

SUPPLEMENT to The North Renfrew Times

Issued in four monthly parts



Golden Jubilee *of Deep River* *and* The North Renfrew Times



PART 4

August 1995

\$1 (incl. GST)



THROUGH THE EYES AND EARS OF THE NRT

Fifty years of journalism: From the *Deep River* *Digest* to the *North* *Renfrew Times*

In the first three North Renfrew Times 50th anniversary supplements we looked at the early days of Deep River and the memorable events which dot the history of the town, the recreation and pastimes which have been so much a feature of the town's character, and the development of the building blocks which make up the town we know today. The diversity and quality of the town's life is the living testament of the people who created Canada's first atomic town.

This newspaper is more than just a chronicle of Deep River's life and times. The North Renfrew Times watches and listens to the happenings all over North Renfrew and the Upper Ottawa Valley. This fourth supplement looks at the evolution of the paper and retells a miscellany of the human stories that have made it the successful and popular publication it is today.

How do we measure our success and popularity? Twice in recent history, sage entrepreneurs have tried to persuade the Community Association Board of Directors to put us on the market and convert us into a private commercial business. And then there are our readers who, obviously thinking that we are perfection personified, never cease to berate us unmercifully for omissions, errors, typographical slips, misplaced humour, lack of humour, critical editorials, bland editorials, too long editorials, too short editorials, the failure to interpret correctly illegible scribble submitted as club news, and our inability to recognise every child in the town by name, so that we are unaware when our picture captions are erroneous. And that shows that you the readers buy the NRT, and then read it, so we must be doing something right, even if we, alas, are only human after all.

Which brings us to our final point, for this supplement. We had thought, in our usual befuddled state, that we could select in four supplement issues, a satisfying cross-section of topics from past issues of the NRT to cover the first 50 years of Deep River and area. Now we realise, both through our own thoughts and, of course, from the friendly intervention of our sharp-witted and eagle-eyed readers, that there are items which should have been included, which were not. So we are giving you all one more chance to help us get it right. If you would like to have an omission redressed, please write to the Chair of the Editorial Board, care of the NRT, giving topic or person, and approximate date, and if we can trace the relevant material in our archives, and we think other readers would be interested, we will include it in a final, final fifth supplement, to appear as a surprise, before the end of this Jubilee Year. We might also be able to include some original material, subject to the usual editorial conditions. We can't say fairer than that, can we?

Our cover picture, courtesy of the W.B. Lewis Library's photo archives, shows the floating stage launched on the Ottawa River for the town's 25th anniversary celebrations. The badly cracked print has been electronically retouched. We have no record of the name of the photographer.

The North Renfrew Times A proud award winner

by H.A.Rose

Over the years the North Renfrew Times has received numerous awards from community newspaper organisations for both editorial and advertising excellence.

The Community Weekly Newspaper Association awarded the NRT second place for the best Editorial Page in 1970, followed in 1971 by third place for the best all-round newspaper.

The Canadian Community Newspaper Association gave the NRT first place for the best editorial page in 1972 and again in 1975 and 1976. In 1978 the NRT received second place for both editorial page and all-round newspaper.

The Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association classed "Thoughts While I Dust" by Meg Merilees as the best column in 1973 and in 1975 gave the NRT an award for the best editorial page. In 1977 they awarded the NRT first place for best local advertising and best classified advertising, as well as second place for general excellence.

The NRT received the Renfrew Mercury Award for best all-round newspaper in 1976.

In 1992 the Ontario Community Newspaper Association gave second place to an editorial by Jim Hegney and third place to Lynn Fels for her humour column. In 1993 they awarded third place to the NRT for general excellence in advertising.

As we head into our second fifty years the paper, rare in being a business-oriented, community owned weekly, will build on this auspicious start and maintain its position as a winning weekly, faithfully serving its readers and advertisers, in the Upper Ottawa Valley community.

An award-winning editorial

NRT July 29, 1992

No buildings, no land

So Deep River is to be hit by yet another development scheme. An investment group will take our under-used industrial land and turn it into Metropolis.

Remember the last time that Deep River town council was involved in selling undeveloped land on the highway. We were suckered!

So obsessed were some with the need for development, that if

a project for a pineapple plantation had been suggested, it would have been hailed as progress. We sold the land for a song, but the cherished building project was all smoke and mirrors.

A token bit of bull-dozing occurred, enough to meet the weak requirements of the contract, then the land was left to go back to bush. The land was gone, there was no development, and the next investor looking for a piece of prime highway property had to deal with the absentee owner who could hold out for inflation profits.

This time there should be iron-clad, legally enforceable guarantees that if the promised buildings, roads and services do not eventuate within specific time frames -- stage by stage -- that the land will automatically revert to the town.

The development proposal has merit, if it can be followed through. However, let us protect ourselves better this time. Let the land be only leased until the provisions of the contract are complete to our satisfaction. No buildings, no land, no way.

JGH (Jim Hegney)

Outside Looking In

by Lynn Fels

NRT Jan 8, 1992

Hockey Night in Canada

"Gretzky has the puck! He's coming down centre ice. He shoots! It bounces off the goal post! It's intercepted by number 39!"

"Can you turn down the volume in there? I'm trying to write!" I yell from the dining room. Suddenly the volume increases. So much for parental influence...

"She shoots! She scores!" the announcer's voice booms over the screams and cheers.

She? Has the NHL gone co-ed? I cruise into the living room to check out the action. The television screen is blank. On the coffee table is a miniature hockey rink with tiny players whizzing up and down the plastic ice. Two adults are hunkered over the controls, hungry for a shot on goal. One is my husband (who

has elbowed six kids out of the way to get behind the goalie's net), the other is our next-door neighbour who came over to pick up her kid for supper - four hours ago.



Lynn Fels

"All right!!!" shouts the Toronto Blue Jays (or is that the Leafs?) as the puck rolls on edge past six defencemen and tumbles into the net.

"No fair!" cries our next-door neighbour, shaking her curls in fury. "You dropped the puck before I was ready!"

The kids are hanging over the hockey game, cheering wildly. All except one, who is sulking under the Christmas tree. "They won't let me play" he sniffs "and it's my game!"

I can tell the situation calls for drastic measures. I retreat to the kitchen and get the whistle I use for communicating with the raccoon who likes to take weekly inventory of our blue box.

TWEEET!!!!

"To the showers!" I hustle everyone off to their respective dressing rooms and send in the Zamboni to clear the ice.

"Really?" I say to my husband, after the kids are in bed, "it was pathetic the way you guys were hogging the game all evening."

"You wanted a turn?" "Very funny. You're supposed to be teaching the kids about cooperative play and non-competitive gamespersonship..."

"End of Lecture" my husband interrupts. "Hockey Night in Canada is about to start."

The stirring first notes of *O Canada* fill the living room. We stand at attention, patriotically chewing bubble gum, our eyes lifted to the Canadian flag hanging limply from the top branch of our Christmas tree.

"Ready?"

I nod grimly, my fingers knuckle-white on the controls.

The puck is dropped and Gretzky is skating down the ice towards the first goal of the match.

The North Renfrew Times: From Humble Beginnings

From time to time the staff have written short histories of the development of the NRT. What follows is a series of excerpts from those articles along with interesting tid-bits which together gives an overview of the building of the newspaper from the original AECL publication, the Deep River Digest, to its present form as a unique community newspaper, owned and operated by the Deep River Community Association, which utilizes its income to support recreation and culture in the town.

This is Your Paper

NRT, October 11, 1961

The North Renfrew Times is a newspaper with a difference, a newspaper that belongs to those who read it. "The people of this town have a tremendous stake in the paper" Recreation Director Jac Cropley told your reader-reporter. "They should never lose sight of this; it is something that other communities do not have."

