# The Madawaska HIGHLANDER

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# The Shanties: Anthony Senack's story constructed close to a lake for east

By Wes Bomhower

Tony was born in 1926 on the Pickanock Road in Quebec Province, three miles from the village of Sandy Creek and about six miles from Otter Lake, just a bit north and east from Campbell's Bay. He attended school in spring and autumn but there were no classes during the winter months because of the snow and the distance to school. So, by the time he was twelve, he was working in the lumber business located not too far away during winter. The year he turned fourteen he was skidding logs with his father who had a contract with C.I.P. only twenty miles from the Senack residence. This contract was on Crown Land and C.I.P. had the timber rights.

It was terribly cold that winter, dipping to minus 45 degrees Fahrenheit one day and Tony froze most of his toes while skidding the logs but because a log struck his feet causing his toes to bleed, there was no permanent damage to his feet. He spent the rest of the winter at home.

In 1941, he and his brothers headed north a hundred miles to work for Gillis, a lumber baron who had over 500 square miles of timber rights in Northern Quebec. The first fifty miles they rode in trucks, the last fifty they walked to reach some of Gillis' Shanties. They went into the camps about mid-September and didn't come out until the first of April most years, working six days a week the whole time. Sundays they always had off unless there was an emergency, and the men would then wash their clothes and catch up on other mundane chores.

There was a huge central warehouse built to store hay and grain for the horses and other supplies for the various camps which were scattered in both directions from this warehouse. Each camp was roughly ten miles apart. Stables were built for the horses at each camp, (usually 7 or 8 teams per camp,) and were usually

constructed close to a lake for easy access to water. In every camp, one large log building housed 75 to 80 men, heated by big box stoves in which green wood was burned and kerosene lanterns provided light. It was lights out at 9:00 p.m. strictly enforced on the working days, and the chore boy who was French Canadian would announce ten minutes before the hour, "ten minutes to night, lights out soon". He meant of course, ten minutes to nine, but it always drew a few chuckles. Saturday night was special, since that's when they got out the fiddle, harmonic a and guitar for a jam session and square dance. Some of the men wrapped a towel around their waists, they were the impromptu women, and lights were allowed on until 10:00 p.m. as they whooped and danced.

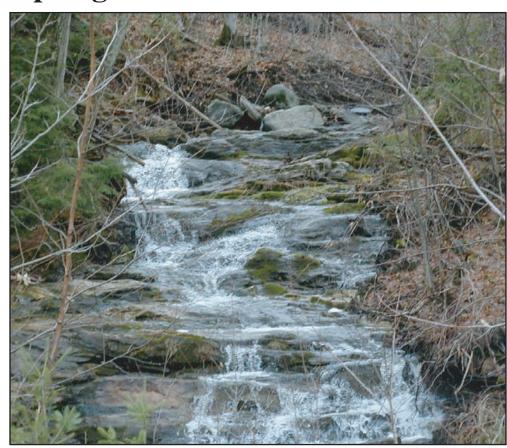
These loggers or shantymen came from all over eastern Canada, from different nationalities, from the Maritimes, the Gaspé and other parts of Quebec plus many from Ontario, but there were seldom any disagreements among the men. Work was hard, the hours long, breakfast at six a.m., supper at six p.m. and the food was good. Their diet consisted mostly of salt pork, some frozen beef, beans, home made bread, (butter once a week during war years,) prunes, molasses and corn syrup. There were always plenty of pies, cakes and cookies.

The cook-house with its huge dining room was a separate building, and after the men ate breakfast they quickly made up their own lunches to eat on the job with a small camp fire to boil tea. Coffee was a treat on Sunday mornings when breakfast was at 7:00 a.m.

Another separate building was the washroom with large wooden troughs and basins for washing up and the toilets of course were big common outhouses, nothing fancy, just a log installed about knee high to sit on for the business at hand. Not a lot of time spent there, especially in the colder months.

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# **Spring at last**



# Renfrew County Fiddlers' Association including Ion

By Garry Ferguson

After I'd returned to the Greater Madawaska area from less peaceful climes, I kept hearing good things about an organization called the Renfrew County Fiddlers Association. (RCFA) A few years passed however, before I began to meet some of the originals such as Norm Warren, Guy Jameison and Delmer McCallum. I soon learned that these real folk were passionate about preserving a musical heritage handed down to us from our pioneer ancestors and were always willing to be there when there was a need for the rosin to meet the wire.

Since that time, I've have had the privilege of meeting many more of the Association's outstanding musicians

including Joe Quilty, the first president and only surviving member of the founding trio that consisted of Joe, Ed Mayhew of Renfrew and Tom Sharbot of Calabogie. I've met several other ex-presidents as well as the present incumbent, Barry Martin whose parents, we determined, were close friends of my own at Black Donald Mines during the dirty thirties. The story of this highly successful organization, of which all Canadians can be proud, is well worth the telling.

In the 2003 RCFA's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Souvenir Booklet, Association President Barry Martin quotes a passage from Mac Beattie's book, this "Ottawa Valley Of Mine." In the few following words Mac articulated the two art forms that are the reason for

continued on page 2

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# Our food choices affect the environment

by Ole Hendrickson

Choosing wisely what we eat can protect water quality, fight climate change, save family farms and rural communities and support the humane treatment of animals.

For a sustainable future, buy local food as much as possible. Support food coops, farmers' markets and community-supported agriculture. Eat organic food whenever possible – not only to reduce your exposure to residual hormones, antibiotics and pesticides but because organic methods are better for the larger ecosystems that support all life.

Cows, pigs and chickens that are allowed to range freely, fed on natural pasture as much of the year as possible, and raised without hormones and antibiotics are better for you and for the environment.

Animals grown in large feedlots and factory farms produce more waste than the local environment can handle. This fouls the air and water.

A new report by the UN Food and Agriculture Organization says that the livestock sector is stressing many ecosystems and contributing to global environmental problems. Greenhouse gas emissions from livestock and their wastes, and from conversion of tropical forests into pastures, are an important factor in climate change. Livestock operations are also a major source of water pollution.

The UN report refers to the "provider gets - polluter pays" principle. Farmers and ranchers who are good environmental stewards deserve compensation for the ecosystem services they provide — such as maintaining water quantity and quality for downstream users, and storing carbon in a well-managed landscape of pastures, woodlands and wetlands. Those who pollute should pay.

When livestock operations are dotted around the landscape, animal manure represents a valuable fertilizer resource. When livestock is concentrated in factory farms, manure becomes waste.

Today in North America, cheap grain subsidized by US taxpayers is shipped from miles around to centralized animal production facilities. Hog factory farms can have 100,000 animals confined indoors, living on slats through which their wastes drop into huge sewage cesspools.

After slaughter, these mass-produced animals are shipped all over the continent. Shipping wastes fossil fuels and contributes to climate change. Artificially low grain prices –

maintained through political lobbying by powerful corporations – are at the root of this unsustainable system.

Organizations such as the Husbandry Institute encourage consumers to exercise their buying power on behalf of a better environment. If you buy meat, ask:

- What can you tell me about where this meat comes from?
- Was it raised without antibiotics and added hormones?
- Was it free range and pasture-fed from birth?

The same considerations apply to eggs and dairy products.

A "cheap food" system stresses families, rural communities, and the environment. It traps farmers into using bigger equipment, more fertilizers, herbicides, insecticides and pesticides, genetically-modified seeds, buying out their neighbours' lands, draining wetlands, and employing foreign workers under unacceptable conditions.

The international Waterkeeper Alliance has launched a "Pure Farms, Pure Waters" campaign. It operates on a dual principle. Laws protecting water, air and workers should be strengthened and strictly enforced. And, farmers and concerned citizens should work together for environmentally and socially conscious food production, as an alternative to factory farming.

The Ottawa River Institute is promoting locally grown foods, farmers' markets, and food coops. Local food is not just a summer affair. We are rediscovering ways to store vegetables and fruits during our long Canadian winters, and experimenting with heritage varieties that keep better.

Promoting a diverse mixture of animals, vegetable, fruit and nut crops grown locally provides healthier diets and more sustainable economies. The UN report notes that government policies to reduce consumer demands on the livestock sector would "ease environmental pressure and costs."

As they say, you are what you eat. This applies to nations as well as individuals.

Watershed Ways is distributed by the Ottawa River Institute (www.ottawariverinstitute.ca), a non-profit charitable organization supported by volunteers, local donors and a grant from the Ontario Trillium Foundation. For more information call

613-333-5534

End

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# Contact us!

Your comments and story ideas are welcome

# Renfrew County Fiddlers (cont.)

the Fiddlers Association's existence.

"Fiddlers from across the seas brought their reels, jigs, hornpipes and strathspeys to the upper Ottawa Valley in the days when the big pine timber was being cut. In the lumber camps they pooled their music and dancing talents and eventually gave it a distinct Canadian sound. They began to compose Canadian tunes, songs and a dance we call step dancing. It was born in the lumber camps and passed down through the years and today we see the polished art on TV, stage and show."

It's easy to forget that without the fast music there wouldn't be as much happening in the step dance department either. Each specialty fosters the other. Whenever you see one of the local, top-notch steppers scuffing a rhythm on the planks, it's a good bet that the person cranking out the jigs and reels is a member of the RCFA.

The genesis of the Association came out of one conversation between two men back in 1977.

After Joe Quilty and his wife Madge retired to their place along the Norton Road near Calabogie, Joe became a



Founders Tommy Sharbot, Ed Mayhew and Joe Quilty

well-known fiddler around his part of the valley. It's said that he was never far away from any gathering where a jig or a waltz was needed. He noticed however, that in an area where fast fiddling had been a tradition – three generations of Quiltys before him had bowed the strings around Horton Township – up-and-comers were getting as scarce as hens' teeth. So, one day in Calabogie while talking to Tommy Sharbot, a top-notch fiddler himself, he mentioned the loss of the traditional music.

"Well Joe, it's dying out," Tommy said

"We can't let that happen," Joe answered. "It's not right. Why not get together and start a fiddle club?"

A trip to Perth where a club was in existence provided the men with the information required, so on May 28, 1978, Tom Sharbot, Ed Mayhew and Joe Quilty met to discuss the possibility of forming a local version. On a sweltering early June night in 1978 they whipped up a Fiddle Jamboree in Calabogie's St. Joseph's High School auditorium that drew around 300 souls. The musicians might have been getting scarce but it was evident that the love

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# **Renfrew County Fiddlers (cont.)**



Members who have served as President, RCFA. From left: Dennis Harrington, Ken Spence, Murray Spence, Joe Quilty, Dalton Hein, Sheldon Church, Barry Martin. Calabogie, March 2007.

of the music was still there, so The Renfrew County Fiddlers Association came into being on June 20, 1978.

Joe became the first President, Norman Warren, Vice President, Ed Mayhew, Treasurer and Madge Quilty the Recording Secretary. Minutes of the first recorded executive meeting on August 22, 1978 show the newly elected executive plus Tom Sharbot and George Thacker in attendance. Seven more people have filled the President's position since that time. A couple of them have served two terms.

In a decade-old circular pertaining to a "Junior Achievement Awards Program," then President Dennis Harrington (1989 to 1990 and 1997 to 1998) stated the Association's mandate as follows.

"It is the mandate of the Renfrew County Fiddlers Association to promote old time fiddling and its related arts, or heritage activities involving old time fiddling and step dancing throughout the country, but particularly in this county of ours."

Joe and Madge Quilty built their retirement house so that visiting musicians could park at the side and walk directly into a jam-session room

without ever going through the front door. It was here that a good many of the Association-tune-up sessions took place. At one time though, the walk to the house was more of a mad rush for those timid musicians harbouring a fear of dogs. It is said that Joe had a dog so vicious that he'd chew the tires on a visitor's car out of a frustration brought on by failure to chomp the visitor cowering inside the vehicle. Joe always tied the cantankerous canine if company was expected, but it was the unannounced visitor who had to be rescued. I'm told - with tongue in cheek - that there are still a few old Association members around who have nightmares along the lines of a panicked retreat down the Norton Road on four flat tires with Joe's dog running behind chewing on the spare.

Anyone associated with the Upper Ottawa Valley at any time during the last 28 years will have been exposed to the influence of the Association. It is reasonable to believe that it has far exceeded the goals envisioned by the original founders. It is also reasonable to believe that on a June day in 2078, there will be a huge party where massed fiddles will trill and people will make speeches congratulating the RCFA on its first century of promoting one of the liveliest music forms in the world.



# The Shanties (cont.)

Each man was issued an axe head and axe handle when he came into camp in September and he was expected to hang the axe to his own liking, take good care of it, keep it sharpened etc, for the duration, with files and grindstones supplied by Gillis. Crosscut saws, (no chain saws as yet) were kept in top shape by sharpeners and setters to fell the huge white pine trees, many of them five feet in diameter at the stump and straight as a die.

On the hills, ice roads were made by

and sluiceways they encountered. And this meant they were away from home until some time in July when the log drives were completed, then back into the camps again in mid-September. Not the kind of life for everyone, to be sure.

Tony came to Ontario in 1945; working in sawmills during the summer and returning to the shanties in winter, and eventually met up with a pretty girl, Thelma Emon of Calabogie. They married in 1949 and have lived in the general area of Calabogie until the



hauling water in huge tanks by teams of horses and sleighs from nearby lakes, Brule Lake, Harvey Lake, Bow Lake and Bertram Lake being some of the closest ones The ice roads made for better and easier sleighing while hauling the enormous loads of logs to the lakes and a blacksmith was kept busy attending to the horse's shoes to see that they were sharp shod for the ice roads. The blacksmith also maintained whippletrees and other horse drawn equipment, including the sleighs.

