The Madawaska HIGHILANDER

Volume 3 Issue 6 Free August/September 2006

Tom Sharbot: A Calabogie Legend (Part 2) the patrol was found the healt of the healt

By Wes Bomhower

Tom Sharbot at war

Shortly after D Day in Normandy, Tom Sharbot and ten other snipers were holed up in a barn for shelter and the barn took almost a direct hit from enemy artillery. Only three survived, Tom being one of them, although he lost one ear drum from the concussion. He recovered and was back on the front line soon afterward to save another soldier's life.

Stan Darling of Brockville told how he was slightly wounded and ended up in a shell crater unable to use his weapons, when an enemy soldier bore down on him from above, ready to shoot, or worse still to use the bayonet. Tom, from his vantage point in a tree, saw everything and dispatched the enemy soldier at the last second, for which Stan was forever grateful.

The 'Glens' fought their way up through Normandy, sustaining heavy casualties, as did all the Canadian troops. One night Tom was detailed to help a patrol that was sent out to scout enemy gun emplacements. The patrol consisted of a lieutenant, a sergeant and six men and Tom who was to help cover their retreat if they ran into trouble. The lieutenant left Tom part way, telling him they would return within the hour and confirmed the password for that night.

Tom lay at the ready with his rifle behind a horse that had been killed the previous day and the stench was terrible. He thought he heard some small arms fire in the distance but could not be sure as time dragged on. Finally, just before daybreak, Tom slipped back to the Canadian front lines from 'No man's land' and reported into headquarters. The lieutenant and the patrol never returned. Later on in the day the 'Glens took more ground and

the patrol was found, each man shot in the back of the head, execution style. "Terrible", Tom mused," but there were atrocities on both sides, I know:

Tom was wounded badly by shrapnel about eight months after D Day and spent some time in an English hospital. When he recovered, the war was pretty well over in Europe and Tom became an instructor for Canadian troops in England, playing some baseball once in a while, and there he met Bob Charboneau from Calabogie who had been serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Bob himself had developed into a great ball pitcher; in fact he invented the original windmill underhand pitch, and he surely did impress Tom with the speed and accuracy of his pitch. They remained good friends until shortly before Tom's death many years later.

Before the troops returned to Canada they were brought out on parade for General Eisenhower's inspection. As the Supreme Allied Commander walked down the long line of Canadian troops, he paused to speak with Tom, asking him what his trade was in civilian life and did he play any sports. Then he shook Tom's hand and thanked him for being a good soldier. Tom laughed, "that night, all my buddies wanted to shake the hand that shook the hand of General Eisenhower.

Tom's return to civilian life

Work started on the Des Joachims (D'Swisha) dam some time after Tom returned to civilian life and he was hired on the project but only worked a short while. A man fell from some height and was killed on the concrete near where Tom was working, and Tom quit the job right there. "I had seen enough violent death a short time past and couldn't take any more", said Tom. He worked again at McVeigh's sawmill between Clayton and Tatlock for a few years.

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Food, glorious food



Photo: Bill Graham

Economic development given the green light

By Bill Graham, Editor

Bob Dylan's wise words: "he not busy being born is busy dying" can be applied equally to individuals and to communities. Communities must change to meet the needs of its residents and to fulfil the vision that the community has of itself. Economic development is crucial to this change.

Economic activity provides local services, provides local jobs, and encourages families to move into the area. It also has the potential to lower residential taxes. Greater Madawaska currently derives 97% of its taxes from residential ratepayers. This is a very high proportion compared even to neighbouring municipalities. Without Ontario Power Generation (OPG) it would be even higher.

Economic development has been on the

minds of township officials and the Calabogie and Area Business Association (CABA) for a number of years. But it was the arrival of our current 'Chief Administrative Officer (CAO) John Baird that cemented the committee structure in township affairs. Two of these committees are the Planning and Economic Development Standing Committee that reports directly to Council and the Economic Development Committee, which is an advisory citizen's committee, reporting to Council through the CAO.

This latter committee, which is chaired by Bill Hewson, grew out of the Economic Development Advisory Committee, which had existed for about three years under Councillor Peter Emon's chairmanship. Their job is to develop and lead a dynamic economic development plan for Greater Madawaska. The Committee has existed since the time of John Baird's beginning of duties for the

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Economic development continued

township in January 2005 when he set up the existing committee structure.

After a period of time to reach consensus, the Economic Development Committee mandate and goals were submitted to Council on April 11 of this year and were approved by Council at their June meeting.

The Economic Development Committee's mandate is to create and guide a dynamic plan, which will promote the economic development of the Township of Greater Madawaska. The Committee will do this by implementing the following goals:

- To increase tourism.
- To increase development and growth.
- To support existing businesses and increase commercial infrastructure.
- To promote community enhancement.

These goals are supported by specific tasks that are practical and obtainable. Don't expect Greater Madawaska to be associated with Muskoka in the minds of tourists overnight. In fact, as Bill Hewson pointed out, the growth of Muskoka, which was not based on sustainability, is something that Greater Madawaska wants to avoid.

To quote from the Committee's context paper that was presented to Council: "The Committee firmly supports controlled growth and the need for improved services but also recognizes that to attract these services and to address the disproportionate taxation of the residential taxpaver we need to create a viable industrial base. Tourism is the major industry in this Township. Demography, geography and nature's exceptional gift make active tourism the sector of the tourism industry with the greatest potential growth and we propose to make this the focus of economic development effort."

With a budget of \$22,000, the Committee's ability to promote Calabogie and the remainder of the township is limited. They have wisely decided to use the broadcast potential of the Internet, through a dedicated website, to publicize Calabogie and Greater Madawaska as a place where there "is so much more to explore."

The committee's context paper to Council describes the intent of the website this way: "The detailed web pages will include activities and services throughout the entire township and, while recognizing Calabogie as the hub around which most services are concentrated, the unique offerings of the hamlets of Griffith,

Matawatchan, Dacre, Mount St. Patrick and Burnstown will also be featured as an important part of the larger community with their own distinctive web pages. The township website, possibly with a more easily remembered URL and a more distinctive logo, will be closely integrated with the marketing website."

The eleven member committee. whose appointment was approved by Council on 28 July 2005, makes up an impressive list of multi-talented people. Bill Hewson is the chair of the Committee and is in charge of the planning working group within the Committee structure. He is a retired resident who spent 37 years in the Canadian Armed Forces as an infantryman with Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. The last seven of those years were spent in military intelligence and after retirement from the military in 1991 he spent a further nine years with the Communications Security Establishment. He retired from public service in July 2000 and continues to be active as a consultant and with a variety of volunteer interests. His consulting firm, Hewson Associates, specializes in planning and project management.

Carolyn Jakes is the Committee's Secretary and as Past President of CABA she knows the business climate of our township better than most. The remaining three working groups within the Committee are dedicated to Promotion and Marketing, Trails and Grants.

Promotion and Marketing is chaired by Rick Brown. He holds an MBA in Marketing from the U of T and, before retiring to Calabogie in 2003, had 33 years experience in marketing and advertising. This included 19 years as Sr. Vice President and Director of SMW Advertising Ltd and 10 years as founder and senior partner of Summerlin Associates Inc.

The Trails Working Group is chaired by Steve Simmering. Steve, a lifetime outdoors enthusiast with a cottage on Bagot Long Lake, is a Professional Engineer whose company, Simmering & Associates Ltd provided engineering and environmental consulting services for 12 years before blending their expertise into the Golder Group of Companies in July 2005. Steve is a partner in Golder.

The Grants Working Group is headed by Glenda McKay who has made her cottage on Norway Lake her permanent residence. She brings her energy and a great depth of management and business experience, which includes 29 years with Bell Canada and five years with her own company Jaycur

Stella's Whatever-it-was

By Garry Ferguson

In spite of the fact that the great depression mistreated this area as badly as it did the rest of the world, it's hard to believe that grub was ever scarce around Matawatchan. Didn't everyone have a garden and a big "badaedda" patch and didn't deer line up at salt licks eager to offer themselves for someone's stew pot? Not according to a story that Stella (Ferguson) Thompson passed along to her son Ray. It seems that there were times of the year when pantries could become pretty empty.

In the depth of that depression when no one could afford gas – little own a car - the preacher and his wife walked from somewhere to the Matawatchan United Church every Sunday. To keep them coming back, I

Management and Consulting Services.

Other members include: Debora Giffin, David Lester, Peter Emon, Bruce Parker, Ken Lauzon and Don Rogers. Don and Bruce have cottages on Black Donald and the others are now resident in the community. These are a talented group of people.

With the green light to proceed with their mandate and tasks being given this summer, the timing couldn't be better. The Township has hired consultants to map out a 'strategic plan' for Greater Madawaska and this plan should mesh well with the activities of the Economic Development Committee. When I asked Bill Hewson about the main message that he wanted communicated to people, the one, unqualified word, was optimism. He felt that the coincidence of the approval of his committee's mandate and goals with a long term strategic plan for Greater Madawaska would result in the development of the great potential of our township.

How better to conclude than to quote the conclusion of the Committee's context paper that was presented to Council. "The current rise in permanent and seasonal residency is attributable to our proximity to one of Canada's largest urban centres, our pristine natural setting and abundant outdoor activities. Continued residential growth throughout the Township is inevitable. The Township Strategic Plan will shape that growth and tourism will inevitably play a role. Development of adventure tourism as a major industry will ensure the survival of our village and hamlets as part of a vibrant community."

End

suppose, the folks of the area began to take turns at inviting them to dinner. In this way they were assured that starvation wouldn't deprive them of a preacher for the next Sunday.

On a particular Sunday when it was the turn of a certain family to take the couple home to dine, the lady of the household found that she was victually embarrassed. In other words there wasn't enough in the cupboard to fill a starving preacher and his hungry bride. It must have taken some courage, but she approached Stella to ask if she would relieve her of her turn and take the Mr. and Mrs. Reverend off her hands. Stella agreed, then realized that her menu for the day was also pretty short. You didn't just go out and kill a serviceable rooster, a valu able laying hen or "the fatted calf"

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Page 2

Tom Sharbot continued

He didn't want anything to do with guns for awhile, but after a couple of years his mother said, "Tom, you used to be a good shot, why don't you get us a deer this autumn? Father Sullivan Jones, McElligott, Monsignor Kernan and Paddy Dillon are waiting for you up at the hunting camp". Tom sighed, "I really didn't want to go, but I went just to please my mother, and you know, it felt pretty good once I got up there".

Sure enough, it wasn't long until a nice big buck walked out and Dave blasted away with his shotgun. The buck disappeared and Dave all excited was certain he had shot his first deer until Tom walked out of the woods to enquire what all the shooting was about—he couldn't see any deer. Dave showed him where the buck should have been, but there was not even a drop of blood. Apparently the buck slid down a rock face at the last second and got away. Tom, in his own way, never let



Tom Sharbot at 74 years old

Paddy Dillon was in charge and the first day of hunting, even though there was a lot of shooting everywhere. Tom was the only one who brought in a deer. Next day there was more shooting, but again Tom was the only successful hunter. After dinner Dillon laid down the law. "What the hell is wrong with all you guys", Dillon fumed as the priests hung their heads. "I hear a lot of shooting but Tom is the only one producing. Father Jones, you used to be a pretty good shot, but now it seems you can't hit a bull in the arse with a snow shovel". Tom chuckled," That was quite a speech to a group of priests, I thought. "But I guess it helped because next day they brought in some deer."

Tom worked at Calabogie Lodge in the 'Fifties' and manufactured all their wooden boats for the Hoffmans who owned the Lodge at that time. These boats would be located at different lakes throughout the area for clients, mostly Americans, and most would bring their own motors.

Tom was also a guide for many years, as was his brother Jerome. Tom taught a lot of young lads the finer points of hunting, fishing and sports; especially baseball. He took young Dave Senack hunting when Dave was just old enough to carry a gun and left Dave at a spot where "The deer are sure to come out".

Dave forget that incident. He would call out to Dave at any given time, "Did you get that buck yet Senack?" And then he would chuckle.

In later years when Tom was an old man, Dave did a lot of yard work for him in his spare time, cutting grass, splitting and bringing in firewood, shovelling snow etc. While Dave would be working, sometimes Mac MacNamara, an older man from down street would stop to chat with Tom in the shade of the garage. Poor Mac had suffered a couple of strokes, and though he seemed alright physically, his speech was badly affected so that no one could understand what he was trying to say with the possible exception of his good wife, Jessie. But he and Tom would sit there, both talking, and sometimes Tom would slap his knee and guffaw at whatever Mac was telling him. One day, just after Mac left, Tom turned to Dave and asked, "Can you understand what old Mac is talking about?" Dave shook his head, "No, I can't make out a word he says". "I can't either", said Tom thoughtfully, But when Mac tells something and laughs, I know it's time for me to laugh too, so we get along quite well."

With one ear-drum gone, Tom found it difficult to hear properly until later years when The Department of Veteran's Affairs fitted him with a hearing aid, so in the meantime Tom manufactured a pair of wooden ears that fitted with wires around his head. He claimed they improved his hearing considerably, especially when hunting, so he painted them red and wore them each year when he hunted. They were large and odd enough looking to scare a young lad he met while hunting one day, but Tom didn't realize why the boy ran away so quickly until later.

He did his share of drinking after the war, trying to forget, but he was forced to give it up plus smoking after suffering a heart attack while building a new house for he and his mother on their same property. His mother passed away in 1972 and Jerome's son Peter was killed about the same time, upsetting Tom to such an extent that he turned to the bottle once more. His spree was short lived, however, he became deathly ill from the alcohol and quit for all time.