In explaining how this unusual situation came about, Mr. Cropley said, "Back in the late fall of 1945 it became clear somebody should let people know what was going on in the village, especially important matters such as when the power or water was going to be shut off, and when there would be a shopping bus to Pembroke for the ladies. It was also clear that I was that somebody."

To begin with, Mr. Cropley wrote the whole of the "Deep River Digest" as the new publication was called, and arranged for its delivery, free, to every household in town. Reproduction of the mimeographed sheet was done at the Plant, then a branch of the National Research Council.

As clubs were formed, notices of their meetings were included and members were encouraged to write their own publicity just as they do today. Other people were asked to write instructional articles to help the new residents. Mr. Cropley particularly remembers one by Mr. E.J. Markus telling how to manage a coal heater with an oblique-handled poker.

Nearly everybody liked the "Digest" and even now, years later, you hear people talking about it nostalgically. "Everything you needed to know was right there," they say. The only people who were not pleased were the merchants who had established themselves in the village and wanted an outlet for their advertising. This led to the birth of the "Digest Shopper", the mimeographed "Digest" as before with, stapled to it, a printed advertising sheet, the "Shopper".

As the operation grew, the time taken to get the paper out increased and the recreation staff found themselves spending a day and a half each week on it. In addition, it occupied the reproduction people at the Plant for a whole day. So it was decided to have the "Digest- Shopper" printed outside. For a short time this was done in Pembroke. Mr. Cropley and his assistant George Cummings took the material down there and spent most of the night setting it up in a hand press. Mr. Cropley remembers one or two dreadful occasions when a whole block of type was dropped and they had to begin all over again.

This did not work out very well, and everyone at the Community Centre heaved a sigh of relief when an arrangement was made with David Dickson of the Shawville "Equity" to produce the "Digest", rechristened the "North Renfrew Times". At about this time, the paper ceased to be delivered free of charge and subscriptions were sold.

When Jac Cropley and his staff gave up their creative efforts,

"Argus" articles of dramatic and musical criticism and the "Voyeur" film reviews have also continued through the years, the unrewarded but by no means unrecognized efforts of enthusiastic volunteers.

Whether the newspaper is a good one or not depends not only on these people but on the readers themselves. Some of the best features have arisen spontaneously and anyone who gripes that there is not enough in the paper has the remedy in his own hands — he can write for it himself! The newspaper that our visitors are reading today is a reflection of Deep River in 1961. But like everything else, the town is constantly changing and some of the new people who come here are fired by the enthusiasm and incentive to do things that have inspired many of those who have left, this newspaper has a great future.

The NRT — a Weekly with a Difference

NRT, November 14, 1973

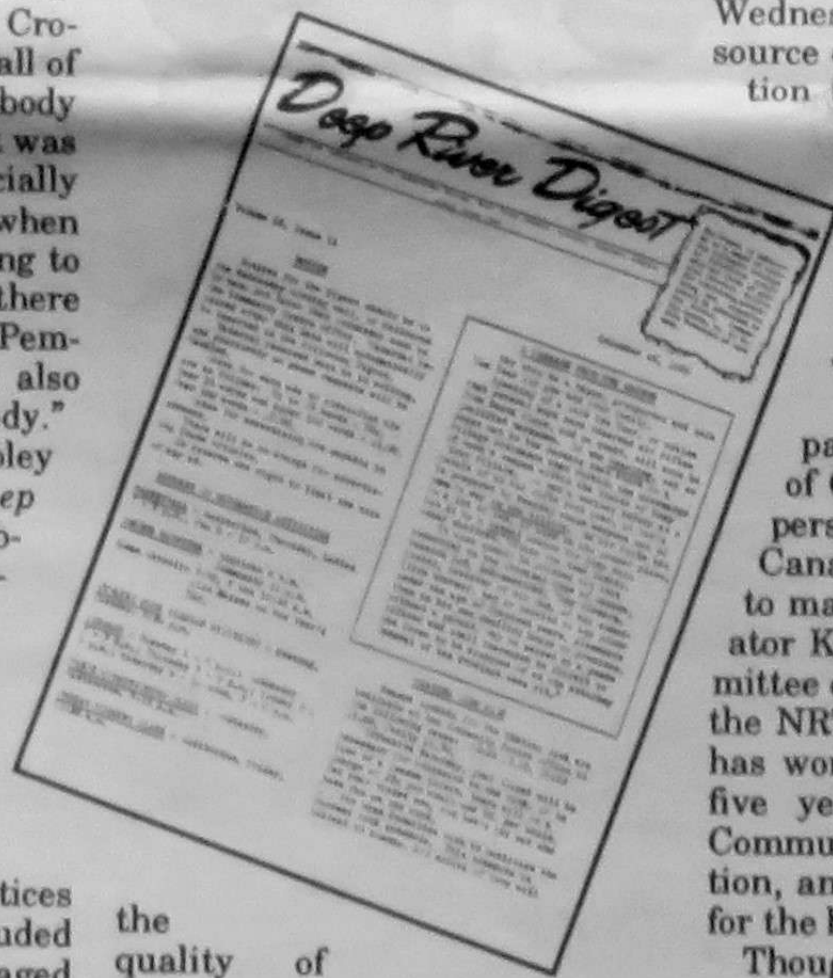
The North Renfrew Times — a Wednesday staple to many, a source of deep and abiding irritation for others; a big task for the Post Office, with 800 copies to be placed in the boxes FREE each week; and an important medium of recognition for anyone, young or old, who makes the news!

It is an excellent newspaper. There are hundreds of Canadian weekly newspapers, but only eight from all Canada were invited in 1970 to make a presentation to Senator Keith Davey's Senate Committee on the News Media — and the NRT was one of the eight! It has won recognition for the past five years from the Canadian Community Newspaper Association, and in 1973 won the award for the best editorial page.

Though the results are judged good, the method of their production has aroused surprise, even on the part of the judges at these contests. A newspaper produced primarily by amateurs? A volunteer editorial board, bolstered by a few part-time employees who receive salaries, it is true, but who get none of the goodies for which unions fight so bitterly? Even the board is a surprise to the usual newspaperman, accustomed to the more standard system of a managing editor, several sub-editors, and a staff of paid reporters to get the paper out.

But there is no ignoring the winners' shield on the NRT office wall, or the long row of citations beside it. For Deep River, the system seems to work, and has done so, gradually evolving over the years for a very long time.

(more on pages 6-7).



the quality of the paper suffered, yet the tasks of transmitting material and selling subscriptions still took up a good deal of time. For these reasons, the Deep River Community Association, now the official owners of the paper, set up an editorial board and engaged a news coordinator to look after the Deep River end of the operation.

As Atomic Energy of Canada gradually relinquished control of Deep River and its citizens took over the running of their own affairs, there was a need for municipal reporting. To meet this, the "Raven" organization arose spontaneously from among the readers and ever since its members have faithfully recorded happenings first, at trustee meetings and for the last three years, at meetings of the town council and its committees. The

NRT Columnists

How Match Up began

NRT, January 23, 1974

Thoughts while I dust: by Meg Merilees

A long time ago, perhaps even year ago, I bought some mohair knitting wool at a sale and I could see it knitted into one of those brief little sweaters that the girls were wearing then. I bought seven ounces and the pattern to go with it. However, as often happens, my daughter had quite other ideas. She was tactful and grateful, but she did NOT want a little blue sweater made of mohair. So I tucked away my seven balls of wool and forgot about them. And Patty found them one day and came joyfully downstairs, sure she was hugging the makings of a new cardigan in her arms. But — a cardigan — with only seven ounces? "We'll see," I temporized, and scanned patterns the next day at the shop. I found a pattern — a cardigan — in Patty's size, demanding exactly seven ounces of mohair, but with all the ribbing and front bands made of matching, but firmer wool. I bought the wool for the ribbing, marched home, and had the back cast on before Patty even got home from school.