A heavy rope or cable was constructed with a 'crazy wheel' to help hold the loaded sleighs back when negotiating the steep hills of the ice roads. This was necessary, otherwise horses and men would have been killed by the runaway sleigh loads of logs.

Most of the camps were built on the shore of a lake and in those years these lakes were teeming with a variety of fish. On a Sunday afternoon, a few men would chop holes in the ice and could catch enough fish to feed the whole gang their supper, (providing the fish were cleaned ready for the pan and the cook was in a good mood.)

Many of these men went on the log drives in spring, floating the logs down through the various lakes and rivers to the sawmills and markets of the day; an extremely dangerous occupation, considering all the rapids, waterfalls present time, Tony working at various jobs. They raised three boys and three girls and purchased a house on Mill Street.

1955 Tony began working on heavy equipment with different contractors and worked some years with Ontario Hydro as a mechanic. He. became a top notch bulldozer operator, much in demand, and was employed by the contractors building roads throughout Ontario. At 81 years of age, he has finally hung up the big work boots and just tinkers around the garage a bit, getting in Thelma's way once in awhile. He stays in pretty good shape by walking up for the mail and generally keeping an eye on the village.

\*\*End\*\*

# NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS

SATURDAY, MAY 19<sup>TH</sup> @ 10:00 a.m.

The Griffith & Matawatchan Fish & Game Club requires your attendance at the

MATAWATCHAN HALL for a General Meeting to ELECT A NEW EXECUTIVE

If no Executive can be obtained, the Club, as it stands, will fold and all monies will be disbursed at the present
Executive's discretion

# "THE GOODNESS OF PROBIOTICS" improving se

By Susan Veale

Fatigue, lack of energy and bowel problems is often the result of congestion due to insufficient good bacteria in the digestive tract. Correcting this problem may be as easy as introducing more good bacteria or "flora" into the body through a capsule or powdered probiotic however, before purchasing any "off the shelf" product, it is important to know what to look for

Flora in microbiology is associated with bacteria found in the digestive or Gastrointestinal (GI) tract. Two such cultivated or friendly species of flora are Lactobacillus acidophilus and Bifidobacteria. Flora is also found within the mucosal surfaces of the body such as the respiratory tract, the genitourinary tract and the skin.

As the GI tract is the largest immune organ, it contains the largest population of flora with varying amounts and various kinds of bacteria traveling from the stomach to the large intestine. The stomach which is the most sterile organ of this tract, has very little lactobacillus bacteria whereas the duodenum has the most. The small and large intestine both contain Bifidobacteria with the colon containing a higher population. Flora functions vary. In one example, flora is essential for normal cell development in the intestines and for

improving secretion, absorption and motility. Another function is turning soluble fiber into essential fatty acids. How well this is accomplished is demonstrated by bowel health.

Flora also takes a non-immunological role against infection. In other words, flora helps fight infection by adhering to mucous walls as a protective layer so that unfriendly bacteria and pathogens cannot attach themselves to the wall lining. This is particularly demonstrated with vaginal candidiasis. Unborn babies in the womb do not manufacture flora. The baby's first contact with flora happens during the journey down the birth canal. In the third trimester of pregnancy, the mother's flora in the birth canal significantly increases in order to be transferred to the baby. This healthy transference is very important as it greatly increases the baby's resistance to unfriendly bacteria thus helping to reduce the risk of allergies. If a baby does not receive a high-quality dose of normal flora through the skin and breast milk, the baby's immune system becomes compromised.

When the population ratio of "friendly to unfriendly bacteria" is out of proportion, inflammatory conditions such as candida, bowel diseases, skin conditions and allergies become more prevalent. Refined foods, small quantities of vegetables, antibiotics, and birth control pills are items that over time affect the colonization and

stability of healthy flora.

Probiotics, which are components of normal flora, are helpful in restoring healthy bacteria populations, immune stimulation and the colonization of healthy flora however, probiotics need to be non pathogenic.

Research has shown that Lactobacillus Acidophilus and Bifidus bacteria are humanly safe and do not produce pathogenic reactions.

Independent scientific research shows that human cultured bacteria is best compared to bovine, plant, pig and others cultures as the flora must be capable of colonizing in the digestive tract and resistant to stomach and bile salts. It must also be able to attach itself

to epithelial surfaces rather than flushed away before doing its job. In summary and better results, bacteria populations need be indigenous to the host.

Before using flora therapeutically, it is important to know the type and numbers of bacteria populations necessary for a specific health condition. It is also important to know the difference in bacteria reporting as optimum laboratory condition numbers and "off the shelf" active bacteria survival numbers differ.

As a natural health practitioner, the choice of probiotic I recommend for my clients needs is based on the individual's unique health history. Susan Veale BSc.

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# GREATER MADAWASKA LITERARY MATTERS

By Mary-Joan Hale

A recent article in the Ottawa Citizen was quite alarming. It concerned the disappearance of many of our songbirds. I have to admit there are fewer around my feeders these days, but perhaps it is early in the season. One area of our non-fiction section that is most plentiful is the one with bird books. Check it out!

The weather in the past few weeks has played havoc with our Main Server. It has not interrupted the Internet at any of the public stations since they each have their own ISP addresses, but it has affected the Library software. We are able to sign materials in and out, but not search the collection or do cataloguing. The machine is in the 'computer hospital'. I hope that by the time you read this, things will be back to normal. Keep checking the web page. Sorry for any inconvenience.

We have welcomed many more new patrons to the library from Wards 2 and 3. Gary Guilmette is the jolly delivery guy who sees that the materials get to the depots and are returned to the library. Some of the new patrons visited in person to apply for their cards. They are delighted to have the service.

If you know of anyone who is confined to home, or long term care, and are ratepayers of the township, please advise them that we will provide home delivery. Those in Wards 2 and 3 must have items picked up at their depot by friends or family. We have so many materials to brighten up their days. If they have visual problems, audio books on tape or CD can provide them with hours of pleasure. We have DVDs as well. We get a new batch every three months and thanks to the Calabogie Seniors, we are developing our own collection. In order not to compete with local businesses, the movies are not new releases. There are topics for all ages and interests.

The library has been in a state of chaos lately. Teri, the volunteers, and I have been doing a massive spring clean up. We have recycled, shredded, tossed out, and prepared for our sale. The date of the event is yet to be determined. Watch the website for announcements. However, we have an on-going book sale all year round. We have some monitors, keyboards, children's chairs, a fax machine, a filing cabinet and hundreds of books. If you drop in any time, it will make the sale inventory smaller. All funds go back to support the library. Prices are reasonable. Bargains abound. We are happy to haggle.

Our Pre-schoolers are busy learning Nursery Rhymes and making booklets to keep. The felt board and characters

are providing hours of fun. Thank you Trillium! We meet every Tuesday at 2:00 p.m. It used to be <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> of an hour, but the children were not ready to leave then, so we go on to 3ish, depending on their enthusiasm (and my energy!). Their conversations around the activity tables are a delight. It is a drop-in program and children from zero to six are welcome to bring their parents. When they learn a new song or verse, we entertain the Township office staff and take them away from the drudgery of taxes for a few moments of cultural delight. Some of their art decorates the hallway into the library.

Once again we are offering the TD Summer Reading Club. The theme this year is 'Lost Worlds'. Ancient civilisations will be explored through books, crafts and play. There will be more information in the next issue and about the Township. Keep your eyes and ears open and prepare to have some fun!

We are looking for a summer student. If you are 17 or more years of age, returning to school in September, and good with children, send in your resume. It is for eight weeks in July and August. Students under 17 are welcome to do their Community Service hours. All students are expected to dress appropriately. As nice as your tummy piercing or tattoo may be, it needs to be covered up! Seriously, the dress is casual business. It is a fun way to spend your summer.

There are plenty of new books, kids' movies, and DVDs for you to enjoy. It is your library. You pay for it in your municipal and provincial taxes. Take advantage of what we have to offer. If it is not in our collection we can get it from Inter-library loan.

End

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# The Madawaska HIGHLANDER

"read cover to cover"

# Market day is fast approaching

The opening day of the market season for the Matawatchan Market is fast approaching with just over a month to June 16. The organizing group is still operating with no money since the application, for 'Local Initiatives' funds, has not yet been approved. It may be some time yet before we know if the funds will be available.

Market organizers and some vendors are also waiting on Mother Nature. Cool weather vegetables, like onions, lettuce, radishes, peas and beans have been planted but the soil temperature is still just over 50 degrees Fahrenheit. While there will be local produce, we may have to supplement with some produce that is less local. For example, if strawberries are available the organizing group will bring them to Matawatchan for resale. Money raised through such a sale will go to the bank account of the Market Association.

A number of committees have been struck to look after site planning for the Matawatchan Hall grounds; sign design and installation; planning menus for the food concession and developing a marketing plan. It will be a busy month.

However, foremost is the need to identify vendors and provide them with information. To this end, a meeting has been scheduled for Sunday May 27 at 2:00 p.m. at the Matawatchan Hall. Anyone who has even considered being a vendor, even on an occasional basis, should attend. If we know when you expect you might want to attend

a market day, it helps us plan our summer.

On most market days you can expect to be able to purchase the best organic coffee in the Township together with baked goods and a light lunch. Many of these lunches will be made with the produce that is being sold that day. A menu for the entire summer is now being developed.

After a few market days have already occurred, we plan a grand opening. The date in early July will ensure the availability of more fresh local produce and it will ensure that most of our seasonal residents have returned to their cottages. More on this later.

Our third market day on Saturday June 30 will be different from most market days since the annual Matawatchan Picnic, which has been occurring for over 120 years, is also happening that day at the Matawatchan Hall. Consequently, there will be no food concession that day, but there will be lunch served by the United Church Women and a hot dog and hamburger concession operated by the Lion's Club. Where the limited grounds allow, we will have some market activity.

In the next Highlander in late June we will report on how the market is doing. Until then, hope to see you at the Matawatchan Hall for Matawatchan Community Market days. Just to repeat—the market runs on each Saturdays from June 16 to October 13, between 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

# **Vendors Needed**

Thinking of being a vendor at the Matawatchan Community Market?

You are invited to an information meeting At the Matawatchan Hall Sunday May 27 at 2:00 p.m.

Everyone welcome to attend

# Looking back...



Legris Hotel in Calabogie- burned down in the 1960s

# **Carbon Costs for Canada**

By Richard Copeland

Our Federal Government has announced its approach to climate change. Our notorious history on the subject since being a signatory of the Kyoto Agreement has been years of Liberal neglect and more recently Conservative neglect flavoured with Liberal blame. According to the government in power it is not possible for Canada to achieve its Kyoto obligation to the planet.

Canada is among the dirtiest of the dirty. Our carbon dioxide emissions (2003) were 19.05 T (tonnes or 2205 lbs) per person. Aside from the aberrant level of 146.6 T in sparsely populated Gibraltar we are just 50kg behind Australia and a 100kg behind the USA. Most of Europe is well below half of our emissions and their rates are falling. Initial response to our government's program has not been complementary. Al Gore was criticized by Canada for being an interfering American as a result of his opinion, but many of us recognize that today's Gore is more of a Global citizen than only an American for the work he has put into getting the needed attention for this problem. To really round out the world position we can look at comments from the United Nations. They say our program is "costly and ineffective". The current Canadian government program is to achieve levels of emissions 20% below our 1990 levels by 2020. The absolute reduction, the only one that counts, is to be 20% below our current year. Given that Canadian emissions have risen since 1990 by 24% (or maybe 34% - we are not good with numbers) this new plan will show CO2 emissions growth over the Kyoto period—A major embarrassment.

George Monbiot in his book Heat: How to Stop the Planet from Burning, opens the Canadian edition with a very specific and hard hitting assessment of Canada's place in climate change. On our refusal to deal with our Kyoto Agreement, Monbiot says "...you could scarcely do more to destroy the planet."

Canada has pegged emissions production to unit output, meaning that as long as the pollution per unit produced is reduced, more units can be manufactured. This allows for absolute increases in emissions with production rise; a very frightening position for a nation of big box like branch plants. If a foreign parent plant wants to escape emissions limits at home they can manufacture here, after demonstrating a per unit CO2 reduction, since the sky is the limit for production in Canada. And as a country poised to grab at productivity improvements this would be great for our economy. For the rest of the world – maybe not so great.

The made in Canada solution allows companies to invest in Green projects in developing countries that produce 'certified' reductions in Greenhouse Gas (GHG) emissions. It is called the Clean Development Mechanism. We don't recognize the value of emissions trading in Kyoto, where those who exceed pollution targets can sell credits to those who fall short. Although the Kyoto arrangements are somewhat lacking in aggressiveness, adopting them here would at least give us an absolute improvement. The problems with much of trading of credits is that they become commodities and some very brilliant financial devices will emerge from their trading that will spread large profits around the financial world, but not to the emission reduction world where they are needed. Is a purchased carbon credit tax deductible? The cost of taking stuff

continued on next page

# The Local Yokel

**By April Cappel** 

These days the impact of Environmental Change is a hot topic on every level from Federal Government to your "Average Joe".

While the Federal Government seems to have found sudden motivation as of late to "jump all over things", your "Average Joe" has been all too aware of most of these issues, and their implications for at least the last ten to twenty years.

Evidence to this can be found in conversations all over the Valley, (especially this year), including statements like "I just pack away my snow boots and shovel, and here it is again! Two feet of snow! By-the-Jaysoos, when I find Mother Nature, is she gonna get a piece of my mind!"

What does this have to do with buying local? Plenty!

When asked, as Canadians, what is one of the most popular and uniquely Canadian products we produce? It is not hard to look up at our flag, and proudly boast, "Maple Syrup"!

We are blessed here in the County, to be one of the few regions in Ontario that produce this decadent nectar. While there are lots of small, non-commercial producers around the area, there are really only a select, small group of commercial producers, located from Renfrew to Killalloe.

