past, Wintario grants helped keep the library in equipment and books. Until recently, the library could count on an annual CAP grant to keep the IT area current. Sadly, the federal government cut those funds a few years ago, so the materials are not up-to-date. We are blessed to have a dedicated staff and volunteers to keep things afloat. Sharon Shalla and her Assistant, Sandie Anderson, work wonders.

Sharon asked me to announce that Dr. Kaboom is coming to Calabogie. He is a magician with many talents and a sense of humour. I gather that he maintains his cool climbing a ladder of machetes! WOW!! For the price of a Good Will offering, your family can be awed by his amazing feats of prestidigitation on Friday, July 25, 6:30-7:30 pm at the Calabogie Community Centre, 574 Mill St., Calabogie.

Auctions are a tradition which many of us enjoy. Most Precious Blood Parish is trying something new on Sunday August 24. Instead of the Annual Yard Sale, the Committee is holding an auction. There will still be Musical Entertainment in the school gym, the Bake Sale and BBQ. A catalogue of items will soon be available on an auction website. Watch for posters in Renfrew, Burnstown and Calabogie

as well as in the media. The donations, so far are amazing: paintings, numbered prints, hand carved and painted decoys so exquisite, they look real, a brand new BBQ and much much more. Viewing will available at Noon and the Sale will begin at 1:00 pm on the church grounds 504 Mill Street, Calabogie.

Pastor Bill reports that the Food Bank has wrapped up another successful year of "hot lunch Wednesdays" at St. Joe's school. On the third Wednesday of each month the food bank team provided grilled cheese sandwiches for the students. They were a great hit. Also, Camp Galilee is sending the camp bus to Calabogie to pick up children and take them to the day program. The bus is free for those who want to go to camp. The cost per camper for the program is a very affordable \$50.00 per child. The dates are July 21 - 25 and August 4 - 8. More information can be found on the Camp Galilee

website.

If one has to go through the pain of losing a loved one, Calabogie is a place to find comfort. My family and I were overwhelmed, but not surprised, by the kindness shown to us. Our thanks go out to the Firefighters from the village who worked so hard, the Paramedics who used the tools available to them, the OPP and sadly the coroner. My special friends who came for support that evening and for friends and neighbours who arrived with flowers and arms full of food for days after, God Bless you all.



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



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By Garry Ferguson



A great time was had by all at the 132nd Canada Day Picnic. So much to do, even crafts
Photos by Richard Copeland

As promised, the Canada Day celebrations on Saturday June 28 at the Matawatchan Hall incorporated a dizzying array of simultaneous events and, probably because I arrived on the scene just as things got well wound up, I ended up – well – dizzy. Staggering at a Matawatchan event can quickly get you a reputation so I sat down to take it all in. There were races, horse shoes, live music from the stage, food being pre-



Thank you to Pat Strong and Lovey the Clown!



Thank you to GM First Responders for Demos!

pared, food being eaten, sirens screaming, stuff being sold, money being exchanged, demonstrations and art exhibits. I'm not sure how long it took to go into "visual overload," but I remember doing what I always do when that happens – I ate. The organizers deserve a dizzying round of applause and the hamburgers were good too. Speaking of (at least writing about) the

hall, there's a Matawatchan Hall Winterization Fund being created and to help it along, Ernie Jukes has donated a 24 by 18 inch framed watercolour on canvas. Done in a uniquely Canadian style, this work should whip up images of northern waters, stark spruce forests, the smell of muskeg and even thoughts of the boys in the Group of Seven – I've forgotten just how many of them there were but they were good.

Tickets are a bargain at a \$fiver or even better, three for a \$ten. Tickets are available at all Matawatchan Hall events. To further add to the Winterization Hope Chest, the Hall Board folk will serve up lunches at a couple of the planned flea markets to take place at the Hall.

We are told that Hall Board President Mark Tomlin has been scheduled for serious surgery on July 28. We wish him a speedy recovery and will be rooting for him until he's back home.

By now, most market groupies will be aware that the Matawatchan Market will fire up every second Saturday only. To avoid disappointment for those who have nowhere else to go on Saturdays, the alternate dates will be filled with a

flea market. The next Farmers Market date is July 26 which means that the next flea market will take place on August 02. Except for the Show and Shine weekend, (August 23) the two markets will set up on alternate weekends until August 30. Would-be flea market vendors may contact Bill Graham (613 333 1694) for details.

The ladies of Saint Andrew's United in Matawatchan have scheduled their annual Rummage and Bake Sale from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. on August 02. If you're not there within the first minutes, you'll miss out on the baked goods. Eager customers will be circling, waiting for the opening bell to rush in and snap up anything that looks like it may have come out of an oven.

The Uniteds will celebrate a Saint Andrew's anniversary on Sunday August 10 at 10:30 a.m. with a special service and lunch. All are welcome.

A reminder, the fifth, annual Denbigh Griffith (DGL) Lions Show and Shine is coming up on August 23 at the Griffith Hall. There'll be more than a field full of beautifully restored and classic vehicles to drool over: on site will also be crafts and other great stuff for sale as well as



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GRIFFITH & MATAWATCHAN NEWS

police and fire fighter displays. Plan to be there. At all Lions events, tickets for the 50/50 draw will be available and on August 30, some lucky ticket holder will win enough to perhaps go on a \$1000 shopping spree at the Nu-2-U store. If you got no ticket, you got no chance. Funds raised through these events and campaigns will help finance another \$5000 payment on the \$25000 pledged to the Lakelands Family Health Team in Denbigh as well as a host of other local causes.

The DGL's again sprung for a mitt-full of Post Secondary Education Bursaries passed out at the North Addington Education Centre's graduation ceremonies this year. The recipients were Alana Layman, Mason Beckett and

Brittany Rosenblath. Nice going guys! Dates for the bi-weekly, Tuesday-night bingos in August are the fifth and 19th. Keep in mind folks that the DGL's are not a gaggle of old folk looking to perform last-minute good deeds in order to get into heaven: they are dynamic, generous members of a tightly-knit organization that sees need and reacts to it. They need our support - even if it only means parting with a few measly loonies for a 50/50 ticket.

I'm pretty sure that by now our very active Fish and Game Club (FAGC) has more members than a lot of those pretentious Middle-Eastern militias. Looking at the lineup of events provided by President Brian, (president of the FAGC, not a militia) there's a busy

summer ahead.

Weather for the Kids Fishing Derby on the shores of Hutson Lake, July 12, couldn't have been better. Zoe Duford, age nine, earned first place bragging rights after hooking 17 keepers while Kirk Inwood, age 10, nailed down second by snagging onto 11.

I've lost count of the number of FAGC annual Pork Roasts and Redneck Golf Tournaments that have been staged at Pat and Cliff Holleran's spread on the Hutson Lake Road but on August 02 it's happening all over again. Golf begins at 2 p.m. and supper at 5 p.m. All are welcome - you don't have to be a member - to this free family event. Just bring a chair and your own sun tan lotion.

Those planning to attend the August 24th (10 a.m. to 3 p.m.) Ontario Federation of Anglers (that's Anglers not Antlers) and Hunters meeting in the Matawatchan Hall should contact Brian at sandrasutcliffe@xplornet.ca or 613 333 9564 asap. The FAGC, the meeting's sponsor, needs a head count for the noon lunch. All are welcome and it's all free if you happen to be caught between your OAP cheques but donations will be gladly accepted. A speaker from Pembroke will be there to answer any questions you may have. (Note: I'm sure that the question, "How do I catch a keeper out of Centennial

Lake?" has been worn out) The Club is raising funds for repairs to the boat launch near the Griffith Sub Division by raffling off a limited edition print - depicting two wood ducks - by Clinton Jammer.

Alas, the Area Showcase at the Griffith Hall on July 19 will be staged days after I submit this humble offering. I just got a boot from our editor reminding me that we're about to go to print. Now she knows what poor Bill Graham went through. I am however, looking forward to the Showcase knowing that it has to be a success because of the huge efforts by the committee made up of volunteers and township staff. From the 8-a.m. breakfast at the Pine Valley to the last evening farewell, I'm certain that nobody will be bored. There are just too many demonstrations, exhibits, programs and diversions planned to mention here but I am curious to see Little Ray's Reptiles. I've always found that one has a greater appreciation of life after draping a constrictor around one's neck and surviving to talk about it.



Garry Ferguson was born at Black Donald Mines. After graduating from the one-room Miller and Matawatchan schools and the two-room high

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



A great day for Kids Fishing Derby on Hutson Lake, July 12

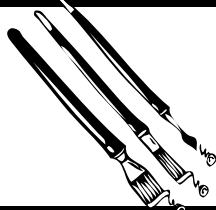


More Canada Day fun. Clockwise from left, Al Kitching on Sax, Andy Copeland in sack race, his Uncle Ben Copeland trying tasting beans in Baked Beans Contest, Gittie and Peter Chess show the spirit. Below, The Pickled Chicken String Band. THANK YOU TO SO MANY VOLUNTEERS!



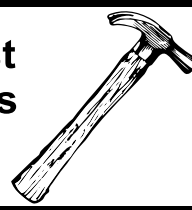
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CABA Corner

Welcome from your Local Business Association

By Byron Hermann

Calabogie and Area Business Association is very excited about the "Showcase" in Griffith. What a wonderful opportunity for our businesses and organizations to come together to highlight this often neglected corner of our wonderful township.

The Visitor Information Centre in Calabogie is now open and thanks goes out to our Tourism Ambassador, Colleen Fleury, for her excellent work. The centre is open from 10 – 4 Wednesday to Monday. A student worker from the township will also be helping out. If you have any material you wish to display here, please drop it off.

The Renfrew County Tourism Trade Show was a great success and several of our CABA members were present representing the tourism offerings in our area. As well CABA material was available for the delegates and visitors. Thanks to all who participated: The peaks, Jocko's, The Fans of Calabogie and The Blue Onion.

There are still copies of the "Calabogie experience Map" available for you to display or distribute. To date I have distributed over 8000 copies in and around the area. You can pick some up at the Visitor Information Centre or they can be brought to your business. We also look forward to the upcoming "Canadian Wake Surf Nationals" being held at Calabogie Peaks on July 25/26/27. What an excellent opportunity to see these world class professionals in action in the only stop in Canada for the world tour.

Finally, our local farmer's markets are in full operation. Please support them as an excellent source for quality food and important information. The Matawatchan market goes as usual on Saturdays and the Burnstown market goes on Friday from 3 – 8 near Knuz Ice cream and Neat café.

Summer has arrived! Many CABA members have reported a good start to the season. We will continue with

our "Buy Local" program and promote all the great products and services we have to offer to our residents, our visitors and friends and our tourists.

Festival of the Senses will be celebrating its 7th season in the fall. We are looking for volunteers to be on the Festival committee to help make this another success. Please contact Cath at 752-1585 if you would like to help. OVTA is having a "Tourism Trade Show" and "front line Customer Service training" in Pembroke on June 25th as part of its Visitor Information Centre program. What a great opportunity for you to promote your business to all the valley tourism ambassadors and to improve your interactions with visitors.

The tourism information centre will again be open in Calabogie daily from 10 – 3 thanks to CABA, the federal government and an extra day a week from the Township. Make sure you get your brochures and promotional material to the township office for distri-

bution to the centre. We are also hoping to improve the visitor information services in Griffith for those who enter our area on the HWY 41 corridor. Stay tuned for developments here.

CABA has recently entered into a conversation with several local propane providers to see how the propane industry might better meet the needs of our members. This has been a great conversation and we look forward to see what the final results will be.

There are many "member to member" benefits available to all our members from a variety of our partners. Don't forget to use them.

Today I had the pleasure of getting together with my family and I learned a lesson on the importance of "Gone Fishing".

The importance of working together to achieve our mutual goals.



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RECREATION Greater Madawaska, Bonnechere Valley, North Algona Wilberforce

By Jordan Wall, Recreation Coordinator

In the next few weeks there will be a couple of training opportunities for residents of Bonnechere Valley, Greater Madawaska and North Algona Wilberforce to take part in. The courses will be free of charge for residents that live in the 3 Townships and residents that live outside of the Townships they are still welcome to register but will have to pay a fee for the courses.