"Meg Merilees"

Well, it was going to be the loveliest sweater! But as I knitted piece after piece, my heart began to sink. Was I going to have enough mohair? The last piece was a cliffhanger, and the family watched as I knitted my way up the front, with best being laid as to whether I would make it or not. And I didn't, by only a few inches!

However, as I pondered the various ways of ripping out my knitting, trying to disguise the problem as best I can, I realized that every cloud has a silver lining. I KNOW that somewhere, probably right in town, there lies in a workbasket, idle and unneeded, the quarter ounce or so of blue mohair I require. IF I could just find which workbasket, belong to which lady! How many other people have projects stalled for lack of some little item, impossible to purchase, that is lying idle in my house?

So I will tack onto my column a MATCH-IT-UP department. If one of my readers has a desperate need for some trifling item, phone and I will mention it at the end of the column. And the NEXT week, if anyone has phoned to say that lo and behold, they have a purple whatzzit they'd be glad to have well used, I will put you in touch with each other.

(The ubiquitous Meg Merilees was really Rosalind Bayly.)

Remember Uncle Ezra's advice column?

NRT, June 15, 1966

Dear Uncle Ezra:

Whatever is the printing profession coming to? In one evening recently, I read the following:

- a) on a label on clothing, Made in Hnog Knog,
- b) in the NRT editorial, we are assaoed b;ppd siclong omvaders om sp,el/a arts pf tpwn just as though there had been no spraying.
- c) in the Pembroke Observer (many a true word spoke in jest): Before 1958, Ouimet was general manager and nit on the board.

Yours, shtuen:bck

Dear shtuen:bck,

a) Are you sure this isn't a real place? Perhaps near the town of Usa, which was named before the Second World War during a "Buy American" campaign by our dear neighbour — so products could be stamped "MADE IN USA".

b) This is apparently a typing error, which can be deciphered by placing your fingers over one key from the usual "at rest" position on a typewriter, and which, being translated, meanet: "We are assailed (by) blood sucking invaders in some parts of town just as though there had been no spraying." This refers, of course, to mosquitoes and not to tax-collectors.

c) There is no apparent error in tis statement.

At least there have been no references lately to that ambiguous group, the "Untied Church Women".

Etaoin shrdlu, Ezra

Who was Uncle Ezra? The truth was revealed when our summer student interviewed some long-time residents for this supplement. Former NRT editor Lorna Bourns admitted to being the brains behind Uncle Ezra's advice. She says her favourite was when she got someone to write in about the river flooding. She wrote that the only way to keep the river from flooding downtown was to open up all the taps and waterways and drain it out through the town's sewer system to keep the river below town level.

NRT Columnists

Who is Raven?

NRT, December 25, 1957

Who is Raven? Why does he waste his time sitting in the municipal offices when Deep River evenings are saturated with opportunities for relaxation?

Raven went to a meeting of the Town triumvirate once by mistake, and stayed because it was interesting, and went again soon, and has been going ever since. Perhaps he is depraved, but he swears you would be surprised by the variety of food available for the hungry mind.

In a way, there's less than there used to be, but who would be surprised at that? After all, apathy breeds its own kind and even the Trusty Three may be showing signs of it. Who wouldn't? They spend much time, devote careful thought, and probably do their best; but they're not infallible even if they'd like to be. They can make mistakes like anyone else. They can get tired of doing their best for the town, and if we were in their position we'd begin to slip a bit, to take it easier. Where is the incentive to carry on a thankless task indefinitely? they don't get paid; they get no cheers, no shouting; they barely get criticism. Yet they need criticism, attention, interest in what they are doing and suggestions. There surely is nothing so vigorous as a system in dynamic balance, nothing so healthy as the acts of a group who know that every move they make matters to someone other than themselves.

Raven estimates that if all Deep River adults went just once a year to these meetings which average one a week, there could be between 25 and 50 people present each time. The number of seats provided at present is about a dozen. We have seen hardly a visitor since last June who didn't have only his own axe to grind.

Who is Raven? He is the ghost of an unconcerned town.

Who Was Argus?

NRT, June 4, 1958

Now the truth about Argus can be revealed! Our ubiquitous critic was not one but many; some 18 amateur critics contributed their notes and comments on theatrical and musical productions last season. Until last fall, local artistic events were rather poorly reported in "The Times". A creditable effort, a notable achievement would, as often as not, go unreported; there might be a bald account of who did what; there sometimes was the type of "review" which said that everything was just marvellous. Our local amateur productions and visiting artists deserved better treatment than this and Argus was planned to meet this need.

The authors were asked to be critical — in the sense of giving some appraisal of the performance — how well did it get across to the audience. It was also felt necessary that the articles be published anonymously, not because the authors were afraid to stand by the comments (far from it) but that the comments could be received and discussed on their own merits and not in terms of the known or supposed prejudices of the author.

These criticisms were on the whole well received; certainly there was excitement in the various sponsoring and producing organizations to find out what Argus had written. Their general complaint was that he had not said enough! As for other comments, these ranged from indignation that any local activity should be criticized to condemnation that Argus could never be critical if he tried! This is perhaps a good time to recall that the articles were just one person's opinion; that was what he was asked for.

Medal Winners



Five NRT editors received Volunteer Service Awards for their work with the newspaper. From left: Ian Towner, Anna Evans, John Hardy, Heather Pettipas and Carell Johnson. (April 24, 1985)

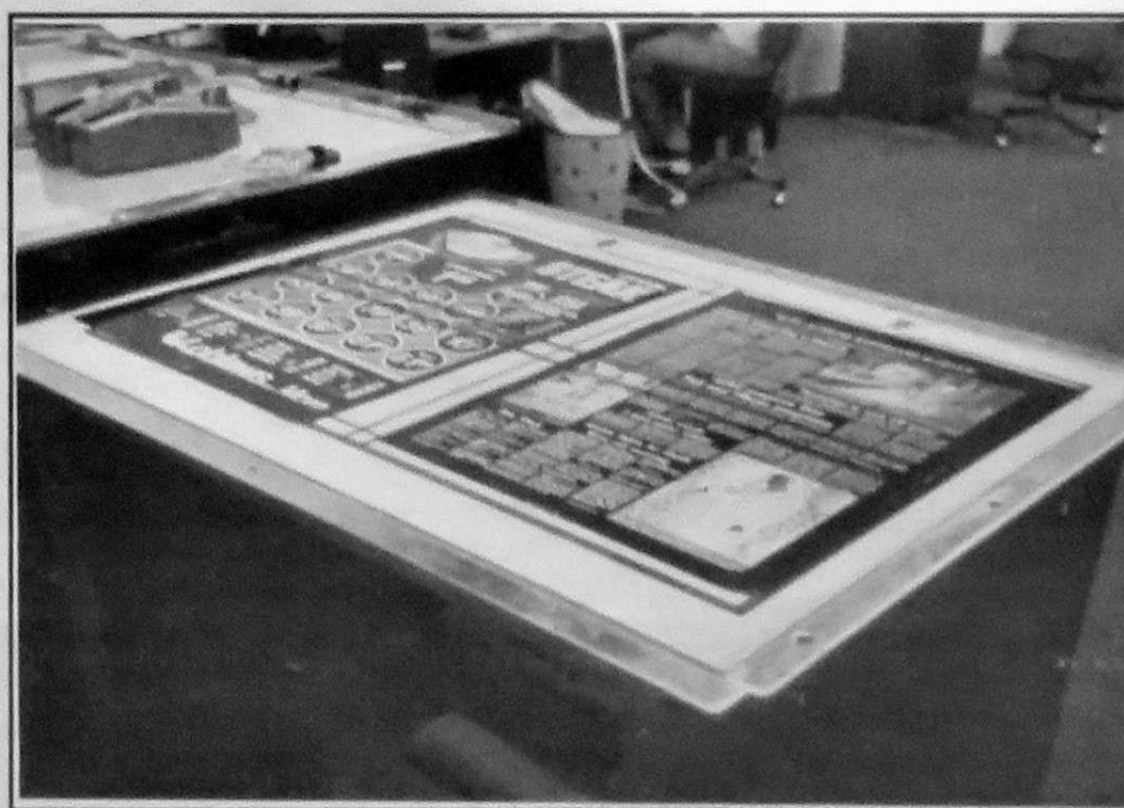
(photo by Erica Bullwinkle)