It has been this quest of discovery to find out just where our larger producers are located, that has lead me to meet one of the most remarkable women I think I have ever come across!

After meeting Carole Anne Bonenberg of Mapleside Sugar Bush, not only did I leave with a bottle of the most incredible Maple/Mint Vinegar, (which blows any Balsamic Vinegar out of the water), but I also left feeling like I had just spent an hour with an inspiration!

Mapleside is located on Reiche Road, off of Hwy 41, between Pembroke and Eganville. While I was there, I toured the maple bush, enjoyed the fresh air and learned a few startling things.

It is getting harder every year for our Local producers to continue to produce. In the past three years, while this year was better than last, overall sap production has been reduced by about 60%.

# Carbon (cont.)

to the dump is, so why not the carbon emissions destined for the big dumpster in the sky? Once carbon emissions become tax deductible, as an operating expense, the carbon disposal cost is reduced in taxes payable.

Other similar schemes for transferring carbon pollution already exist. The European Emissions Trading Scheme gave CO2 emission permits to big companies to produce a quota amount. They could trade these permits as needed. The problem: the biggest polluters get the most credits (paid to pollute) and the credits were too liberal. Power firms in Britain made around 1Billion pounds (£) without any reduction in emissions. Another is the conscience mitigator – carbon offsets. For less than \$100 one can offset the carbon emissions for their Hummer by giving money to a company that will invest in a carbon reduction venture, like a wind farm or the planting of a forest. Al Gore, Tim Flannery and David Suzuki use this means, and it works if the investment goes into a reliable venture. The band Coldplay did this, investing in a Mango forest of size to absorb the CO2 created by their global travel. Unfortunately, with climate change, a drought hit and the trees died.

How do we motivate carbon reducing technologies and move money around with high effectiveness, putting the capital where it can do the most good for this massive problem at hand? And how do we do this fairly?

'Fairly' is a problem. The Third World countries and those now becoming global economic engines believe that western countries do not have the right to recklessly pollute the earth in the name of lifestyle, while those in growth mode must stand still. The problem looking at a level playing field is that we must look at the whole picture. This playing field is a sphere, our globe, the earth and each human being has a birthright to fair treatment in its management and an equal responsibility toward each other's well being within this environmental envelope. Such a fair treatment system was developed by Mayer Hillman and subsequently David Flemming. Companies and people would be allotted carbon accounts and they would be debited when purchasing either fuel or electricity. Each nation would have an allotment, and that would be based upon population, and the allotment per person would be equal to the total emissions target, divided by the global population.

Be careful here to understand that two figures dominate these discussions. Carbon and CO2 are usually referenced and converting carbon to CO2 by weight requires that you multiply the weight of carbon by 3.667. This simply adds on the weight of oxygen which latches onto the carbon atom to form the CO2

continued on page 26

Not only is the Environmental change resulting in a steady decrease in sap, but finding supplies locally for bottling, can be a challenge.

Most of Mapleside's larger whiskey style bottles are purchased from the Brewer's Edge in Pembroke, and for a few other supplies they travel to Scott and Son's in Renfrew to be able to pick up locally.

Despite the adversities, Carol Anne shared with me plans for the future, and showed me the new trees that had recently been planted and the new evaporator that this has helped them make an even better final product. She explained where they are planning to be by the year 2010 with regards to production, hopefully moving to a pipeline for collecting the sap.

She showed me the old fashioned "Maple Mustard" and new Corporate baskets she has been creating. I saw the beautiful little mini bottles she will prepare for weddings and banquets. (Truly magnificent idea I might add!)

She also showed me the menu from Frisco's in Eganville, who I am sure, did quite well with the "Maple Pecan Chicken" dish that made this vegetarian's mouth water just by its description, during their "Maple Fest", the last week of April. All the maple syrup used in their recipes came from Mapleside. Carol Anne told me she

and her husband were heading back there that weekend for "round two" of that menu! She acknowledged that they typically spent as much, if not more, than what they may have made for the syrup, but that it was very important to support the local businesses!

Up until this year, Mapleside has hosted 7 to 8 groups per season ranging in audience from the local schools, to the local Community Living program. All of whom go home with at least, a beautiful maple sucker!

This year has been different for Carol Anne. She has been fighting Breast Cancer since last fall. While she admits that the battle has made her appreciate knowing her physical limits, she has no intentions of doing anything less than winning the battle. I, for one, completely believe her! I have never met a person more inspiring both by example and in spirit! My hat truly does go off to her!

If you would like more info on Mapleside Sugar Bush, check out the web at <a href="https://www.mapleside.ca">www.mapleside.ca</a>. Or, contact them at <a href="mailto:info@mapleside.ca">info@mapleside.ca</a>.

If you would like more information on the Buy Local Campaign, or have any article suggestions for the "Local Yokel", please email me at buy\_local@nrtco.net.

End



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# Griffith/Matawatchan News

By Garry Ferguson

The Denbigh-Griffith Lions Club will be out swatting black flies and collecting loonies at their toll roads again on May 18, 2007. There will be a set-up on Highway 28 in front of the fire hall in Denbigh and one on the Matawatchan Road near the Rapids End store. Funds collected will go toward the 25 big ones (\$25,000) pledged to Hospice Renfrew.

The club promises to have a lot of "good stuff" for its Giant Yard Sale at the Lions Hall on July 07, 2007. They also promise a good time at The Tacky Tourist Party at the hall on July 14, 2007. There will be prizes for the tackiest dressed tourist, a DJ, a bar and a lunch – all the ingredients for a good outing. The fact that the "tacky" thing is specifically for tourists who have to dress down to win a prize raises a question. Are the powers that be afraid of competition from us locals who may not even have to dress down to win?

For those of you out there with the coloured daubers, rabbit feet and lucky charms, bingo will continue throughout the summer. The next two month's worth of dates are May 15 and 29, June 12 and 26.

For the last several years, the Northern Lights Seniors Club has made a twice – and even thrice – annual pilgrimage to soak up a little culture at the Village Playhouse in Bancroft. This summer, a three-year-old theatre group, Laugh Lines Theatre, has taken over the summer presentations from a very professional-like group, Theatrics, that provided the entertainment ever since the Lights have been attending. Members are looking forward to July and August productions by this new band of thespians. (see World Book Dictionary, Volume 2)

The Events Committee has a summer of monthly activities planned, including a tour of the Diefenbunker so if there's anyone out there who would like to get in on the fun and frivolity, contact Bruce or Jackie Jenks at 613 333-5542. Club entry qualifications are not stringent: a wanna-be member must have \$10, be on the up-side of 50 and still be breathing.

The good folk who volunteered to run the Matawatchan Hall's affairs are still working hard to provide us with a gathering place and have offered a fine line-up of social events over the year. Coming up soon are the annual Fish Fry on May 12, 2007, 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. and the Blackfly dance on May 19, 2007, 8:30 p.m. until 1:30 a.m. The annual Matawatchan Canada Day Picnic will be held again at the Hall on June 30, 2007, so mark your calendars now. Also, keep reading (at least look at the pictures) The Madawaska

Highlander for the inside information on the planned Matawatchan Market to be held weekly on hall premises.

Even though the season was limited this year, the Griffith-Matawatchan Sno-Dusters, the groomer operators, the volunteers and landowners teamed up to provide another year of pretty darn good sledding for local and not-so-local trail enthusiasts. Sno Country recognized the club's trails as having the best signage within the Association. The club board expressed an appreciation for all the above as well as the riders who kicked in for a permit, for without them, they realize that there would be no successful club.

As our readers are aware, the Fish and Game Club has been easily the most successful of any such organization in our area. The number of members attracted year after year, the funds raised and the projects completed have certainly surpassed anything accomplished by any other club or organization.

Such success did not come easily. It took a huge amount of time and effort from members of the board and from an army of volunteers. Unfortunately,

as in all our local endeavours, those who carry the bulk of the load get tired and so the club may find itself without a crew to man (or woman) the ship. There will be a general meeting on May 19, 2007, 10 a.m. in the Matawatchan Hall to determine the fate of the club. Unless a new executive can be created at this meeting, the Fish and Game Club will cease to exist.

We have only to look around us at the boat launches, the clean swimming areas and to remember all the social events/derbies centred around nature to realize that such an eventuality would be a shame.

# COMMUNITY YARD SALE

Once again a community yard sale is being planned For Saturday August 4th in downtown Matawatchan. Plannow to bring a table and set up. All are welcome. If you would like more information call 613-333-2798

# **Denbigh Checking In**

By Angela Bright

- \*The New Apostolic Church in Denbigh wishes to thank everyone who came out to enjoy the Pancake Breakfast and support the local food bank on April 21st. Possibly a record for attendance and donations...excellent news!
- \* Concession 23 played to a sold out crowd of just over one hundred people on Saturday April 28th at the Denbigh The Denbigh Recreation Committee would like to thank everyone for their support, with special thanks to Dianne and Paul Isaacs who organized the concert. Great job! Two door prizes (the band's newest CD) were drawn, with Betty Bass and Jean Kauffeldt as the winners. There was a raffle as well, the prize donated by Ruby Malcolm, and won by Lee Youmans. Keep watching for details about an upcoming event in May and festivities planned for Canada Day.
- \* Just as a reminder...Euchre nights will continue throughout the summer months. Every 2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Friday of the month, head to the Denbigh Hall for 7 p.m. to join in! Be sure to stay tuned for other events set for the summer

courtesy of Denbigh Recreation!

- \* Exciting things are happening at the Denbigh Library! The new hours will be Monday, Wednesday and Thursday 4 to 7 p.m. and Saturday 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. Also, Service Canada Outreach Services are available Monday 1 to 4 p.m.; Tuesday 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. and Saturday 8 a.m. to noon. Great news for the community!
- \* A total of 17 men sat down to a hearty breakfast on April 14th at the Vennachar Free Methodist Fellowship Hall. A special recitation was given by Lynn McLaren, who has an excellent memory and manner in public speaking. Thank you to everyone who attended; donated food and helped with the prep work.
- \* Eduard Klassen, a professional harpist, will be performing on May 24th, 7 p.m. at Vennachar Free Methodist Church. Everyone is welcome to come out and enjoy a wonderful evening of music! A free will offering will be taken and CDs will be available.
- \* The buds are budding, the sprouts are sprouting. Each day the outdoors looks a bit greener!

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# **Tall Tales**

# **Mufferawgraphy**

By Bernie Bedore

Editor's note: Bernie Bedore has written three books of tales about Joe Mufferaw. The tales are related by four characters who do the spinning. They are Jimmy and Barney and Joe Beef and Joe Gwan. This is one of those tales, which is published with the permission of Mr. Bedore.

I remember one evening I sat at a table in a small room just off the "settin' room" doing geography. I was making a relief map of the Laurentian Mountains, using flour and water paste.

Old Jimmy strolled in and leaned over my shoulder. "What mountains are those son?"

"Laurentians, Jimmy," I answered, engrossed in my project.

"Thought they were. Did you ever hear how they came to be?" he asked.

I looked up at Jimmy. He had that Mufferaw twinkle in his eye so I sat back and smiled. "No Jimmy. But God must have put them there I guess."

"Well now he did, but he did it through Joe Mufferaw when Joe was in his prime. They called it Mufferawgraphy."

Jimmy sat down on one of the old captain's chairs to tell his story.

"I mind they used to tell about how Joe was working down in New Brunswick one year when Black Dugal Fraser got in touch with him to come back to the Ottawa Valley and help him take out a cut of logs.

Joe liked it up in the Valley better than down east so he and his white moose, Broadaxe, just hightailed it for home.

It turned out that Joe was to float his cut of logs down the Ottawa so Black Dugal could count them at the Snow Rapids above Bonnechere Point.

Well sir, Joe wasn't one to do more work than he had to and he didn't intend to skid the logs. He felled the trees with one swipe of his double bitted axe just like a tailcutter snicking off brush.

Then he skinned the branches off and picked those logs up like fishing poles. He threw them like the Greek lads used to throw a javelin and they landed near the present city of North Bay. They knocked a deep hole in the ground and it filled up with water and spilled over

to run down into Georgian Bay on the west and into the Ottawa River on the east. Somebody came along a few years later and named the big water hole Lake Nipissing and the streams they named the French and Mattawa Rivers.

Pretty soon Joe had enough logs and he started them down the new river toward the Ottawa.

Everything went fine until the logs jammed at Des Joachim.

This made Joe mad because he had wanted to throw the logs in three stages to the Snow Boom in the first place.

He took Broadaxe down to the log jam, and bent the moose's antlers to form a ploughshare. Then he took Broadaxe by the heels and ploughed that old river bed clear through to Montreal. The furrow was thrown up on the Ontario side

Then Joe Mufferaw kicked out that log jam at Des Joachim and the logs floated safely to Arnprior.

Joe walked down the south shore absent mindedly kicking at the furrow, and the dirt and rocks were piling up on the Quebec side. Joe didn't even notice that the rocks and soil he was kicking landed in the form of a regular mountain range.

A lot of people used to call them Mufferaw's Mountains but now everybody calls them the Laurentians.

Everv now and then Joe would shake the dirt off his boots and that dirt fell in the river to form rapids and falls at different points like Des Joachim, The Calumet, Portage du Fort, The Chats and others. Broadaxe shook his antlers near Pembroke to clean them and the chunks of dirt flew into Allumette Lake to form the many small islands there.

Yes sir son. Joe Mufferaw and Broadaxe made a good job of prettying up the old Ottawa River. Those are mighty fine mountains they gave us."

Barney had come in while Jimmy was giving me my lesson in Mufferawgraphy. Now he said his piece. "I mind they used to tell how Saskatchewan got to be so flat and have such straight boundary lines.

It always was fairly level but one Sunday Joe Mufferaw and Broadaxe took a stroll out west from their camp near Kenora.