The training being offered is **High Five: Principles of Healthy Child Development** and **Red Cross Standard First Aid/CPR**. Details of the courses are below.

High Five: Principles of Healthy Child Development

Date: Saturday, July 26, 2014

Time: 9:00am – 5:00pm

Fee: Free for residents who live in Bonnechere Valley, Greater Madawaska and North Algona Wilberforce

\$45.00 for residents who live outside of those 3 Townships

For more information on the HIGH FIVE course:

<http://www.highfive.org/what-high-five>

Red Cross Standard First Aid/CPR

Date: Saturday, August 9 and Sunday, August 10, 2014

Time: 9:00am – 5:00pm

Fee: Free for residents who live in Bonnechere Valley, Greater Madawaska and North Algona Wilberforce

\$60.00 for residents who live outside of those 3 Townships

For more information on First Aid/CPR course and details:

<http://www.redcross.ca/what-we-do/first-aid-and-cpr>

If you are interested in either of these training opportunities please email me back your interest and I will sign you up for the course. If you know of anyone else that would be interested in these course please pass on the information and details.

If you have any questions or concerns about either training opportunity please feel free to call or email me. Thank you!

Cell: 613-312-7467 Email: jwall@town.renfrew.on.ca

LITERARY MATTERS

Early Literacy Resource Centre Now Open at Greater Madawaska Public Library By Sharon Shalla



Mothers and babies having fun at the new Early Literacy Centre in the GM Library

Greater Madawaska Public Library launched its Early Literacy Resource Centre on July 10th at the library. On hand for the event was Angela Kuehl, Early Literacy Specialist for the County of Renfrew, Margaret MacKenzie, president of the Calabogie Women's Institute, Patricia Ripmeester and Terrance Gnesko of the Library Board, as well as children and parents.

The Federation of Ontario Public Libraries (FOPL) has been investing in research on behalf of public libraries regarding the impact preschool story time has on early literacy skills. The FOPL report from November 2013 shows that public library story times improve school readiness, vocabulary development, motivation to read, narrative awareness, phonological awareness, and print awareness.

Public Libraries are the ideal setting for pre school story time as the public library is a place for all people. They have a long history of offering a non-judgemental, self-paced, discovery-based environment for individuals and families

I approached Margaret Mackenzie, President of the Calabogie Women's Institute as a possible sponsor of the Early Literacy Centre. Margaret took my request for funding to the local members. I'm very pleased to report that they came on board, and provided me with a cheque for \$200.00 to purchase the Early Literacy unit itself and twelve bins, as well as the resources to fill each bin. Resources in the bins are suitable for infants and children right up to ages 3+. They include activities such as matching colour pieces to their respective words, fitting puzzle pieces into various shapes, building and stacking blocks, and flash cards.

I would also like to take this opportunity to promote the Baby Book Bag program, also funded by the Calabogie Women's Institute. Each year, children born within the current year receive a free hand-painted book bag and book. We are currently collecting names of children born between December 2013 and November 2014. The Baby Book Bags will be presented in late November 2014. If you reside in Greater Madawaska Township and would like to receive a free bag for your baby, please contact the library. Many thanks to the Calabogie Women's Institute for their support!

Our regular story time runs from 10:30 a.m. – 11:30 a.m. every Thursday. Children of all ages are welcome to attend...we've had parents bring children as young as a few weeks old, and there's a baby change table for your convenience. We welcome grandparents, caregivers, and siblings to come along as well.



Activity Bins, full of interesting things to help young children learn through play.

For more information:
Call the library at 613-752-2317
Email at gmpl@bellnet.ca,
Or drop by 4984 Calabogie Road.
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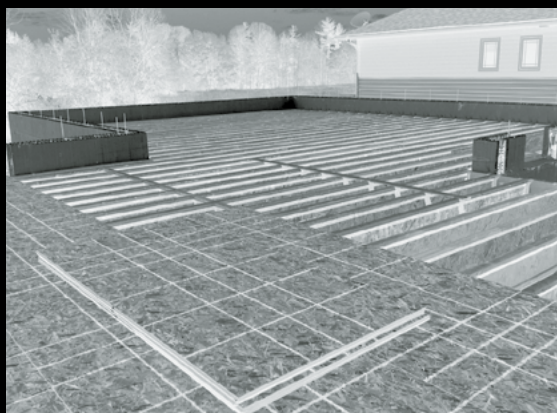
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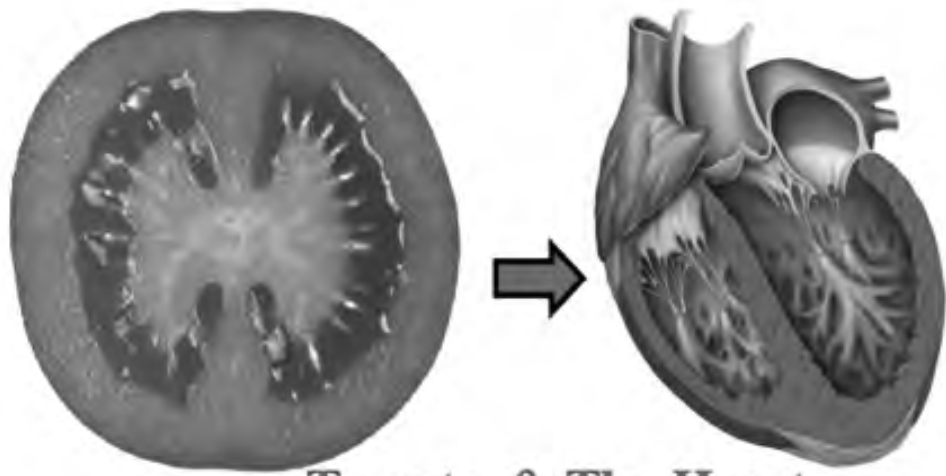


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How To Get Your Body To Love You Naturally by Susan Veale



Tomato & The Heart

Recently I was asked to reprint an article I had written two years ago explaining how many foods resemble organs and glands in the human body. The reader was astonished when she thought about how many of these foods look like parts of the body they benefit.

Take tomatoes as an example. This red fruit has four chambers, just like the heart. Research has shown that tomatoes are high in lycopene (gives the natural red colour), a phytonutrient which acts as an antioxidant.

Here are some more examples:

Carrots -- slice off a piece of carrot and it looks like the human eye. Were we not always told carrots were good for our eyes? Science agrees that carrots enhance the blood flow and function of the eyes.

Walnuts -- the nut that looks like a brain complete with a left and right hemisphere, upper and lower cerebellums. Even the little folds resemble the neo-cortex. We know that walnuts and walnut oil supports brain function, specifically neurotransmitter activity

and also aids in lowering high blood pressure.

Avocados, Pears and Eggplant -- all target the health of the uterus and cervix. Just look at the shape of these foods. Independent Scientific research has shown that when a woman eats one avocado per week, it helps to balance hormones, shed postpartum weight and helps to prevent cervical cancers. The avocado takes nine months to develop from blossom to fruit. Is this a coincidence?

Sweet Potatoes -- look like the pancreas and help to balance the glycemic index for those with high blood sugar.

Onions -- resemble the body's cells. Science has discovered that onions help to clear waste matter from the cells.

Grapefruit -- contains a compound called limonoid which has been shown to help fight cancers, including breast cancer, the organ it resembles.

Celery -- the long stocks of celery are high in the essential mineral calcium, necessary for strong, healthy bones. Also found in celery is Vitamin K which by helping to move calcium from the blood to the bones ensures a decrease in loss of spinal bone mineral density.

Mushroom -- slice a mushroom and look at it from the side; it resembles the ear. High in Vitamin D, which aids in the absorption of calcium, it strengthens the tiny bones in the ear which transmit sound to the brain. A study has associated patients with bilateral cochlear deafness to a Vitamin D deficiency.

Ginger -- looking at a piece of ginger, you can see why it has been used for centuries as a stomach tonic. Ginger contains gingerols and shogaols which help to ease motion sickness, morning sickness and nausea and stomach flu. Ginger helps to disinfect bacteria and boost digestion.

Banana -- contain the amino acid tryptophan which converts to serotonin, the mood transmitter. This chemical keeps us emotionally and socially stable so hold a banana sideways and smile!

A bit of trivia: The flesh of the pineapple is actually made of little berries, which make it officially a member of the berry family. It also contains the natural digestive enzyme bromelain which can ease heartburn.

The next time

you eat one of these foods, think of the organ that it resembles and just how good it is for you.

Bon Appetite!



Susan Veale started on her path as a healer as a Kinesiologist, with a degree from the University of Waterloo. After years of managing a large chiropractic clinic, she pursued training as a Natural Health Practitioner with certifications in Reflexology and Pilates. Other accreditations include an EMF Practitioner and a Reiki Master. Susan is the owner of Wellness Natural Health Centre, a private clinic offering alternative health care to individuals and families throughout the Ottawa Valley and co-authored the book, "For Love of God - An Intimate Journey." www.wellnessnaturalhealthcentre.com

FIREARM RECALL WARNING:

Remington Firearms in the USA have recalled Model 700 and Model 7 rifles. Some Xmark trigger assemblies can cause an unintentional discharge.

If you are in doubt, stop using the rifle and check for info by entering your rifle's serial number into the Remington website at xmprecallremington.com

*Happy 80th to
Ardean Kelly!*

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CHURCH SERVICES

Denbigh, Vennachar, Griffith & Matawatchan

www.matawatchan.ca / Events

St. Andrew's United Church

Sunday Worship

Aug to Jan. 11:30 a.m.

Feb. to July 8:30 a.m.

Hilltop Tabernacle

Sunday School 10:00 a.m.

Morning Worship 11:00 a.m.

Evening Service 6:00 p.m.

Vennachar Free Methodist Church

424 Matawatchan Rd. 613-333-2318

Summer services (June, July, August)

10 am

Sunday service time returns to 11am

the weekend after Labour Day

St. Luke's United Church

Sunday Worship and Sunday School

10:00 a.m.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church

Sunday School 9:00 a.m.

Sunday Worship 9:30 a.m.

The New Apostolic Church

Sunday School 9:00 a.m.

Sunday Worship 10:30 a.m.

Wednesdays 8:00 p.m.

Burnstown

St. Andrew's United Church

Sundays at 10:15 a.m.

Calabogie

The Calabogie Bible Fellowship

Congregational Church

The Mill Street Chapel at 538 Mill St.,

Regular service – Sundays 10:30 a.m.

Information: 613-752-2201

Most Precious Blood Catholic Church

504 Mill St., Rev. Ric Starks

Sunday Worship 11 a.m.

COMMUNITY EVENT CALENDAR

Mount St. Patrick

St. Patrick's Catholic Church

Sundays at 9:00 a.m.

Calabogie St. Andrews United Church

1044 Madawaska Dr. (on the water-front)

Sunday Worship 8:45 a.m.

Communion 1st Sunday of the month

Calabogie

AUCTION

Sunday, August 24, 2014

Most Precious Blood Church

504 Mill Street, Calabogie

Catalogue pending

Viewing: Noon;

Sale: 1:00 pm

Musical Entertainment, Bake Sale, BBQ

GM Library Pre-school Storytime

Thursdays 10 am to 11 am

at the Greater Madawaska Library.

It is aimed at children from 0 - 6.

DR. KABOOM is COMING to Calabogie!!!!

Friday, July 25th from 6:30 – 7:30

p.m. Calabogie Community Centre, 574 Mill Street, Calabogie, ON

Calabogie Seniors' Dinner & Meeting

Last Thursday of the month - 5 pm

Oct. to April at the Community Hall

May to Sept. Barnet Park

All seniors 55+ welcome. 752-2853

Renfrew South Women's Institute

www.rsdw.ca

CalabogieWI@gmail.com

Branch meetings held at Calabogie Community Hall

2nd Thursday of the month at 7:30

Contact: Marg MacKenzie, Pres.

613-432-3105

or Hennie Schaly Sec. 613-752-0180

Guests and new members welcome!