Newspaper Production in 1973



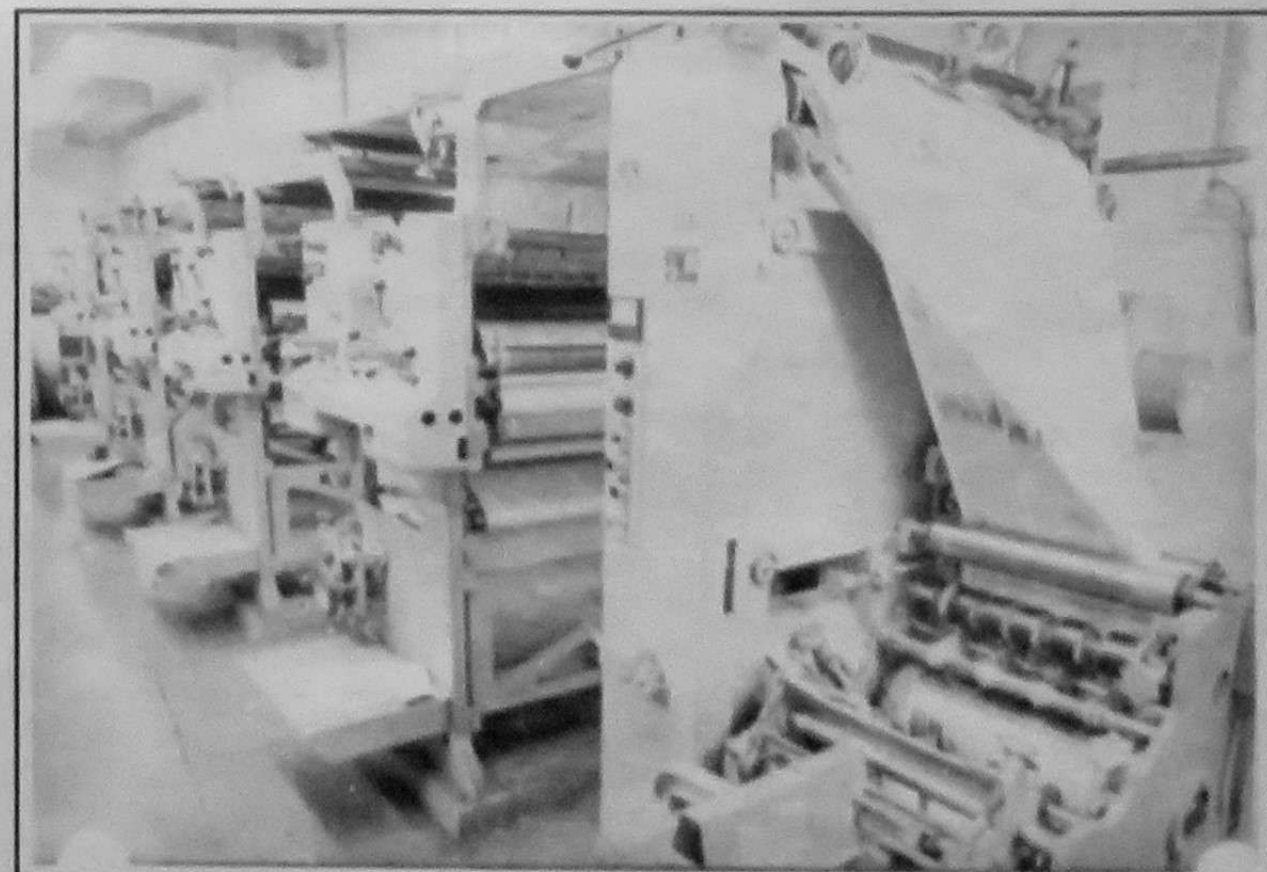
In 1973, articles were sent down to the Renfrew Mercury-Advance after processing on Sunday. Here, the articles were typed into a "Compuwriter" where the operator could see what she was typing, one line at a time. A minicomputer processed the punched tape that was produced, and laid out the columns with even margins and hyphens. Negatives for photos were produced from photos sent with the copy.

Copy and ads were then laid out in an eight-column format by the printer's employees. Red cards marked the position of photographs, and the entire sheet was photographed onto a single negative.