Joe had picked up some boulders and while he walked he juggled them in the air. He thought to himself "This place would make a good bowling alley."

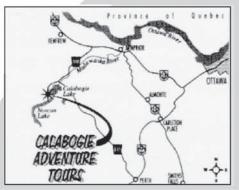
"Joe took his peevey and drew a line toward the north. Then he walked west and drew a line south. "He got Broadaxe,

continued on next page



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Page 10

# Tall Tales (Cont.)

his white moose, to lie down and role back and forth between those lines to make the land flat. While Broadaxe did this Joe ran to British Columbia for an arm full of fir trees. "Pretty soon the land was flat as a pancake and Joe set up fir trees for pins.

He taught Broadaxe how to set up pins and he bowled all that day. He went there many Sundays to while away a few pleasant hours.

When Confederation came in and the Prime Minister was passing through the west, he stopped his horse and buggy and said "Now that's the two straightest lines I've ever seen. We're going to call all the flat land between them Saskatchewan.

Yes sir," said Barnev. "Old Joe Mufferaw deserves a lot of credit."

"I heard Jimmy tell you how Joe Mufferaw made Lake Nipissing," continued Barney, "But he forgot to tell you that Joe stopped there to have a swim and clean up. He ran to take a dive in the Lake and stubbed his toes so hard he dug another lake there.

Joe swore so loud he offended a very religious settler and to make amends he promised to stock the lake with trout.

Joe Mufferaw always kept his promise and he did this time too. That's why they call that lake Trout Lake." End

# Heave Hi Heave Hi Ho

**By Stompin Tom Connors** 

Heave Hi Heave Hi Ho-the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa all the way from Ottawa in just one day-hey hey-

All the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw was big Joe Mufferaw the old folks sayeeeh Come listen and I'll tell ya what the old folks say...

Yeah they say big Joe had an old pet frog, bigger than a horse and he

barked like a dog-And the only thing quicker than a train upon a track was big joe ridin on the

bullfrog's back-Heave Hi Heave Hi Ho-the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joeeeeh... Mufferaw Joe

Yeah they said big Joe used to get real wet from cuttin down timber and workin up a sweat

And everyone'll tell ya around Carleton Place the Mississippi dripped off of big Joe's face.

Hey Hi heave Hi ho ....the best...
Now Joe had to portage from the
Gatineau down to see a little girl he
had in Kempville town
He was back and forth so many
times to see that gal the path he wore
became the Rideau canal

Ho Heave Hi Heave Hi Ho-the best man in Ottawa...

Heave Hi Heave Hi Ho-the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa all the way from Ottawa in just one day-hey hey-

All the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw was big Joe Mufferaw the old folks sayeeehBig Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa all the way from Ottawa in just one day, hey hey etc. Yeah they say big Joe put out a forest fire halfway between Renfrew and old Arnprior

He was 50 Miles away down around

Smith Falls when he drowned out the fire with 5 spit balls.

Hey hi Heave Hi Ho-the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe...

Well he jumped in the Calabogie L. real fast & he swam both ways to catch a cross-eyed bass.

But he threw it on the ground & said "I can't eat that," So he covered it over with Mount St.Pat

Hey Hi Heave hi ho-

Yeah they say Big Joe drank a bucket of gin and he beat the livin tar out of 29 men-

And High on the ceilin of a Pembroke Club there's 29 boot marks and they're signed"with love". Hey've Hi He hi ho...

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# **Community Calendar**

# CHURCH SERVICE SCHEDULE

# GRIFFITH AND MATAWATCHAN

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

# Our Lady of Holy Rosary Catholic

Griffith: Sat. Mass 7:30 p.m. Sunday Mass 11:00 a.m.

### Hilltop Tabernacle

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

# DENBIGH AND VENNACHAR

# **Vennachar Free Methodist Church**

Sunday School 10:00 a.m.
Sunday Worship 11:00 a.m.
Tuesdays:
Ladies Bible Study (Bi-Weekly) 1pm
Bible Study (weekly) 7pm
Bible Study (Bi-Weekly) Plevna----7pm
WMI - Monday (monthly)
Third Sunday of every month
New Beginnings, Clar-Mill Hall,
Plevna-----6:30pm
Pioneer Club Thursday in Plevna
(weekly) 6pm

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

Sunday Worship 10:00 a.m. Sunday School 10:00 a.m.

# St. Paul's Lutheran Church

Sunday School 9:00 a.m. Sunday Worship 9:30 a.m. The New Apostolic Church

Sunday School 9:00 a.m. Sunday Worship 10:30 a.m. Wednesdays 8:00 p.m.

# **CALABOGIE**

# The Calabogie Bible Fellowship Congregational Church

The Mill Street Chapel at 538 Mill St., Regular service – Sundays 10:30 a.m. Bible study: Wed. at 7:00 p.m.

# **Most Precious Blood Catholic Church**

504 Mill St., Rev. Father Pat Blake Sundays 10:30 a.m.

### St. Patrick's Catholic Church

Mount St. Patrick Sundays at 9:00 a.m.

# Calabogie St. Andrews United Church

1044 Madawaska Dr.
(on the waterfront)
Church Services Sunday Mornings at 8:45 a.m. Communion
1st Sunday of every month.
Bible study every Wednesday evening 7:15 – 9:00

# **COMMUNITY EVENTS**

## Burnstown

Affair of the Arts - May 26 & 27 in Burnstown

# Calabogie

# Calabogie Arts and Crafts Assoc.,

Every 2<sup>nd</sup> Monday (if holiday, then 3<sup>rd</sup> Monday), 10:00am – 1:00 pm, Community Hall, prospective members welcome (\$12 per year), 752-0072

### Lion's Club Bingo

every Wed., 7:15 pm, Calabogie Community Centre, 752-0234 Calabogie Seniors: Pot luck dinner and meeting – the last Thursday of each month – Community Hall begins at 4:00 p.m. – All seniors 55+ are welcome

### The Calabogie and Area Ministerial Food Bank

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

### **Roast Beef Dinner**

St. Andrew's United Church Fri. May 18, 4 – 6:30, Take-out available Adults \$12, 6 to 12 yr. \$5, 5 and under

Yard Sale (new and used items), Fundraiser at St. Andrew's United Church Sat. May 26, 8 am to 5 pm

### **Renfrew County Seniors' Games**

in Eganville, June 5, 6 and 7, For info/registrations call John Watts at 613-752-2598 or Ronnie Brown at 613-752-0247

## Calabogie Womens' Institute

meets the second Thursday of each month, 7:30 pm;

Contact Marjorie Watts at 613-752-2598 for info; new members welcome

# **Barnet Cottage Party**

June 02, 2007, Barnet Park (Calabogie) Saturday June 02, 2007 1 p.m. until 9 p.m

# Griffith & Matawatchan

# Black Fly Dance: Matawatchan Hall May 19 - - 8:30 p.m.

Professional DJ LCBO 19 years and over

## Lion's Club Bingo

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

# "Northern Lights" Seniors

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

### **Community Bus Service**

Phone Kay Kelly for information and reservations at 333-2731 by Tuesday evening. Bus travels every other Thursday for shopping. The bus fee is \$10.00.

### Fellowship Luncheon

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

# **Matawatchan Communty Market** - Sat. June 16 and 23 - 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. At the

Matawatchan Community Hall.

# **Denbigh**

## **Diners Club**

Dinners are held the first Monday of the month at the Denbigh Community Hall at 12 noon. Full Course Meal \$5.00. Contact Lynn McNicolle at 333-5586 for information.

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

### **HEALTH CARE**

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# THE SHANTY COOK

By Garry Ferguson

I'd heard the complaints. Not until that night before matters finally got out of hand however, did I get an inkling of just how ugly the mood among the lumberjacks at the Bear Creek logging camp had turned. The grumbling was always about one thing – Ned Towns the old cook.

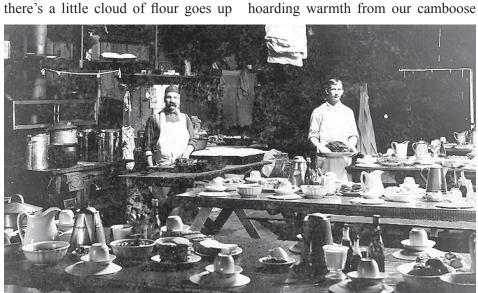
I sidled toward Tom MacEwen, our foreman, as he rested on his bunk after supper. "I don't think nobody else's noticin', eh, but Cook's got his dirty ole arse plunked down on the flour bag agin," I whispered.

"Hmm, so he has." Tom's even tone warned me that he wasn't about to get excited over my observation.

"Strikes me as odd though, young Willie," he confided as he yawned and rubbed his wind burned face. "Y're the first I heard bitch about it all day, yet some're riled enough t'throw down their axes and head 'er out fur home."

Most of the men had gathered at the rear of our one room shanty and, in the light of a smoking lantern, were listening to Jimmy MacLellan sing "The Jam On Gerry's Rock." I moved closer to Tom, depending on the singing to keep anyone from hearing my complaint.

"Watch'm." I rolled my eyes toward Ned who sat like a contented turkey on a nest. "You'll see for yourself what makes me wanna stick my finger down my gullet and honk up the bread I jist et. He keeps liftin' one leg, eh. Now it might be all in my head, but I swear there's a little cloud of flour goes up



b'hint him every time he does it."

"Well, I sure as hell, kin understand how you feel, lad." Tom clasped his hands behind his head and spoke with enough sympathy in his voice to make me feel guilty for badgering him. "A young buck like yourself ain't developed a cast iron gut yet. Wunst he fries up the fire against the cold he'd face tomorrow. He stretched hard enough to make me suspect he'd added a few inches to his five and a half-foot frame.

dough it don't much matter anyway.

But I gotta figger out sumpin' without

sendin' the sawed-off little bounder

into a rage. Got such a turble temper.

Probly fly right off the handle and take

Tom seemed to bask in the reek of wet

wool socks and wood smoke while

'er in his head to up and leave."

"Far as I'm concerned," he continued, "Ned couldn't parboil shit for a tramp, but a bad cook's a helluva lot better'n no cook at all. I've let it be known that

the man who flags him about sittin' on the flour bag is sure to be the same stupid bastard what's cooking the next meal. You'd do well to do some figgerin' on that."

I glanced in Ned's direction and noticed that he was staring, through his pipe smoke, in my direction. My heart leaped from walk to gallop but I tried to appear casual. His hat brim, sagging from age and the heat of too many cooking fires, cast a shadow over his eyes. In the dim light, it was difficult to determine if Ned's stare was really focused on me. The weight of his drooping white moustache seemed to stretch wrinkled skin from his eyes to the corners of his mouth so I prayed that the scowl was a result of gravity, not displeasure.

He stood and tapped his clay pipe on the edge of the table.

I resumed normal breathing.

Ned stretched his braces and squinted down the front of his oversized trousers. I couldn't decide whether my older shantymates were pulling my leg or if Ned, in truth, did this to check his moggin laces. He turned away to some chore.

I looked back toward Tom. He was asleep.

continued on page 21





# **Organic Food for Thought**

**By Floris Wood** 

Basically the exposed surface of the earth is covered with water, rocks or some kind of soil. Even the rocks provide nutrition for animals like us because they erode and the minerals are washed away by water and wind, and end up in the soil. Vegetation grows in that soil. We eat some of that vegetation and what we do not eat eventually dies, rots and returns to the soil. The characteristics of the soil vary a great deal depending upon what minerals are available, what seeds landed there, grew, died and rotted; and the weather.

The bottom of the food chain starts with that vegetation. The vegetation might die and rot, or be eaten by a vegetarian animal. If eaten the nutrition returns to the soil in the vegetarian animal's feces, after the vegetarian uses some of the nutrition for energy. Should that vegetarian be as unfortunate as to be eaten by some meat eater, the nutrition might return to the soil in the meat eater's feces, its rotting corpse or be burned off as energy. However many iterations of feedings it takes, the nutrition becomes either energy or food for more growing plants. The only loss of nutrition is to energy, which is fairly minuscule.

Humans like systems and the system that deals with the relationship between living organisms and the environment we call ecology. Every patch of earth, even the most wretched, weed choked, junk filled vacant lot in an inner city has something, ecologically, going on in it. Seeds land there and try to grow. The seed's success or failure depends upon the soil conditions, weather and competition from other plants. Eventually some plant or plants will succeed. But that success might be momentary if another seed arrives that is even more compatible with the conditions of soil, weather and so on. A species of plant, in the absence of competition, left long enough in a patch of earth not particularly suitable for its growth, will evolve to become more compatible. We have seen plants that grow in rock cliff crevices, submerged in water, under snow, high in trees, and so on. They grow there because they

The first primitive human farmers merely took plants they liked to eat, or their seeds, and planted them in a place they could remember and came back to harvest the plant when it matured. Later they took many of these plants, put them in a patch, came by once in a while to see how they were doing and harvested them when the plant, or its fruit, was ready. Noticing that some plants or some patches of plants did better than others they tried to figure out why. They experimented on a hunch that this patch did better then that one

because it got more sun (or had less competition from other plants, or was on better soil). They planted future crops accordingly, and tended to them accordingly. Farming and the academic field of agriculture were born. We have been experimenting ever since.

Since those early days of agriculture we have come to a point where we can plant seeds that are genetically designed to grow a nearly perfect agricultural product that looks beautiful, can travel well to distant markets and resists diseases. Since we know exactly what nutrients these plants need we can fertilize them

continued on next page



Local Griffith boy, Justin Lacourse (featured on promotion display) advertisingfor the Ottawa Senators in front of Scotia Bank Place. Photo appeared in the Ottawa Citizen's sports section.

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Stories suggest that the Scottish poet Robbie Burns was the inspiration for the name.