Tom was one of those rare individuals who could turn his hand to anything and excel at it. Over the years he was a barber, carpenter, boat builder, lumberjack, sawyer, saw specialist, baseball pitcher, fiddle player and all-round musician, and in every one of these capacities he took top honours and enjoyed every minute of his time. One virtue Tom lacked, however, and that was patience. He told of how in his early years he learned to play the fiddle and his mother decided to have the nuns at St. Joseph's School show him some of the finer points of music, which meant Tom had to carry the fiddle to school every day. This rubbed Tom the wrong way; he didn't have time for such mundane things. It was winter time with a good hard crust on the snow: "And that old fiddle seemed

to weigh a ton. The case was tied up with heavy cord, so I used the cord to drag the whole shebang along on the crust snow. My mother gave me a few good cuffs for that", said Tom, "and I thought maybe I would give up playing that damn old fiddle for awhile, but next day I took it to school again:

In later years this same impatience showed up and continually got him in trouble with neighbours and family.

In the last few years of his life, Tom suffered with bone cancer amongst other ailments and he had to take quite a lot of medication. One Labour Day weekend he ran out of medication, and there being no repeat on his prescription, he called the hospital. They agreed that if he could come in and see a doctor in Emergency, they would give him enough pills to do him over the weekend. I drove him in and he checked in at the Emergency desk to wait for a doctor. About an hour and a half passed and Tom, in some pain, began to fidget about in his chair, finally walked over to the receptionist and demanded," Is there not a doctor who can see me now"? The receptionist, busy with phone calls and paper work, said, "Are you not feeling well Mr. Sharbot?" "If I was feeling well I damn well wouldn't be sitting around here", was Tom's reply. Then he calmed down somewhat and told the girl what pills he required. She called a nurse and in no time Tom had his pills and we were homeward bound.

Next month: Is there gold on Dillon's mountain? Tom says there is.

End

THE MADAWASKA GOOGLANDER

Advertising Rates: Effective September 2004

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Dispatches from the South Seas We are getting to know mo

By Jane and Rick Baxter

We are into the winter months here in New Caledonia (NC) and we have been getting quite a bit of rain the past few weeks. The temperature doesn't go below 18 though so it isn't unpleasant. The past two days have been really glorious so we are hoping the rain has ceased for the time being and perhaps we will be starting to get into summer weather.

We celebrated Canada Day here in Noumea and were invited to two separate parties. The first one was hosted by a Canadian couple who are here with the Inco nickel mining company. Apparently, New Caledonia has 25% of the world nickel supply. They extended the invitation to any Canadians whose boat happened to be moored at the nearby harbour. We referred to them as the "boat people". Anyway, about six couples showed up and they had such good stories to tell. These are truly adventuresome people. One couple was from Merrickville and had been sailing around the South Pacific since 2002, stopping where ever they wanted and for as long as they wanted. Another couple had been on their boat for twelve years!!!! None of these people were young, ranging in age from mid 40's to late 60's but they all were having a great adventure. All of them agreed that you had to have a pretty good, solid marriage to make it work. There is one couple living on a boat here in Noumea who graduated from UBC in the 1960s - he has a degree in architecture, she has an English degree – and once they graduated, they bought a ship and sailed around the world until they landed in Noumea and have been living on the boat here for 21 years. Prior to settling down in Noumea, they travelled from island to island, staying 3-4 years at each place to work and get some money and then heading to the next island. They have been everywhere and are such an interesting couple.

The second Canada Day party was held by the English Club here in Noumea. It was held at the home of a Canadian who is the head of Falconbridge and it was at this party that we met a lot of new people, not necessarily Canadians but people who had just been here for a few weeks and were struggling to settle down. The house we went to was incredible with an ocean view on both sides and we had a great time. It's amazing how much information we can give people who are just arriving - we are the old veterans even though we have only been here for seven months!

We are getting to know more and more about New Caledonia as the months go by. One of the things we were stymied about was the fact that there was a strained relationship between the newly arrived French people and the French people who have been here for generations (the Caldoche). Friction between the French and the Kanaks (the indigenous people), we understood, but this other puzzled us. When we attended one of the above parties we met a couple who were both doctors who had just arrived from France to settle here. They told us (and we have read since then) that by moving to NC, their income is increased by a whopping 73%, they get subsidies for a trip home once a year, plus a special 10 months extra salary after they have been here 3 years. I guess it is a kind of "danger pay" or "post allowance" like we received in Eritrea when we were there. This 73% goes to all French public servants who come here to live including teachers, police, firemen, doctors and nurses and functionaries. Even when retired, their pension is augmented by 73% when they come to live here. These facts seem to have a strong influence on the cost of living. We estimate that the cost of living is about 40% higher here than in Canada.

Thursdays, the ex-pat spouses get together for café-au-lait and lunch and I have made some lovely friends from this group. Many of them are French-Canadians here with the mining companies, but also with New Zealanders and Australians who are here for various projects. It's nice talking to them as they are a good support group and between us all, we have a wealth of information to impart to newcomers - best place to get your hair done, where to buy reasonable house ware, best restaurants, etc. They are a fun group and I look forward to our morning together.

Rick had another trip to the Kingdom of Tonga last week. Prince Tu'yselehake and Princess Kaimana of the Tongan royal family, along with their driver, were killed in a car accident in San Francisco the week before so the island was in mourning. Everyone wore even more black than usual and there were miles of black material wrapped along the buildings. In Tonga, when someone is in mourning, a woven mat is wrapped around the body – the farther up the body it goes, i.e. towards the underarm, the closer you were to the deceased. They look extremely uncomfortable, especially when you have to sit in a plane when the mat bunches up. Rick was thankful he wasn't obliged to wear one. At

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The home-grown choice

By Joanne Murray

I didn't believe my younger sister from Toronto when she said, "you know Joanne, there are lots of city people who have no idea how their food is produced. They have never seen a carrot growing in the soil or a cucumber or melon on its vine." That was just one of those stunning awakenings for me. My most recent rude awakening occurred when we ran out of our home-grown garlic and I picked some up at the grocery store. I was horrified to see it was labelled "China." Now I know how far China is. What I didn't know and later found out was that this garlic had been treated with lots of pesticides. Just what is wrong with this picture?

There are folks not too far from us who produce fabulous organic garlic. Why do we need to bring in produce from vast distances when we can grow it ourselves right in this county? While I was still shaking my head over this one I was recalling a program I recently saw on TVO that was asking us to wake up to the fact that we are losing our family farms because the family farm can no longer support a family. Anyone who has grown a garden or bought produce or meat from our local farmers knows how superior the quality is compared to what the supermarkets import from huge distances.

That apple I ate as a kid while sitting in our Snow tree was far tastier than those that have been bred for looks and long distance travel. Along with other folks I always make it a point of voicing my appreciation to store owners who carry "home-grown foods." Those eggs from free range chickens, those strawberries and those apples from "just down the road" do taste

better and my body knows when it is taking in food with a lot more vitality.

I know that not everyone can or should grow a garden. I do believe however that most people appreciate tasty, nutritious food that comes from their home soil. What does it take to increase the availability of home-grown foods in our county? I think it takes a lot of creativity and ongoing commitment to encourage the growth and purchasing of county produced goods.

One creative couple in our county is Heidi Krebsz and Ryan Lambe. They are good examples of folks committed to providing families with nutritious, good tasting produce. At Green Meadows Farm Heidi and Ryan grow their produce organically. In this, their third year, they are providing seven families with a weekly box of produce. They started in mid-June and will continue until mid-September.

They hope to be able to expand to twelve families in the future. When someone says "oh your peas or lettuce are so wonderful," "that is so rewarding," says Heidi. Both Ryan and Heidi love what they are doing. "If we can't enjoy what we do every day we don't want to do it." This is just one example of how a farm and a community can support one another. In some other examples of Community Supported Agriculture (CSA) the members of a CSA share both the harvests and costs equally with other members and the farmers. The community of members pledges to support the farm with an annual financial commitment. The amount of the commitment is determined by a detailed budget which is created to suit the needs of the community.

End

Most Precious Blood Church, Calabogie Memorial Service

Sunday, September 10, 12 noon Most Precious Blood Cemetery, Calabogie Road

(Please bring lawn chairs)

We wish to celebrate the lives of our loved ones from St. Gabriel's Parish, Springtown and Most Precious Blood Parish, Calabogie. All friends and family are welcome. In the event of rain, the liturgical service will be held in Most Precious Blood Church after the 10:30 Mass.

For more information, please call Father Pat Blake (613-752-2224) or Marg Solar (613-752-2995)



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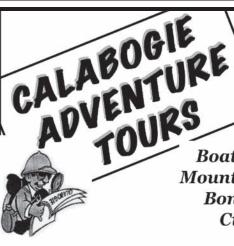


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The Madawaska HIGHLANDER

"Read cover to cover"

The coming municipal election

In this and the previous issue of the Madawaska Highlander, we have covered two subjects that we feel are major issues, which will be facing the municipal council of Greater Madawaska in the coming years: namely waste management and economic development.

As the election date of November 13 draws closer, some prospective candidates for the offices of reeve and ward councillors are declaring themselves. We won't know until very early October who is on the slate. The last day for filing a nomination is Friday September 29.

We plan to dedicate much of the October issue of the Madawaska Highlander to the municipal election in Greater Madawaska. We will be offering candidates for the office of reeve and ward councillors space in the paper to address our readers. To get this space, which will be a maximum of 1,000 words, a candidate must use half that space to deal with the issues of waste management and economic development. The remaining 500 words or associated page space can be used as the candidate pleases. For example a can-

Dear Editor:

Your "Garbage" article in the July Highlander provided a reasonable overview of the GM Twp. waste situation. However, I fell it portrayed an image that this council as well as past councils(as far back as amalgamation)have been dragging their feet with regard to a long term waste solution. It also made stated to some facts which are incorrect. The most significant being your reference to the July council meeting. Here you infer a final resolution regarding a long term waste plan was derailed and delayed via a motion supported by Councillors Parker, Emon and Mercer.

As chairman of the public works committee I point out to you out that the July committee recommendation to council was to have staff prepare a detailed estimate of all costs associated with all options associated with a decision to export waste from our Municipality. This estimate when completed will be presented to Public Works Committee and Council in the September sessions. To my knowl-

didate may want to insert a photo. However, we are hoping that photos or other non-textual displays will be expressed in paid advertising. Our ad rates are included in the paper.

We will also be reporting on candidate meetings but we will not be endorsing any candidate in an editorial. We see the October issue of the paper as a forum that will bring the platforms of candidates directly to our readers so that they can make informed choices on Election Day.

As space allows, we will be running our regular slate of contributors. We will be publishing the October Highlander on October 30. We are setting a deadline of October 13 for candidates to have their text and paid advertising submitted. Knowing that candidates intend to contribute text or ads in advance of that date would be helpful.

Our contact information is on page 2 of this paper and the ad rates on page 3.

The Editor

edge there was never a plan to approve waste export at the July sessions.

If you consider this "further delaying" a decision that is your own option. My opinion differs, as I do not think it prudent to vote on an issue that could cost ratepayers of this TWP. over 2 Million Dollars without clearly understanding the total financial implications PRIOR to voting as well as public notification of the intended direction.

You also note that the TWP. has been negotiating with OVWRC for a number of years. With this I am aware of two formal sessions, the recent one this year and one other in 2004. You may be aware of others, I am not. I would also state that in my opinion it has been OVWRC negotiating with GMT not as you put it. However one views this, these discussions or delays as some may think, have borne fruit for our TWP. You correctly point out that OVWRC have recently softened their requirements by spreading the 1.2 Million buy

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Looking back...



John and Bobby Thomson haying around Matawatchan

Bringing food to Matawatchan

By Bill Graham,

A small group of residents living in Matawatchan have been kicking around some ideas about food over this summer. It started out with shared complaints about the quality of produce that can be purchased in supermarkets and the rising cost of travel to get the food. Also cited was the need to re-localise the food supply for quality, cost and benefits to the local interactive community and the preference for locally grown, chemical-free food.

Eventually food evolved as a theme for this issue of the paper. As you read the paper you will see by the example of the tomato how the quality of our food has changed, for the worst, over the last 50 years. The 'hazards close to home' series for the August Highlander looks at pesticides and their impact on food. Another article looks at alternative ways of getting wholesome food for your table.

The idea of creating a direct link between farmers and consumers is not new. Community Assisted Agriculture (CSA) using various models has been around for decades. Twenty-five years ago, in the U.S., many young professionals left jobs in north-eastern cities to revitalize abandoned New England farms. They found a dying local agricultural scene. Production of dairy, fruit, poultry, and vegetables was squeezed out of local markets as the food industry consolidated and shipped food into smaller markets from centralized processors. Direct farmer-to-consumer arrangements seemed to offer an answer, as it still does today. More recently there has been a rise in consumer-driven arrangements with farm producers. This model of community assisted agriculture is called 'Shareholder CSA'. This type of CSA typically features an existing "core group" that organizes subscribers and hires the farmer. The core group may be a not-for-profit organization. Most key decisions are made by core group personnel with the input of shareholders. Most often these groups (co-ops) have urban dwellers as their shareholders. There are several such groups in the Ottawa area. In other models, farm-

continued next page

Dear Editor:

I would like to respond to the letter of Mr. Beckett in your last issue. He started his letter rather ominously when he suggested he was puzzled. Mr. Beckett made note he had studied the COMRIF application, which he summarised by selectively focusing on sections favourable to his viewpoint.

Mr. Beckettthen went on to call it an agreement instead of the correct descriptor of application. He also indelicately and inaccurately threw out such words as forfeit and default in his rush to prove his point.

He then switched back to the word application, a correct description at that

point in his letter.. For good measure he piled on the written statement "Millions of tax dollars can be spent searching for new landfill sites only to have the sites rejected by the Ministry of Environment" to further shock the reader. I am not sure who Mr. Beckett has spoken to but no one on council has spoken at length of looking for a new site or suggested committing funds to such a pursuit. Mr. Beckett may want to re-visit that alarmist suggestion and question his sources more closely. They seemingly did not make him aware of all of the information council will be reviewing when it makes its decisions about waste management.

continued on page 16

Bringing food continued

ers markets' with local farmers selling local (often organic) produce are springing up. One example is the farmers' market at Lansdowne Park in Ottawa, which started this year and has been extremely successful.