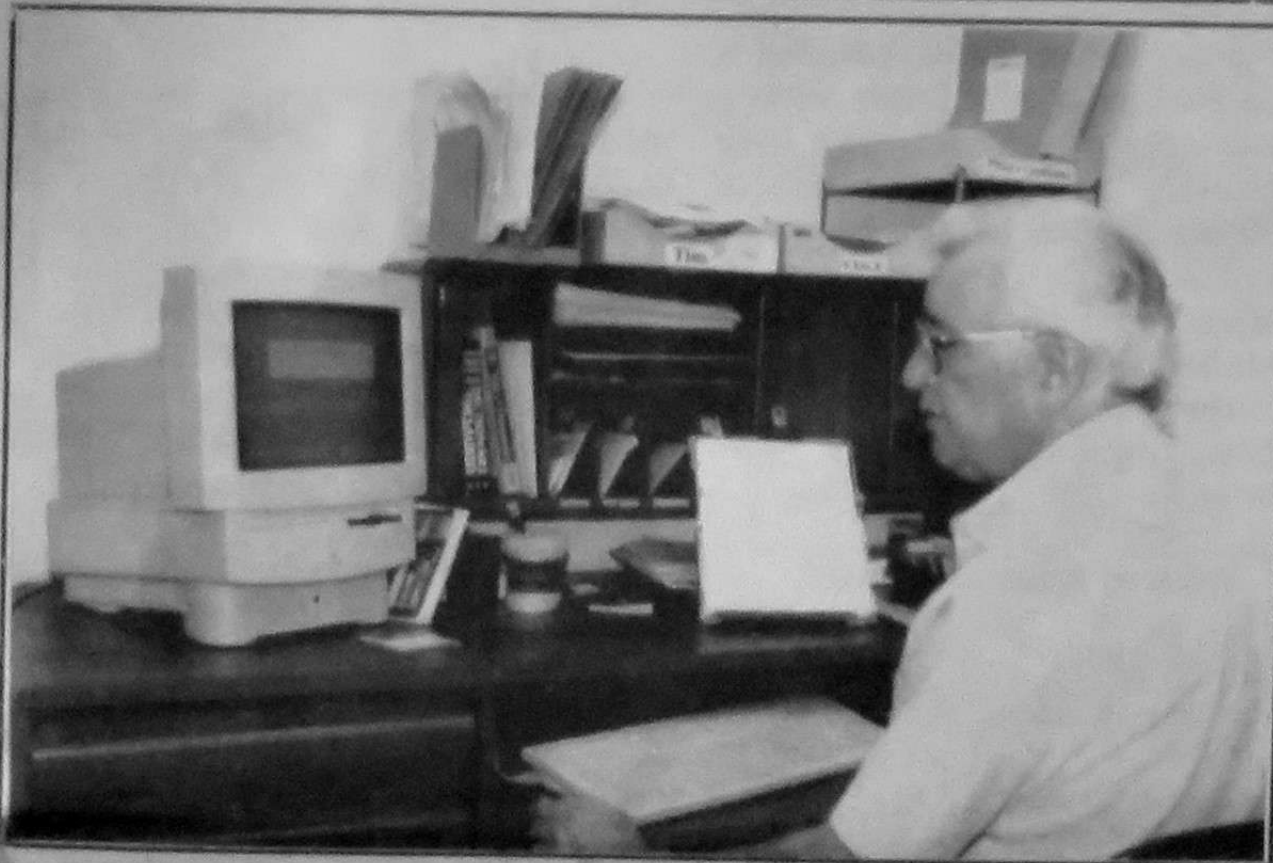
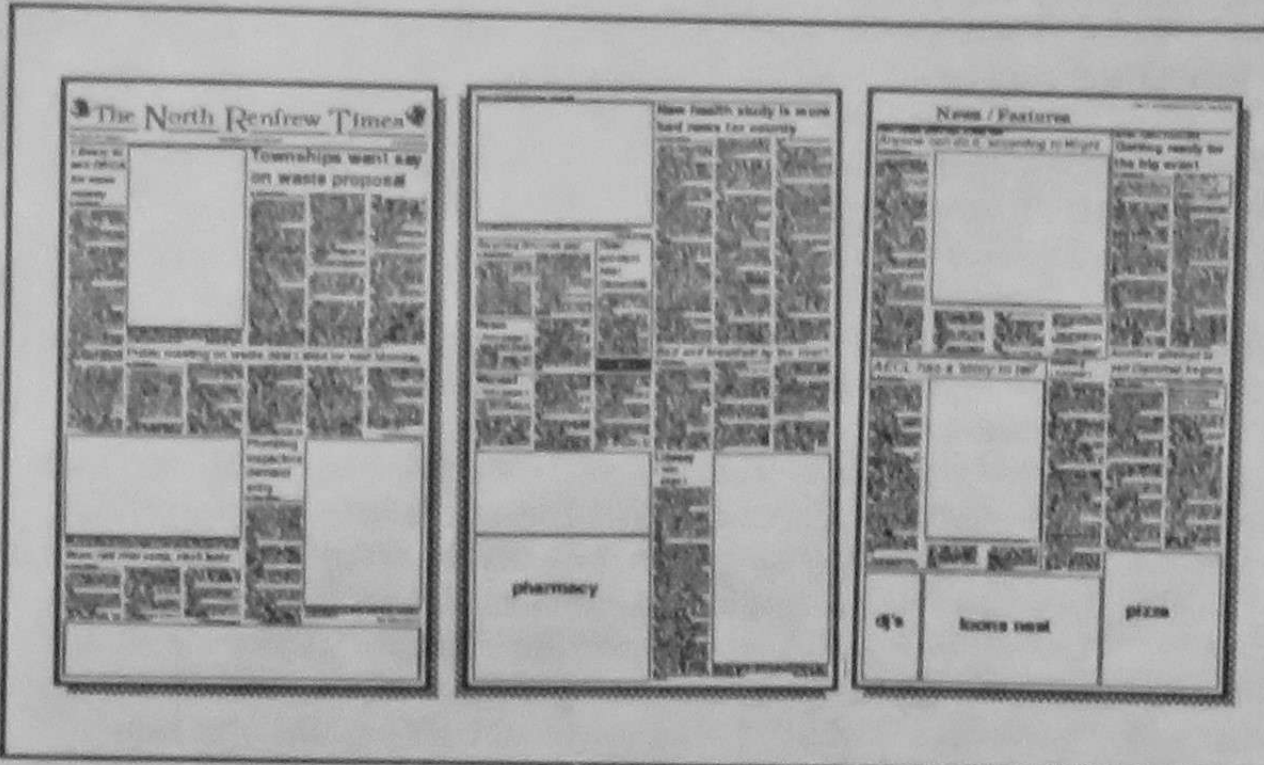
Negatives of the NRT, a process unchanged since 1973.

The "newly-acquired" (in 1973) offset press could produce 15,000 sets of four pages each, per hour.



Newspaper Production in 1995

Today, stories are typed up at the NRT's office on Macintosh computers. Ads are done in the same way. The entire newspaper is laid out on computer, as seen in this printout.



Computers like the one John Hulbert is seen using here are far cry from the punched tape "Compuwriter" in the 1970s.

Ads and other visual elements not on computer are pasted on. Here, advertising representative Gisela Evans and editorial board member Debbie Waker look over the results.



In marathon late-night sessions, the staff assembles the newspaper. The "paste-up" sheets are sent down to the Pembroke Observer early the next morning, where they are printed the same day and sent back for mailing and distribution that afternoon.

NRT...in New Zealand?

The New Zealand Herald

Published since 1863

AUCKLAND, TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1994

Where grass is greener...

New Zealand Herald, May 17, 1994

We reprint, without amendment and without comment, this editorial of March 16 last in the North Renfrew Times, which is published in Deep River, Ontario, Canada. Signed JAH, and headed "Kiwis do it," it reads...

New Zealand may be upside down from the terrestrial point of view, but they have a lot of things the right way up. Take for example the GST, which the late unlamented Mulroney Government copied in detail, except for one vital aspect — the incorporation of the tax into the price as offered.

In New Zealand, when you are told the price, that's it. There is no added shock at the cash desk. Sales tax is a part of life, not a political goad, and is accepted.

Then there is metric. New Zealand went straight for it, no dithering, no looking back, no Bill Dumb, and now everyone is completely attuned to kg, l, km, kPa and Celsius.

The only place you will find imperial measure offered is to Americans, in respect of the height of mountains or the depth of lakes, just to keep them in perspective.

The aboriginal population, the Maoris, are fully integrated, and play their part in all aspects of society. They are a happy and fulfilled people, keeping their culture alive by sharing it, and building their place in the future through an increasingly enlightened Government policy toward land claim settlements and their own pride in their heritage.

The admirable tearoom keeps the Golden Arches and the Colonel at bay. Why would you want the monotony and blandness of North American style fast-food, when every community has its owner-operated "tearoom", with fresh sandwiches, hot meat pies, pizza, salads, hot and cold drinks, ice cream, squares, cut cakes, all with a varied individuality, but a uniformly high standard.

New Zealand already has photo-radar, but it is used to improve road safety, not to build Government revenue. Photo-radar sites are selected at accident black-spots only, and are permanently posted, whether the radar is present or not. The photo normally identifies the driver as well as the vehicle, so that the offender, not the owner, is charged, and proper process of law is maintained.

Everyone slows at the labelled sites, and drivers are generally in favour of the photo-radar, whose threat curbs the reckless and contributes to safer highways.

New Zild, the language, has a few local expressions, like "lessav a suck at the sav, mite," but on the whole still admits short, snappy, direct words of Saxon origin, unlike the American trend to enforce turgid latinate verbalisation as the only politically correct terminology.

The best is saved for last. New Zealand abolished its provinces some time ago, in favour of a single central Government. Provinces function now only as zones for the selection of sport teams. Yes, we could learn a lot from the Kiwis.

...And reactions

NRT, June 8, 1994

It is with a sense of amusement that I write to you regarding your above article which appeared in the *New Zealand Herald* of May 17. It is also with a sense of nostalgia since I am an expatriate Canadian who at one time lived in Deep River when I worked for Atomic Energy of Canada.

Your article is amusing since a number of your comments probably lead your reader to the impression that New Zealand — or New Zild as you call it — is a Utopia. Nothing could be further from the truth.

New Zealand, like other countries in the world where the original people — the Tangata, Whenna — are pushing for their rights, has its social and economic problems probably no different than those of Canada.