### **EVENTS**

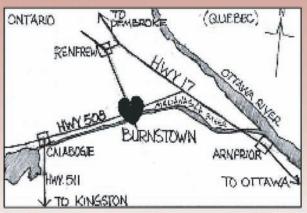
Since 1973 resident artist / clay-relief sculptor Richard Gill has hosted an Annual Fall Show & Sale of new work at his Fog Run Studio now joined by Bittersweet Gallery. This event begins the first week of October over 10 days.

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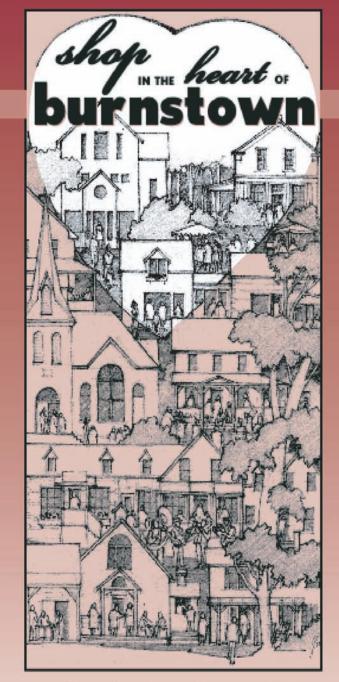
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# **Organic food (cont)**

with chemicals that contain the right measure of these nutrients and spray them with insecticides and weed killers to eliminate natural competition. Since these fertilizers work so well we plant and harvest more plants per acre than if the fertilizers were not used. This very scientific method of intensive farming is used on most farms in Canada.

There are some problems with this method of farming. First, the chemicals used in pesticides and herbicides are poisonous. These poisons get into the soil, streams, lakes and oceans. Some stay on the fruits and vegetables that reach the market and get into our bodies. The fertilizers also contain, besides nutrients, chemical binders, chemical stabilizers and chemical

catalysts, many of which, over time, are deleterious to the environment and human health. Where I live in Ohio there are days when residents get warnings not to drink the water from the treatment plant until the corn and soy bean planting season is over on the farms of the Maumee River watershed. The treatment plant cannot keep up with the volume of runoff farm

chemicals in the Maumee River, from where we pump water.

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Second, as time passes and organic materials are removed from the soil through leaching and absorption into plants, and not replaced, the soil becomes weaker, less fertile and full of poisons. Future crops will require

continued on page 27

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# PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE: SENIORS' HOME SUPPORT

By Judy Ewart, Coordinator of Volunteer Services

**Authors note**: This article is made possible thanks to an Ontario Trillium Foundation funded project.

Cars have become an essential part of our lives and many of us could not imagine life without a vehicle. We use cars to take us everywhere and for many they allow us the freedom to live where we want and go where we want. But what happens when you no longer have a vehicle or you can no longer drive. You still need to get places and you may be fortunate to live where there are taxis and/or buses but what if you do not have that luxury? For some the difficult decision to move into town or a larger centre is made so that they can be closer to services they need but for others, with a little assistance can stay in their rural homes and still get where they need to go. Sometimes family and friends can help but when they are not available, Seniors' Home Supports are there to lend a helping hand through their transportation program and volunteer drivers.

If you are a senior (over 60 years old) or an adult with a physical disability and are able to get in and out of a vehicle with minimal assistance, accessing the transportation service is as simple as making a phone call to the office. The first time you call in for the service, you will be asked a few questions about yourself (name, address, phone number and an emergency contact number), your situation and the details of where

you need to go (date and time of your appointment and expected length) so that the Home Support can ensure that they have the resources needed to assist you. You will also be asked if you have any special needs (require a wheelchair to get to and from medical building, vision difficulties, require accompaniment) that may require added assistance. Once we have all the needed information, the dispatcher will find you a driver and then let you know who the driver is. The day before your appointment, the volunteer driver will contact you to confirm your arrangements and set a time for pickup. On the designated day the driver will pick you up at your home and take you to your appointment and stay with you as needed, even if the appointment is delayed or you have to go for further tests. Once everything is completed, the driver brings you back to your home, where you pay for the trip (client fees help to cover the mileage costs involved) and the driver issues you a receipt. The receipt is not a charitable donation receipt, but can be used as a medical expense for your income tax.

Our volunteer drivers are pleased to assist you and all have gone through the screening process to become volunteers: application, interview, reference checks and an OPP check.

For more information about using the Home Support transportation service or becoming a volunteer driver, please contact the Renfrew & Area Seniors Home Support at 613-432-7691 or the Calabogie and Area Home Support at 613-752-2828.







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# Organic Gardening: From A to Z time-saving tips, tricks, and shortcuts for gardeners Honeybees and Hay Fever

# Apple Maggots on the Run

Here is a brew that will trap one of the worst enemies of your apple crop: the apple maggot. Mix one part molasses with nine parts water, then add yeast to produce fermentation. Pour this mixture into wide mouth jars and hang in nearby trees.

# **Banana Peels**

Chop banana peels and add into soil when you transplant tomatoes and green peppers. This will ensure very strong trunks and stems. Banana peels contain 3.25% phosphorus and 41.76% potash. They're also an excellent fertilizer for roses, but use sparingly; two or three peels per bush at a time is about right.

### Carrots

Carrots like to grow in loose, sandy soil and if you have clay soil you will find carrots very challenging. In Midwest Gardening, Denny McKeown offers an excellent solution: "Simply dig a trench 12" deep and the width of your shovel. Mix sand and peat humus with some of the existing soil (about 50/50), and backfill the trench. Then plant your carrot seeds."

# **Daddy Longlegs**

Most active at night, daddy longlegs (also known as harvestman), prey on aphids, mites, leafhoppers, and other garden insects.

# **Eggshells**

Not only do they add lime, nitrogen, and phosphorus to the soil, eggshells also help to foil cutworms when crushed and sprinkled around seedlings.

# Fireflies

In the larval stage the firefly can be considered of material benefit to man. The growing juveniles eat animals that feed on the leaves. Their favorite foods are the small snails they share living quarters with in decaying wood and soil.

# **Gophers Gone**

If you have a problem with gophers digging in your lawn try this: put two or three bulbs of garlic, several chili peppers, and some water in your blender and blend well. Pour this down some of the gopher holes and rinse with a strong stream of water from the hose.

There's a theory that hay fever sufferers who eat honey produced within a few miles of their homes will find that it alleviates their misery. The pollen of the flowers and weeds, which the honeybee makes into honeycomb, is believed to provide a natural antitoxin.

# **Insects Can't Slip By**

Some insects that damage fruit trees crawl from the soil to the branches to lay their eggs. They can be stopped by wrapping the trunk with six to eight inches of tape or grease-resistant paper and applying Vaseline or other grease to the tape. Don't put Vaseline directly on the tree-it may cause damage.

# Japanese Black Pine

This beautiful pine grows somewhat irregularly. It is an excellent choice if you have a garden near a windy seashore because it is resistant to both wind and salt spray. I have also found it to be a good choice for dry, windy Oklahoma.

# Kiwi Fruit

Unless pruned quite heavily, kiwi will become a tangled mass. Prune after

the leaves drop. Removing the weaker canes will encourage the stronger ones to be more productive.

# Leaf Mold

Shred leaves and mix with grass clippings to make a good mulch. It will decompose rapidly and give mulched plants the benefits of their many nutrients.

### Mice

Mice sometimes completely girdle young fruit trees. Painting with standard tree wound paints is helpful. Or you might try covering the wounds with white corn syrup and then wrapping with aluminum foil.

# **Newspaper Mulch**

To make newspaper mulch for vegetables: place several layers between plant rows, and keep them wet so they won't blow around. Also weigh them down with a few clods of earth. Weeds won't sprout underneath, and when the papers decompose, they enrich the soil.

### **Owls**

The tiny screech owl--more often heard than seen-patrols moonlit yards for insects and mice. Lizards, salamanders, and worms may also scooped up during

continued on page 22

# Where's the Shovel?

By Louise Szabo

All right, so there were a lot of black flies. What did we expect during the long weekend in May? Who cared? Ecstatic, excited, enthused; we were setting up our trailer on our new property on Black Donald Lake and decided to ignore the bugs. Yeah right!

What the heck were we thinking camping during blackfly season? When forced outside we swatted ourselves like maniacs to keep them away from us. Every time we opened the trailer door to rush back inside, a cloud of the pests invited themselves in. Then they learned how to sneak in hidden in the fur of our Labrador dog. What about when nature called? We were literally going insane. Our paradise had turned into hell. Twenty-four hours was all we could take and we quickly made our escape and got out of there. Fast.

Being young, tough and a little nuts, we returned the next weekend. Equipped. We had our mosquito nets, our insect repellent and our bug spray. Death to the blackflies. We spent some time outdoors and when blackfly stress became unbearable we scooted back into the trailer. With my sister and her husband, who were tenting on their property next door, our seven year old daughter Sandy, Charlie and I, and the huge Lab, believe me, there was not much room to move around in a thirteen foot trailer. In our haste to get indoors we invariably tripped over the dog who covered the entire floor space we had.

Unfortunately, when nature called we had to go outdoors. With no outhouse, the call of nature was, well, in nature. I sure envied the men! But, alas, sometimes, they also had to take the shovel and head up the hill.

During our indoor time we wrote our 'to do' list. This included, build a fire pit, build an outhouse, build a dock and clear the land. Following much deliberation we decided that the dock had priority over the outhouse. After all, we had the shovel.

On weekends the sound of saws and hammering could be heard all around the bay as our neighbours were busy with their own projects. At night, depending on the type of day we had, not to mention how much beer or wine had been consumed, the croaking of a million frogs on the upper-pond either lulled us to sleep or kept us wide-

Our next door neighbour John had his own priorities. He built an outhouse. When he finished we helped him put it into place and applauded his marvelous work. It was a real beauty, made from very expensive marine plywood. I was envious

I was more than envious. I was jealous. I thought of it every time I headed up the hill with the shovel. Being escorted by the dog was mandatory. Dog's idea! Nothing like squatting and finding yourself nose to nose with the dog. It was bad enough that I had to perform a balancing act holding tissue paper with one hand and swatting blackflies

with the other, the dog thought that being in this position meant play time. Keeping my pose with dignity was at times, shall I say, risky. I sure envied that outhouse

One Friday evening, shortly after John arrived at his property, we heard, coming from his place, strange noises of a human in great emotional anguish. Yells, grunts, words not fit to print. Boy was John angry! But who could blame him? A porcupine had eaten a huge hole out of the bottom part of his brand new, beautiful, still sweet smelling outhouse. We truly sympathized with him. Of course the outhouse was still usable, but how do you keep the blackflies out when you have such a big hole in the

That night, it must have been three in the morning, an explosion made me leap so high out of bed that I practically hit my head on the ceiling of the trailer. What the heck was that? My heart was just settling down when another blast jerked me up from the bed again. "Johns shooting!" explained Charlie. Then whoops and cheers came from next door as we heard John's excited yell, "Hooray, I got the bastard." Not only did everyone for miles wake up but so did all those frogs. Thanks a lot John.

The next morning we curiously went over to John's place to investigate the damage. What a mess! The porcupine, having had his fill of outhouse marine plywood, had gone for dessert.

Loud chewing under his cottage had awakened John. This escalation of hostilities meant war! John got out the old Lee-Enfield 303 and loaded it with soft-nosed deer cartridges. Then he stuck a flashlight under the barrel for aiming in the dark. Sneaking out of his cottage John found the porcupine happily munching on building material he had stored under the cottage. Boom! Boom! One porcupine was history. Embedded in the cross-bracing under the cottage only the quills remained. No wonder! Using a 303 to kill a porcupine was like using a sledgehammer on a mosquito.

I'm happy to say that the next week Charlie started construction on our own outhouse. Built out of chipboard and painted with a coat of creosote, no porcupine would ever dare snack on our outhouse.

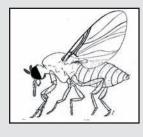
Our outdoor facility has come and gone and our cottage is now equipped with running water and indoor plumbing. But every now and then, when I get desperate and Charlie is using the facilities, he still yells out at me, "You know where the shovel is!"

End

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# WOOD, WOODSMEN & WOODSY THINGS

By Ernie Jukes

Since men of our valley went to the rigorous camboose shanty camps to cut and skid logs to the river and in the spring ran the torturous Madawaska log drives down to the Ottawa mills - we have been close to wood. Our forests produced great legends like Joe Monferrand 1802-1864 a real life hero of the logging camps whose hob nail boot imprints could be seen on 8 foot ceilings of taverns along the upper Ottawa. There was also Pete (or Joe) Muffraw and his mythical pet White Moose a very long time before Bunyan and blue ox Babe were created. Today some men still derive a living from trees, while there are considerably less hardwood stands in Ontario, there remains a reasonable market for lumber and firewood. On the other hand some of our larger softwood forests across this huge nation are increasing to the point that Canada has replaced Brazil as the major renewable provider of oxygen to the planet. But let's talk about more simple logging and woodcutting in our neck of the woods.

Aside from hard work and lots of sweat, our history of woodcutting has a romantic flavour for the folk that call themselves woodsmen. The old Crosscut saws, Swede saws and Bucksaws have been replaced by the fast more efficient portable gas chain

saw to bring the trees down. Splitting too has been advanced by automatic wood splitters and better mauls. Old names for wood holders like the sawbuck, sawhorse or saw jack, as well as the peavey and cant- hook still remain fairly common terms with the older resident and cottage woodcutters as they gather their autumn and winter fuel. The work becomes enjoyable among red leaves, a nip of frost and the superb aromas of the woods. There is nothing quite like the smells and sounds of fresh wood being cut and gathered and piled in a dry but airy woodshed.