Calabogie Arts and Crafts

Every 2nd Monday

(If holiday, then 3rd Monday),

10:00 am – 1:00 pm, Community Hall,

prospective members most welcome

(\$15 per year), 752-1324

Lion's Club Bingo every Wednesday,

7:15 pm, Calabogie Community Hall,

752-0234.

The Calabogie and Area Ministerial Food Bank

538 Mill Street,

2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month

9:00 am to 10:00 a.m.

For emergency situations, please call

752-2201

Denbigh, Vennachar, Griffith & Matawatchan

Matawatchan Community Cemetery

Dedication Service

August 24, 3 pm

Pastor Dave Tubby

Matawatchan Hall Flea Market and

BBQ, with Local Produce Vendors

Saturday July 26, Aug. 16 & 30

9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

No charge if you bring your own table,

\$5 to rent one.

Matawatchan Hall, 1677 Frontenac Rd.

Matawatchan Farmers Markets

Saturday July 26 and Aug 9 & 30

9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Matawatchan Hall, 1677 Frontenac Rd.

Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club

Bingo: Every second Tuesday night

August 5, 19, etc.

Euchre: First & Third Friday of each

month at 7:00 p.m. at Lions Hall

Fellowship Lunch at Noon:

Third Wednesday of the month

Northern Lights Seniors meeting to

follow Fellowship Lunch at 1:15 p.m.

General Wellness assessment by local Paramedics available at each lunch.

Diabetes Outreach Program every 3 months

Contact Lois Robbins at 333-1082.

All Seniors Welcome

The Pickled Chicken String Band

Mondays from 5 pm to 7 pm

At the Pine Valley Hwy 41, Griffith.

Bert's Music Jam Every Thursday

5 to 7:30 p.m.

Denbigh Music in the Park

Every second Sunday of the month

from 1 to 3 pm

Denbigh Diners Club

First Monday of the month at the Community Hall at 12 noon.

Full Course Meal \$6.00.

Contact Faye Mieske at 333-2784 or

Irene at 333-2202 for information.

Exercise Group - Tuesdays 9:30 a.m.

St. Luke's United Church, Denbigh

HEALTH CARE

FOOTCARE CLINICS

Sylvia's Foot Care

Every 6 weeks in Denbigh

For information or appointment

Please call—Sylvia McMenemy, RPN

613-335-2940

Home visits can be arranged

Send us your Community Events:

Lois and Mark Thomson
The Madawaska Highlander
3784 Matawatchan Rd.
Griffith, ON
K0J 2R0
info@reelimpact.tv
613-333-9399

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GREATER MADAWASKA TOWNSHIP

Recreation User Fee Bonnechere Valley

Please be advised that Resolution 175-14 was passed at the regular Council Meeting of June 30, 2014:

That Council approves effective January 1, 2014, the Township of Greater Madawaska youth accessing recreation programs sponsored by the Township of Bonnechere Valley will be reimbursed the user fee.

Residents of Greater Madawaska will be reimbursed by the Township for the Non-Resident Fee portion of the registration fee for Children and Youth under 18 years of age. Upon presentation of a receipt to the Municipal office confirming that the non-resident fee has been paid, a cheque will be sent to you on our next cheque run.

The Township is committed to promoting physical activity among our youth.

Township of Greater Madawaska Cenotaphs

The Township of Greater Madawaska has two cenotaphs. The Calabogie cenotaph is located at the corner of Madawaska Street and Gladstone Street. The other cenotaph is located at the Matawatchan cemetery at 2549 Matawatchan Road. The Township would like to ensure that all the names of Greater Madawaska Residents who served in WWI and WWII are included on the cenotaphs.

If you have any information on names that should be included please contact:

Victoria Thomas
Community Development & Public Relations Officer
19 Parnell Street
PO Box 180
Calabogie ON, K0J 1H0
Phone: 613-752-2222 ext 204

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Municipal Elections, October 27

The Race is off to a Slow Start

By Lois Thomson

Please note that The Madawaska Highlander will only be covering municipal elections in Greater Madawaska Township. The paper reaches all of Greater Madawaska, but only parts of other townships and we don't have the resources to cover all 6 townships we touch. That work is being done very well by daily and weekly publications. Of course, we welcome candidates throughout our coverage area to advertise here. Rates and deadlines are available through www.matawatchan.ca.

As of June 19, the Township of Greater Madawaska web site listed only one candidate running in two of the three wards - Donald Mercer in Ward 1 (2 positions available) and Mark Tomlin in Ward 3 (1 position available). This left no one in Ward 2 (1 position available) and no one running for Mayor (current Mayor, Peter Emon has since said he would not be running).

So I was happy to hear from John Pratt, last week. He informed me he had filed his paperwork and feels he is ready to be the Mayor of Greater Madawaska. Yay! We have a candidate for mayor.

Allison Holtzhauer, CAO of Greater Madawaska Township assures me it is still early in the process, so not to worry. The race doesn't really get started until late August. Still I wonder why people aren't jumping at this opportunity. Many think of municipalities as being lower tier and therefore the least important, but it really is the foundation of governance, the level of government that is most accountable to the people. Most of your services are delivered at this level, including national and provincial programs.

The Highlander will offer equal space for all candidates in our September issue (about what you see here for John Pratt).

This is the summary that John Pratt sent me. If you have questions or would like to know more, I'm sure he would like to hear from you.

About John Pratt:

My wife Donna and I have 3 children and 3 grandchildren. I enjoy gardening, travel and am an ardent Senators fan. I spent 35 years in the RCMP, primarily in Federal Policing, Drug Enforcement, Criminal Intelli-

gence, Immigration and Customs Investigations, then seven years as the Officer in Charge of National Security in Toronto. In retirement, experienced two tours to Sierra Leone, Africa for International Police Assistance. After four years as Councillor for Ward One in Greater Madawaska Township, I am prepared to seek the Office of Mayor. I will bring accountability and transparency to that office.

Today I prefer to state that three clear priorities exist for the next council:

1. Debt – Reduction
2. Infrastructure, Roads, Bridges / Culverts
3. Increased Policing Cost

In the next four months I will get to see and hear from Greater Madawaska residents and confirm their priorities.

Major Projects / Programs:

- *Seniors Housing Project Supported
- *Fire Department – Safety Equipment / Volunteers
- *Recreation Program Continued & Enhanced
- *Private Roads Assistance
- *Heritage Building
- *Enforce the Property Standards By-Law

Four years from October 2014, in October 2018 Greater Madawaska will have a new face. There will be more welcoming streets, i.e. flowers and manicured lawns, seasonal flag themes and much more. Thanks to volunteers, Lions and Seniors our township is taking on a new face. There is much more to be done.



John Pratt
Photo courtesy The Renfrew Mercury

**If you have any questions or
comments for me, my e-mail address
is: jc-dc@sympatico.ca**

UP THE LINE TO THE FRONT LINE

A Bridge Across the Madawaska River By Howard Popkie



It's hard to imagine cutting old growth or original pine to put on the underside of a bridge, but back then it seemed the pine forest would last forever. Most of the original pine and the pine bridges are a part of history now.

Above the Mt. Chute Hydro Dam and just below the old Black Donald Graphite Mine power house site, when I was a child in the 1930s and early 40s, there was a bridge built by the logging company that took out the original pine across the river from Black Donald.

Sometimes you get to see an old dove tail pine log home that still stands today. Back in the day when they built the bridge, they made the pier on each side of the river by building a dovetail corner pine wall about 20 ft. square and 10 ft. high. Then it was filled with stone from along the river.

It was easy then, to find original pine timber long enough to span the river from one pier to the other, covered with smaller logs to make the bridge. At one time, a man came under the bridge in swift water when working as a river driver and was drowned where Mt. Chute Dam is today. All through my childhood I saw the little grave site there with a log fence around it, built

by the river drivers. By the time Ontario Hydro built the Mt. Chute Dam that drowned the rapids of long ago, the grave was moved to Calabogie.

The old bridge was washed away in the high water of the spring as the logs it was built from had rotted away with age. Today, the original old Madawaska River above the dam is gone. It has a new name, Centennial Lake.



Old photo of the bridge over the Madawaska, formed with original pine and river stone as the base

A New Log House at Black Donald By Howard Popkie

I was born 1934 and lived at the town of Black Donald until 1939. In '39, we moved about 3 miles from town to build a log home in the wilderness. When it started the logs were pulled up by a team of horses with ropes and pulleys to make it a two story building. The floor was put in before the roof was on. One night we were sleeping on the floor, looking at the stars above and my Uncle Charlie Murphy, Dad's half brother, said, "When the Little Dipper is upside down it means it's going to rain tomorrow."

When it was only 4 logs high, I thought it would be the pigpen. Dad had a steel drum cut in two and at the well it was put in the ground and filled with bags of rock lime and water to use for plastering the walls.

My Uncle Charlie was in WWII from 1939 to 1945. I saw him on the sleigh as he left to go to Germany.

When the roof was on the house and the logs hued and chinked, it was time for plaster between the logs. After a year, when the logs were dry, they shrunk and all the plaster fell to the floor with a crash, some days more

than ever, when pieces 3 ft. long would drop. When Dad put plaster on the logs the second time they were dry and the plaster held well.

A new log at home gave off a pleasant odour. I remember I had an old tin pail with rivets in it to stop water leaks and I would go around the house picking up chips from hewing the logs. It was used for kindling at the cook stove every day.

I started school in 1941 and in 1945, Charlie came back from Holland. We had a new log cabin at the Madawaska by then, where the Mt. Chute Dam is today.

Mother was at the river scrubbing clothes on the washboard and Charlie came along the shore, making signs for me to be quiet. He sneaked up behind Mom and when she turned around he gave her a big kiss. He was dressed in an army suit with a big packsack. It was so good to have him back home, safe from the war. At the bottom of Charlie's packsack was a handful of coins from Holland and Charlie gave them all to me. They had the Netherlands engraved on them.

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Bay of Quinte United Church Project, March 6 – 13, 2014, Part 3

By Audrey Copeland



Anxiously following election news. Would the FMLN win a majority and bring on positive change? Pastor Miguel Tomas Castro at center

This morning I was listening to CBC radio news reporting on the number of children swimming across the Rio Grande into Texas. They are coming from El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras and are seeking an escape from poverty, a fear of crime, of street gangs and being controlled by the Mafia.

In the last two issues of the Highlander, I shared with you a snapshot of what our church group did in the 6 days we were in San Salvador, the capital city of El Salvador. In this segment I will share more questions than answers. Also this could be a story about a very special man, Pastor Miguel Tomas Castro of Iglesia Bautista Emmanuel (Emmanuel Baptist Church), (if you want search more info. on the internet), our host for this trip.

Pastor Miguel (age 50 - 60) met us at the airport, helped pack the suitcases into the pick up, spent the next evening sharing the history of his country and explaining the importance of the elec-

tion run off the following day. He was so wanting the left wing FMLN party to win a majority to be able to bring in laws that would be more equitable to the majority as opposed to the laws that were put in place by the previous military and right winged governments that favoured industry and the already rich to the detriment of the environment and the people that were shut out of their own lands. He was so hopeful that our being there and being election observers would somehow help turn the tide. Unfortunately, the propaganda that flourished before the election (El Salvador would turn into a Venezuela) and the fact that the right winged party (ARENA) was paying the fee for the special required ID while (FMLN) supporters may not have been able to afford the ID, the results were just over 50% for the FMLN – not enough to actually be able to implement needed changes. A feeling of deep disappointment washed over us as we watched the count unfold. You could tell who controlled the media by the way the

headlines were written, that it was the “bad” guys who won. We could smell smoke in our compound that night of the election and someone suggested it was someone burning their garbage but we found out later ARENA extremists were burning tires in the middle of the city protesting the validity of the election. (We had witnessed nothing but peace and order during the election process in our combined 9 voting areas we visited).