With this article and others in this food-themed edition of the Highlander we would like to sow a few seeds in the minds of readers. We are thinking of setting up a local food co-op, centred in Matawatchan, from which, we hope, a local market will grow. We are hoping to have something in place by next summer. In the interim, we will seek interest from local residents, seek out local producers and see what arrangements might be put in place. As much as possible we will be looking for organically grown fruits and vegetables. However, if the interest is there, this could be expanded to include organically raised meat or other products like flour, beans, honey, etc.

The idea is that because it will be a cost-sharing arrangement, buying as a group will lower the price, the need to travel to get your produce will be eliminated and you will be assured of the quality of food that you receive.

The mechanics of how this costsharing would work would need to be determined by those interested in participating. We plan a late-autumn open meeting at the Matawatchan Hall for those who are interested. A time and date will be published in the October issue of the Highlander.

It should be noted that everyone is welcome to participate but the pickup of orders will take place at the Matawatchan Hall. We envision a weekly Saturday morning pick-up of orders, which we hope can be supplemented by having extra produce for casual purchasers and the presence of other kinds of vendors. For example, maybe our local chocolate maker will be on hand to sell his wares or local church groups will have baked goods for sale. One element that will definitely be implemented is bringing up fruit from the Niagara Peninsula. A local cottager who lives in St. Catherines has offered to bring bushels of fruit (peaches, nectarines, plums, etc.) to Matawatchan on a periodic basis as the fruit come into season. By doing so, he will be able to recover his gas costs and residents will have access to fresh fruit at a fair price. It's a win - win situation for everyone. We are going to test this option by making a fruit-run to Matawatchan this month. It's not certain how it will evolve but we hope that a local market will grow out of the core activity of people picking up their food orders.

If this venture is successful, it could provide a model for other communities in the township. An email or telephone call sent to the paper (contact information is on page 2) would help us gauge the interest for this activity. Regardless, a meeting will be announced in the October issue of the Highlander.

End



Municipal Voter List Review

Residents of Greater Madawaska are reminded to check the Municipal Voter List to ensure that they are included on the list of Eligible Voters for the 2006 Municipal Elections scheduled for November 13th, 2006.

As per the Municipal Elections Act, individual voters are responsible for ensuring that their names appear on the list of Registered Voters.

Revisions and Additions to the Municipal Voter List will be accepted at the Municipal Office, 1101 Francis Street, Calabogie commencing Tuesday September 5th, 2006.

Further information may be obtained by contacting the Municipal Office at (613) 752-2222

John Baird, RRFA, CMM III Returning Officer

: |

Look who's reading the Highlander



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Pine Valley

Griffith / Matawatchan News

By Garry Ferguson

Everyone except the Pig Had Fun

The Annual Fish and Game Club Pig Roast held on Saturday August 19, 2006, was another roaring success in the endless round of social highlights that take place out here along the back roads. It's estimated that 120 to 150 souls – the lad doing the counting was sometimes seeing double so the official count wasn't so accurate – came out to feast and to expose themselves to the rigors of an obstacle course named the Possum Club Golf Tournament and the "Red Neck Horse Shoe Debacle" that are part and parcel of the day's activities.

Al Pennock was at his post in the wee hours of the morning to make sure that the guest of honour was well-done by suppertime. According to the feasters, his efforts were well worth his time. Trophies and awards were given out for the "Glen Abbey from Hell" and the "Redneck" thing, but no one has yet admitted to being the recipient of any honours. It's hoped they at least 'fess up before next year so that the trophies, which were created by Peter Chess, can be retrieved for presentations to 2007's best of the best at padding score cards.

The free event has been held at the Holleran spread for the last several years to show appreciation for the efforts of the Fish and Game Club members.

Double Barrel Surprise

Over 100 people came to the Matawatchan Hall on Saturday August 19, 2006 to help the family celebrate Gail and Terry Holtzhauer's thirty-fifth wedding anniversary, as well as their birthdays. The surprise party got under way at seven p.m. with socializing and lunch before it turned into a dance.

Gail and Terry, known to many far and wide as the owners and proprietors of Snider's Tent and Trailer Park, are virtually the same age with birthdays only a few months apart. We here at The Madawaska Highlander (T.M.H) usually refrain from divulging women's ages, however, Terry is about to reach the big six-oh.

Anniversary congratulations to the Holtzhauers from the whole T.M.H crew listed on page two.

Another Party

On Sunday afternoon, August 06, 2006, nearly 100 people gathered



Wes Bomhower backed up by Bay Connection

at Coral Kelly's home in Griffith to celebrate his birthday. The outdoor party, complete with an all-afternoon lunch, was organized by family members. We have no problem divulging Coral's age. He was 80 years old - but he can still cut, split and pile a cord of wood before lunch time.

Jamboree

The Matawatchan Hall was filled to capacity for an afternoon jamboree, organized by the Heritage Old Time Country Music Association (HOTC-MA) in co-operation with the Matawatchan Hall Board and the women of The Many Waters Métis Association, on August 20, 2006. The house band, The Bay Connection led by Rick Sernoskie of Barry's Bay, staged

Special Meeting

The dedicated folks (hall sitters) who have acted as caretakers, janitors, bartenders and all-around proprietors of the Matawatchan Hall have set a date for a meeting that, under normal circumstances, would be called the Annual General Meeting. (AGM) However, since there has not been a hall board for two years, the meeting scheduled for 7 p.m. September 12, 2006 is more like a cry for help from the community that makes good use of the facility.

During the two years with no board, there have been many improvements added to the premises such as the made-to last-forever outdoor stage



The guest of honour at the Pig Roast

a one-hour show before backing up guest performers from as far away as Carleton Place, Harlowe, Calabogie and Norway Bay, Quebec. Stan Callaghan who DJ's a Saturday-afternoon country music program on Chip Radio out of Fort Coulonge, Quebec, kept the program on track as the MC. Mr. Callaghan stated that he was overwhelmed by the warmth with which the HOTCMA was welcomed and the friendly atmosphere among the folks who attended. Considering the support shown by the locals – the majority came from Griffith and Matawatchan-hespeculated that the jamboree could become an annual event. and another exit to service a planned patio. In addition to the traditional fundraisers, weekly euchre-and-dart nights have taken place and every summer weekend has been booked by renters. Consequently, many cleanups have been required of the hall sitters.

Needless to say, this small group is getting weary and would like some support. The formation of a hall board would be ideal but those brave enough to venture out to show support need not fear the dangers of being coerced into a position of responsibility. Help however, such as bar tending, event organizing, cleaning or maintenance would be appreciated.

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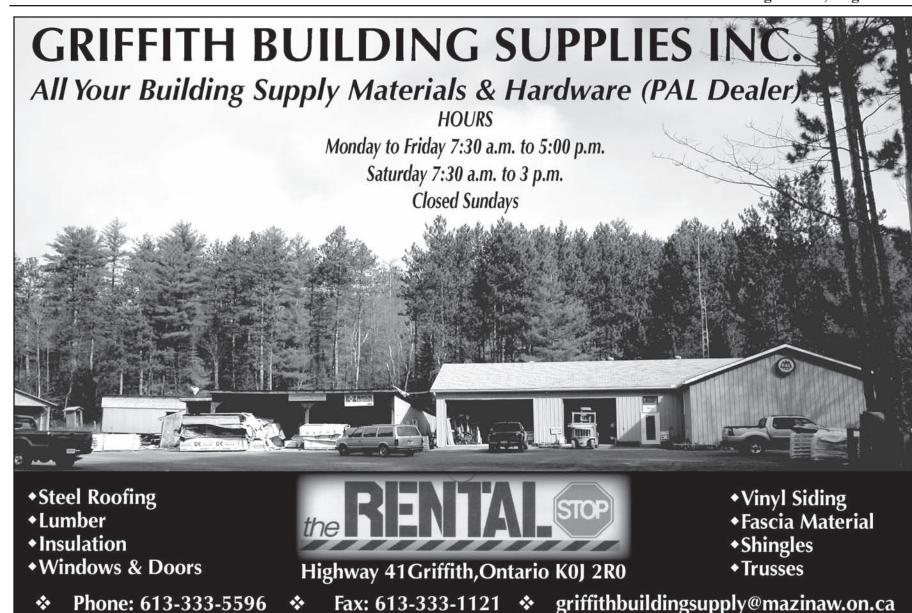
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Fishing with Jim

Jim Weatherall,



It is coming to the end of the summer and the lakes are full of good weed beds. As far as I can see, the weeds are thicker than most years. This is caused from the early spring and

good warm summer. When fishing in this heavy weed bed, you will have to fish weedless. Don't give up when it looks too thick as the bass will still be in the deep weeds.

I had Dave & Darren from Pennsylvania out on Norcan Lake in mid-August, and they did very well. There were lots of fish but not too many large ones. We did have enough for a good shore lunch. We took a lot of the bass on top water plugs. Darren used a Jitter Bug in frog colour and did the best of all of us. Poppers took some fish but not as many as the Jitter Bug.

I was talking to a fellow who was fishing Widow Lake, off the K&P Trail and he was telling me the same thing about the top water, but it was the Popper that did the best. He said that even the pike in the middle of the lake were hitting top water lures.

I want to mention also that if you want to try a good shore lunch, I will share my recipe for you to try. Filet and de-bone your fish. Fry the filets in butter with no batter on the fish. When the fish is good and flaky, break it all up into small bits and scramble enough eggs for everyone in the party into the fish. Salt and pepper to taste and serve on bread or toast (or just on the plate with bread on the side). There is nothing special about this recipe but it sure tastes great when you've been fishing several hours and have worked up an appetite. Let me know how you like it.

It is out!!! The 2007 regulations for pickerel (walleye) fishing in Ontario will be changed. It looks like a maximum of 4 fish, with only 1 over 18". After talking to Mr. Kirby Punt of Pembroke MNR office, it appears that Calabogie, Centennial and Black Donald Lakes will remain the same as now. We will get the full picture as soon as the new regulation books are out later this year.

Enjoy the rest of the summer fishing season and I hope you land a big one.

Be safe

Iim

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Out on the First Concession

THE SCAR ON MY LEG

By Wes Bomhower

Back in the days when everyone milked their cows by hand, there was need for a variety of pails come milking time, preferably of the stainless steel type. There was a pail each for Mom and Dad and also one each for Joyce and Everett, my older sister and brother, plus an extra large strainer pail, so called because it had a strainer built into the lid. Then there was an older, smaller pail used exclusively for odds and ends of milk for the barn cats and perhaps for any calves that required feeding.

Mom would give each pail a good scouring in the kitchen after breakfast and the morning chores and again just after the evening milking. She would have the pails in a row afterward, near the back door and ready for the next chore-time.

I was probably six years old and Wilma a year or so older, and those pails in a row were a challenge for playing leap-frog. Wilma seemed to have springs in her legs and she could clear each pail quite handily. Not to be outdone, I gave it a try and with great effort I managed to jump over each pail the first time. Mom was busy at something else in the pantry, otherwise I expect the pail jumping would have ended right then and there. We made sure that she wasn't looking and Wilma went flying over each pail again. My turn, and all went well until the last pail which had a tear in the metal rim at the top. My jump was not quite broad or high enough, and as I came down, the jagged metal caught the calf of my left leg, The pail went clattering across the floor and I landed in a heap to receive a severe reprimand from Mom who came into the kitchen when she heard the racket.

The strange thing was, my leg didn't really hurt at first, just a burning sensation, then my sock and shoe were filled with blood and the floor was slippery with it. Mom saw the blood and cried, "Oh Chickey (my nickname) what have you done?" She gathered me up, pulling off my sock and shoe as she called out to Aunt Kate for assistance. They laid me on a sheet that Aunt Kate produced, and for the first time I got a look at the damage that was done to the back of my leg; a terrible gash at least four inches long, the ragged edges oozing blood at a great rate, I thought, and then I was really frightened.

What they did after that seems to be all a blur, but I do remember think-

ing, "I'm going to bleed to death just like that kitten we found the other day that got trampled by a cow". Then I recalled my other pet kitten in the barn and I whimpered, "Mom, could Wilma bring Blackie in from the barn so I could hold him"? Bringing barn cats into the house was a nono, but under the circumstances Mom nodded her head and Wilma was gone like a flash to get little Blackie.

I awoke some time later, little Blackie curled up beside me purring contentedly and I could feel a large bandage on my leg but was afraid to touch it. We had no phone to call the doctor and apparently after Dad looked at the gash he decided that I would pull through even though I had lost a considerable amount of blood. After all, it was at the height of the Great Depression and no one ran to a doctor unless all else failed. Doctors cost money and there was precious little of that to spare. There was no OHIP in those days either.

Mom had trained as a nurse before marrying Dad, so it seemed that in no time I was my old lively self again trying to keep up with Wilma. But I carry a scar to this day on the calf of my left leg, about an inch wide and four inches long, a reminder that there were no stitches applied. Perhaps it's my imagination, but when the weather is extremely cold, I feel a dull ache in that leg. Old age probably has nothing to do with it.

Times indeed have changed.

Classified

Ads

For Sale: 10 acre recreational property, cottage with well and septic in the village of Matawatchan. \$45,000. Call 613-333-1841

For Sale: 9.9 hp Evenrude outbord motor, recently rebuilt with gas tank. \$550 Call 613-333-1551

For Sale: Rebuilt Dell laptop computer.
Asking \$250. Call Doug at 613-333-1578

Community Calendar

CHURCH SERVICE SCHEDULE

GRIFFITH AND MATAWATCHAN

St. Andrew's United Church

Sunday Worship 8:30 a.m. Sunday School 8:30 a.m.