The Maori people are not a happy people and are far from being integrated in all aspects of society. The Treaty of Waitangi did not solve the problems which are now rearing their heads. Land claims, fishing claims and the like are constant points of irritation with the Pakeha (European or other than Pacific people). The Pakeha feel that the Maori is unfairly asking for things which they believe were resolved years ago, and the Maori feel that they have been marginalized and are not getting what they believe the treaty said they could have.

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NRT in New Zealand

Reactions

continued from previous page

Believe me when I say that the Golden Arches, the Colonel and Burger King are alive and doing well here in New Zealand. They are everywhere and are expanding into the countryside.

Photo-radar sites are not only at accident black spots. They are located as well on roads where it has been shown the drivers constantly exceed the speed limit. They have, as you point out, had a definite impact on excessive speed. People are driving slower, even though they are not generally in favour of them.

The article in the *Herald* was titled, "Where the Grass is Greener..." and is spot on.

I have lived here for almost seven years now, and people when they know where I am from, ask me why I came to New Zealand since Canada is a much better place to live. When I visit Canada, Canadians tell me how lucky I am to live in a beautiful place like New Zealand.

My answer to all of them is simply to make the best of where you are. Each country has its good points and bad points. It's how you deal with them that makes your life.

When I saw the name Deep River, fond memories of a good life came flooding back. I hope that someday I can get back there and walk the banks of the Ottawa.

**Bob Kozuroh, former Deep Riverite
New Zealand**

A reminiscence

Lorna Bourns Managing Editor of the NRT



After I was writing floor shows and things for awhile for the Drama Club, a girl who wrote for the Ottawa Journal said 'I'm quitting the job for the Journal and going over to the Citizen, how would you like my job? You can write.' So I took the job on the Ottawa Journal, and eventually worked two years on the Pembroke paper in '60 up to '62 I guess. And then I was offered the job of managing editor of the North Renfrew Times. They said 'It'll be so much easier, it's not a daily paper.' Ha ha! I had to type everything that went into the paper, cover three meetings a week, write a recipe column, and an advice column ... I was Uncle Ezra. Nobody knew that for years. I think it's safe enough to admit it now!

NRT accepts petty complaints

Smell Here (letter to editor)

NRT, March 13, 1963
The Editors
North Renfrew Times

Dear Sirs:

This newspaper has an offensive smell. Take a good sniff of any fresh copy and you will find it overwhelming. Some of my friends tell me that a fresh copy lying anywhere in a room will smell up the whole room.

Is there anything which you could do to improve the general odour of this newspaper?

Sincerely,
Worried Reader

A Weekly With A Difference

NRT, November 28, 1973

by Rosalind Bayly

The North Renfrew Times differs from other newspapers not only in its volunteer board, but in the whole framework within which it is run. Here's how it is organized. The NRT is actually part of the Community Association, that shadowy organization whose role as a possible source of a cash loan or equipment springs to the mind of every club president.

Among many other little-publicized activities, the CA stands behind the NRT. Legally, the paper is based on its Letters Patent, issued by the Provincial Secretary to the CA. The NRT is able to operate on this basis because it has an unpaid editorial board and is part of the CA, which ploughs back any profits into the paper itself, or uses them for the many clubs in town which are members of the CA.

The planning of each issue of the newspaper is based on an economic analysis developed in 1967 by Dick Osborne, who had been appointed business manager of the paper by the CA.

The present business manager is Brian Hilton, assisted by secretary-accountant Jean Smith, who works for both the CA and the NRT. News Coordinator Dorothy

Ross, perhaps the most visible part of the NRT staff, is employed by the NRT only.

Profits for Everyone

Profits from the NRT go, in part, into a fund from which the CA can provide low-interest loans to any member club, and underwrite events such as the circus, Sun-Fun, occasional fairs, and last but not least the annual fireworks display, which has become such a tradition. The CA and its member clubs make possible many forms of recreation which would not be within our reach if the clubs were on their own. The ski club, for example, covered a good portion of the T-bar with a low-interest loan paid back over a number of years. The Health Club purchased equipment from the CA using the same low-interest type of loan, and there have been many other examples of clubs which were able to make major improvements by this means.

Role of Advisory Board

Hovering in the background, but ready to assist the NRT with advice when asked is the Advisory Board made up of Alistair Miller, Elinor Mawson, Ed Barlow and Dick Osborne. Thus, when the Editorial Board seeks

advice or direction from the Advisory Board, they are consulting only two additional individuals. It is possible, that this duality of personnel is at the root of the feeling, widely held in some sections of the area, that the NRT is run by a "tight little clique." Some people have found it impossible to work under a system so tightly controlled by so few people. But although it may result in a cautious approach to new ideas, the system guarantees the high and consistent standard of the NRT, and the paper ranks among the top weeklies in Canada.

Role of AECL

Even more shadowy than the influence of the Advisory Board is that of AECL. It is partly historical, since the paper was founded and financed in its infancy by the NRC, and it is written into the policy of the NRT that editorials criticizing AECL shall not be permitted. However, any control over the newspaper by AECL has become over the years more and more tenuous, particularly since AECL divorced itself from all interest in the CA and the newspaper could be said to be essentially in control of its own policies.

The NRT now is fully independent and feels free to criticise AECL whenever appropriate.

Snider's Guardian Pharmacy

(formerly Bielby's Pharmacy in Glendale Plaza)

Pharmacists John and Heather Snider came to Deep River in 1974 and finding it "just the right place" became the owners of Snider's Pharmacy. In 1989, the business moved to a new location in new and larger premises, and also adopted the "Guardian" banner to better serve the residents of this area.

We are proud to be part of this community for the past 21 years and have employed 59 residents of North Renfrew – 13 still with us – our strength!



John & Heather Snider in 1974



7 Champlain Street

John, Heather and staff salute the
Town of Deep River on their Golden Jubilee

NRT moves to Crowder Building

NRT, November 3, 1976

The Community Association and the North Renfrew Times this week moved their offices to a new location at what was formerly Crowder's "Handy Andy" store.

"There are two reasons why the move was made at this time," said Ian Towner, chairman of the NRT board of editors. "First, there was an uncertainty as to the long-term future of the Community Centre building, and second suitable downtown office space became available. The

Community Association was of the opinion that the opportunity to improve the office accommodation for its staff should not be missed."

The CA and the NRT offices are to be merged at the new location. With the CA staff routinely working mornings and the NRT staff working afternoons, the merger is a decided benefit to both groups. Now the office will be open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. each weekday for both CA and NRT business and as before NRT staff will work Sunday afternoons and evenings.



The NRT moved to new offices at the rear of the Strand building in February, 1993.

NRT enters new era of desktop publishing

NRT, July 22, 1987

At a meeting of the Deep River Community Association held July 16, board members unanimously approved the purchase of the Ontario Community Newspaper Association desktop publishing system for use by the North Renfrew Times. The system will cost \$34,285. Of the 34 voting members present, 33 voted in favour while one member abstained.

John Hardy, speaking on behalf of the North Renfrew Times' managing editor, Miriam Barry who was ill and unable to attend, outlined the present out-dated system of newspaper production used locally. He stressed that under existing conditions, the editorial board was only able to "set up" the first two pages of the newspaper.

The other pages are "at the mercy" of the printers in Renfrew who "neither know nor care about Deep River." Hardy continued to say that several years ago, a number of Valley newspapers operated similarly to the North Renfrew Times.



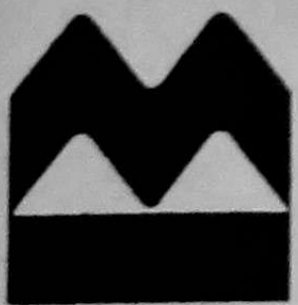
A demonstration of the \$14,500 OCNA desktop publishing system.