Our group had already witnessed the graffiti EVERYWHERE, on the sides of buildings on every street corner- symbols of the various gangs who controlled that particular section of town; there were armed guards positioned in front of places like Pizza Hut, various public buildings, even in turrets along the roadways; gated, guarded middle class subdivisions and barbed or razor wire around most buildings and small businesses. Across a shopping mall (with American prices) was a “shanty” village

any differently. We live with polluted great lakes and piped in treated water as if that was normal. We give diamond rings as is our custom as a symbol of our (lasting?) love without realizing how the gold and gems came to be mined.

We are conditioned to seek bargains and will gladly pay less for our food and clothing that has been mass produced thanks to near slave labour or fossil fuel using machinery. It's practically unthinkable to get along without a vehicle. I'm sure you have your own examples of our accepting conditions that are far from enhancing the good of all. We seem to believe that “collateral damage” is part of achieving the desired goal.

So, in El Salvador, companies can manufacture without paying taxes and get away with paying low wages to increase their profit margin. Most of the prime land is used to grow coffee, sugar or bananas which leaves the



A heavy police presence ensured peace before and during elections.

with sewage water running down the middle of the laneways. We heard that people's homes were randomly invaded with demands for protection money if one wanted to get or keep their jobs.

small farmer to eke out a living growing the population's diet of beans and corn.

We come back to Pastor Miguel who is devoting his life to changing the status quo with help from some churches in Ottawa and Southern Ontario and elsewhere. He is working hard to implement peace initiatives in the local schools and is working to increase OUR awareness and to help bring about solutions.

Pastor Miguel Tomas Castro will be visiting members of St. Andrew's United Church in Matawatchan on the August long weekend. Contact Audrey Copeland at (613) 333-1551 or email copeland@xplornet.ca

How does a society evolve (or devolve) to get to this point? Does knowing or even acknowledging (as in Truth and Reconciliation hearings) the pain and the ongoing suffering lead to solutions if we don't change our behavior or actions? Is the “economic” tread mill going to grind us all down to having no clean air, water, or real food? No real lives?

I feel that there are significant parallels to what is happening to our First Nations population and to our land here in Canada. Because our country is so large and because it all happens over time, the next generation doesn't know

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THE VIEW FROM HERE

WHITE BRIDGE Circa 1950

By Ernie Jukes, AOCA, of Camp J

It was one of those beautiful Madawaska Valley summer days and Mom had already been down to White Bridge with her forest green Plymouth station wagon and her long bamboo rod in the back. Returning to Camp J with 6 of the pinkest speckles ...a few running around a pound... Succulent to be sure. And what a way to get started, soon as I finished my portion and then I started loading "Fast Lady" my 1928 Model A Ford coupe with lunch and my sketching and painting gear for the day. I always filled the leaky rad first and put in a large container of water. Driving south on Frontenac Road... Yep, even then

and the Colton Creek. Beyond there was a well constructed corduroy section leading to the four corners. Here was the little red Miller school house. And just beyond where the Johnsons dwelled who had a relationship to our log cabin, I decided to turn back in across some clearings along the creek to visit Newbolds, some English friends from St.Catharines, but they were not there. After exploring these fields further past other old habitations I came out at Quackenbush. Driving around the lake on my way back out I stopped and had lunch with gregarious Balford McCoy and his pleasing pies.

old gang including Lynn McLaren used to fish down that way. Today's current fishermen like Jacques Lalonde, Guy Poulin and Dan Stone should know the bridge location exactly. Which is now sadly only a culvert for setting their bait traps. And talking fish.

Picking a point of view is always important to a painter. I was careful in setting up my easel and looked upstream. The crystal clear water and trout rising under its lily pads and the bridge itself was like an oasis. The bridge's attraction was probably it's bleached timbers giving it's name. I put on a cap soon after squeezing some oil paint onto my pal-

would have to do it again. Which I did ...and eventually years later gave it to my namesake nephew Ernie Jukes of St. Catharines. And do you know that was almost 65years ago and they might unthinkingly do it again. Any way my old hunting bud Harvey Malcolm said that if you stood on White Bridge long enough, and there were no logging trucks, everyone in the County might possibly go by. Now thats worth painting, right?

But better bring a camera just in case!



White Bridge today is just a culvert. Trees and brush hide the water on either side.

White Bridge on Colton Creek is still a great place to meet before dropping a line.

RETURN TO OUR VALLEY

*Take me back to those Highlands
Where the Madawaska winds its way
Through the pine and hardwood ridges
And the scent of fresh mown hay
Where logging trucks are still hauling
Down ol' Highway forty-one.
From Vennachar to Matawatchan
Wilson to Camel Chute
Griffith on to Denbigh
And up the road to Shutt
Slate Falls to the Bogie
And back to Mackie Creek
You'll find lovers of our Valley
Returning almost every week.*

Old Renfrew ballad
Author unknown



Artist, Writer, Rovers
R. Ernest Jukes, has won awards for his art and design across Canada, USA, Europe and Mexico. His articles and poetry have been published in premier publications and anthologies in North America. Ernie has been a regular contributor to our Madawaska Highlander since inception and has 4 books to his credit. His donated paintings of our valley and records of our fire tower may be seen in "The Wall in the Hall Museum" in the Matawatchan Hall.



White Bridge oil on board, painted on another day by budding artist Ernie Jukes of Camp J before heading off to school in 1950

taxpayers on this settlers road called it that. It was built by Warren Godfrey in 1852 from Kingston through Plevna, Quackenbush, through Matawatchan to the Madawaska River, in an effort to create building lots for settlers. Wilson and Miller residents were among the earliest. See book 'AWAY BACK' by C.A. Armstrong. In a hundred years up to that time nary a pothole or rock had changed. And in an additional 64 years since this painting was executed, only a few inches of sand has evidently widened this historical thoroughfare.

It's still hard to believe that "White Bridge" has remained the simplest of backwoods meeting spots. As I left the jump off near the entrance to McLaren's Lake (Dunns now) then passed through Fern Gully I could almost see the bridge from below "Turkey Hill". This was Giffen's Hill but long known for its washouts and its domestic turkeys basking in the gravel of this narrow road. And they moved for no man. Going over or under "Fast Lady". Finally there was the old wooden bridge

I returned to White Bridge as my afternoon subject for an oil painting, not on canvas but in those days on affordable masonite. As I pulled my old jalopy tight under some shady trees off the bridge down the road I noticed a young fellow in waders talking to an older guy in a pickup truck. The truck driver I recognized as a hunting friend Nelson Thompson and the young fisherman became a lifelong pal. His name was Irvin Strong.

The bridge would still continue to be a good meeting place. An excellent starting point to fish all day, down hill on the Colton Creek. Through the rugged back bush and some deep holes with a short rod rather than a long handsome Fenwick, waders plus your lunch and a creel and you're set for the day. Across to the meadows and farms where another friend Carl Ferguson lived. There it tumbled down under the road into Matawanooka creek near the Hutson farm (today Mark and Lois Tomlin's) and eventually into the Madawaska. Our

ette. It was a hot, dry, dusty day. Others stopped as they still do today to set bait traps. Elson Buesch was one that offered me a job while doing exactly that. So that I could spend the summers in this place that I love while making my college tuition fee.

Anyways back by the bridge I continued to thickly spread on the colours and in this heat I had hoped it would quickly set up. Well just about the time I planned on calling it a day as it neared completion I heard a noise down the road. Yep there was a big logging truck gnawing its way out of Jack's Lake and now roaring swiftly north towards the four corners. A terrible occurrence was soon to occur.

It could still happen today.....of course not by my special logging friends such as Keith MacPherson or Earl Thomson... or Ardean Kelly... but by those imagining they are king of the road. Or perhaps even ruler of the universe when top speed isn't fast enough. Suddenly he was upon me flying like a bat outta hell. Holy craps, in spite of my waving and hollering the dust rolled so thick I could hardly see the painting... the bridge or the trucker. Damnation!... the painting albeit far from a collectable masterpiece was ruined. I

CONVERSATIONS AND OBSERVATIONS

The Madawaska Highlands Observatory in Need of a Star Sales Person

By George Ross

Imagine 80,000 or more tourists every year visiting a remote wilderness hill top located a short distance south of Griffith, Ontario where today, but for a few hunters now and then, no one walks by. The hill top is in the middle of "dark sky" country. It has been chosen for the future home of The Madawaska Highlands Observatory headed by its CEO Mr. Frank Roy. Below every "dark sky" one generally finds sparse business activity, relatively few people and even fewer jobs. Griffith and the nearby communities of Denbigh and Vennachar are no exception. Although local residents value their quiet, rural lifestyle they also know that it cannot be sustained without economic prosperity and jobs for their children and grand children. With this in mind the observatory is seen as a natural fit compared to, for example, an open pit mine. And so, as a business concept and jobs creator, it has gained widespread support.

I have been a supporter of the Madawaska Highlands Observatory and of its CEO Mr. Frank Roy since first learning about the venture early last year. Since then I have written four favourable articles concerning the MHO, one of which appeared in this newspaper last month. The other three can be found at my blog site, www.wildwoodblog.ca. Also, I initiated a petition in Denbigh and Griffith seeking signatures of local residents who were in favour of the MHO being built and operated in the Griffith area. Mr. Roy mentions my name several times on page 11 of his March Newsletter. But today, for good reason, my faith in Mr. Roy's ability to sell his project is waning and hope is giving way to dismay.

This article is an opinion only about the sales efforts by Frank Roy in attracting and meeting with prospective investors. Mr. Roy's efforts in private discussions with investors about the offering, use of money, investor risk, company details, oversight, etc., is not dealt with here. That side of it will be the subject of a future story. Anyone who has been involved in this process as an investor or potential investor and would like to

tell their story can contact me if they wish.

Seven years of work to promote the MHO has brought Mr. Roy and his plan to the summer of 2014 where he is now engaged in an environmental study and the task of money gathering. The projected cost to get the business up and running is 17.5 million dollars. Much of the funding will come from private capital via investors purchasing an equity offering and naming opportunities. This means that someone has to hit the bricks, tell a sales story, ask for money and get the money.



Artist rendering of proposed Madawaska Highlands Observatory Visitor's Centre

Mr. Roy has stepped into the big leagues. 17.5 million dollars isn't chump change, so the promise of an ongoing profitable venture with him at the helm better make for a good, well told story. Hopefully within one or two years the land will have been purchased and there will be road construction on-site. If so, selling it gets a bit easier. Today a man and a plan is on offer. It is a tough sell indeed as the project is far from "shovel ready".

Whom has Mr. Roy engaged to carry out this formidable task? Ideally they would be very professional and well practiced in the business of raising investment capital. I suppose this sort of talent would be quite expensive and budget constraints might require Mr. Roy to lower his sights somewhat. He might aim for an individual who has a successful business history, someone who strongly believes in the MHO, who is well known, personable, charismatic, persuasive and has leadership

abilities.... someone who can sell ! He or she should be someone for whom the art of organizing a sales meeting and conducting a first class sales presentation is second nature. So what organization or individual has Mr. Roy employed? Apparently he has taken on the job himself.

I attended a public meeting at Griffith, 23rd June this year, arranged by Mr. Roy. He had previously stated that the meeting would provide him with an opportunity to meet local residents, answer any questions they might have

about the observatory and ask for their support. The project architect and the woman who is designing the building would be in attendance. As well, there was to be an important financial announcement involving a key partnership. Mr. Roy was hopeful that individuals who might be considering investing in the MHO would attend the meeting. In short, it was a sales presentation opportunity.

It is one thing to lay out specs for a planetarium or write a business plan, but it is another matter entirely for Mr. Roy to put on a salesman's hat and attempt to sell a business concept. The meeting/sales presentation in Griffith was a poorly planned, flat footed, totally unprofessional road show. Fortunately only about 32 people showed up. If Frank Roy had been selling Tupperware I could be somewhat forgiving, but a multi million dollar business venture?