Our Lady of Holy Rosary Catholic Church

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

Hilltop Tabernacle

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

DENBIGH AND VENNACHAR

Vennachar Free Methodist Church

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

St. Luke's United Church

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

St. Paul's Lutheran Church

Sunday School 9:00 a.m. Sunday Worship 9:30 a.m.

The New Apostolic Church

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

CALABOGIE

The Calabogie Bible Fellowship Congregational Church

The Mill Street Chapel at 538 Mill St., Regular service – Sundays 7:00 p.m.

Most Precious Blood Catholic Church

504 Mill St., Rev. Father Pat Blake Sundays 10:30 a.m. **Memorial service**-Sept.10, noon

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 0:00

COMMUNITY EVENTS

Calabogie

Lion's Club Bingo

every Wed., 7:15 pm, Calabogie Community Centre, 752-

Calabogie Artfest

Sept 30 & Oct. 1 Calabogie Community Centre

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

The Calabogie and Area Ministerial Food Bank

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

Burnstown

Thirty-fourth Annual Fall Show

of Richard Gill

Bittersweet Gallery, Burnstown Sept. 30 to Oct. 9

Griffith & Matawatchan

Matawatchan Hall General Meeting Tuesday September 12 – 7:00 p.m. At the Matawatchan Hall

Lion's Club Bingo

Every second Tuesday at 7:30 pm Community Centre, Griffith, 613-333-5523

ACW Fundraiser & afternoon tea

Oct 3, 1:30 pm Saint Andrew's Church Matawatchan

Busy Bees Craft Club

Meet the second Tuesday of every month

at the Matawatchan Hall Contact: Hazel Warren (33-2798) or Carol Anne Kelly (333-5570)

"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

continued on page 12

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Favourite Feeds

By Garry Ferguson

No matter where we Valley folk choose to live out our lives or to what exotic places we travel, there remains within us an ingrained, locally-acquired set of tastes against which we measure all culinary offerings from the rest of the world. By adolescence, our tender taste buds would have indelibly written, what Renfrew County folks call, a favourite feed into our grey matter. The hint of spiced apple sauce on the chill of a Manitoba winter's evening or the aroma of new bread drifting from some little bakery along a sweltering Toronto street may cause vivid flashbacks to large Matawatchan farm kitchens and to a time when simple tastes were becoming an integral part of the ties that bind us to our roots.

Most of us *do* acquire new tastes – I've even learned to like broccoli and to tolerate parsnips – but our entrenched lists of favourites seem to become enhanced with time. Even though we may eventually enjoy tucking into concoctions hotter than a bush fire or willingly sample some delicacy, such as kidney pie – which should cause any functioning olfactory sense to trigger images of a pot once kept under beds – we stubbornly reserve the right to brag about that Madawaska Valley *haut cuisine* of childhood memories.

It's probably safe to say that most of us still drool at the mention of fried bread, fresh *baked* bread, pit-baked beans, onion laced stews (even

Press Release: Peter Emon

For Immediate Release Monday, August 20, 2006

I am announcing I have filed the required papers and I am running to become the next Reeve of the Township of Greater Madawaska. This decision has not been made without considerable thought and consultation with family and friends. After thinking it through it came down to the salient fact that this is my home. I was born in the municipality. educated in the municipality, and returned from university to serve and assist in this municipality. Most importantly with my wife, we are raising a daughter here. I will be taking a leave of absence to stay at home with her. During my deliberations it became apparent to me I also wanted to see my family, my friends, our ratepayers and our residents continue to prosper and to continue enjoying the exceptional quality of life we have here in Greater Madawaska.

I have been most fortunate to serve as an active member of municipal council since 1988. I continue to view my work on council as serving the community by assisting it to grow and flourish. During my time representing the community we have had to make important and long reaching decisions on planning, development, municipal buildings and programs, fire service, staffing and several years ago the survival of our rural municipality through amalgamation. I have been fortunate to have worked with dedicated, hardworking staff and visionary and knowledgeable council members and I feel I have contributed to the present success that is Greater Madawaska.

As a member of our community I

have served as a Lion for over 20 years, assisting with numerous programs and events. I have served as a member of the local hospital board and several other community-based events as well. I have been employed in the field of social work. My job is bound by statute and demands compromise, decision making and constant, some might say daily, re-invention of role.

The skills I have utilised in over 20 years of working with people, working in the courts, with other professionals and various senior government ministries have allowed me to develop skills which translates very well to municipal government. I believe I know and understand Greater Madawaska, its people, its assets and its potential. In the past I have worked as a team member on a large number of municipal and community projects and events. I can and will continue to work with all members of our community. It is my belief your Reeve must work with staff, other members of council and the public to get things done. Your Reeve must share information and utilise the experience and information of others. The goal of your Reeve has to be making the municipality and the area better because of Council's intervention. I look forward to speaking with you prior to November 13th and sharing my ideas with you. I will also be releasing a series of statements about Greater Madawaska and its future in the next several weeks.

End

better with illegal venison as the main ingredient), sea pies or any of the other standard fare on which we existed, but each of us has his or her own unique, customized *favourite* feed.

Nothing has toppled mine from its enshrined position up there at the pinnacle of my personal *gourmet* delights list. If I could order it up now, I'd call for fresh Colton-Creek brook trout fried in butter. Dessert would be warm, fresh-from-the-pan maple syrup and hot, torn homemade bread splathered with home-churned butter. My arteries twitch and my taste buds beg sedation when I think about it.

Except for the bread, my menu is not likely to be found in a cookbook. Hopefully, those reminiscing of more intricate valley fare have stored recipes for their favourites away in the old grey matter along with their memories, because they're not likely to find them in any cook book either.

Though most of us don't often get around to whipping up our favourite feeds these days, it might be fun to order up something like sea pie with a side order of fried bread in a city restaurant - then sit back and watch the reaction. The reaction should be amusing – provided you had time to observe it before you were kicked out

End

Calendar cont...

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

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.

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By Ernie Jukes - Camp J

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BULLISH

As a wee tad of about four or so years of age visiting my grandparents in Napanee it was my job to go for the cream towards the end of each day. This was a terrifying task due to having to pass through my Great Grandfather's cattle herd. Up McCabe's Hill, which contained the biggest, blackest, meanest looking bull that apparently there ever wasanywhere's! Miserable old Gramps Miro was no sweetheart either. Well as time went on and I got to doing some reading and travelling I not only found out why the Bull has this awesome reputation but also why they have been specially selected by peoples around the globe to be part of their history and mythology.

Due to these huge beasts' strength and tenacity and obvious leadership of their often-large herds they have been revered through the ages. The ancient Minoans painted them on the walls of Knossos. If you explore the Greek islands you will see how the Bull had the respect of kings in their

architecture and statues throughout the lands around the Aegean Sea—the cradle of western civilization.

It's interesting to note that through the ages the bull became a symbol for many groups including Germans from the provinz of Mecklenburg and the Scots, Clan McLeod from Isle of Skye. In the new world he became the seed of our great cattle herds and a hit at our Western rodeos. So much so that Canuck livestock now provides most of the best beef to the world. A farming uncle said "your fences need to be horse-high, pig- tight and bull-strong. Another said "keep skunks, bankers, lawyers and bulls at a distance". The bull and its high standing was everywhere. From the wild Canadian version and the big game hunter's prize—the Bull Moose—to representing sports teams on their jerseys like the Belleville Bulls. And names of places such as Bull Mountain, Big Bull Bay or Bullsover and even nicknames of boxers like "wild bull of the pampas".

Continued on page 20

Dear Editor cont...

in over 15 years. Their buy-in position in 2004 had absolutely no flexibility and called for the whole 1.2 million up front, period. It appears that not jumping in during 2004 has achieved some monetary gain for us. So much for delaying decisions.

Should a decision to export be deemed as the direction we take, the following points will have to be considered over and above any buy in and infrastructure expenditures. With a population base of approx. 2600, which can increase by 50 to 75% during summer months we could potentially be exporting up to 4550 tons of waste out of the TWP. annually. Assuming 25 tons a truckload @ \$85.00 hr. for 5--6 hr. trip (we could buy our own trucks and hire additional staff to reduce costs??) add to this a tipping fee of approx. \$55.00 to unload...... You can do the math yourself.

Whatever your view is regarding "GARBAGE" I can assure you that it is a top priority issue for this Council and will be as well for the next. Although time is passing as you state I do not feel we are at the panic stage yet and time spent going over every detail and cost should not be interpreted as delay of decision making.

Don Mercer Councillor Ward 1 GMTWP.

Valley Heritage Radio

By Garry Ferguson

In our July issue, we ran an article on the Valley Heritage Radio (VHR) with a photo of Vic Garbutt, Director of Operations and Guy Jamieson, Board Chairman. There has been an election bringing some changes since the information for the piece was gathered. Guy Jamieson has stepped down as Chair after three, plus, years of hard work and dedicated service and Vic Garbutt has become President of Valley Heritage Radio Incorporated.

Due to a delay in the fabrication of the antenna – it seems that everyone in Italy goes on holidays at the same time – on-air status has been delayed by a few weeks.

VHR (CJHR 98.7) will broadcast with an output of 14000 watts to reach an estimated 145,000 people.

Any one wishing information or to donate, may contact Vic at 613-623-8935 or at victor.garbutt@sympatico.

The Luminary Firefly

By Floris Wood

You have to wonder if cave children ran around the mouth of their parent's home on a warm summer's evening, chasing fireflies, and putting them in the hair of the child that was most afraid of them. There's a good likelihood. Even beyond lighting up their abdomens these critters are pretty fascinating. For example, some of them are terribly poisonous. One nature photographer complained that his pet lizard sampled one bug and died. Barring a case of undetected lizard cancer, that is pretty potent. But not to fret, getting the luminescent powder of a firefly on your hands and, somehow, into your mouth, won't even give you a bad bellyache. Anyway, most firefly species built their reputations on just tasting bad. If you are dangerous or bad tasting. you want the world to know how dangerous or bad tasting you are <u>before</u> it eats you, not after. So you develop some spectacularly garish signal (a flashing light will do) to let everyone know that, "I am the bad tasting one, don't mistake me for the good, edible one." Any bug that is that poisonous or bad tasting has many imitators. So only a few of the fireflies that look like the poison fireflies are really that nasty. All the rest employ false advertising.

Researchers have tested the ability of mice to learn to avoid bad tasting fireflies by associating the bad taste with their light flashes. It did not take long for the mice to stop eating fireflies altogether. Aside from its defence function, the flashing lemon/lime coloured light does service in the mating ritual.

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Calabogie Artfest

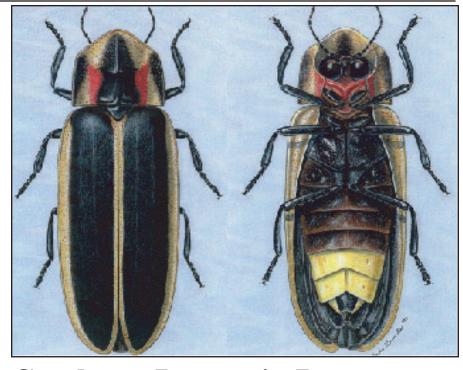
The 6th Annual Calabogie Artfest will be held again this year in the Calabogie Community Center, 574 Mill Street, Calabogie, Ontario on Saturday, Sept. 30, 2006, and Sunday ,October 1, 2006 from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily. The show features work of the Renfrew Art Guild members. This year there will be six artists from the Calabogie area showing their work.

There will be mixed media by Carolyn Jakes, watercolours by Sheila Fletcher and Georgette Reed and oil paintings by Kim Carnegie, Denise Jasmin and Dwyene MacNabb. The Calabogie Women's Institute will again be providing homemade lunches and refreshments during the show. Come and have your portrait done in pastels by Diana Wakely from Renfrew. Our show is always

well attended and we know this year will be a great time for all.

For information call: Dwyene MacNabb - 613-752-2438

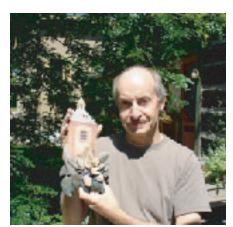




Czech out Prague in Burnstown

The majestic city of Prague sits poised at the heart of Europe where diverse cultures have collided for centuries. This "City of a Thousand Spires" has endured dynastic, religious, political and racial conflicts. Since the fall of communism more than a decade ago the city is on the move again and alive with an obvious devotion and passion for art, music, literature and architecture.

On a recent spring visit to Prague Burnstown artist /sculptor Richard Gill discovered a fairy tale city that has been built and rebuilt bursting with diverse artistic styles gathered from far and wide. He found himself surrounded by fabulous roofscapes of baroque domes, medieval towers, Renaissance gables, and Gothic Church spires along with Bohemian forms of plasterwork decoration called sgraffito.



Richard Gill

Artistic inspiration abounded while listening to jazz or Mozart while sipping Czech beer in a Romanesque cellar or strolling through orchards alive with the fresh scent of apple blossoms amist broad expanses of grand baroque and rococo palaces of

continued on next page

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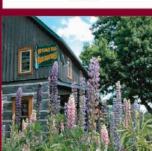


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Prague continued

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Don't judge a tomato by its colour

By Renée Wood

The scrumptious taste of a rich, red, juicy tomato may be a fading memory. Industrialization is good for producing mass quantities of goods and shipping them to wherever a demand is, but at what cost? The fact is that the tomato bought off the grocery shelf today is not as nutritious or as tasty as those grown 50 years ago. Don't start smashing your tomatoes yet, there are still good varieties and ways of growing them that yields good flavour.

The tomato, Lycopersicon esculentum, of the genus nightshade—a family known to be poisonous—suffers from a case of mistaken identity on whether it is a fruit or a vegetable. Botanically, a fruit is an ovary with seeds of the flowering plant, which perfectly describes the tomato. "Vegetable" is a culinary term which means that it is served with a meal or as the main course of a meal, but "vegetable" has no botanical meaning. But the U.S. Court in 1893 Nix vs. Hedden reclassified the tomato as a vegetable. The rationale for the decision was that vegetables (tomatoes) are served with dinner and not as a dessert. The U.S. could now collect a tariff on tomatoes since vegetables had

a tariff at that time, but fruits did not.