To-day, the NRT is the only one left and the printers are "anxious to get rid of" our typesetting and paste-ups.

The proposed system is inexpensive, uncomplicated, will employ local people, give them total control over the newspaper and generate additional revenue for the Community Association. Hardy reminded members that all the money now in the CA's account is a result of profits from the NRT.

He also cautioned that a "no" vote could mean there would be no community newspaper in Deep River in the future.

In July 1995 the North Renfrew Times switched to doing layout entirely on computer. Coincidentally, the Macintosh Plus computer that made up part of the original desktop publishing system was sold for \$50 the same week.



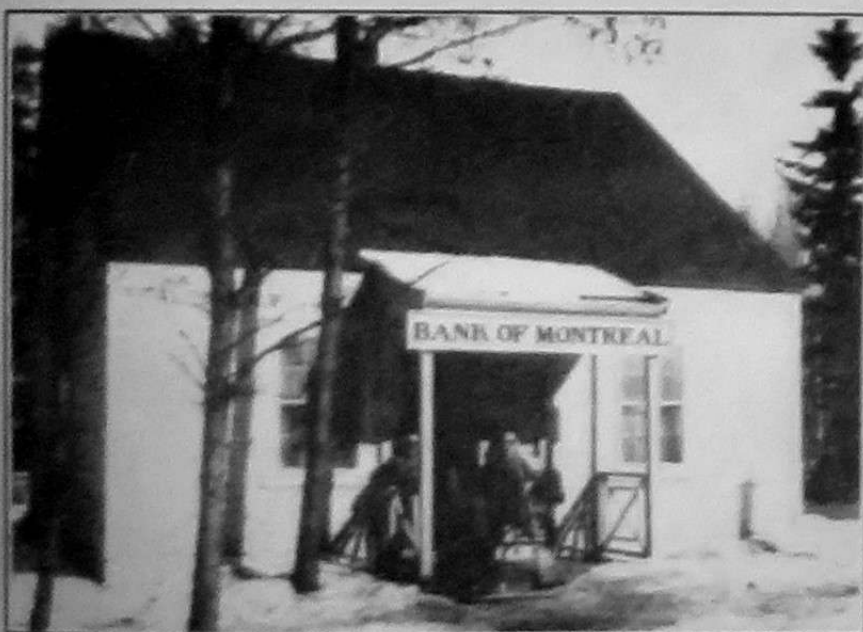
Bank of Montreal

Together with Canadians since 1817

and

First in Deep River since 1945!

We are proud to have been part of this community from its early days and we are continuing our commitment of service to the residents of Deep River and Area.



Deep River Branch
1st Location, 9 Hillcrest
1945



Mildred Walters
Manager

Her appointment in November 1987 marked a milestone as the first woman bank manager in Deep River.



2nd and Present Branch
Location: 6 Ridge Rd.
1995

Drama on the Dumoine Road

A true tale of Quebec

NRT, January 20, 1971

Many visitors who drive up the Dumoine road for the winter sports at John Daley's Bonanza Inn are probably quite unaware of the exciting drama that took place there on New Year's Eve in 1955. This story was told recently by Henry Madore whose elder brother Joe was the central figure in the story.

Up to 1964 the Madore family owned what is now the Bonanza, then known as Madore's Inn. It had belonged to them since about 1890 when the father of Joe and Henry came up from Chichester, Quebec and purchased the property. It was not then a tavern, as it had no license, but rather a stopover for the men going to and from the timber limits to the west and north west. During the winter months when the ground was frozen, horses and sleighs were the only form of transport. All the groceries for the lumber camps and all the oats for the horses had to be carted in and Madore's was a hive of activity.

Old Inn Destroyed

In 1901 the original inn burned down although there is one building still standing that may be 125 years old. It is con-

structed of hewn timbers. The Madores immediately started to rebuild and soon they obtained a liquor license. "There has now been a liquor license at that place for over 65 years," Henry Madore says. His father passed away and his mother ran it for a little while and then his brother Joe took over. But then the first World War came along and Joe was called to action leaving Henry who was then only 15 to run the place as best he could with a sick mother on his hands.

When Joe came back from overseas he took on again and Henry helped him until he was 21 when he married and went to live in Des Joachims village where he has been ever since.

A Safe Full of Money

Through the years Joe Madore continued to serve the men coming in and out of the lumber camps but one of the problems was that they didn't have any money, only the cheques sent to them from company headquarters. "If my brother couldn't cash those cheques, he couldn't sell a bottle of beer," Henry said, "and that is why he took to having all this money there. There was a young chap who worked for the

Consolidated up in the woods and he came down in October with a cheque for maybe two hundred dollars. My brother said he would change the cheque and the young chap followed him from the bar room to the room where he kept a big safe in the corner. So of course he got a look at all this money."

In a Bar at Montreal

"This young chap went to Montreal," Henry continued, then back to the bush and down to Montreal again at Christmas where he got himself pretty well tanked up. He was sitting at a table telling some friends about all the money he has seen away back in the woods and that it would be no trick at all to hold the place up. Sitting at another table was a chap who was just out of jail over in Ontario where he had been for armed hold up. So of course he moved in on the young lad and asked "Where is all this money?" The kid said it was 300 miles away and told how the money was stacked up in the safe just like cordwood."

Hold up Planned

"The guy from Ontario got the

bartender and said "Do you have an automobile for we really should go up and raid that place?" Yes, he had a Cadillac, but then there was the question of guns. "Now this young chap who was bar tending had been in the Dieppe raid," Henry Madore continued, "and he had won the Victoria Cross and was decorated by the Queen herself, but he didn't want anything to do with guns. 'I walked nearly up to my knees in blood during the war and I never want to see another gun,' he said. To get around this they fixed themselves up with some blank shells and planned the hold up for New Year's Eve."

New Years Eve

"My two other brothers who lived with Joe were in the village that night," Henry said, "and we had special police from Montreal to keep order at the big dance and around at the hotels." Meanwhile up at Madore's Inn a few boys from the Consolidated had stopped for a few beers. "They had come to get a few cases to take in to do them over New Year's" Henry said. "And when those fellows from Montreal got within sight of the hotel, they saw a few cars around so they waited until it was just nine o'clock, when Joe closed the hotel. They walked up to the door and rapped."

"Joe said he was closed but one of them said they were just going back in the bush and he had a brother there called Labelle and

he wanted to take him a case of beer. Joe knew there was a jobber called Labelle back in the bush so finally after some argument he said he would give them just a case of beer. But all they wanted was to get a foot in and as soon as they were inside they said "this is a hold up."

All Tied Up

"The first thing they did was to snap the telephone wires and took the wire to tie my brother up," Henry said. "Then they asked him was there anybody else in the house and he said 'yes'. My sister was for she had just come out of the hospital and my 11 year old daughter was staying with her overnight and then coming down to the village to church in the morning. They brought them both downstairs, tied them up and then they said to my brother, 'Now open the safe.' They had a flashlight and they held a gun in his back while he did it and they made him hurry. And when the safe door sprung open they took him out in the kitchen and wired his hands and legs with him lying out on the floor and that's how they left him. They loaded the car and took off. They'd got \$65,000."

A Fruitless Search

"When the dance was over at twelve my other two brothers went home and Joe told them the story. Of course they wanted to

continued on p.9



congratulates

DEEP RIVER

&

The North Renfrew Times

on their

50th Anniversary

Established in Deep River in 1961, Fraser's has been an integral part of this community and has sponsored many local events.

We are proud to serve the residents of Deep River and Area and to support their future endeavours.