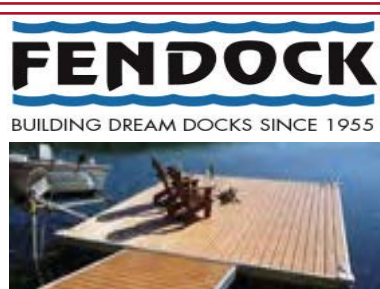
Most people do not like public speak-

ing and have little talent for it. Mr. Roy must be one of them. Almost from the moment he started speaking there were shouts from the audience asking him to speak louder, to face the audience, to stand still! A startling incident occurred when a man in the audience rushed up to Mr. Roy and demonstrated to him how he should stand in one place, how he should face the audience and how he should speak. "Speak loudly!", the man said. Mr. Roy ignored the advice and plodded onward to yet more cringing moments.

Then came the time for questions. There were some that he would not answer while other questions received vague responses. His attitude shifted between impatience, frustration and irritation. One question from a young man caused Mr. Roy to snap back, "Are you an investor?". Several people laughed. It wasn't funny. It was a dismissive and disrespectful remark. What would happen if that person wanted to invest? Would he be led into some back room where Mr. Roy, suddenly in a much friendlier mood, dispenses confidential, magical data? The rest of us, too stupid to see the light, or stubbornly sitting on our wallets, would be left in the dark where we belong. Another question, "How much of the 17.5 million do you need to raise before construction starts?" He appeared hesitant and unsure. "Most of it", he faintly muttered as he walked away, not waiting for a follow-up. Meanwhile, the loud, intrusive drone of ceiling fans had me thinking of Spitfires overhead. "Let them be carrying bombs", I prayed.

Mr. Roy stated that "Oakville Hydro" is offering the MHO three million dollars. This is welcome news, maybe. Specifically, how will this benefit the project? Is this real money? What are they buying? Disbursement is undoubtedly subject to numerous hoops and caveats. The June MHO newsletter, posted at www.madawaskahighlandsobservatory.com reports that "Sullivan and Son Ltd." of Arnprior are willing to provide construction financing. What's in it for them and in what way does it

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benefit the MHO and investors? “Will-
ingness to provide”, in the real world
means what? I would like to believe
that this is all positive news, that there
are minimal negative aspects and the
risk to those who have already invested
is lessened by these events. What’s the
upside and downside? What are the
features, what are the benefits? Who
knows? There is much that Mr. Roy
has not said. As of mid July, Oakville
Hydro and Sullivan websites provided
no information in this regard.

Mr. Roy was asked at the meeting
about the total dollar volume he has
raised so far and the number of inves-
tors on board. I heard no answer. The
June newsletter released 29th June, six
days after the meeting, states, “As of
June 2014 the company has reached
about 77% of its funding goal”. What
is the funding goal? Let’s not confuse
it with the total projected cost. Why
was this not spoken about at the meet-
ing where questions could have been
asked? The MHO July 2014 investment
summary indicates the corporation is
seeking a first round of investment to-
taling \$500,000.00. Is this the funding
goal of which the company has reached
77%? It is a July statement which, I pre-
sume, supersedes the June newsletter.

Well let’s drag this out just a few more
tedious minutes. According to the June
MHO newsletter, Mr. Roy and others
have produced a “Project Booklet”. I
quote from the booklet download page,
“ Under preparation now for close to 7
months, the beautiful glossy 28-page
booklet describes all facets of this land
mark project. Printed on a heavy high
quality gloss paper with an extra thick
cover for a processional look and feel”.
The newsletter further states that four
people assisted in editing the booklet.
One might concede that the booklet

has a professional feel but the look of
it is a different matter. I invite readers
to look at the booklet and count the
number of grammar, punctuation and
clumsy sentence structure problems
they find. I found eight on the first page
alone. Four editors plus Frank and sev-
en months of work! Seven months for
a booklet! For this booklet?! I suppose
Frank is correct, it does have a “pro-
cessional” look. Cue the orchestra for
Chopin’s “Funeral March”.

Here we are post meeting. What now?
More of the same at future presenta-
tions with potential investors fleeing
the building? Has seven years not been
long enough for rehearsals? Writing
this article has not been easy, Frank.
As my mother used to say, “This hurts
me more than it does you”. Hundreds
of people, including myself, signed the
petition in support of the MHO. I have
spoken with many of them. They had
great hopes. Now they feel that they
are being badly served. I have met with
four people who attended the meet-
ing. They all agreed that Frank Roy is
in over his head when it comes to sell-
ing his project. Similar comments were
made after Mr. Roy’s first Griffith meet-
ing in April 2013. It is time for him to
take to one side of the stage.

Mr. Roy has been struggling with this
for a long time. I commend him for
his courage and determination in fol-
lowing his dream. But one cannot be
all things to all people. Supposedly the
MHO has some money in the bank.
Mr. Roy should spend some of it on PR
and sales talent. From what I’ve seen
so far, he’s fast losing friends. Sure, he’s
nice enough most of the time. Hell, I’d
even buy him a drink but I ain’t goin’ in
the back room with him.

The Dump’s Goin’ Down
Song and Lyrics by Peter Chess



*It was a Friday, late in the summer,
In the year of our Lord 2009
I was cruisin’ in my truck down the Matawatchan Road
that’s when I saw the big white sign.*

*It said “the dump’s gonna close”
The dump’s goin’ down
Now I gotta drive to the very next town.
all the way to Griffith, it’ll take more fuel
But a trip to the dump is always pretty cool*

*They say that one man’s junk is another man’s treasure
nothin’ in the world’s gonna give me more pleasure
than to spend an afternoon under sunny skies
pokin’ in the piles and swattin’ at the flies
Out in the back where the good stuff goes
I can prowl around in my grubby clothes
on my hands and my knees in the mud and the crud,
I can’t help myself, it must be in the blood.*

*Ya know I furnished my home, I got a light for my truck
a barbeque and a hockey puck
a fishin’ pole and some rusty hooks some xmas lights and some Playboy
books.
I got a washing machine and a filet knife..a red cross kit that’ll save my life.
There’s nothin’ in the world that you won’t find
if you just poke around and take your time.*

*Some days there’s not much but I still take a look
Sometimes I come home with more than I took
My wife thinks I’m nuts but I got nothin’ to lose
I can always take it back if it doesn’t get used*

*Out in the back where the good stuff goes
I can prowl around in my grubby clothes
down on my knees in the mud and the crud
I can’t help myself
It must be in the blood No, I can’t help myself, it must be in my blood!*

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MUSICAL LEGENDS OF THE VALLEY

John MacNab (Mac) Beattie

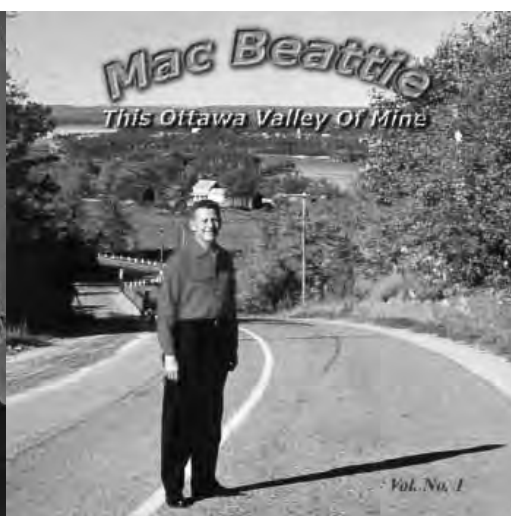
By Garry Ferguson

Author's Note I:

This is the third in a series of "Mada-waska Highlander" articles featuring individuals and organizations that have left an imprint on Ottawa Valley music. The series was originally written for the now-defunct Heritage Old Time Music Association's Newsletter distributed throughout Eastern Ontario and Western Quebec. An article of this length cannot do justice to Mac Beattie's legacy, however, his autobiographical book, "This Ottawa Valley of Mine," may still be purchased at certain outlets in the Valley.



Mac Beattie album covers you may remember or may even own



John MacNab (Mac) Beattie was born in the town of Arnprior, Ontario in 1916 at a time when his father Jim was busy with WWI in Europe so would not see his son until the war was over.

After the war, Jim worked in the shanties of the Gatineau Hills in Pontiac County, Quebec where he would hear the songs and stories of the shantymen from all over the Valley. When he came home each spring, Jim would bring with him those songs and stories. It

was in this atmosphere that Mac grew up. His love of the stories telling of the lives of hard-working people, of the good and hard times stayed with him and prepared him for his future life as a writer of songs.

Mac Beattie never played a melodic instrument other than a bit of harmonica but instead chose the washboard to accompany his songs. It's probably because his songs were either learned or composed without the accompaniment of a melodic instrument that Mac's vocal patterns remained in the

old traditional shanty style.

Mac and the first version of the Melodiers were making a name for themselves around the Valley even before WWII but at that time, hockey was Mac's top priority. He was a great goalie and played for a number of local teams before turning pro with the Nanaimo Clippers on Vancouver Island in 1940. After a summer break back home, Mac returned to play for the Clippers again but his stay that season lasted only until December when he enlisted for military service.

The war had a devastating effect on Mac Beattie, causing the breakup of his marriage to a Vancouver Island girl and ruining his hockey career. As well, he suffered from post-war depression and for a time didn't know what to do with his life. He went to work in the silver mines at Mayo, Yukon, but in 1948 returned to the Valley and, by chance, ran into Garnie Scheel, a member of the pre-war Melodiers. Before long, the old band was back in operation. They recruited former member Gaetan Fairfield along with fiddler Horace Blanchette and were soon playing gigs.

About this time, the Melodiers approached radio station CHOV in Pembroke about doing a live radio show. A deal was struck and the resulting radio slot was so successful that it continued for 25 years. It was in 1948 that they also impressed and went to work for Frank Ryan, owner of the Ottawa radio station CFRA. In October of that same year, the band began another professional relationship that would last for decades. It was with the owners of the Sunnyside Acres Dance Hall at Lake Dore.

It was here that Mac met his wife to be, Marie MacMunn. As Mac put it in his book, This Ottawa Valley of Mine, "It was not the first love that began in the dance hall at Lake Dore nor would it be the last. There were many romances

that began to the strains of the home waltz." Marie and Mac had three children, Bonnie, John and Peter.

In time, Mac Beattie went on to become Mr. Ottawa Valley. With the Melodiers, he rode the highs and lows of the music business for over five decades. During that time, he was heard on CBC national radio and seen on TV shows such as Don Messer's Jubilee and the Cross Canada Barn Dance. He was inducted into the Ottawa Valley Country Music Hall of Fame as its second inductee. At Mac's insistence, his late fiddler, Reg Hill received the honour of being the first to be inducted. He left 90 tracks of music on nine LP's recorded between the years of 1960 and 1975.

In 1975, Mac realized a dream when he released an album, titled "Father and Daughter" with his daughter Bonnie.

In June of 1982, Mac Beattie died, a victim of cancer. Though the Valley lost one of its greats, his legacy on record and in print will always be with us. A theatre group, the Stone Fence Theatre, recently recognized this legacy with a tribute, Looking Back at Mac.

Rarely is there an old-time musical get-together anywhere in the Valley where songs such as "Lake Dore Waltz," "The Log Drivers' Song" or "This Ottawa Valley of Mine" are not standard fare. As his web-page biographer phrased it, "Truly, these are treasures that can bring back a bit of the past, if only for a brief minute while the record albums (CD's) play."

Author's Note II:

In 2004, Peter Beattie released the first of two sixteen-song Mac Beattie digitized CD's aptly named, "This Ottawa Valley of Mine." It may be ordered at p.beattie@sympatico.ca.

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THE WILDWOOD CHRONICLES

History of The Swiss Inn, Denbigh Ontario - Part 2

By George Ross

Forty seven years ago Martha and Werner Lips along with their three children, Peter, Linda and Steve settled in the small, semi-remote village of Denbigh, Ontario, where Werner had taken up an unpaid position as Rector of the New Apostolic Church. They struggled for the first year with limited resources and no income before deciding to start their own business which they named 'The Swiss Inn'. What followed were many years of long seven-day weeks spent building their business, raising three children and serving the Apostolic Church.

Their tremendous work ethic and dedication to a common goal resulted in the Swiss Inn becoming the largest employer, at that time, in Denbigh and a landmark to countless travelers on Highway 41.