When you hear what seems to be the ring of an axe from the woods but find no one there, you may, if you are quiet enough, come across a pileated woodpecker. Each bang of its large beak removes a large chunk of wood. These large woodpeckers were perhaps the first wood cutters. A dashing bird to be sure and the largest woodpecker in North America. Pileated is derived from Latin "pileus" a conical hat or cap. It's a memorable occasion to spy a pair and you must be in the forest to see them for they require mature growth with big dead trees. A protected species they happily are making a comeback. Usually wary, furtive --- singularly unapproachable. They are difficult to observe in spite of their size of 17" to 18" high, with a large wing span. An unusual and breathtaking bird.

In winter however they can be unbelievably tame - perhaps too busy surviving to be bothered by man or beast. As if to announce the spring you can hear them hammering their long beaks into hollow dead trees searching for ants and grubs. You can also hear their loud resonant flicker-like calls ring through the woods at breeding time. Both sexes bang out a nesting cavity- often in an old beech sheltered by a dense canopy of forest. It's bright red crest, white scarf on a jet black body has inspired artists, and writers. One such Canadian poet- Robert Service, wrote this ode to the bird he called -The COCK OF THE WOODS.

Oh cock of the woods you're a likable

A gentleman of the tall timber With your tux and white shirt Your bright scarlet cap And snake neck so lithe and so limb

And snake neck so lithe and so limber So won't you come down from that great hemlock tree

And talk to a shabby old woodsman like me

Whose clothes are all faded, whose age is past mellow

Come down while I rest here you elegant fellow

That's better, you birch tree is farther from heaven

We can talk much more intimate now Of things we've in common -like deep forest livin And contempt of broad fields and the plough

You're wild tattoo, you're rat tat a tat Effects me like royal champagne Don't hesitate my well dressed friend To drill that dead birch tree again. Some lads say you're a noisy clown But with them I don't agree Whatever they may wish to call you chum

You're the cock 'o the woods to me

Yes Cock 'O the woods you're a handsome big jigger

But I'll be as well dressed by and bye In that far away land where I'll go, so I figger

Fore many more moons cross the sky And I hope when I get there the first thing I see

Perched high in a heavenly hemlock tree

A wackin his brains out for insect foods

Will be you, my old friend ... The Cock 'O the Woods.

In our valley we are still noted for fine hardwoods and pinery and the fact that our woodsmen are among the best workers in logs and lumber anywhere. Forest products play a major role in the economy here as it does across our great country. Ontario wood of every species is used around the world for construction, plywood, paper and furniture and of course nothing burns better in the old Findlay than maple,

continued on page 23

# Shower outdoors and save money!

By Lynn Jones

Audrey and Richard Copeland escaped from the rat-race in Southern Ontario a few years back and built themselves a beautiful home in the Madawaska Highlands, near Matawatchan. The prohibitive cost of bringing hydro to their property tipped the economics in favour of off-grid generation of household electricity from renewables and they have done an inspiring job of it.

Their 2,000 square foot home is powered by four 400-watt wind turbines and 3 five-panel solar arrays. A backup gas generator is used very infrequently. They use energy-efficient lighting (mostly compact fluorescent bulbs), and an energy-efficient refrigerator and washing machine. They don't use a dishwasher and only infrequently use a gas-fired clothes dryer because both use energy at high rates, and acceptable methods that don't require electricity are readily available!

The Copelands heat their home with wood and use a wood cookstove and a propane cooktop for cooking. Their hot water is heated by a combination of a roof-mounted solar pre-heater and the woodstove.

Richard has a background in the solar thermal and electrical technology, and has really enjoyed designing his system. He believes that solar technology is underutilized at present. In particular, it would make a great deal of sense for solar applications for water heating to be more widely employed in cases where people are currently heating their domestic hot water with electricity. Heating anything with electricity is an extremely inefficient and wasteful process.

Off-grid living is not for everyone, partly because of the expense and complexity involved. But one of Richard's inventions is something we could all have fun experimenting with while saving energy and money into the bargain. It requires only a small investment in materials, some time, some recycled parts and some basic handyman (or handywoman) skills. This great invention is a three-season, outdoor solar shower that is enjoyed by family and visitors alike. Here it is described in Richard's words:

"The design is simple, as passive solar heating should be. A tank, lying on its side, holds water above the shower stall in an insulated enclosure made out of local cedar. Reflecting material covers the insulation and transparent glazing covers the box that is angled around 45 degrees and facing south. The solar box is supported by posts and the enclosure is made to provide total privacy.

"The tank, an antique 30-gallon expansion tank, was supplied by the

best reuse center in Matawatchan - the dump. We cleaned up the outside and painted it with a flat black heat-resistant paint. Then we found a piece of acrylic the right size to cover the solar panel and an old sprinkler head. With purchased pipes and fittings and valves, the shower was plumbed to allow filling of the tank with a garden hose from below.

"The shower will provide 4-6 showers per day (except when used by teenaged girls with long hair). Sometimes it can be cool (no sun) but most of the time it is right on. We do run into too

simply add more cold in this case. It is used in late April through Thanksgiving, when the hardier among us will bear the cold air and enjoy a hot shower.

"We love it! Visitors line up to use it, and there is exhilaration in looking at mountains and sky, or talking with your friends while enjoying a refreshing shower in the great outdoors. There is appreciation for what nature can supply readily from the environment, without the costly addition of nonrenewable energy. There is further satisfaction in finding materials that can be re-used instead of dumped."

hot conditions frequently but you can Aguided tour of the Copeland's off-grid home will be the featured attraction and location of the Ottawa River Institute's fifth annual general meeting of members on Saturday June 2nd. Everyone is welcome! For more information, please call the Copelands at 613-333-1551.

> Watershed Ways is distributed by the Ottawa River Institute (www. ottawariverinstitute.ca), a non-profit charitable organization supported by volunteers, local donors and a grant from the Ontario Trillium call Foundation. *613-333-5534*.

> > End



# **Student Summer Employment Opportunities**

# **TOURISM AMBASSADOR/OFFICE CLERK (1)**

June 25<sup>th</sup> through September 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2007. 35 hrs per week @ \$10.01 hr. 15 – 24 YRS OF AGE **MUST BE RETURNING TO SCHOOL FULL TIME SEPTEMBER 2007** 

Cover letters and resumes to be received no later than June 8, 2007 to:

Township of Greater Madawaska "Student Summer Employment Opportunities" P.O. Box 180, 1101 Francis Street Calabogie ON K0J 1H0

# PARKS/RECREATION MAINTENANCE WORKER (1)

June 25th through Sept 1st, 2007. 40 hours per week @ \$9.00 hr. 15 – 24 YRS OF AGE

# **MUST BE RETURNING TO SCHOOL FULL TIME SEPTEMBER 2007**

A valid driver's license is required. Individual required to cut grass, tend flower gardens and various other duties.

Cover letters and resumes to be received no later than **June 8, 2007** to:

Mr. Jamie Doering, Public Works Manager Township of Greater Madawaska "Student Summer Employment Opportunities" P.O. Box 180, 1101 Francis Street Calabogie ON K0J 1H0

All applications by fax accepted at (613) - 752-2617.

We thank all applicants and advise only those selected for an interview will be contacted. Personal information will be used to determine eligibility for potential employment and is pursuant to the Municipal Freedom of Information and Privacy Act.

# May is sexual assault awarness month Help Us Stop Sexual Violence!

During May Sexual Assault Awareness Month, the Women's Sexual Assault Centre of Renfrew County is continuing to raise public awareness and reinforce the message that sexual assault is a crime, and violence against women in our communities will not be tolerated. Every woman has the right to live in safety. Did you know that:

- Every 17 minutes in Canada a girl or woman is raped.
- Once every minute a woman or child is sexually assaulted
- 51% of all Canadian women have experienced at least one incident of sexual or physical violence.

Some of the things you can do are:

- Discuss issues of sexual violence in the various arenas of your life—work, home, school, faith communities, with friends and your children.
- Change attitudes that perpetuate and support blaming and shaming of victims of sexual assault
- Dispel the myths
- Believe women when they say they've been raped or sexually assaulted
- Get informed and educated.
- Learn about the supports in your community

Our slogan this year is "Your Mother, Your Sister, Your Daughter, Wake up world — STOP! Sexual Violence." Says Ontario Coalition of Rape Crisis Centre's President, Marilyn Olademeji. "It's simple and straightforward and demonstrates the urgency we feel about ending sexual violence against women".

In cases reported to police, 80% of sexual assault survivors knew their abusers. About 10% were assaulted by a friend and 41% were assaulted by an acquaintance. 28% were assaulted by a family member, while the remaining 20% were assaulted by a stranger. (Statistics Canada, 2003, The Daily, 23 July)

Ending sexual violence begins with raising community awareness with information and resources. Sexual violence affects all of us. Show your support this month, and every month.....for your mother, your sister, your daughter and yourself.

The Women's Sexual Assault Centre (WSAC) receives provincial funding from the Ministry of the Attorney General to provide services for women aged 16 years of age and over. The WSAC has been offering peer support services to survivors of sexual violence since 1993. WSAC is a community based volunteer organization with the main office in Laurentian Valley and provides a 24-Hour Crisis Line for support (1-800-663-3060).information and referral to survivors of sexual assault, their families and all the communities of Renfrew County.

For information, support or resources: Contact: Carolyn Gendron; Community Development/Education Coordinator

Phone: 613-735-5551 – email:

 $\underline{womcen} \underline{@} webhart.net$ 

Website: mailto:womcen@webhart.

<u>net</u>

# The Shanty cook (cont.)

Tom, a friend of my father, had known me since I was born and when I'd finished all the grades at the log schoolhouse in Tamarack, gave me a break by hiring me as "cookie" or choreboy.

"Fourteen's a little young," he'd said, "but I got no fear becoz the lad's a dam' good worker." He had even allowed me to bring a couple of beaver traps for some Sunday trapping – provided my mother didn't find out. The deep snow had ruined my chances as a trapper though, so the traps hung, unused, by the shanty door.

I wasn't aware of everything that went on among the lumberjacks but the anger directed at the cook didn't surprise me. The hardships of a long, cold winter had soured many of us. Snowstorms, vicious enough to rip the skin from our faces, rode winds out of the north for days at a time. They smothered us, like giant blankets, cutting visibility to the length of a team and sleigh during daylight—less than that of an axe handle at night. Deer came silently out of the cedar swamps to feed at our haystack while we huddled in the shanty like louse-ridden pigs in a pen.

It should have been evident to even a youngster like me though, that something rotten was brewing when the complaints ceased. I hadn't realized it, but we were in the calm before all hell breaks loose.

Daylight was still a long way off when we rolled out of our bunks next morning. Even the worst troublemakers settled chewing matches over socks and mitts in a halfhearted manner as though some other matter occupied their minds. Larrigans were laced on and the hands carried their breakfasts to their bunks. My morning grumpiness blinded me to sneaky glances at the flour bag.

Ned waited until everyone had filled his plate then decided, evidently, to take a rest. A thick cloud of smoke belched from his pipe and detoured around the hat brim on its way toward the roof. His shuffle toward the flour bag triggered a hush as much of the chewing and slurping stopped. The scuffle of his larrigans and crackling of burning logs were the loudest sounds in the room. He sat down.

A muffled, metallic clank broke the silence a fraction of a second before a round hole opened under Ned's moustache and an ear splitting bellow paralysed me. His pipe flew across the room and the hat went after it.

Faster than the beaks of two hungry woodpeckers, his feet beat a tattoo on the floor as he scrambled, inside a cloud of flour, to get off the bag.

I knew that the intensity of the tantrum shocked more than me, because I heard several metal plates and shanty mugs make "thunks" or "sloshes" as they slid onto the earth floor.

Big men scrambled to make way for the shrieking little dervish who leaped with enough energy to make a Cossack dancer look arthritic. His speed gave an impression of several identical Neds doing some sort of wild square dance in the middle of a windstorm.

Ned's antics distracted me, at first, from the fact that his attention was directed toward something on the arse of his whipcords. In spite of bad light, even the slowest of us soon figured out that it was one of my beaver traps.

A burning log, kicked from the camboose onto the floor, sent up a shower of sparks just as he pried the trap loose and hurled it in my direction. I ducked and it crashed against the log wall.

The only permanent damage was another rip in Ned's pants but he lit out down the unbroken sleigh trail anyway. Without snowshoes, he had about the same chance for survival as a useless rooster after the preacher's been invited for supper.

Tom harnessed a team to the jumper and went after Ned, but it took half a day to soft-soap him into coming back. Tom swore to him that he'd raised hell with the whole crew and had torn a strip a mile wide off their dirty backs. That evening he called everyone, except Ned, to the stable and informed us, in no uncertain terms, what would be done.

Other than the culprits who had implicated me by using my trap, I alone was certain of my innocence so I tried to play it safe. For the next few months I allowed no sneaky look or smirk to cross my face at mealtime. I kept my eyes lowered and tried to look humble for I realised that a riled cook is a dangerous person. Ned sat on his flour bag, smoked his pipe and watched us eat.

In spite of the tension, the remainder of the winter went well. We even began to compliment Ned on his baked beans for we learned that to survive a winter in a logging shanty, everybody has to give a little.

The extra bag of flour, for which we all gave a little to buy as a seat for Ned, was left for the mice when we broke camp in the spring.

Editors note: Ned Towns is the author's great grandfather and this is a true story.

End

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# Fishing with Jim

By Jim Weatherall



Summer type weather is here at last, but the spring was sure good for trout fishing. There were a few nice rainbows taken out of Limestone Lake using

a worm. Some fishermen used a slip bobber or used a worm blower to fish off the bottom.

There were also some speckled trout taken on a fly at ice out on Angling and Hardwood Lakes. All in all, it was a productive spring season.