Other hurdles the tomato had to overcome before being in our daily diets were: Puritans thought it to be an aphrodisiac (I wish this were true) and rejected it outright. In Europe, pewter flatware used by the rich caused acidy foods, like tomatoes, to leach lead into their food, causing lead poisoning and death. This reinforced the notion (at least in the minds of the rich) that the tomato was indeed poisonous, whereas the poor had no problem eating this red fruit from their wooden plates.

A few of my sources claim that what finally put peoples' minds to rest about the safety of the tomato is the legend that at noon on September 26, 1820, in front of the courthouse in Boston, Colonel Robert Gibbon Johnson ate numerous tomatoes in front of thousands, who were amazed that he didn't die.

Since then we have learned that not only can the tomato be quite tasty, it is also believed to have some health benefits. Lycopene gives the tomato its red hue, and according to Wikipedia, an online encyclopaedia, it is the strongest natural antioxidant found. Lycopene is known to be beneficial in preventing prostate can-

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Dear Editor cont....

I would also suggest, Mr. Beckett in his ongoing research review the application again and note the difference between it and the agreement with COMRIF. The agreement is in By-Law 25 - 2005 passed July 28, 2005 and signed by the Reeve on that date and the Minister signed on October 19, 2005. This document defines the conditions attached to the COMRIF funding.

Specifically Section 4 sub section 4.8 and 4.10 are extremely enlightening and informative. Section 4.10 "If the Recipient becomes aware of any alternatives to the Project that are more cost effective ... the Recipient shall immediately notify the Ministry". Section 4.8 speaks to completing the project in whole or in part and an adjustment of funds. I believe the two sections highlight the responsibility of the municipality to ensure the project is the correct project. Council also has to answer questions of local ratepayers prior to longterm commitments of monies. Waste management has proven to be both expensive and a long term commitment for this and other municipalities in North America and Europe.

If Mr. Beckett wished to read further in the agreement, he should also review Schedule "B" of the agreement - not the application. It doesn't specify Ottawa Valley Waste Recoverv Centre. It leaves the door open to possible export to another facility, which is most fortunate as technological advances may present us with other means of handling our waste in the future. Greater Madawaska still has seven years capacity in our waste sites as we plan and possibly negotiate with possible service providers. We do not have to hurry and choose one in a frenzy of panic. Panicky decisions made on half formed information make for lots of busy lawyers and not good decisions. It will no doubt be a relief for all when we have a long term solution identified and implemented after correctly assessing its merits.

Council is correct in costing out all options and not speeding off to a solution which may not be the best economic solution. A report completed by SGS Lakefield completed in 2005 suggests a variety of costings for several different potential long term waste management solutions. The price tags range from \$15.1 million for utilizing our own sites to \$20 million for exportation of waste. All figures for the options are projected over a 25 year amortisation period. With those kinds of figures council has to get it right.

Thank you for your attention to this matter. Sincerely Peter Emon, Councillor Ward 1

Greater Madawaska



George Leger: Religion, Radiation, and Rock-hounds Brazil and Russia. In his new role of Harm Lubben

By Doug Smith

George Leger was born in New Brunswick and came to Quadeville when he married Marilyn Kauffeldt in 1973. His interest in rocks began as it does with most children by collecting a pocketful. Living on the shorelines of New Brunswick, George's pockets were usually full. His wife got him hooked in Quadeville. As he put it, "When you come to Quadeville, where do you go? There's no place to go, so she said, 'Well, we'll go down to the rock shop,' and that's how 1 got started."

The rock shop and beryl pit was a collector's paradise owned by Jerry McCoy who became George's tutor. Today both the beryl pit and the rose quartz quarry in Quadeville are owned by Dick and Heather Farmery. Mr. Farmery is past president of the Canadian Mineralogist's Federation. Between the dazzling array of crystals at Jerry's rock shop and the challenges of rockhounding, George was more than hooked. In addition to his regular job of miner, he was becoming an explorer, scientist, and powerhouse moving tons of rock a day with only hand tools.

It wasn't until about fifteen years ago when he had his first show at Bancroft's Rockhound Gemboree that he became a salesman. The Gemboree is an annual event in July that attracts thousands of rackhounds and collectors from around the world. This international gathering takes place in Bancroft, because the third richest deposit of minerals in the world is here, in a zone that runs up to Eganville. The other two are in

Brazil and Russia. In his new role of not just finding stone but buying and selling it, he has developed a fairly simple strategy for the marketplace. "Whatever happens in the States, whatever they go for, three years down the road you have it here."

In today's stone market, there is a new group of collectors that George takes quite seriously -- spiritualists and others looking for healing stones. This story from last year's Gemboree tells the tale. A spiritualist approached him, and said his stones were calling her. She held one with ecstasy and wonder in her eyes. He passed her a large piece of euxenite and asked, "What's this one telling you?" Euxenite is highly radioactive. She hugged it (a rock hugger) with pleasure and replied that it was telling her the same thing as the hackmanite she held originally. This is alright with George knowing that a spiritualist will usually sacrifice the material for the spiritual and pay whatever the price tag says. He takes a very sympathetic attitude toward their appreciation of the stone he provides them. "I've got the stone. They tell me what they want. The beauty of rocks is vou can touch just about everybody in the world. First, for the beauty of the rock. Now you've got your healing people are into rocks (said almost solemnly) like you wouldn't believe. Five years ago quartz crystals were your big healing crystals. Everybody had quartz crystals. Now for us to get them in Canada is too expensive so nobody deals with quartz crystals. Now its hackmanite. Last year at the show I sold about \$3000 worth in a weekend."

George and his rockhound buddy

Harm Lubben from Palmers Rapids took me on my first dig to the beryl pit They gathered and stowed their tools knowing that the hike back to the pit allows only the tools you can carry. Whatever is going to be brought out must be added to this. A cart comprised of a large wooden box on wheels with two long handles is the only way to haul out any sizable pieces of stone, which we wouldn't need on this day as this was an exploratory dig and carts are not allowed in the beryl pit.

You would assume footwear to be heavy steel toed boots for one holding a chisel in place with his foot while slamming it repeatedly with a twenty pound sledge hammer. Not these rockhounds. One was wearing velcro strapped sneakers and the other cowboy boots. We stopped at Kauffeldt's store for registration, coffee, smokin' and jokin', then off down Letterkenny Road, to the beryl pit.

The physical work of rockhounding is exhausting. It involves slinging water out of pools and shoveling out grooves for it to drain away from diggings, driving a flat, wide chisel into an accessible part of the pit's floor, pounding several armlong chisels above the flat chisel and all with large sledge hammers. During this assault, the rock vibrates in a two foot radius around the point of contact. If it is vibrating in the area you want to open, the battle is on, man against stone. When it opens, you look to see a perfectly formed gemstone that glows with phantomlike colors under ultraviolet light, or perfectly formed crystals that crumble with your touch due to radioactive decay caused by a neighboring

stone. So the reward for your labor can be the amazement of releasing a perfectly preserved gem from its rocky tomb or the disappointment of finding only its crystalline skeleton. But beyond the roles of miner, explorer, scientist, powerhouse, and salesman. I think Mr. Leger is fulfilling two more important roles -teacher and discoverer. Other rockhounds around the Valley will tell you that they've learned everything they know from him. Last summer he took a group of forty University of Pennsylvania students and their teachers on a dig and is scheduled for more university groups. He has begun working with local children and has agreed to give a workshop at the Griffith Day Camp. As a discoverer, he has already taken samples to the museum in Ottawa and been told they couldn't identify what he'd found. He is currently finding stone that is not in the textbooks, and you can be sure that George has employed all the standard tests from chemical to ultraviolet radiation in his attempts at identification. When 1 ask him what he will name a new mineral that he discovers, he says without hesitation, "Renfrew Red." The stone he is referring to fluoresces a raspberry red color in the visible spectrum, and, incidentally, George has red hair.

During the 1980s, I often got to Bancroft for the Gemboree, but all 1 ever brought was money and not much of that. I was a consumer, and I wanted to be a participant, so I stopped going. Since meeting George, my dream of being a genuine rockhound has been revived.

George Leger and the stone he reveals are valuable resources that we all can enjoy. His knowledge and labours are truly a tribute to all those earlier miners and geologists who gave us an important part of this valley's heritage.

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Hazards close to home: Pesticides from a consideration ity of the evidence,"

By Bill Graham

A pesticide is any chemical agent or other substance used to destroy plant or animal pests. Pesticides are generally divided into two classes: herbicides and insecticides. The two most infamous from each class is Agent Orange, which is a defoliant used by the U.S. in the Vietnam War and the insecticide DDT. Both are now banned substances in the developed world, but DDT is still used in parts of the developing world to control malarial mosquitoes.

Millions of households across North America use pesticides to keep lawns free of weeds and to control insects on pets or in the home. Since these are consumer products one assumes that they are safe. However, even products intended for household use contain toxic ingredients, including carcinogens, reproductive toxins and endocrine disrupters. Many commonly-used pesticides are included in two particular groups of chemicals, known as organophosphates and carbamates. They work by attacking the nervous system or brain of target insects. Unfortunately, the evidence shows that they also affect the brains and nervous systems of humans—particularly children.

Since 1995, pesticides have been regulated in Canada by the Pest Management Regulatory Agency (PMRA). Regulations require manufacturers to list the active ingredients on containers but the Agency does not require manufacturers to state the potential health or environmental affects of those active ingredients.

It is not just DDT that has been banned in Canada. Other products have been removed from the consumer market after PMRA's re-evaluation. In rural areas the problem is not as great since there is not the same concentration of users of pesticides—the more people wanting flawless lawns located in a relatively small land area, the bigger the problem. Since 2001, when the Supreme Court of Canada upheld the rights of Hudson Quebec-and other Canadian municipalities—to enact pesticide bylaws governing land within their municipality, 69 municipalities across Canada have enacted similar laws to protect community health.

At the heart of these initiatives is the precautionary approach. "The health effects and potential risks from exposure to pesticides may never be completely understood. Different interpretations have emerged

from a consideration of the totality of the evidence," Toronto Medical Health Officer Dr. Sheila Basrur wrote in a detailed report in 2002. "It is the judgment of Toronto Public Health that a precautionary approach concerning residential-use of pesticides is prudent and advisable."

The over-riding theme in this series of articles has been the right of consumers to know about the hazards that might exist in the products that they use. This means full disclosure of all hazardous ingredients and their health affects. Steps are being taken to protect workers, but what about consumers? Government has many pressures; industry not the least, and until consumers have a lobby as affective, nothing much will change.

All biological units are at some risk, including humans, from the use of pesticides even if they are specifically designed to kill weeds or insects. Pesticides are poisons, designed to kill, and should be used with extreme caution. However, there are other less toxic, though less convenient, ways of dealing with pests. To replace herbicides, you can pour boiling water where weeds occur on hard surfaces, a series of applications of a mixture of boiling water and vinegar will eventually kill persistent plant growth at the root or use a safe alternative product such as Eco Clear Weed (with acetic acid). Soap (both traditional and insecticidal) is safe and effective against pests. Traditional, pure soaps are made from fatty acids obtained from animal fats and plant oils. In insecticidal soaps, certain types of fatty acids have been selected and concentrated in order to increase effectiveness of the soap against pests and to minimize adverse effects on plants; otherwise these soaps are no different from traditional, pure soaps.

During our lifetime we have all been exposed to pesticides and will continue to carry them in our bodies for the rest of our lives. In Toxic Nation: A Report on Pollution in Canadians, which has been quoted in previous articles in this series, survey volunteers were tested, through blood and urine samples, for various pollutants. In the case of Organochlorine pesticides. 13 chemicals were tested for and 10 were detected in volunteers with the average number of chemicals found in volunteers being eight. In the case of organophosphate insecticide metabolites, 6 chemicals were tested for and 5 were detected in volunteers with the average number of chemicals detected being four.

Like heavy metals, many of these chemicals accumulate in the body and

continued on page 25

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Jack's Farm: An excerpt

By Joan Levy Earle (Author)

Editor's note: Lindsay Pike-Dods is a loyal reader of the Highlander with a family cottage near Springtown. She is also Director of Creative Bound Inc., which is among other things, a book publisher. She suggested to me that Jack's Farm was a good fit for the paper and that readers might enjoy reading an excerpt. After reading it, I had to agree. Here is the opening chapter of Jack's Farm.

The House that Time Forgot

It seems fitting to begin this story as a fairy tale because any time that a dream comes true it seems destined, and therefore has an ethereal quality to it.

Once upon a time, a young Bell Canada repairman was called to a house in the bush to fix an out-of-service telephone. He did the job, and went home and shared with his wife the news that he had just visited an old farmhouse where an elderly lady was living without power or running water. The young man returned to this secluded spot and got permission from the owner to hunt grouse on her property.

During one of his later visits, he thought perhaps the mistress of the house had died. He didn't see any activity and the place appeared abandoned. It was very late in the fall of the year, and as he approached the house, he spotted small footprints in the freshly fallen snow. Then he saw her—dear little Hattie with her single-toothed smile of recognition. He was happy to report to his family that evening that the little lady who lived down the long lane alone, was still alive.

Several years passed and he saw the obituary announcing Hattie's passing. He clipped the announcement from the paper and kept it in the top drawer of his dresser. That was probably the day that "the house that time forgot" became the desire of Jack Earle's heart.

Until Hattie's death, Jack had never really expressed any interest in buying the property. Now, I could tell by how often he spoke of the place that his interest in this property in the middle of nowhere had taken on great significance. He was a quiet man who kept many of his thoughts and dreams to himself until he felt the time was right.

So this is the story of Hattie's farm, which became Jack's farm in 1996. And it is my story, too, because I am on my way to becoming the next old lady who lives down the lane.