The Swiss Inn closed its doors in 2010. Today, four years later, it lingers on in the form of aging buildings and fading memories. It seemed that the story of the Swiss Inn would inevitably become buried by layers of passing years unless an effort was made to preserve its history. Martha Lips, now 75 years of age, still resides in Denbigh. I spoke with her in April of this year and asked if we could meet and discuss recording the history of the Swiss Inn. She kindly agreed. Sadly, Werner Lips passed away in March 2010. My first meeting with Martha led to several others involving many hours of discussion.

The history of the Swiss Inn is also the story of the Lips family. Both are so intertwined that this story could not be faithfully told if one were separated from the other. What follows is Martha's candid account of those years.

PART 2

They were very hard times. To start, the place was extremely dirty. You couldn't see out of the windows. I had friends that tackled the windows and other friends tried to de-grease the kitchen. It was horrible. We had six tables, maybe. I went on my hands and knees to scrub the floor tiles because they were terrible and I thought a mop would never do it. So the next day we came in and the tiles were all curled up. So that was another thing and I said, "I guess we need a carpet." The friends who were build-

ing a cottage in Denbigh, every weekend they would come on Friday night and they would peel potatoes for us and they would babysit for us and they would, you know, do all kinds of things. During the winter when business was slow we learned a little bit more how to cook and we made a menu with various meals that we already knew how to cook.

We had two main Swiss dishes in the beginning. We were open seven days a week. I insisted on closing at Christmas.



Photo of the Swiss Inn found on a tourism web page created by Peter Lips

I worked very hard to get New Year's off and I think in the latter, maybe about 25 years later, my husband consented to close on New Year's. So it was, it was very tough with three children. The first couple of years we lived down past the Denbigh Hall so we had to have a babysitter for the children.

And I have to say that when we first came here my health wasn't good at all on top of that. And uh, so I think about three years later I had a health problem and it was an emergency and then migraines started, really, really bad migraines which lasted sometimes two or three days. I still had to function. I made my own bread. I can still remember getting out of bed, psyching myself up that we needed bread and I had to get up and make it. Ok. I'd get up and prepare the bread and that would take 45 minutes and then it could rise and I could go back to bed for an hour and a half and I could take another pill. Then go back and finish the bread and then go back to bed while it was baking. So

that was fun. In the beginning I waited, I cleaned, I cooked, I baked, I looked after three children.

I had a system, my husband didn't know how I did this. I would go and take a dinner to a customer and then go back and say, "I hope you enjoyed your meal, is everything alright?" The children were in the back yelling their heads off. I'd go back in and tell them to stop it then back to the table and smile and "Can I get you anything else?" It was quite something.

My husband just couldn't do anymore. He was there at six in the morning and we didn't close till nine. All day it was fix this, fix that or somebody from the church called and he had to do that.

Or there might be something about the children. He was running all over in different directions. At night he was done. Being European a trade meant a lot to him and it always bothered him

that he did not have a trade in cooking or in managing a business. He did not have these skills so it was learning as you go. There was a lot of things, you know, the repairs and everything and if he could couldn't do any of the maintenance I mean we would have been sunk right away. He could fix anything.

The living quarters alongside the restaurant was built in 1972. When it was completed we sold our house near the Denbigh Hall. Life was a little bit better. The addition of the new 8 unit motel was started the next year. There were the original six motel units in the back. We knew that we couldn't keep on with that. They were obsolete. For a night it was six dollars.

The new motel was built with money we borrowed and help from parents-in-law. It did not come from the business. This was an era when interest rates were really high. What I remember, the restaurant was always the bigger part of our business. I mean we did ok in the summer time, in hunting season. The winter was dead. The only time we rented a room was if somebody got stuck. The motel did not really make things better for us. We had to hire someone to clean the rooms and you know, it was, well we struggled. I have to say that we struggled all the time, less in the later years because the restaurant was really good to us. Years later in the winter time we depended on work crews. We had quite a few work crews in the winter time so our rooms were filled. We had to get up at six in the morning to get them breakfast but we did that gladly because that was what kept us going through the winter months. Then when winter trails were developed we rented rooms to snowmobilers. It was so hard hard.



The Swiss Inn as it is today. Photo by George Ross

Continued next page...

Everything was so hard trying to earn a living, being tied to the business, raising three children. We never had anything ahead because it always went back into the business. I was in Denbigh for 15 years before I didn't want to move back to Montreal. When we lived in the Swiss Inn we were operating the business seven days a week and we were raising three children. I mean things happen with children. The kids all helped out at the business from time to time. Like folding napkins, collecting dishes and things. Steve, when he was 16 or so would sometimes wait on tables. He had the personality to do it. He was very good. He was quite a natural. He didn't mind talking to customers.

The children all helped out and earned some money. On Steve's fifteenth birthday he earned a new bike. A friend came and Steve wanted to show his friend the new bike. He drove the bike toward the highway and was almost across the highway when a Volkswagen came along and hit him. The bike flew one way and Steve flew on top of the Volkswagen and landed between two big rocks on the other side. There was a big gash on his leg and he had a concussion. And what came of it was the driver sued us, we had to go to court.

We had to close the business, we had to go to this court, we had to have a lawyer. It was horrible. Steve couldn't walk for a couple of weeks. The judge threw out the case but it took a lot out of us.

Our daughter Linda was an organizer. When she helped around the restaurant she wanted everything to be perfect. From a very young age she was organized, wanted everything done just right and didn't mind telling you. She was very competent and responsible when she worked in the restaurant,

excellent with the customers. The boys were very good too but she went the extra mile. She paid for her college education with her savings from working at the restaurant. We helped her a bit but we couldn't afford to do as much as we wanted. Her tips were with the vision of college. She was a worker.

One time Linda was stung by a bee and we found out she was allergic to bee stings. She became quite ill. My husband couldn't leave. I had to get her into this old clunker car with gear shifts, a real clunker. I drove her to Renfrew and we just got there in time. You couldn't recognize her face by the time we got there. There was no first aid here in Denbigh, or anything, no ambulance. Mostly when there were things like that it was me who had to do it. My husband couldn't leave the business, he couldn't get away. But going to parent and teacher meetings it was easier for my husband to go because I could cook and serve at the same time because we weren't that busy and I could handle things myself. So he always went.

Peter also worked in the restaurant and around the place to earn some money when he was growing up. Later he went to Kitchener and Ottawa for computer studies which he was very good at. He has always had an interest in working with computers like making programs or Internet sites. He did some work for the government and other companies. Later on he and his wife Karen moved back to Denbigh. He was very interested in a number of things like the local snowmobile club. He was the president of the club and again worked on an Internet site to help promote the club. Karen was the secretary. There were other things he did, like helping to promote ATV's travelling to the area, driving and hiking tours, treasure hunting. He did a lot of things with the Internet on computers and other things trying

to attract tourists. I don't understand all of that but he was a natural with these things.

In 1980 Linda went to college in Toronto to study to become a legal assistant. And she did very well. She was eighteen. But still, if you think nowadays sending your daughter to the big city of Toronto and you're so far away here in Denbigh. We didn't have any money to really help much, we got her a second hand car but she paid everything else herself. She was a very good worker. Very conscientious.

During her first summer in Toronto she took a job at a lawyer's office and unfortunately her employer ending up killing his wife and then himself. So you can imagine, she calls home, she was nineteen. This was a shock to us. This was going on and what can you do to help her? Luckily she had very good friends in Toronto.

In 1983 my husband started to build an extension behind the restaurant for, it could be little stores, it could be for buses, you know, so that we could accommodate more people and renovate the washrooms and make bigger washrooms and things like that.

Then it was, after living for fifteen years, seven days a week in the business, I was totally finished. I couldn't sit down and concentrate or relax and have a meal. As soon as I saw a car coming I had to rush. I was physically and mentally exhausted. The least little noise at night, our bedroom was right at the parking lot. I heard everything. I wasn't well, the migraines were horrendous. My husband decided to cancel plans for the extension and instead build our house on Lane Street in Denbigh.

In the summer of 1984 we started

building the house. We moved into the house in the Spring of 1985. Linda was married in May of that year and in June we celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary.

We paid for the house gradually, we built it gradually. We didn't have siding for years, the fireplace was built years later. A lot of the work my husband did himself. Life was much better but even after we moved into the house I was in the restaurant every day.

It was just maybe the last ten years I wasn't there every day but I went to bake and things like that. When I was finished doing whatever had to be done I could go home, I could get away. It was really good for my husband too because he never got out of there. At least he could come home and we could have a glass of wine, just sit and talk, watch a little bit of television or play dominoes, that was a relaxing thing for us. That was our thing playing Dominoes.

After the house was built life was much, much better for both of us, me especially but my husband too.

END OF PART 2

To be continued next issue...



George and his wife Joan moved to Denbigh from Ireland in 2007. He is semi-retired and presently does work for the Township of Addington Highlands as well as volunteer work within the community. George & Joan own and operate the 'Wildwood B & B' in Denbigh. His interests include photography, writing, gardening and ocean sailing among others. George met Joan in Ireland after he departed Canada on an around the world solo sailing trip. He decided to postpone the rest of the voyage and has now set his anchor in Denbigh for the foreseeable future.

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2 Years after Microburst. Are we Ready for Other Emergencies?

by Lois Thomson

Have you noticed that the weather is dominating the news lately? Wildfires twice the size of PEI in the NWT, BC and Northern Alberta, widespread flooding in the prairies, flash floods on Lake Ontario, tornadoes across South and East Ontario, tropical storms and hurricanes in the Maritimes... Are we prepared? The first anniversary of the Lac Mégantic disaster reminds us that rail and pipeline systems can be a hazard. That's why it's good to know your municipality, province and nation all have coordinated emergency plans.

After SARS, 9/11 and Katrina, the Province of Ontario got serious with emergency management, which includes prevention, mitigation, preparedness, response, and recovery. All Ontario municipalities have now created detailed, coordinated plans for all potential emergencies. This is great and it certainly helped after the microburst two years ago, but how many people have actually looked at the municipal plan either in their home municipalities or the cottage? Part of the municipality's responsibility is to communicate the plan, but that only works if people listen and follow through with preparations of their own. Do you know where your nearest emergency shelter is? Do you have an alternate route out of your home or cottage if the main road is blocked? Are you prepared to stay in your home for a days without power from the grid, well or municipal water, fresh food, or propane?

After the winter we thought would never end, the winter of frozen water pipes and propane shortages, we are enjoying a beautiful summer. Just one tornado warning that went away... It's just too nice out to fret about something that might never happen. I am guilty of that, too.

So where to start? I started by downloading the current emergency response plan from the Greater Madawaska Township web site. I didn't stop there, I downloaded all 6 documents and read them all. The emergency plan was interesting, but it is really for the township, planning how to

declare an emergency, seek help from outside agencies, communicate and do the accounting. Emergencies cost money.

None of the documents were really what I was looking for. I want to know what I and my family should do in an emergency. I expected to see a grid designed for me – if you live area a, b, or c, and there is a) flood, b) fire, c) explosion, then proceed to shelter a, b, or c... I realized I was expecting too much from a general document.



No one ever expects an emergency, which is why we should do our best to be prepared. Photo taken after July 23 microburst in Greater Madawaska courtesy CTV

Then I discovered two documents created for Emergency Preparedness Week. They are about information sessions that take place in local community centers in May. I have not gone to one. More guilt.

Across the top of one in bold letters was "EMERGENCY PREPAREDNESS STARTS WITH YOU", followed by, "In the event of an emergency everyone should be prepared to take care of themselves and their families for up to three days (72 Hours)." The other one had "WE NEED YOUR HELP". Hmm, I was hoping it would just tell me which shelter to go to so someone else could take care of me.

OK, we all need to do this together. That's where Community Emergency Response Teams (CERT) comes in. If you don't have a CERT in your area, you should talk to your neighbours about starting one, so you can have a group plan in an emergency.

This is from one of the documents put out by Greater Madawaska Township. Other than the phone number, I'm sure the same applies anywhere in Ontario:

START A COMMUNITY EMERGENCY RESPONSE TEAM (CERT)

- Community Emergency Response Teams (CERTs) are formed by members of a neighborhood who want to be better prepared for the hazards that threaten their community.