Pickerel season opens on Saturday, May 19<sup>th</sup> this year in Zone 15 and if you are fishing in or near fast water, use a 3/8 or ½ oz. jig head with a minnow. If you are on a lake with no moving water, then cut back to a 1/8 or ¼ oz. head (colour depends on the lake and time), but white, chartreuse and orange are my preferred colours. I always tip them with minnows.

If you like to troll for pickerel, than a good deep crank bait that will run to the depth of the area you are fishing works well. Remember that pickerel are bottom feeders.

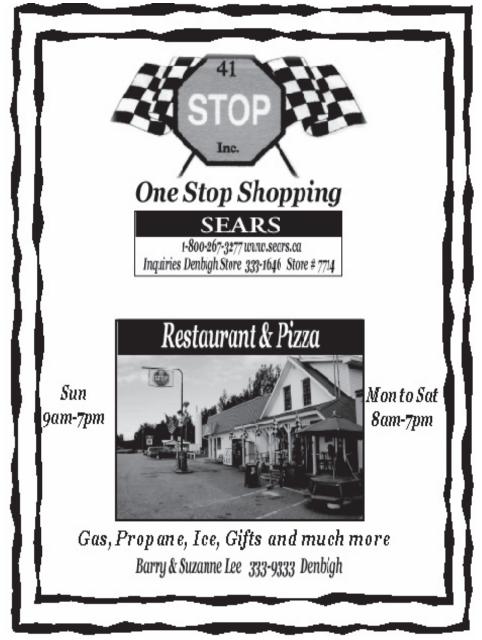
I attended a Bait Association of Ontario and MNR meeting in Peterborough on May 14<sup>th</sup>, to hear about the VHS Virus (Viral Hemmorrhagic Septicemia). This VHS is in the Great Lakes. It was discovered back in 2003. VHS is NOT harmful to humans but it is in 37 different fish species throughout the world. As of now, it has infected Emerald, Spot Tail and Bluntnose Shiners. The virus lives very well at temperatures below 15 degrees C. This makes the Great Lakes prime real estate.

Eight U.S. States that border the Great Lakes have in some way shut down the movement of bait and game fish. Ontario has stopped the movement of all fish from the Great Lakes and also has a buffer zone to try to stop the spread of VHS. Hopefully it can come under control or we may see the end of live bait in Ontario. I sure hope not.

Have a good season opener, and above all "Land the Big One" and please let me know some of your stories.

Be safe and see you on the water.

Jin



Organic gardening tips (cont.)

the owl's nightly forays. The barn owl is probably the most important predator of rats and mice in populated areas, rivaling the house cat in importance.

### **Painting**

Painting the trunks of fruit trees with Tabasco sauce helps deter rabbits and mice

# **Quicker Decomposition**

Compost will break down and decay faster if the compost heap is placed in a shady location.

# **Red Spider Mites**

These little peskies seem to appear suddenly, especially on tomato leaves, when really hot weather hits. Organic Plant Protection (Rodale Press) states: "A spray of two percent oil of coriander will kill the spider mite; a spray of anise oil should do as well." Frequent spraying with plain water will also help.

# Sea Shell Mulch

Save those sea shells you collected at the beach and turn them into mulch. Face the cups of the shells upwards for those plants that need high humidity. Each time you water, the cups will fill with water and then evaporate into the air around the plant. Covering the top of the pot soil with small shells can also be very attractive.

### **Thinning**

The sooner excess fruit is removed after flowering, the more likely the remaining fruit will improve in size and quality. A good general rule of thumb for apricots, plums, apples, Asian pears, nectarines, and peaches is to thin them twice as far apart as the diameter you want them to be at maturity.

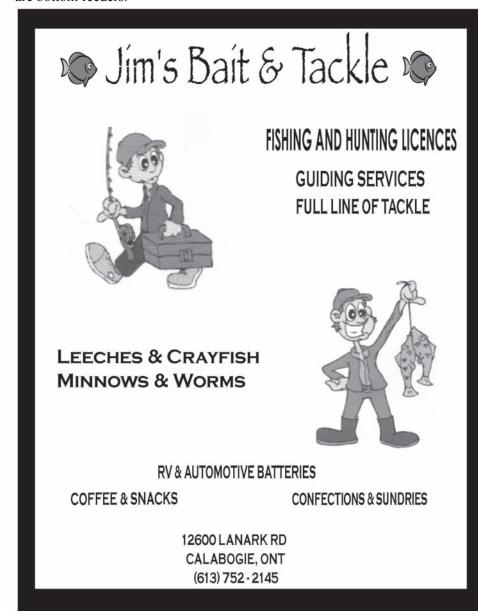
### Umbel

Umbels are the kind of blossom that a certain group of plants produces ("umbel" means umbrellalike in shape). These plants include carrots, parsley, coriander, dill, caraway, anise, fennel, angelica, and chervil.

Plant umbels in moist, rich soil where they will be able to enjoy much shade during the hot months of summer.

# Vetch

Vetches are used for hay, green manure, pasture crops, silage, and as a cover crop continued on page 26



# **Out on the First Concession**

THERE'S OLD JOHN LAUBER

By Wes Bomhower

We were poor, dreadfully poor in the spring of 1938 when Dad and Mom sold their twenty or so milk cows to make the down payment on a one hundred acre farm on the First Concession. WE did have milk, however, because Dad rented five cows from a doctor in the village with the agreement that whatever calves they produced, we could raise and keep.

But we could not subsist on milk alone, and I recall Wilma and I taking slices of boiled potato between two slices of unbuttered home made bread for our school lunch many a day. With a little salt and pepper, it tasted pretty darn good because we were hungry. To this day, when I am fortunate enough to have a slice of home made bread, the memories return of those lean Depression years.

Things were not all bad though because people helped each other more than nowadays, and any excuse to get together was used to full advantage. There was an old saying back then which went something like this: no matter how poor you may be, someone up the road is probably poorer. On the First Concession, the poorest were John and Sarah Lauber, our next door neighbors.

John and Sarah were an older couple, old enough to be our grand parents but not old enough to draw the Old Age Security which was available in those days at age seventy. They had no children, one old horse, a big German shepherd dog, two cows, a few chickens and very little else besides some broken down machinery. They were called in those times, and considered a dirty word,) and who knows, perhaps with their few possession they were not entitled to any Government assistance.

John Lauber had suffered a stroke or seizure of some sort a few years previously, and it left him with a speech impediment. Everything he attempted to say was prefixed by "waugh, waugh, waugh" and followed by more stuttering. No one paid much heed and with a few gestures and waving his arms, John could carry on a fairly good conversation.

John hadn't got much fall plowing done the previous autumn to plant any crop and just when the warm spring days arrived, his old horse was found dead in its stall. There were no telephones but word got around quickly and most of the neighbors on the First Concession, including Dad, turned up at Laubers' farm one Saturday morning with their plows, horses, cultivators and such to get John's crop planted. That's the way

things were done.

Later in the day, Mom, Wilma and I and 'Peachy', our younger sister who just turned three years old that spring, walked over to see Dad ,:here he was plowing with the other neighbors. We stopped at Lauber's house and were talking with Sarah first, but we could see Dad, John Lauber and all the neighbours some distance beyond the barn.

Children three years old are so honest, they say what is on their minds and they don't pull any punches. Peachy was talking to Sarah and Sarah asked her, "Where is Daddy today"? Without hesitation, Peachy pointed and replied. "There he is back in the field talking to old John Lauber who is waving his arms around and waugh, waugh, waughing"! Mom tried to apologize for Peachy's comments but Sarah Lauber was in such fits of laughter that she didn't seem to hear.

A few years later John walked to the village one hot summer day and suffered a seizure, perhaps a stroke, whatever someone found him on the road and drove him home. He recovered, and from that day until his death, he spoke without the slightest impediment in his speech.

Times indeed have changed.

Wife who put husband in doghouse soon find him in cat house

# Wood, Woodsmen (cont.)

beech or oak during those cold fall and winter days. Let's not forget too the gigantic harvest of Christmas trees annually. But in the spring as the snow begins to melt and the nights remain chilly, an additional industry of enjoyment and commercial value is gained from our sugar maple trees. In fact our area of Renfrew County and over in Lanark historically take top honours for the world's best tasting Maple Syrup. The global competition includes Scandinavia, Vermont, New Hampshire and Quebec but evidently there's more sweetness in our woods.

Many landowners today are managing woodlands to maximize the potential returns from not only forest-related products but to improve wildlife habitat and environment. This means long

térm benefits for our grandchildren and society as a whole. With greater access and sometimes abuse by the public, forests require more protection than ever before. For example fire study results across North America prove that we should try to avoid smoking in the woods and reduce open fires along our waterways for camping or shore lunches. To do your part in preservation try to keep a bucket of sand and a pail of water handy by any campfire to nip threatening sparks before they turn into a raging uncontrollable bush fire. And don't hesitate to tell your negligent neighbour that we care and how much we value the forest for it's beauty, it's source of enjoyment and for the income it provides to a large number of people – especially right here in our own attractive Madawaska Highlands. Let's all try to keep it green.



**Township Council Meetings for June 2007** 

June 7<sup>th</sup> Standing Committee Meetings (Council Chambers - Calabogie)

Finance & Administration 9:00 AM
Environmental Management 11:15 AM
Public Works 12:30 PM
Planning & Economic Development 2:30 PM
Public Services 4:30 PM

June 14<sup>th</sup> Committee of the Whole 4:00 PM

(Matawatchan Community Hall)

June 21<sup>st</sup> Council Meeting 4:00 PM

(Council Chambers - Calabogie)

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# **Cottage Corner**

By John Roxon

May is a month that often leaves me ruminating about water. Lakes and rivers are usually at high levels, streams are rushing with run-off and the mud caked ground, soaked from six months of seemingly endless winter is finally starting to dry out.

Naturally all this running water collects into little pools and bigger ponds, which are perfect breeding grounds for nature's gift to cottagers and rural dwellers – the esteemed blackfly and his well regarded partner in torture, the mosquito. It's always a harsh reminder that blackflies and water go hand in hand at this time of year as we contemplate the opening of the taps for the summer so we can finally do away with bucket flushing and washing hands from those blue Reliance water jugs.

We typically spend almost a week at the cottage during March break and by the end of the visit the cottage has that peculiar wild odour approximating what a bear's den must smell like after their winter slumber. So it's with great enthusiasm that we look forward to getting the water hooked up so we can once again pretend that we are part of the human race.

Most of you probably get your water from a well dug deeply into the Canadian Shield. I've often envisioned some undiscovered and undocumented million year old protazoa or other strange insects and bugs with four eyes and their reproductive organs at the end of spindly antennae just waiting for their chance to break free from their cold rock- encrusted crypt and swim or crawl or hop right into some unsuspecting homeowner's glass of water. ("Jack, could you add a wee bit of water to my scotch?" Sure dear, what the...").

Many others of you simply drop a hose into the lake and pump directly from there. This method, though providing an almost endless supply of water, conjures up other images for me. I can picture the hapless cottager filling a pot full of water to boil spaghetti when a virtual army of lake life spills from the faucet. Bass fryers, assorted crawfish, water skeeters, dragonfly Naiads and a nice collection of unidentifiable wiggly things go plop plop plop right into the pot. Of course I know that crawfish would never fit through the tap, but those small wiggly things...

Our water system is a little bit different but still effective. We've managed to corral a spring to flow into a 600 gallon underground holding tank. From there we simply pump it into a 2000 gallon water tank situated on a small hill. From there the water is gravity-fed to our pipes providing us with an electricity free way of having running water. Actually, I can't take any of the credit for this ingenious system. The credit goes with the former owner who had the wherewithal to not only set up the holding tanks, but to channel the runoff from the underground tank to a fountain at the front of our cottage that flows year round in which we depend on for our bucket brigade of winter water. If it was solely left up to my devices, we would have no water at all even though there is that spring running behind us and a lake a couple of hundred feet from us – and if I did manage to jerry

rig a system, the water would certainly either run in fits and starts or be muddy or have those little wiggly things in it – most likely all three.

To get this system operating to its peak involves a bit of yearly maintenance. Aside from my spring ritual of repairing split water pipes, largely due to my fall ritual of inadequately blowing them out, there is the minor task of cleaning the 2000 gallon tank of silt and debris accumulated over the past year. This tank is about eight feet tall with a diameter of about seven feet. It's made of a heavy gauge translucent plastic and would probably be George W's ideal holding cell for assorted prisoners of war, suspected terrorists and Democrats if he could only sneak it past Congress. Being in this tank is akin to living in a greenhouse in the Arizona desert. Every spoken word, every grunt and sigh is echoed to the point of sounding like a convention of psychedelic rock producers from the

So in the tank I go. Now to get in this tank in the first place requires a manual dexterity known to only a select group of circus contortionists and Italian drivers. First I have to go up a ladder to get to the top of the tank. Fair enough. Then I take the cover off the top to reveal a thirty-five inch circumference opening into the tank. I then have to squeeze approximately 42 inches of girth into this thirty-five inch opening and go down a creaky wooden ladder which I placed in the tank and which is furthermore resting on wet plastic which is, needless to say, at least as slippery as newly formed ice. With a mop and a pail I then systematically clean out the stale water, silt and yes, those wiggly things from the bottom

of the tank. In past years, I used to bring a bit of Javex down to clean the sides and disinfect the area. From this I quickly grasped what must have been Hitler's master plan and have since discontinued the process. It's taken until now to regain that 40% of lung capacity that I lost when trying to use bleach in a humid enclosed space.

Of course, what goes down must come up again and who but my trusted and loving wife is at the top of the ladder gamely dumping the contents of each bucket of brown water handed to her. The fact that I know she harbors fantasies of riveting the cover in place while I'm dutifully mopping the insides of the tank does nothing to deter my enthusiasm of the task at hand. I picture myself in the tank, cover solidly riveted in place with water being pumped in. Gradually my bloated body floats to the surface and sinks again. Meanwhile, at the cottage, my wife is gracefully entertaining some family friends, offering them drinks and canapés when one of the guests compliments her on the fine water flowing from the taps. "I feel there's a bit of John in each drop" would be her only reply.