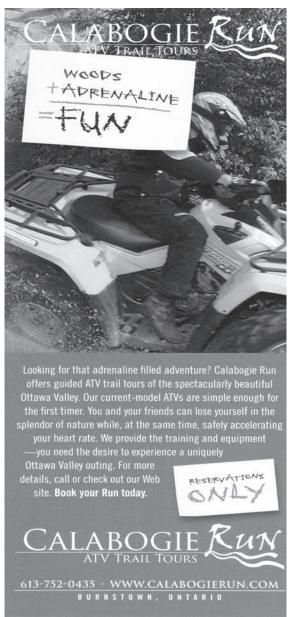
The first time we visited this property in the late spring of 1994, Jack parked the truck about a quarter of a mile away. You couldn't see the house for the trees. We had inquired at the next-door neighbours, the Dewar family, to ask about the passing of Hattie and if the property had been sold yet. We learned that it hadn't and we were given a contact name. Hattie's cousin, Clarence Fiske, who spent the summers in Williamstown, was the executor of her estate, and we agreed that we would visit him at the first opportunity.

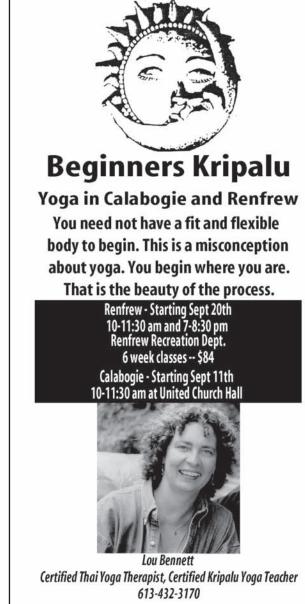
We drove to the bottom of the lane and walked around the closed gate that said "No Trespassing." I felt like an intruder, although knowing that Jack was interested in purchasing the property made it seem a little more proper. Besides, 1 reminded myself Jack and Hattie were old friends.

The canopy of trees, now in full leaf, welcomed us, but as we got closer, I saw the tired grey farmhouse and we decided to stop at the foot of the small hill. The overgrown shrubs and grass seemed to be helping to protect the house from the elements. Despite the overgrowth, the farm had an appealing laneway, with the leaning boughs creating a cathedral-like appearance. Some of the mature oak trees towered to heights that spoke of a couple of hundred years of history, which gave them a lifespan that matched the age of the property.

Belden's Atlas of 1879 states that this land was settled by Alex Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald passed away in 1895, leaving the property to his adopted son, Fred Cheeseman, Hattie's father. Fred was a "home boy." Orphaned in England, he had been invited to come to Canada to live with the Macdonald family to be raised as their son. The Macdonalds had only daughters, and no doubt Mr. Macdonald knew that a son would be important to carry on the family farming tradition. In his will, Mr. Macdonald stated that Fred Cheeseman was required to build a separate home for his unmarried sister, should she desire to live on her own. It is possible that this house was actually built, as there is a sixteen-by eighteen foot house just north and east of the property, with a separate laneway running adjacent to that section

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COTTAGE CORNER

By John Roxon

It was a hot midsummer's day at the cottage when the fighting broke out. The two factions lived peaceably for years. Each was aware of the other's existence. Each going about their business and daily routines always mindful of the other's presence; but able, if the need arose, to inflict great pain and suffering on the other. This was, in fact, the deterrent that enabled the long quiescence.

Then came the first attack - seemingly out of the blue. Most likely it was the licentiousness of the attack that so inflamed the other side. This isn't about Bush vs. Al Oaeeda or Israel vs. Hezbollah. This is about man vs. hornet. The hornet's first attack was to the side of the knee. It felt like I was caught in a shower of hot embers. Ground zero was red, swollen and sore for days. That first strike was ignored. The next day saw a wave of three more strikes. Two stings to the fingers and one to the ankle. The yellow and black fighters were out in full force, their front landing gear hanging as if gimpy. The provocation for that first attack is still unclear. Perhaps it was the sheer heat and humidity. Perhaps, unknowingly and completely by accident one of their nests or bases was disturbed. The question remained; should I take a pragmatic, measured approach arguably like Ariel Sharon had towards Hezbollah or a more forceful, ferocious approach like the one taken by Ehud Olmert. After four burning attacks without provocation, I chose to counter with ferocity. Military strategists say it is folly to try to fight a war on multiple fronts. The hornets had four known bases, all under the

patio table. Roughly speaking, there was the east, west, north and south base. I would be fighting a war on four fronts! I called the kitchen cabinet to an emergency meeting where we poured over maps of the enemy's location in hopes of figuring out the best means of attack. Sam, my son and aviation buff was in charge of the air force. Julie, my wife and decided non-swimmer was naturally in charge of the navy. My daughter, Lindsay, who's been known to falsify documents to get into a favourite club or bar was a perfect fit to lead the Secret Service and I was in charge of the ground troops.

We spent hours in war preparation meetings. Should we lead a ground offensive, poking at the bases with sticks in hopes of detaching them? Should we move the table off the deck and lead with a naval attack by showering the bases with water? Lindsay suggested that she could go undercover by producing a black and yellow bees costume from a long ago Halloween. She then suggested that she could produce infighting between the hornet's various bases, thus causing them to annihilate themselves. We discounted this as being too risky. besides, we agreed, what if the hornets infiltrate our cozy cabal causing us to turn on each other? We decided on an air offensive using chemical bombs to destroy the enemy. How to handle the four fronts? One base at a time or attack all four in rotation?

More hours of meetings, phone calls, faxes and secret dispatches. Our plan was finalized. The next day at 0700 we would lead a chemical air attack on all four bases simultaneously. The chemical bomb we were to use

is a toxic blend of .176% Pyrethrins, .97% Piperonyl Butoxide and .081% Tetramethrin, otherwise known by its civilian name, Off!

The members of the war cabinet got a good night's sleep knowing that we must be fit and alert for the battle that lay ahead.

At 0630 the next day, we were already working feverishly to prepare for the strike at 0700. We drew straws and I was the one chosen to be the lead bomber. Air Marshall Sam would direct the attack from the temporary war office set up in the kitchen, well out of range of the hornet's attack. I prepared by donning thick leather gloves, denim pants, socks, work boots, goggles and special netting imported from China and made for just such a dangerous mission. I shook the canister of the deadly chemicals to mix them and by 0658 I was battle-ready! Those two minutes waiting until attack time was probably the longest two minutes of my life. Thoughts of my family went through my head. Would I see my loved ones again? Would I survive the mission intact or would I return horribly wounded and disfigured? The mission had to succeed as there was no back-up plan and the lives of my family were at stake. 0700 – the time was now!

I went outside, gingerly holding the canister, ready to unleash a horrific chemical warfare not only on the aggressive hornets but on their families and homes as well. It's an unfortunate side affect of warfare that not only do the opposing warriors get killed, but there is often considerable collateral damage. This war would be no different. I went to the patio table and got on my hands and knees so I could be within two feet of the enemy's bases. In a rapid attack I liberated the chemicals from the canister rotating from one base to the other until all four came under the fierce onslaught. One black and yellow fighter emerged, then another and another. I was getting them in the air as they took flight. The first one hit with the chemicals spiraled to the ground, writhing and staggering. Another blast and it fell through the cracks of the deck. I attacked in rapid succession like this for 15 minutes, rotating between the bases and the emerging fighters. The hornet's army had an obvious morale problem as a number of fighters defected and did not stay to fight—then nothing. The carnage was over. No more hornets emerged from the nest. About six or seven larva dropped to the deck-collateral damage. Occasionally one of the defectors would return only to fly off when faced with the hopeless task of rebuilding on scorched earth. With my chemical arsenal handy, I would aggressively blast each hornet as it tried to return. Another seven or eight were killed in this way. Only two or three survived the initial offensive and subsequent attacks. All the bases were destroyed.

One month later I notice the occasional hornet flying under the table. Like the Lebanese returning to their homes after the Israeli assault, the hornets are trying to rebuild. A ceasefire has been declared and has been adhered to by both sides. Both sides living with an uncomfortable truce until the next indiscretion by either side brings on a renewed battle.

End

MUSINGS continued

Years ago while jogging down Frontenac Road, as I neared the trail to McLaren's Lake (Dunn's Lake), I heard the most desperate and forlorn bellow of a bull. Rapidly following the sound down the steep bank to a pond close to what is now Dunn's log cabin, I discovered a large animal right up to it's neck in quicksand, sinking by the minute. Instantly realizing it was impossible to help it on my own I raced back toward Matawatchan to Postman Davey Carswell, whom I knew had a jeep. Minutes later we had slipped a rope past it's bulging eyes, down its neck and dragged it free of sure death. The previously dangerous animal suddenly took on a whole different attitude and meaning to me.

specially trained type of bull to the rings of Mexico, attracting huge crowds for centuries. The sport today seems to be waning in popularity while pertinent slang within our language is growing. From the Brit's "bullish wot?" or "bullderdash", we can bulldoze our way into "aw bull-"and as you know that's another interpretation of "fabrication", which is more at home around Ottawa---but we are not going there today. You can probably expand on this fascination and fear with the stubborn beast ...there are no doubt many bovine experiences right here in our valley, and when we hear them you can say--"no bull, eh"?

End

Of course the Spaniards brought a



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GREATER MADAWASKA LITERARY MATTERS

By Mary-Joan Hale

The long-awaited software is up and running. Folks can enter the website from various ways. I suggest going to the Township of Greater Madawaska site, clicking on the Library tab and clicking on the 'Direct link to Library searching' or go to: http://69.159.2 05.201:9999/InfoCentre/Library.do

It is case-sensitive. Save it to your 'Favourites'. You can log in using your last name and your Patron Card number. If not already a library patron, you still may search the collection. Residents of Greater Madawaska are eligible to join the Library without fee. Come to the Library or go to one of the Satellite sites to get the application forms.

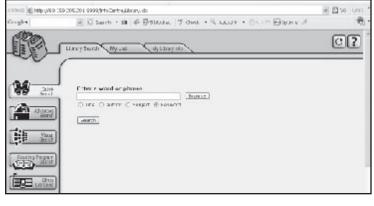
When you open the website, you will see three buttons at the top:

<u>Library Search</u>, <u>My List</u> and <u>My library Info</u>

On the left side are four buttons:

Quick Search, Advanced Search, Visual Search, Reading Program Search and Other libraries.

To start, go to Quick Search. You can search by Title, Author, Sub-



ject or Keyword. For example, you may wish to see what books by Nora Roberts are in the collection. Type in Roberts, Nora, click on 'Author', then 'Search' and all of the titles we own will come up. Scroll down the list to see the status of each book. They will be 'in' or 'out'. Either way, you can place a 'Hold' on the title. You will then need to enter your Patron ID (the number on your Library Card) and your Surname in the appropriate boxes. Then click on 'Place Hold'. A window will tell you that the hold is placed in your account and how to cancel it if you decide to do so. I will check the 'Holds Report' daily and let you know when your request is available. For those in Wards 2 and 3, you will be notified when the requests are being sent out to the Satellite venues.

The Advanced Search asks for more

information. You may need this for research purposes, but for the most part the Quick Search will be all you need.

The fun button is the Visual Search. This is designed to make searching fun for kids (or those who wish they were). The buttons are pictures. For example, click on the Animal button and it brings a further choice of buttons such as, Birds, Primates or Pets to name a few. As you further narrow your search, it will bring up the list and the status of each title.

I do not wish to confuse you with too much to start with, so I suggest you go on the site and play around with it. It is very 'User friendly'....really it is! If you have any questions, call, email or visit the library. At present, the Reading Program and Other Libraries options are not set up. You will be notified when they are ready. We will

be happy to visit the Satellite areas to give demos. We will need a Computer with Internet access, so if any of the CAP Sites would like us to give a workshop, just call and book a visit.

Sally Schmidt, the Chairperson of the Library Board and I visited the Satellite sites on August 17 and they did not express any problems. We do hope that you will pop in to Mill Run in Dacre, Lacourse General Store in Griffith or Eagle's Rest in Matawatchan to sign up. Applications are there and the friendly staff will send them back in the Township trucks. If you wish, you may send a request in the bag or better still, if you are online, try out the new system.

All patrons have access to this site. It will acquaint you with our collection. Remember that if we do not have what you want it can be ordered from Inter-library loan at: http://info.hostedbyfdi.net/en/vdx/index.html

You can search the Inter-library loan site, but at present, I have to order for you. I am working on making it possible for you to place your own orders, which will then come to our library through Renfrew. If we can get 300 Inter-library shipments by the end of the year, we will qualify for our own courier delivery. So keep the requests coming in!

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South Seas

continued

the palace, people were able to pay their respects by bringing food to the family. This mourning period goes on for ten days. The Tongans made a point of publicly forgiving the 17 year old young girl who caused the accident while racing.

Each July/August time period, the humpback whales make an appearance around New Caledonia as this is where they come to give birth each year. On Sunday, eighteen of us drove out to a lovely, little place called Prony on the south coast near Goro (the new Inco plant), where the scenery was beautiful, and we boarded a catamaran to whale watch. We were accompanied by a school of dolphins, which put on a bit of a performance for us – you've got to love these animals as they are so graceful and friendly! Once we were past the reef, we could see the "plumes" and "blows" of the whales first and then you could see them swimming. They would only jump out of the water for a second so you had to be vigilant and it was difficult to get a really good picture. Someone yelled "thar she blows" but the French didn't seem to get the joke. We followed a young whale for quite awhile and then she gave us a wonderful show by coming out of the water and you could clearly see the underbelly markings and the wonderful tail. Once they dive back down into the water, there is a large pool where the water remains very flat for quite awhile even though there are waves around. The skipper of the boat was quite a character and we had a great day on the water. Even though we used lots of sun screen, my forehead got burned and another fellow I saw the next day had sunburned feet and was having difficulty walking but it was well worth it. Another wonderful day in paradise!