- CERTs are not intended to replace the Township's response capability, but rather, to serve as an important supplement to it.
 - CERTs are considered "Good Samaritans" and do not have any authority beyond serving as a "Good Samaritan" when helping others.
 - CERTs choose their level of involvement – every little bit helps.
 - We do this already... it's just not formalized so it will be helpful in an emergency
- FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 613-433-2545 (leave message)

This is great. My township is prepared. My local community has formed a CERT and is prepared. The only one left is me. How do I prepare myself and my family to be able to take care of ourselves in our home for up to 3 days in an emergency? I turned to the Red Cross for answers. Go to www.redcross.ca, enter "Get a Kit" in the search box and choose to buy one or make your

own. Perfect. Now I'm prepared, too.

But emergency preparedness also includes prevention and mitigation. We can all do our own small part to stem climate change by reducing or eliminating our CO2 emissions, reduce-reuse-recycle, eat local food, use local energy, etc., but climate change seems to have lapped us in this race. Continue to do those things and improve on them, but it's time to adapt and mitigate the issues Climate Change is bringing.

Trees are our biggest asset in the Highlands, but much like what happened recently in New Brunswick, they can be our worst enemy. They topple on homes, cars, roads and power lines, knocking out power and communications when you need it most. Ontario Hydro does their best to keep problem trees away from power lines and every homeowner must do the same. Heavy rainfall makes the ground soggy, roots don't hold, trees get top heavy from wind and rain and that beautiful old maple becomes a hazard. Do yourself a favour and contact a professional today to assess your power lines and home. If a heavy tree or dead limb is threatening your home or power lines, it needs a professional to remove it safely. Best to spend a little now. Many people have felled a tree on their own homes. That's not helpful.

Also know if you are in a flood zone and have a plan. OPG controls water levels on much of the Madawaska River, so listen to warnings. And of course, take fire very seriously. Know if you need a permit. Know that permits mean nothing during a fire ban. They are worth the small expense and help avoid more expensive false alarms. Also, know the address of your own cottage and the place you are visiting. If you have to call in an emergency, you'll need to know where you are.

There's more, but that covers the basics. My article is done and it's a lovely day. I think I'll go to the lake now and follow up on my emergency preparedness plan tomorrow... Really! Take care out there.



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BEHIND THE TUNES

INTO THE 60s

By Peter Chess



Rock 'n' roll singer Elvis Presley, his army stint nearly at an end, flew in from Germany for discharge and is greeted at Ft. Dix, New Jersey on March 3, 1960, by the 19 year-old daughter of Frank Sinatra, plus hoards of adoring fans and photographers. (AP Photo)

Elvis returned to the States on March 2 1960, boarded a train in New Jersey to Tennessee, with scheduled stops to appear before his fans, who mobbed him all the way home, and was back in the studio at RCA Nashville by March 20. He recorded his welcome home album, "Elvis is Back!" which shot to #2 on the album charts and received rave reviews for its energy, honesty and production quality.

On May 12 Elvis returned to television with an appearance on the "Frank Sinatra Timex Special". It was an ironic moment for both stars, given Sinatra's 1957 rant against rock & roll. A magazine quoted Sinatra, who decried the music as "brutal, ugly, degenerate and vicious....it fosters almost totally negative and destructive reactions in young people. It smells phony and false. It is sung, played and written, for the most part by cretinous goons....this rancid smelling aphrodisiac I deplore." Suffice to say that Ole Bue Eyes was smarting from being knocked off his pedestal by the new wave of youngsters riding the charts. Elvis, always the gentleman, replied, "I admire the man. He has a right to say what he wants to say. He is a great success and a fine actor, but I think he shouldn't have said it. This is a trend,

just the same as he faced when he started years ago."

Sinatra's vilification was totally unwarranted but at the time pretty much summed up the establishment's reaction to the music. Three short years later, it would appear that by pairing Presley and Sinatra on a major network together they were willing to embrace rock & roll, if for no other reason than the recognition of the fortunes to be made by doing so. It was the only time that year that Elvis performed in front of a live audience.

His first movie released after his return was "GI Blues" and the soundtrack went to #1 in October. In March 1961, a session at RCA in Nashville yielded his next album, "Something for Everybody". The title revealed a lot about the content. It exemplified the newly created "Nashville sound", a restrained, cosmopolitan style with orchestrated background and tight arrangements that defined country/crossover music through the 60's. Presaging much of what was to come from Presley himself over the next half decade, the album is largely "a pleasant, unthreatening pastiche of the music that had once been Elvis's birth-right." And yet it became his sixth #1 album. On March 25, Elvis performed

in Hawaii at a fund raiser for the Pearl Harbor Memorial. It was to be his last public performance for 7 years.

Pushed by Tom Parker into a heavy filming schedule of formulaic, modestly budgeted, musical and romantic comedies, Presley disappeared into the Hollywood machine. Of the 27 movies he made during the 60's, they were almost universally panned and with a few exceptions the quality of the soundtracks grew progressively worse. So bad, in fact, that Elvis balked at even trying to sing some of the songs that were presented to him. It was not until October 1967 when the soundtrack for the ludicrous, vapid movie, "Clambake" registered record low revenues for a Presley album, did the RCA executives seem to recognize there was a problem. By the time the suits making decisions realized the truth, the damage, of course, had already been done. Elvis was viewed as a joke by serious music lovers and a has been to all but his most loyal fans.



Presley's first TV appearance will be on the Frank Sinatra show.

We'll leave Elvis at this sorry stage of his career and step back to take a look at what transpired in the real rock & roll world during his absence. The advent of the 45 rpm record, the allure of the jukebox and the hundreds of regional record labels that sprung up all over the country gave birth to legions of performers looking for their big break. One of the most talented and influential of these pioneers was born Charles Hardin Holley on September 7 1936 in Lubbock, Texas. Everyone just called him "Buddy" As an interesting bit of trivia, his middle name "Hardin" was his mother's maiden name and her family claimed direct dependency from Sir Francis Drake, the famed British explorer. Taught to play a variety of musical instruments by his two older brothers, he became adept at guitar, banjo, mandolin and lapsteel. Initially influenced by bluegrass and country, he played in bands throughout his high school years but found his musical calling when he saw Elvis perform at the Lubbock Fair in 1955. So, in short order, he formed a trio with two school friends and began to incorporate a rockabilly style, similar to the "Sun Records" sound with a strong acoustic guitar rhythm and a slap bass.



Buddy (Holley) Holly and The Crickets in 1957 (top to bottom: Allison, Holly and Mauldin).

In October 1955, they opened for Elvis when he returned to Lubbock and caught the eye of a Nashville talent scout. Holly's transition to rock & roll continued when he booked as the opener for Bill Haley and His Comets at a local show. Decca Records signed him to a recording contract shortly after that performance, misspelling his name as Holly, which he kept as his professional name. He soon formed his own rockabilly group, which later became the Crickets. The group went to Nashville to record three sessions. Holly, however, was allowed little input musically and resented the restrictive atmosphere. Holly did not want to be a country singer. He was out to become a rock & roll star. The sessions did produce a slow version of "That'll Be The Day" that was never released. The song title came from a line in a 1956 John Wayne movie "The Searchers". Two songs were released but received no response and in January 1957 Decca informed Holly they were not renewing his contract, insisting he did not record any of the same songs for a period of 5 years.

To be continued next issue...



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

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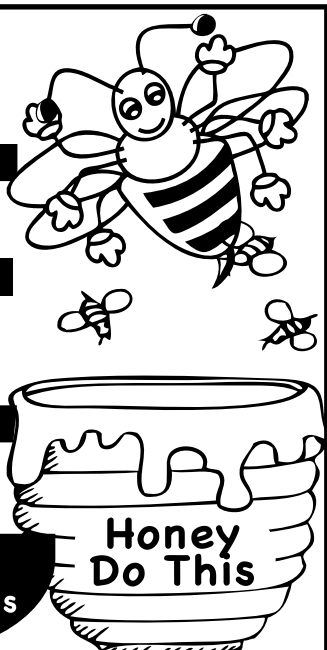
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RURAL VIGNETTES

URIAH

By Antonia Chatson

When I was six years old, my mother decided that we should have our own means of transportation. She took a driving course and then my parents negotiated the purchase of a 1935 Model A Ford. My mother was ecstatic and lovingly painted it two tone, a light gray and a dark blue. It was not in the best condition but it meant freedom of movement for us. My mother decided to call the car 'Uriah' after the character in David Copperfield by the name of Uriah Heap. She called the Ford Uriah, because, she explained, it was a 'heap'. She meticulously painted the name just behind the front hood under the front windshield on both the driver's and passenger's side.

Uriah certainly was an interesting heap of nuts and bolts. The front window could be pushed out at an angle and kept in position by two arms with screws on them to hold it tight. The back windows would not open at all, and the two front windows had only the stub of a handle, so we had to turn them painstakingly with a wrench. Whether the windows were open or closed the car was decidedly air conditioned, in all seasons.

Driving Uriah was an experience, but getting it started in the first place was quite another matter. My mother would hunch over the steering wheel, gripping it until her knuckles were white. There was a wand behind the steering wheel on either side, the left one being the choke and the right wand being the gas. The choke wand would stay in any position but the gas wand had to be held down by her left hand. Her left foot was rammed down on the clutch (I don't think she ever figured out that she could start it in neutral). My mother's right foot was stretched way up behind the gas pedal, with only her toes pressing down on the starter, and she used her right hand to turn on the ignition key. I think it would have been easier to crank start it. Once it had sputtered into life, the choke had to be quickly released and the gas monitored until the engine warmed up. By this time, my mother's left leg was cramping up. The pedal that controlled the gas as broken off leaving only a little stub of steel with which to control it.

Her foot would keep slipping off of it, which resulted in an erratic and jerky progress, once Uriah was moving. The brakes were pitiful and would only work at all, if they were pumped violently, and the gears were notoriously loose.

I have indicated that our drive to and from the farm was not of the smoothest, but that was only part of the problem. The other part of the problem was my mother's driving. I have never encountered a worse driver - not because she was careless and wild - but because she was exactly the opposite.



Six year old Antonia Chatson and her mother, with Uriah the Heap.

She was a most timid and analytical roadster. There would have to be a six or seven car pile up behind her at a stop sign or light, before she would cautiously proceed into the intersection. Mind you, if she did make a miscalculation, she could not rely on the brakes for any help - and there was always the possibility that her foot might slip off the gas stump! But before she even did proceed, she would calculate the number of vehicles from either direction, their approximate speed and what possible damage might be caused if there happened to be a collision. Before she left home, she would always make a point of putting on clean underwear - just in case she had an accident. I always thought to, but never had the nerve to tell her that if she were so

fearful about having an accident, why didn't she just wear a diaper!

There were a fair number of similar models of cars on the road and whenever we passed another Model A, my mother would toot the horn and we would hang out of whatever windows would open and shout and wave at them, as they did to us. This involved more engineering than my mother could manage and the next mile was spent in trying to get the car back on the road and keeping on the right side of the middle line!

care less! My mother would then pull off onto the side of the road, put the stick shift into first gear, and start all over again. And so did I! Well, it was fun while it lasted!

Her most memorable 'accident' with Uriah occurred on the ninth side road. The road there was high with steep ditches on either side of the road. The road engineer must have been expecting a typhoon in the near future, when he built that part of the road. As per usual, my mother was crawling along, when a tractor appeared on the horizon coming from the opposite direction.

My mother, fearing she would roll the Ford into the ditch, pulled over to the right all of two inches. The tractor pulled over as far as he could, but it was not enough, and the front fender of the Ford caught a protruding piece of equipment on the back of the tractor. As usual my mother was unaware of the 'collision' and just kept driving, dragging the tractor backwards for thirty feet, before she finally ground to a halt. No harm was done to the tractor, but the front fender of Uriah had a six inch tear in it. That circumstance, however, did not mollify the temper of the driver of the tractor. Thank goodness I was too young to be able to identify all the words the farmer used to describe my mother's driving and too young to remember them all.