Sweating from the humidity with soaked boots and socks from all the water, the last bucket is at last drained and the tank is clean. I ascend the ladder, stuff my bulk through the thirty five inch opening and drag my bedraggled tired body from the tank.

As you read this, I'm working on a process to dehydrate water so none of you will ever again have to contend with faulty pumps, leaky hoses and brown, silty water. The beauty of my water dehydration process is that all you have to do is add water...Damn!

**End** 

# **LACOURSE MINI MART**

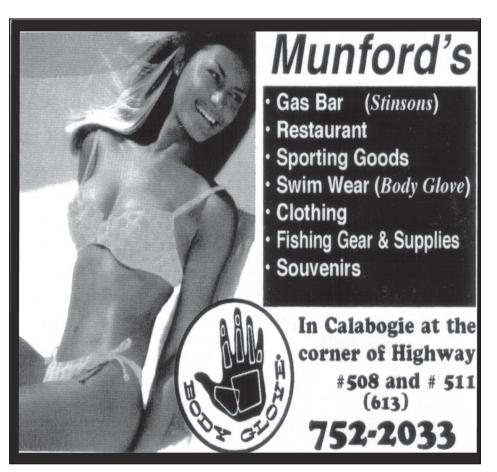
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# **Ottawa Valley Crossword**

# By Doug Bell

### Across

- 1. Highlands headwear
- 4. Early Canadian railway that opened the West (abbr.)
- **7.** Village, W Alta., near Jasper Nat'l. Park
- 11. Sea eagle
- **12.** Bata \_\_ Museum, Toronto
- 13. Native of W Alaska
- 15. Spring-time journey of birds
- 17. Strong desire
- 18. Curling surface
- 19. Indian Ocean arm
- 21. PC monitor
- 22. Part of ITT
- 23. Genealogical diagram
- 24. Asian nanny
- 27. Deli bread
- 28. Hockey's 'Sid the kid'!
- **30.** \_\_\_ mater
- 33. One of Neil Young's protest songs
- 36. Customary
- 38. Be ahead
- 39. Green indicator, for

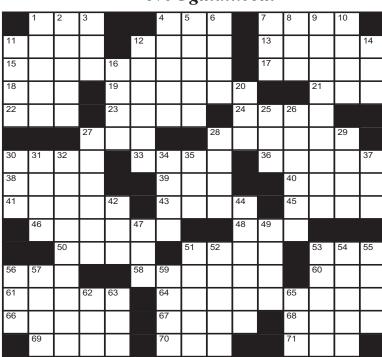
- 40. "Rule, Britannia" composer
- 41. Elf like
- 43. Beatles "lovely meter
- **45.** Pop star \_\_\_\_ Pop
- 46. Defence made of trees
- 48. Sens org.
- **50.** Bator
- 51. Infinitesimal amount
- 53. Behave
- 56. Half dozen
- 58. Alley target
- **60.** Once premier of Ontario
- 61. Moving part
- 64. Grackle
- 66. Nap noisily
- **67.** Scull implements
- **68.** How sad!
- **69.** Give \_\_\_ \_ of approval (silent okay)
- 70. Large part of Canada for short
- 71. Yukon's time

### Down

- 1. An instant
- 2. Venezeulan falls
- **3.** Mal de \_

- 4. Reprimand
- 5. Kind of slipknot
- 6. Descartes, e.g.
- 7. Once Governor General Hnatyshyn
- 8. Flamenco cheer
- 9. White-water capital of Canada
- 10. Die maker's tool
- 11. Give off
- 12. Sound equipment
- 14. Explosive, for short
- 16. Pretentious
- 20. Longest Swiss river
- 25. The person addressed
- 26. Set upon
- 27. Kind of tire
- 28. Geezer
- 29. The brighter side?
- 30. Jungfrau, e.g.
- 31. Star Wars royalty
- 32. Trek across the North Pole; Calabogie Dr.
- 34. Linen marking
- 35. Here in Iberville
- **37.** Grazing land
- **42.** Airport initials

# ovc@gmail.com



- 44. Clowns' specialties
- 47. Bank payment (abbr.)
- 49. Coil of yarn
- 51. Relative acquired
- 52. Museum display
- **53.** Seed coverings
- **54.** Diamond unit of weight
- 55. Spreads alfalfa
- 56. Grads-to-be
- 57. Town in N.S., Ont., and
- 59. Deep black
- 62. Conquistador's booty
- 63. Cardinal and scarlet tanager
- 65. Business street in
- Toronto

answers on page 27

# IS CON

- GENERAL CONTRACTI

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# Carbon (cont)

molecule. Part of the carbon crediting scheme would then cover other problem pollutants such as methane, which also contains carbon and as a GHG has 23 times the negative impact of CO2 on global warming.

Globally we emit about 7 Billion tones of carbon per year, which needs to be reduced to 2.7 B tonnes by 2030. In Monbiot's treatment of the Hillman/ Flemming scheme he looks at 5.5 B tones by 2012, which would give each individual earthling, around in that year, an allotment of 0.8 tonnes each on behalf of their nation. The national number is determined by multiplying that 0.8 by the population. The government would then allot companies and individuals their share and keep some for later sale. Individuals might expect 40% of the 0.8 tonnes. People and companies could trade or sell. Each time fuel or electricity is purchased a credit would come off the holders account. In this fashion, the cost of carbon emission works its way through a nation's economy and a global economy. If we sell tar sands oil internationally, the user ends up paying for the carbon. Electricity-intensive aluminium would have the carbon credit back for the exports. The price of a head of lettuce

would look more attractive from a local grower if the transportation cost for producing carbon were in the price. The lax pollution laws of many countries would be neutralized, since the carbon costs would be universal.

The government side of generating funds from this scheme would have to be carefully flowed into projects to improve in the nation's carbon emissions reduction. The poor and disadvantaged would have to have their energy use situations improved through home energy improvements and transportation incentives. Transportation infrastructure would become a focus of funding.

If you picked up a pencil and calculator, you may have discovered why Canada, USA and Australia are looking at their 'voluntary' program. On the basis of the level playing field Canadians would have to reduce carbon emissions 94%. It is within the absurdity of the figure that you just begin to understand the selfish toll of our activity on the global environment. Kyoto targets, when compared to the stark reality of our global influence on everyone's environment look very tame. But we can't even address catching up to that commitment. No wonder the rest of the world is angered by our lack of respect.

# Organic gardening tips (cont.)

for orchards. They are also valuable for renewing soil fertility. Vetches require a cool growing season. The bacteria left in the soil from vetch roots serves as an inoculant and is beneficial to the growth of peas.

# Watch for a Cloudy Day

Bright sun can hurt newly planted seedlings, so always try to transplant them during an overcast day in late afternoon or evening. Shading them the first day or two is also helpful if the sun comes out.

### **Xerophytes**

Plants especially adapted to withstand long periods of drought or to grow where supplies of water are scare are called xerophytes. Included among these plants are cacti and such succulents as aloes, cotyledons, crassulas, echeverias, haworthias, sedums, and sempervivums. Many of these store water in their fleshy leaves and stems.

## Yarrow

Yarrow has long been acclaimed for its invaluable qualities in companion planting, adding strength to herbs and assisting in the battle against insect pests. Plant yarrow in the same beds with mint, chives, thyme, parsley, basil, oregano, or any other culinary or tea herb. Or plant it in your flower bed to add beauty and protection.

# Zigging and Zagging

Togetherness is one way to practice companion planting-get the neighbors right in there next to each other.

Plant zig-zag rows with onions and beets or carrots and tomatoes tucked into one another. Or use the techniques of intercropping by planting several companions in the same row, one of which might be a protective herb or flower.

**Source:** Mother Earth – February 1994



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# Organic food (cont)

increased applications of these fertilizers. Insects and weeds evolve to become immune to the insecticides and herbicides so that harsher chemicals are required to kill them. These chemicals end up in the environment, killing beneficial animal and plant life.

Third, crops depend upon bees and other insects to spread pollen from one plant to another. The population of these helpful insects is perilously low because of the insecticides sprayed on crops. Farmers who farm intensive tend to undervalue these insects and, as long as yields hold up, ignore the problem.

Fourth, taste is sacrificed for looks, portability and mass marketing appeal. Hence, variety is lost.

Scientists fear that these and many other problems, too numerous to list here, will lead us to a critical point where the farm soils will be depleted and will simply serve as a barren solid body into which the necessary nutrients and seeds are poured in order to grow a crop that gets nothing from the soil itself. As the chemicals necessary for this farming method build up in the environment and beneficial species die out, more artificial means will have to be invented to grow crops. The direction in which industrial farming has taken us is dangerous to our health and abusive to our environment.

These are the basic concerns of those who are proponents of organic farming. Both industrial farmers and proponents of organic farming exaggerate the facts as in any great debate, and yet there is plenty of scientific and practical evidence that industrial farming is harmful to the environment. The short term benefits of industrial farming methods have probably saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of people in places like Asia and India where yields of crops have increased ten fold. It has enabled some countries, that were once dependent upon foreign food imports, to feed its hungry and to become exporters of their crops. But the long range destruction is only now becoming evident in these countries where fish, birds, amphibians, mammals, etc. are suffering population losses. The industrial solution will eventually prove wrong for them also.

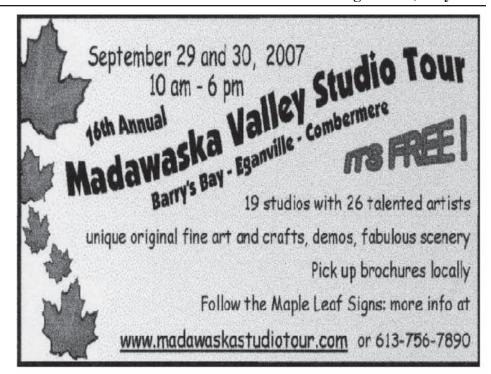
So what is the solution? Many soil scientists have changed the direction of their research from helping to find more chemicals that increase yields to studying soils that are naturally rich in nutrients and learning how that soil got that way. One such study took a team of scientists from all over the world to Brazil where very large acreages of black soil was found in former rain forest areas, along side the usual leached and depleted former jungle soils. These areas have been inhabited by man for centuries which also should

have depleted the soil. The evidence was that the farmers, who had cleared these jungles and farmed this land, did something to build this wonderfully rich soil from poor, nutrient starved, leached out forest floor. But that is the subject of a future article. Suffice it to say that we need to discover ways to build soil as we use it. We need to use insecticides and herbicides that do not kill beneficial wildlife and humans. We need to learn to tolerate some loss of crop yield to insects. We need to plant fewer plants per acre, leaving more room for tilling and for weed control. We need to grow crops that are naturally resistant to diseases, flavourful, and do not hold up well in the truck or ship, even if they are not the Barbie of their species.

Proponents of organic farming believe that organic farming does these things. Robert Rodale, an early proponent of organic farming, lists five great benefits to organic farming. They are:

- 1. There are no chemicals used in growing or processing the food.
- 2. Organic food has superior quality as the result of growth on fertile soil.
- 3. Organic food is not debased by unnecessary processing.
- 4. Better varieties of plants are used in organic cultivation than are used by commercial farmers
- 5. Growing food organically saves the land.

Organic farming is compatible with a healthy life style that so many of us strive for. We cannot live forever but why die over something we could avoid? Why kill off dozens of beneficial species when we could eat well and enjoy these animals too. We remember how we lived when we were kids and enjoyed the rivers and lakes.



Many of the lakes and rivers I played in as a youth are now weed choked, dirty and poisoned. Some are ignored by human populations because they are dangerous.

Let us not let that happen to streams and lakes of the Madawaska Valley.

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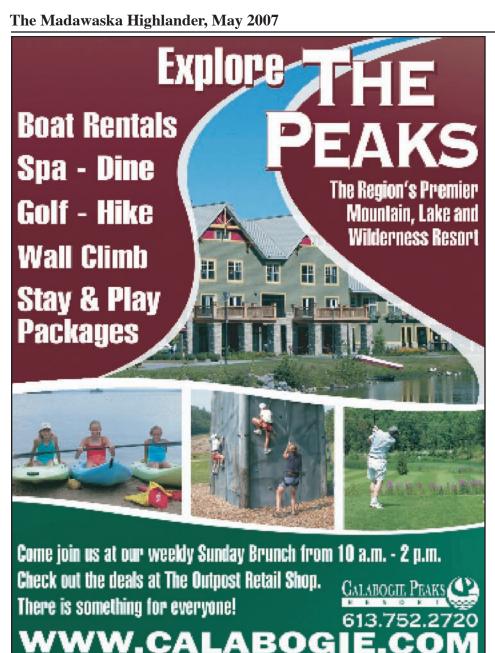
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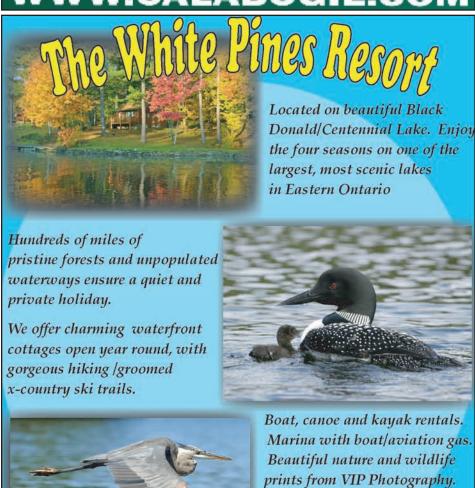


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