Every Wednesday evening, there is a fun sail boat race in the bay outside our apartment. I (Rick) man-

Stella's continued

just to keep a preacher fed for a day.

We're not sure if Stella was telling herself that desperate times require desperate actions when she literally threw a concoction together, but that's pretty well how the story goes. She boiled up the only thing she had in quantity, Swiss chard and onions. On top of these went some lamb's-quarters (known locally as pig weed) for good measure along with any other handy ingredient that might add body to the brew. To make sure that her creation had that "stick to the ribs" qual-

aged to get invited along for the experience by one of my colleagues at work. There were about 20 sailboats all 10-12 metres in length. I really don't know much about sailing except that the pointy end of the boat is the front. My mates only spoke French so the nautical terms were a bit difficult for me to understand. Everybody had a job with upping the main sail, jib and spinnaker and I just sat at the back (stern) relaxed and watched the race unfold. I tried to get into the nautical talk at one point by shouting that line from Mutiny on the Bounty, "Har Billy, go below and fetch me silver pistols", but nobody laughed. I hope they invite me back!

A final word about the environment: Most days, at lunch time, I take the 5 minute trip over to Baie des Citrons for a swim in the Pacific Ocean. The water temperature is a bit cool at 23 degrees but really quite nice once you get in. However, at this time of day, when the weather is sunny, there are always a number of female sunbathers (I might have mentioned this before in previous reports but it is worth reiterating!) with their thong bathing bottoms, and of course, no tops. As we stood in the warm sunshine on the kilometre long sandy beach in our bathing suits with the blue Pacific Ocean washing against the shore, my Dutch colleague, who often comes with me for a swim, said the other day; "You know something Rick, I think that I might have died and gone to heaven." Why not come and visit us??

Look forward to hearing from you!

Rick and Jane

p.s. – On reading Rick's little part about the "environment", I should mention that some of the men also wear thongs and it isn't pretty!!!! J

ity, she added dumplings. The combination was either very good or the guests were ravenous because both raised their bowls for a fourth fill-up.

No one remembers the woman for whom Stella stood in that day or whether Stella ever tried to duplicate her whatever-it-was, but everyone in the family remembers the two Sunday guests walking away with full bellies and smiles on their faces.

End

End

Literary cont....

One of the facets of our Trillium application was to use this system, not only for the Outreach to Wards 2 and 3, but also to allow home delivery to 'shut-ins'; those who are suffering from chronic illness or recovering from surgery, for example. If they have a home computer or have family or friends to search for them, then volunteers could deliver books. We already have one person on the volunteer list, but need

more. A police check is required and presentation letters are available at the library. Not only do we need volunteers, but also we need folks who require the service to notify us.

In the July article, I discussed the importance of feeding the soul of the community. As we add more services, we are attempting to do so. Unfortunately, space and funding are not always adequate, so we must lobby for more financial support to allow the library to grow with our township.



September Meeting Schedule

September 5 th , 2006	12:00 pm 2:00 pm 4:00 pm	Finance and Administration Public Services Planning and Economic Development
September 6 th , 2006	4:00 pm	Public Works
September 12 th , 2006	5:00 pm	COTW - Griffith Community Hall
September 21 st , 2006	7:00 pm	Council Meeting - Calabogie Municipal Office



2006 Municipal Elections: Candidates Meetings

Griffith Community Hall Tuesday October 3 at 7:00 p.m.

Calabogie Community Hall Wednesday October 10 at 7:00 p.m.

DACA Centre Tuesday October 11 at 7:00 p.m.

Meeting Format:

- Introduction
- Presentation by reeve candidates 3 minutes each
- Presentation by councillor candidates 2 minutes each
- Presentation by school board candidates 2 minutes each
- Questions and answers

Mark your calendar

Firefly continued

Only male fireflies actually fly. The females crawl around on the ground. The females keep their eyes to the skies and watch the males' aerial acrobatics. For the male's part, they fly around lighting up for about .3 seconds every 5.5 seconds. As they light up they tend to fly almost level for a short distance then upward, so the pattern left on your retina is like a climbing 1-stroke. A receptive female on the ground emits a pattern of flashes to which only males of her species respond. The pair, recognizing the member of their own species, will carry on a short discussion of flashes to help the male better locate the female. The male, having identified her exact position. flies to her where mating proceeds.

True to nature's sometimes cruel habits, the females of the firefly species Phomnis pyralis have learned to mimic the response flash sequence of a female of the species Photinus pyralis. The unwitting male Photinus pyralis, with loving on his mind. lands near what he thinks is a receptive female of his species and is devoured. Mimicry of other animals usually serves to defend one species from its prey. When used against prey scientists call it aggres-

sive mimicry. A secondary benefit to the female is that her species is less able than the species she is eating to produce the chemicals necessary for bioluminescence. These chemicals transfer from her victim's body to hers unaltered and aid in her future devious love luring.

How does nature produce this incredibly efficient cold light? A light bulb uses 10% of its energy to make light and 90% is wasted in heat. A firefly uses 100% of its light making energy to produce light. No energy is wasted on heat. Lest we humans feel inadequate for having not yet figured it out we should keep in mind that nature has had billions of years to work on it and we've been around in this present state a mere 10,000 years.

It's all in the chemicals. Chemists can produce cold heat too but they cannot devise a method of switching it off and on, like the fireflies can. You have likely seen the glowing sticks and necklaces sold to crowds at large gatherings. It is the same principle. But you cannot turn off the sticks and necklaces. The official explanation is as follows: "the firefly produces light in the presence of oxygen, magnesium. and adenosine triphosphate by using an enzyme

luciferase to oxidize a complex organic compound, Luciferin". My decades old high school chemistry helps not one iota to understand what is going on.

Amazingly enough, these true insects can glow through every stage of their lives. In some species the eggs glow, the larvae glows, the pupae glows and the adults glow. The firefly larvae are known as glow worms. I have seen them in mucky soil at night while digging for fishing worms (a now abandoned practice). The firefly Photinus pyralis or Common Eastern firefly dominates in our part of the world. As true insects and beetles (not flies) they have a covering over their wings called elytra; three body parts: head, thorax and abdomen, compound eyes: six legs and two antennae. Besides the elvtra that covers the entire thorax and abdomen. the Common Eastern has a second leathery covering that covers the elongated head. The elytra is black with a yellow side margin while the head cover has a yellow margin and two orange dots at the front. These insects are not known to bite humans even though they have quite pronounced pincer mandibles used to inject a cocktail of anaesthesia and digestive juices into its prey. Prey is made up

primarily of worms, larva. slugs, snails and other tasty soft bodied animals found in or on the soil and vegetation.

In many species the males and females are indistinguishable from each other. But in other species they differ greatly. In fact, in some species the female foregoes the adult body stage and remains until death in the larval stage. Her only concession to high fashion is to sport a pair of compound eyes instead of the weak simple eyes of the actual larval stage. The life span of an adult Common Easter is from 5 to 30 days. However, it has already spent two years in the larval form prior to metamorphosing into an adult. These larvae are voracious eaters of the same prey as adults. They also inject anaesthesia and digestive juices into their prey. The juices break down the soft parts of the prey and the larva sucks the digested slush back into its own body. Larvae have been observed working in groups to attack a large earthworm, reducing it to slim, which they shared—Yum, yum. Fireflies belong to the most diverse order of insects called Coleoptra, which is populated primarily by beetles. Over 300,000

continued on page 24



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Firefly continued

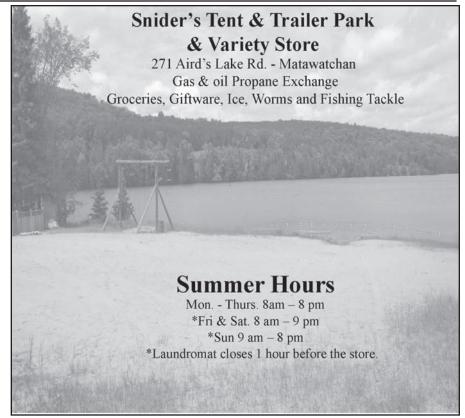
members have been named in this order and there are still many more unnamed species in remote areas. Like other members of that order fireflies exhibit a rich biodiversity. There are species that live their whole life cycles underground and those that live solely high up in trees and never touch the ground. There are desert dwelling species and those living in near arctic conditions.

Fireflies inhabit most of the earth, but especially favour places with wet soil. They have the peculiar habit of not inhabiting places where one might think they would thrive. In North America. for example, they are in abundance east of the Rockies but they are not found west of there. While fireflies shun the Rockies they love the Appalachian Mountains. At high altitudes they sometimes exhibit extraordinary behaviour. They have been observed to synchronize their light flashes for a short time so that a whole meadow will blink off and on like a lighthouse beacon. This kind of unison blinking has been observed elsewhere, such as in Tennessee, but is predominantly found in higher altitudes.

Humans have used the rare chemicals, especially the complex enzyme. luciferase in research as a tracer element. Scientists at the University of Michigan explain it this way: "Researchers discovered a technique

to splice the gene containing luciferase into the DNA of other plants and animals. They use this in tracing the inheritance of a particular disease-resistant gene by splicing the bioluminescence gene into the disease-resistant gene in a parent plant or animal. The disease-resistant gene can then be traced in the offspring, because if it is inherited, it will glow. A leading firefly researcher, James Lloyd has noted that some of the species he once studied have disappeared. He, and others, cite as possible causes pesticide use and the ever-increasing illumination of the earth at night.

Those who argue that the loss of any species may cause the loss or the delay, of a cure for some terrible human disease, could make fireflies a case in point. Species come and species go, but a net loss of species is a net loss in nature's ability to experiment with new ideas for the future. Nature needs diversity and nature needs time for her experimentation. Billions of years of evolutionary experimentation is what made life on earth possible. Another product of that experimentation is human life, with its incredible intelligence. That intelligence makes it possible for us to contemplate consequences. We have to ask ourselves if, ultimately, we will prove to be one of Mother Nature's great success stories or, were we a grievous error that presumed to know better than she how to run this earth. Could the consequences of that presumption be the loss of our own species?



Tomato continued

cer. When grown with nutrition in mind this fruit is an excellent source of vitamins and minerals. However, nutrition and taste are not a priority on farms that mass produce.

According to a study from the University of Texas, the nutrition in our fruits and vegetables has decreased in the past 50 years. The study says; "tomatoes had 40% less vitamin C, 40% less protein and 40% fewer minerals than tomatoes grown in 1950." Another study cited by News Canada said that compared with those 50 years ago 80% of the 25 fruits and vegetables looked at today had dropped in calcium and iron, 75 per cent in vitamin A, 50 per cent lost vitamin C and riboflavin, 30 per cent lost thiamine and 12 per cent lost niacin. The U.S. Department of Agriculture showed similar numbers from the start to the end of the 20th century.

Several reasons may be responsible for the dramatic changes in the tomato. First, hybridizing was used to develop qualities in the tomato so it could be harvested green, withstand shipping and look good. The price paid for hybridizing is the bland taste of the tomato. Hybrids are a bit deceitful in that they look like a luscious tomato, but one bite tells the whole story. To ensure the authentic taste and better nutritional content, a tomato must ripen on the vine. This is simply because sunlight produces sugar in the stem which eventually goes to the fruit.

Second, when tomatoes are picked green, they are gassed with the plant hormone ethylene, which cues the fruitto begin ripening. These tomatoes last longer, but they have a starchier texture, poorer taste and can be mealy.

Third, the use of pesticides and chemical fertilizers deprive soil of necessary organisms that aid plants in absorbing nutrients. If the plant can't get it, it can't give it.

And finally, big corporations that produce ketchup, tomato soup, tomato paste, etc., hire plantations to grow absolutely tasteless tomatoes. This is so the producer can ensure taste consistency when adding ingredients for flavouring to every batch of ketchup; otherwise it would be necessary to make sure that every tomato tasted the same. These corporations should add vitamins to this taste-concocted mixture.

As I said in the beginning, there are good ways to get delicious and nutritious tomatoes, but buying them at the supermarket is not one of them. One way to guarantee a satisfactory outcome is to grow tomatoes in your own backyard. Tomatoes are easy to grow and you can count on a rich harvest-can those extra tomatoes for the long Canadian winter. Organically grown heirloom tomatoes are the best, since heirlooms are from seeds from old varieties, some of which have been around for centuries. Even growing non-heirlooms will turn out well in your backyard because they can ripen on the vine without the need for chemicals.

If you have a black thumb, like me, then seek local farmers or buy from local fruit and vegetable markets. If tomatoes are not shipped, they will be left on the vine longer. If all else fails put a little salt on that supermarket tomato and take a multi-vitamin.

Yard Sale!

SEPT. 1, 2, 3, 4

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Jack's Farm cont..

of the property. It sits on the ten acres of land that is only one field wide, and possibly could have been severed if there had been a desire to do so.

That day, I recall, there was such sadness to the appearance of the larger clapboard house because every window had been broken over the six years that it had been abandoned. Out back we noticed that what must have been a garden at one time was now a forest of small maple and rock elm trees. The weather-beaten wood seemed to be crying out for a coat of fresh paint to cover its aging greyness. There was a piece of tin missing from the roof of the drive shed, and waist-high refuse blocked the steps that led into the house at the summer kitchen door. Later, it would take two days of filling garbage bags full of empty tin cans and baling twine, newspapers and old feed and flour burlap bags to discover that there was a cement floor underneath.

There were several small outbuildings on the property that at one time may have been used to house chickens and pigs. The remnants of two square log buildings seemed to indicate that the first settlers had used these for shelter until the main house was built. A machine shed whose supporting beams had broken under the

weight of dozens of years of winter snow sat just southeast of the house. Directly behind it stood a double barn, where the dairy cows had been milked and the farm operation undertaken. There was a date inscribed in the cement near the narrow door which would have been the farmer's main entrance. It said 1904, and we could only surmise that this was the date when the first milking operations had begun. There were approximately a dozen stalls for cows, and four horse stalls that were situated in the next section of the barn. Stacks of old straw bales and a haymow still full of hay gave the barn an eerie feeling, as if someone had been using the building recently.