And if my mother's driving was tentative before this occurrence, you can just imagine what it was like after the 'accident'.



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

We would like to express our most sincere gratitude to the Griffith Fire Department and all of our Emergency Services for their quick response to Jordan's accident on Sunday, June 29th. Thank you so much everyone for your support and your knowledge. From the bottom of our hearts we would like to thank Dylan, Colby and Katie for saving Jordan's life. We all know that without you, the unthinkable would have happened. Your quick thinking skills and calming presence made all the difference in the world. Jordan's guardian angel was definitely watching over him that day. Someone made a remark to us that she was amazed with the immediate community support. We are extremely proud to be a part of this community we call home and thank God every day that we still have Jordan here to hassle us and make us smile.

*Thank you again
Alden and Karen*

By Lois Thomson

I chose a seemingly odd selection of headlines and some lesser reported items for the “News Clippings We Have Gathered” section on page two of this paper. They don’t at first appear to have a local connection, or even any connection at all. I would like to explain the connections I see. The headlines are largely about First Nations around the world, people who never lost their understanding of the sacredness of our connection to the land and what happens when it’s broken. When the headlines are considered together, they show a movement back to a more sustainable way of thinking about the environment and our effect upon it.

Large scale resource extraction is unsustainable and forever ruins complex ecosystems that took forever to form. They displace everything, including people. Cutting down all the trees in the Highlands and shipping them to England for warship construction did not turn the Highlands into pastoral farm land with prosperity for all. The Anishnabe knew it. Colonization still is about using the lower classes to hue and haul in far away wildernesses. They are sent with a few bankers and aristocrats to control and guard the flow of resources to hungry markets. It is never about the welfare of the colonists or natives. And it always comes with a controlled partisan message as we see today in the Alberta Oilsands (formerly called the Tarsands), for one. Thankfully, it’s getting harder and harder for Big Business and Big Government to control the message. The headlines I chose relate to various aspects of that.

They say the first casualty of war is the truth, but the environment has to be a close second. Even economists are beginning to realize that massive storms, fires and floods are not good for

the economy. In the light of current environmental issues and the subsequent tumult that Climate Change brings us, it is encouraging news that individuals and communities are listening and creating connections to each other for the sake of the environment and therefore, the economy. Big Government and Big Business are starting to get it. The headline about the UN Climate Summit in September shows a willingness, if not an urgency to come up with global solutions.

The headline about the friendship agreement between the Town of Kipawa, Kipawa First Nations and the

The headline about an “uncontacted” Amazon tribe, purposely contacting authorities about disruptive, illegal logging in their territory, shows that Brazil upholds the tribe’s right to live close to the land. They not only listened, but started an immunization program to protect the tribe from illness after contact.

Mexican and Central American children are crossing the US border illegally, following extracted resources to the land of plenty. This headline relates locally in Audrey Copeland’s “Mission Awareness” story on page 12. One person in El Salvador is coordnat-

Tsilhqot’in First Nation own rights to their resources in a huge swath of BC and Ontario’s Grassy Narrows First Nations do not own control? It seems it comes down to the wording on the original treaty paperwork. Who can say who really owns the land and it’s resources?

Connection to the land matters to everyone. The closing of an ancient portage route around Bala Falls in Muskoka is a headline worth watching. As Renfrew and other counties continue their efforts to connect trails and canoe routes, the Province could shut them down. One man’s bridge is another man’s barrier if you don’t build it high enough to travel under.

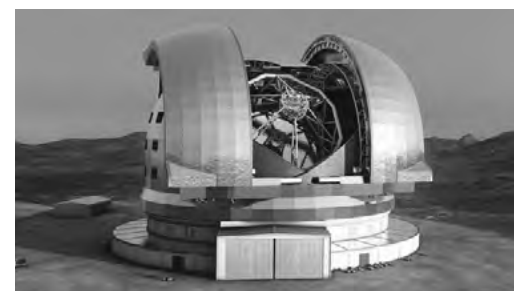


June 21st, 2014 at Kipawa First Nation. The Mayor of Témagami, Chief of Kipawa First Nation and the Mayor of the Town of Kipawa send prayers to the spirits on the day they signed a friendship accord. This solemn event marks the beginning of a formal agreement to work together as one.

Town of Temiscaming on the Quebec border near North Bay, ON shows a new commitment to change on the local level. Three overlapping communities in a “boom and bust” resource based economy recognize that even though they have different systems of government, they share a common needs and relationship to the land. It’s their best way forward.

ing efforts to partner with people from other countries to help his people regain their connection to the land and resources. This person, Pastor Miguel Castro, will be coming to Matawatchan on the August long weekend. Perhaps we will find similarities between our two communities.

Two other resource-based stories have confused many. How could the Supreme Court rule that the



Artist rendering of a giant telescope worth blowing off the top of a Chilean mountain for. Will they find another planet like this one?

One woman is walking around Lake Winnipeg in hopes of having it declared a person. If it was a person, we wouldn’t be allowed to poison it to death. Perhaps we should consider doing the same for the whole planet.

Meanwhile, Chile blew the top off a mountain to make room for a giant telescope. If they do find a planet just like ours, will its inhabitants be blowing it apart, too?

The Madawaska Highlander welcomes letters to the editor.



If you thought you saw someone who looked like Richard Copeland in a TV commercial for Robillard Hearing Centres, you probably did! Richard and his grandchildren were the main actors in a commercial that was shot in July at Dunn’s Lake, Matawatchan, and outside the Renfrew Victoria Hospital’s medical building, where Julia Robillard runs the Renfrew clinic. Watch for it on CTV and CBC Ottawa and congratulate them on their fine acting skills.

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THE HEALING TREE

ALDER (*Alnus*)

By Robbie Anderman

Most Folks might not call the Tag Alder a Tree because of its size. Occasionally, though, it does reach heights worthy of the name, 'Tree', and I include it because it looks like a small Tree, has so many healing properties, is so common, and because I like it.

When I think of Alder I usually also think of water; as the 'speckled' or 'tag' Alder, and most of the *Alnus* (Alder) family like living near water. Stream and river banks, lake shores, even gullies and swamps with some drainage are the favoured home sites of the Alder. The presence of Alder often indicates water nearby or close beneath the surface.

A fascinating feature of Alder is the nitrogen fixing ability of the clusters of swellings on the rootlets. This probably helps them with their quick growth, and then benefits the soil fertility when they die.

Male and female flowers appear on the same tree, formed in the autumn so that the male catkin is ready to elongate and release its clouds of yellow pollen early in spring, often while there's still ice and snow on the ground. Bees greatly appreciate this, and use alder pollen for spring brood rearing.

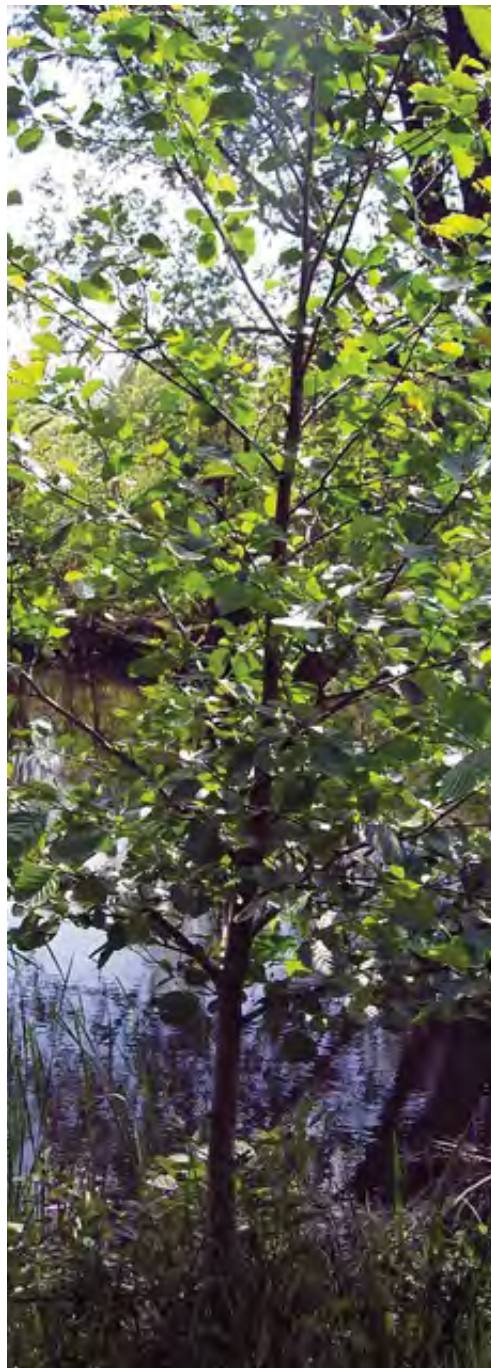
The cone-like female catkins are woody and remain on the tree for a year or more after the small winged nutlet has matured and flown away. These little 'cones' help to distinguish the Alder from a young Birch, which it resembles. The Birch's female catkin disintegrates after the seeds drop.

Ptarmigan and grouse eat the soft buds and seeds. Muskrat, deer, rabbits and moose browse the twigs. Beaver and rabbits chew the bark. People also eat the buds, liking them for their soft chewiness and ease of picking. The inner bark of the Alder may be eaten for emergency food.

Alder leaves crushed or pulped when green, or moistened with warm milk or water when dry and used as a poultice, have been used for reducing swelling of all kinds. The fresh leaves placed in moccasins, shoes or boots relieve or prevent hot and aching feet. A strong tea of the leaves used as a foot bug is foot soother.

The strong leaf tea is also a soothing wash for pimples, wounds and sores.

As a poultice it is known to take the 'fire' out of scalds, burns and inflammations, just like the water that Alder loves to grow by. Leaves can also be chewed and placed on a bleeding wound as a styptic to stop the flow.



The humble Tag Alder.

As a mild tea Alder leaves have been used as a treatment for blood ailments and rheumatic complaints. Most Alder leaves contain about 5,000 ppm of molybdenum, a rare and necessary mineral.

Like the leaves, the inner bark - which is available all year round - is known for being astringent, cooling and soothing and was much used to reduce swelling, alleviate dropsy, as an alternative for regenerating internal glands, and even to aid in a cure for gangrene.

With this in mind it is easy to understand that Native American Peoples and early settlers used a strong brew of Alder bark as a regular vulnerary for deep wounds (even to the bone) and bruises, and effected what could be termed miraculous recoveries.

The Delaware chewed the bark as a quick poultice for swellings, strains and heavy bleeding. While chewing it they could also be cleaning their teeth, relieving mouth pain and firming their



It was drunk for diarrhea, diphtheria, haemorrhage of the lungs, bloody stools, general weakness, to solidify mucous in a cold, and to stop cramps and retching. It was gargled as a mouthwash, especially during toothaches and for sore throats. Alder bark tea was also used as a wash for sore eyes, for sores, and to treat itching.

Inner bark of Alder was also boiled in vinegar to make a remedy to kill head lice and relieve the itch (scabies).

The powdered inner bark was used as a dusting on chafed skin, even on saddle galls of horses.

Alder's twigs were the main part used in some areas, where they were boiled and used as a bath for sprains, bruises, headache and backache. For strong bruises one drank an infusion made from year old twigs every two hours. Besides healing the bruise this tea was thought to calm the pain.

In some areas people sought the stronger astringent power found in the root bark. This again was used for swellings, as an astringent and coagulant tea, and as a wash for horses' saddle galls. It was also used as an emetic.

The root was also used as a yellow dye; the yellow dye is also found in the inner bark and can colour the skin when the bark is used as a skin poultice.

Alder wood is hard and good for burning when it's dry, but like Birch, it can't be left sitting long with its moisture-proof bark on or the wood will rot.

gums. I've known it to reduce a tooth abscess overnight.

The boiled bark as a tea had many uses.

All in all, Alder is a helpful little tree for humans, animals, and the Earth's soil, as it not only fertilizes but helps hold together stream and river banks.

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