I remarked to Jack that it was too bad we didn't know of a movie company that wanted to film the story of a nineteenth century farmer because our non-electrified barn could have provided an authentic background setting. There were still a few farm implements inside, as well as an ancient hay wagon and an old saw that had to be powered by a tractor. Bags and bags of baling twine, as well as a brightly painted grain separator, sat waiting to be put to use.

Jack and I already owned property

continued on page 28



Hazards continued

while at the levels detected there are no apparent health affects, it is prudent to limit your exposure. Even if you never use pesticides in your household you will be marginally exposed through some of the food you eat.

The Environmental Working Group (EWG), a U.S. based environment watch dog, has conducted a number of studies on pesticides in the food we eat. Consistent with two previous EWG investigations, fruits topped the list of the consistently most contaminated fruits and vegetables, with eight fruits being listed among the 12 most contaminated foods. Among the top six were four fruits, with peaches leading the list, then strawberries, apples and nectarines. Pears, cherries, red raspberries, and imported grapes were the other four fruits in the top 12. Spinach, celery, potatoes, and sweet bell peppers are the vegetables most likely to expose consumers to pesticides.

The vegetables least likely to have pesticides on them are sweet corn, avocado, cauliflower, asparagus, onions, peas and broccoli. The five fruits least likely to have pesticide residues on them are pineapples,

mangoes, bananas, kiwi and papaya.

Washing of fruits and vegetables should be an essential step in preparing these items for your table, but it is not a total solution. According to EWG, that while washing fresh produce may help reduce pesticide residues, it clearly does not eliminate them. Nonetheless, produce should be washed before it is eaten because washing does reduce levels of some pesticides. However, other pesticides are taken up internally into the plant, are in the fruit, and cannot be washed off. Others are formulated to bind to the surface of the crop and do not easily wash off. Peeling reduces exposures, but valuable nutrients often go down the drain with the peel.

Water alone is not enough when you wash fruits and vegetables. Use a fruit and vegetable liquid soap, like Fruit and Veggie Wash or you can simply use dish detergent, but be sure to rinse thoroughly.

The best option is to eat a varied diet, wash all produce, and choose organic when possible to reduce exposure to potentially harmful chemicals.

End

City Girl

Escaping and Ruby Slippers

By Filipa Martins

This title sounds like a profound piece of writing is ahead. Ha! It is indeed profound if you are an animal psychologist and can decipher the strange behaviours of my farm animals.

Rural life continues to teach me lessons each day. The main lesson is that I still know little about how to manage all my rural tasks, particularly the animals. My llama is in training right now. He is currently completing his apprenticeship as an escape artist and he's getting lots of tips from my goats, whose bloodline can be traced back to David Copperfield's step nephewin-law's prized Billy goat who is a direct descendant of Houdini's second cousin's goat farm. My goats could be chained, hung upside down in a giant water tank and STILL manage to escape in record time. I often feel like a magician's assistant, without the fancy hairdo and sparkly dress.

Most days, after a variety of daring escapes, they'll enjoy the simple pleasure of a leisurely stroll through the neighbourhood. Bart, the llama, is a pious creature. He can often be found in quiet contemplation at St. Andrew's Church. The most common phrase I have heard all summer long has been: "Did you know your llama's up at the church?"

After hearing such a phrase, I take a deep breath and calmly explain that there is little I can do because I have small children who cannot be left unattended while I go fetch him, and that when he is ready he'll return and look pathetically at me from the other side of my gated driveway asking to come in. Making his "uuuummmm" sounds, wanting so desperately to return to the yard he so stubbornly insists on escaping from.

My llama is a lot like a cat. He's capricious, demanding and he'll sulk for hours when he does not get his way. One day, he escaped three times. For me, having to go fetch a petulant

llama is a lot of work. I would have to carry my then newborn baby and my toddler daughter while somehow shaking a tin can full of grain as bait. After the third escape, I was livid and seriously contemplating a "llamacide", so instead I tied him to a post knowing that within 30 minutes my husband would be home to take him back into the fenced yard. Those thirty minutes were like a "llama time out", he was naughty and he deserved it. But that cost me two weeks of sulking. Bart consistently made sure he turned his back to me, even if I had a treat for him. He raised his chin and tilted his head just enough to deny me eye contact. Basically he used the tactics of an over the top drama queen to show me that being disciplined hurt his pride.

The traveling trio (the llama and my two goats) have been all over the neighbourhood. The day of the Matawatchan picnic I had to go quite far to fetch them and once on the walk back, they protested their forced return home by blocking traf-

fic and... how could I put this nicely? Relieving themselves on road.

Even my chickens insist on escaping. A select few found one small weakness in the fence so they got out but were unable to use the same spot to come in. Since they are meat birds, they are, let's say pleasantly plump, and despite trying to squeeze their way back into the yard they didn't fit. They tried so desperately to push themselves back through the fence I was afraid they would get permanently stuck there! So out I went, fetching chickens on my time off from fetching a llama and fetching escapist goats.

It's funny, after multiple escapes, all the animals try very hard to return back to their yard. I guess in the end my animals have taught me a great lesson. They all seem to have the Dorothy complex: No matter how much you want to leave and see what is beyond the horizon, there's no place like home... there's no place like home... there's no place like...Hey, anyone got some ruby slippers for a llama?

End

CABA Corner

Leaders Wanted for Township Elections

By Mike Greenley

This fall our community will elect our representatives to local government; the members of the Township Council and the Reeve. This year these elections are especially important to ensure the continued, sustainable growth of Greater Madawaska Township (GMT).

The township is currently developing a Strategic Plan. This plan will define the community's collective vision for the township in the future and will identify the major initiatives and actions required to shape and guide us all as we achieve that vision. Implementation of this plan will ensure that the township grows as a self sustainable community, with positive energy, community spirit and enthusiasm.

This month, leaders from the business community were able to meet with the personnel working with the township in the development of the community (strategic) plan. This was a very successful meeting that resulted in the leaders of many of the critical businesses in our community sharing their views on a vision for our area and on actions needed to achieve that vision. The shared passion for the GMT was quite evident during this session. CABA looks forward to seeing the results of our input being combined with the input from other members of the community in the final GMT Strategic Plan.

This plan for our future is being cre-

ated at a time when there is clear evidence of a new energy and enthusiasm in the development of the economic viability of the community. In a township with a small, highly distributed, population we need more residents – fortunately we have businesses willing to attract and provide houses for new residents. In a community with a small population, we need tourism to ensure enough traffic to support local business – fortunately we have businesses being created to supplement our rich natural resources to create this tourism-friendly environment. In a community that requires new businesses to support both residents and tourists, we have entrepreneurs interested in creating those businesses.

A new plan for the township, at a time of renewed enthusiasm to make the local economy work, is a unique opportunity. Taking full advantage of this opportunity requires solid leadership. The township requires elected representatives who are willing to be a "little bit brave", who are willing to listen to the opinions of all, but at the same time who are willing to defend the townships' plan while supporting members of the community willing to invest their energies and resources into making sustainable growth a reality.

If there are residents of our community who "connect" with these thoughts, and are "enthused" by this opportunity, CABA strongly encourages them to come forward and consider

running for office as we approach the election period. If candidates would like to consult with members of the business community while they consider the possibility of running for election, then CABA is here to coordinate that exchange any time on the web at www.calabogie.org or by e-mail at president@calabogie.org.

End

Jack's Farm continued

on a nearby country road. We had acquired it eight years earlier, and had even purchased house plans for a passive solar home we saw featured in Harrowsmith magazine that would make a perfect retirement setting. He always avoided the subject of when we might build this 'dream home,' and when the county decided to pave the road beside this property, his comment that "civilization was getting too close for his future lifestyle" was telling.

Now, as we stood staring at this twostorey, weather-beaten clapboard house, I said, "If you want this house, then we'll just put it all in God's hands."

A decade earlier, we had purchased an old building and stationery business in downtown Cornwall. Our lack of cash flow at that time and the owner's reluctance to budge from his asking price, had prompted Jack and I to "put it all in God's hands." In an act of faith at the time, I had slid a miraculous medal down the side of the old Kyte Building—an act 1 believe helped the owner change his mind and accept our offer. In the ensuing years, the stationery business had given us a living and the apartment upstairs had given us a home.

It was now May 1994, and I once again knelt down and planted a medal, this time in the ground beside a large oak tree across the lane from the old farmhouse. I said a prayer, and Jack bowed his head to join me in this new act of faith. Two more years would pass before the property became ours.

We officially named the property Golden Oaks Farm, but I later put a hand-painted sign at the entrance of the laneway announcing to all who drove in that this was "Jack's Farm." After all, he had discovered and fallen in love with the property many years before and he had always called it "Hattie's place," so giving it the day-to-day name of "Jack's Farm" seemed entirely appropriate.

End note: Jack's Farm can be purchased online from the Creative Bound website at: www.creative bound.com

Ena

Support your community:
Buy Locally

Township of Greater Madawaska seeks input on future strategic choices

Township of Greater Madawaska





Imagine stepping through your front door ten years from now. What is around you? Do you have new neighbours? Are you headed to a focal place in town for some shopping? Are local schools full of students? Is there a pharmacy near by? Is it a great place to own a cottage or start a business? Will teenagers in the family be able to get a summer job? Are you proud of where you live?

This summer the Township of Greater Madawaska has launched a project to gather public input on those sorts of questions and help develop a new community strategic plan. It is expected to guide the municipality's long-term direction over the next decade.

Consultants Rob Wood, CEO of 8020Info Inc. and Paul Blais of Blais & Associates Economic Development Consulting, have been engaged to assist the Township with the work.

In addition to exploratory one-onone phone interviews with a sampling of various township residents, they have also conducted four discussion groups to date with residents of Griffith and Matawatchan, members of the Calabogie and Area Business Association, and the Township's Economic Development Committee.

Several more discussion groups are planned in September to explore issues raised so far and to discover other interests and concerns residents may have. Participants are being recruited for three additional sessions that will be held in Wards 1 and 2, plus an extra session in Ottawa for residents who live there but own property in Greater Madawaska.

All residents are invited to provide comments through an online survey, email, mail or by participating in one of the discussion groups. (See further details below.)

Consultant Rob Wood notes that Greater Madawaska has some wonderful assets, but faces important choices for the future. "Strategic planning should help clarify a direction for action that will reflect the community's values and bring its vision to life. In particular, the Township wants to play a vital role in supporting that progress."

Some issues already mentioned in the initial interviews and community meetings include: **Future Growth:** The need to anticipate and manage future growth, by developing a pro-active vision and building positive momentum.

Sustainability: The desire to avoid a "downward spiral" and become a self-sustaining community (which touches on issues such as population growth, local services, quality of life, developing year-round tourism and an economic environment that would sustain grocery, hardware, gift and drug store businesses, arts and culture, and banking, Internet and cell phone services).

Local shopping: Develop focal points for "practical shopping" to meet the needs of local residents and tourists and appeal to new residents. Attracting new residents: Interest in welcoming young families and active seniors has sparked comment on services and infrastructure, the availability of affordable housing and job opportunities, and interaction for children outside of school.

Tourism: The need to attract tourists in all seasons and expand the experiences and services available to them. Tax Concerns: Greater Madawaska is dependent on a tax base that is skewed 95% residential, which places pressure on local tax payers. Other municipalities enjoy a balance where the tax burden is shared more equally among commercial, industrial and residential ratepayers.

Development and Land Use: Ideas and issues range from the development of trails, green space and waterfront to the creation of a focused "core" area in Calabogie as a place for activities, services, shopping and tourism.

Impact of Future Forces: How will the impact of Ottawa residents, baby boomers, government regulation, volunteerism and travel trends influence the area? Some other, more general sentiments expressed to date include desires to:

- Protect the environment, but also make the most of natural resources.
- Sustain services such as roads, waste management and emergency services.
- Improve the visual aesthetic of the township, from a visitor's perspective.
- Unify the township with a coherent

sense of identity.

- Overcome attitudes resistant to change.

It is expected that a draft of the community strategic plan will be finished after several more weeks of information gathering, research and analysis this fall. The Township invites you to submit comments and opinions to the consultants by any of the following means:

- 1. Respond to the online survey at http://www.townshipofgreatermadawaska.com/. (Just look for the link.)
- 2. Send an email to Stratplan@8020info.com
- 3. Volunteer to participate in a discussion group (phone the Township office at 613-752-2222 or send an email to stratplan@8020info.com).

4. Send comments by mail to:

Community Strategic Plan c/o The Township of Greater Madawaska PO Box 180, 1101 Francis St.

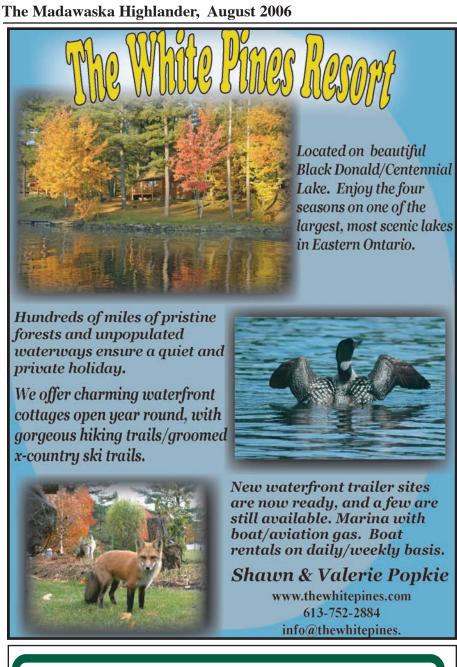
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St. Andrew's United Church
in Matawatchan
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Everyone is invited









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