GARY PEARSON

GENERAL INSURANCE BROKERS LTD.

congratulates Deep River and the North Renfrew Times on their Golden Jubilee.

Pearson Insurance has been in business since 1984 and opened its Deep River office in 1992. We are pleased to be in the same location as the first Insurance Office established 35 years ago by Stewart Devlin, and we still follow the tradition of serving your insurance needs.



Leven Woo
Broker

We would like to thank the people of Deep River and Area for their support and look forward to another 50 years of community service.

Ridge Road

Deep River

584-1464

Drama on the Dumoine

continued from p.8

legs with him lying out on the floor and that's how they left him. They loaded the car and took off. They'd got \$65,000."

A Fruitless Search

"When the dance was over at twelve my other two brothers went home and Joe told them the story. Of course they wanted to get the police on to it right away for we thought we might get some trace of the men. But they must have brought extra gas along with them for that car never stopped once for gas until it reached Montreal. We got in the police," Henry said, "and there must have been fifty working on it but they never found those guys and they got a awful going over from the press. In fact nothing happened until they put a private detective onto it and it was just two weeks from the time he took the case until he brought those three guys to justice."

Thieves Caught

"I took my brother and sister and my daughter to Pembroke where they brought them to be identified. My daughter spotted them right away for she had got a good look at them. Labelle was tough, and of course the other fellow had quite a bit of experience being overseas and he didn't talk too much. But they really put the pressure on the young fellow and he finally gave in. It ended up that he got a year and a half and the fellow that was overseas got two years and Labelle got seven."

But Money Gone

"This was the start of the downfall of my brother," Henry went on. "Nine thousand dollars was all the money the policemen picked up although there were three Cadillacs and three furnished apartments right in Montreal where they'd got the fellows. I wanted my brother to go and get those Cadillacs and resell them so at least he'd get some of his money, but he wouldn't. 'They've got it, they've gone and they're in jail,' he said, 'and if I went and did that, they'd probably come back and hold me up again and kill me the next time.'"

The End of the Story

"After that, business kind of dropped off. Joe was about 77 and my sister wasn't well and my other brother was hard of hearing. I was after them for a long time to sell the place and finally my older brother had a stroke. He was in and out of hospital and never well for a day from that on. Finally in November 1964 he passed away. As executor of the estate I put the hotel up for sale and bought my brother and sister one of the best homes in the village and they've been living here since and having a wonderful time. I sold the hotel to Don Daley the hotel-keeper up here and he changed the name from Madore's Inn to Bonanza. And that," said Henry Madore, "is the end of the story."

NRT July 6 1988
by Belva Lee

This area is rich and diverse in both its people and how they made a living. Percy Kean of Chalk River, now 79, remember when he, his dad Fred and Ken Kellett decided to get into the fur market by raising foxes.

In 1924 Kean's dad and Kellett bought three pairs of silver-black foxes from Kellett's brother in Bobcaygeon, who guaranteed them eight pups the following spring. The farm at Bobcaygeon would keep the foxes until Kean and Kellett built their fox pens.

Building pens to hold the foxes safe and secure was hard work. Each pair of foxes had a deluxe apartment, one large pen for the female and a smaller attached pen for the male. A third huge pen was then attached to the female's pen for the pups which they would have. The pens were wood framed and enclosed on all six sides by chicken wire. There was a guard fence around all the pens to protect the foxes from predators.

The first foxes arrived in the fall of 1925. The original three pair had had their pups and the total number of foxes was fourteen.

As his part of the partnership, Kean's dad fed the foxes. He was also a farmer and the feeding took up a lot of his time. By the end of the two years he decided that if he was going to spend so much time feeding foxes he may as well own them himself, and he bought Kellett's share of the partnership.

Kean and his dad then agreed that Kean would take over the



Myrtle VanBridger and Molly McKee, sisters of Percy Kean, model fox fur collars made from foxes raised by Percy on his farm. (photo: Belva Lee)

time consuming job of feeding the foxes. During the summer two of Kean's sisters, Molly and Myrtle, helped him by washing the feeding dishes and watering the foxes. They remembered the foxes were very shy and nervous whenever anyone was around the pens. The foxes were always considered special and no one tried to tame them.

Kean said there were two males who would come at feeding time and take food from his hand, but they would run away if he made the slightest quick movement.

Kean remembers that the foxes were "very particular", the minute a person did something different than the foxes knew.

When a vixen had her kits she didn't allow them to be seen until they were weaned. Kean knew which fox had more pups because of the amount of food she ate. When the kits were older, the mother foxes would keep them hidden until he had finished the rounds and gone, then they would let the kits come out. If Kean went back to the pens, the mothers would start yapping and the kits would dive for cover. The foxes also got upset if he did anything unusual, such as changing his feeding route or being late.

In 1929 they sold their first fur, about 30, and got \$120 for each fur. Kean said that was a high price, the average price was about \$30 most years. The first furs were sold locally, but later all furs were sent to the fox breeders association in Prince Edward Island, where they brought a better price.

In the early 1930's Kean travelled to the other fox farms in Cobden, Killaloe, Eganville, Pakenham and Alliston. He thought he could do better than he had been doing and wanted to increase the litter size.

He talked to the owners, learning how they fed and cared for the foxes, and applied what he

had learned to his own foxes.

He made an agreement with his dad that he would produce a minimum number of foxes each year. They shared the profit from the next five foxes and he got all the profit from anything above that. As a result of his persistence in learning all he could about the care of foxes and his hard work, one year there were 104 pups and he made \$300 more than his dad.

Kean told about the time he went out one morning to feed the foxes and saw footprints around the pens. He found a hammer outside the pens. Two of the foxes had been killed and stolen.

In those days there was a local train running from Ottawa to North Bay stopping in Chalk River. Kean drove with his dad to the train station in his cutter. The only way to report the theft was to go to the game warden in Pembroke. When the train arrived from Pembroke the game warden was already on it. He was headed to North Bay where two men with some foxes had aroused suspicion and had been arrested. The men said they had trapped the foxes but the furs were silver-black, not red.

Kean's dad went to North Bay with the warden and identified his foxes, which landed the men in jail. The thieves were ordered to pay damages which amounted to quite a lot since the stolen foxes were male and their mates would have no pups that year.

The fox farm provided a living into the 1940's. Then in 1942 prices began to decline. Within a few years the entire market for fox furs was gone. Kean had gradually been reducing the number of foxes he owned, so that in 1945 when several of the furs he had sent to PEI were sold for \$3 each, he only had six foxes left. He went out to the foxes, said good bye to them and opened the doors.

Congratulations Deep River

on your

50th Anniversary



From Your Friends At

**CANADIAN TIRE
DEEP RIVER**



Local canoeing conditions - three centuries ago

The rapids of the Upper Ottawa River

NRT, September 23, 1992

During the day, we have come up several difficult (rapids), where many persons have been drowned, either in coming up or going down...For every such person, whether his corpse is found or not, a cross is erected by his companions...and at this place I see no less than fourteen."

Explorer Daniel Harmon, 1800

In 1966, a provincial historical plaque commemorating the rapids and portages of the upper Ottawa River was erected at a look-out point of Highway 17, west of Deux Rivières. This was one in a series of plaques erected throughout the province by the former Archaeological and Historic Sites Board of Ontario.

This year, the Ontario Heritage Foundation replaced this marker with a revised plaque attached to a cairn in Lacroix Park in Deux Rivières. This bilingual marker reads:

"Rapids of the Upper Ottawa/ Les Rapides de la Haute Outaouais - For over two centuries the Ottawa River was part of the main canoe route to the West. Some of the river's most spectacular and dangerous rapids were located immediately downriver from here; the Rapide de La Veillee, the Trou and the Rapide des Deux Rivières. Further on lay the legendary Rapide de la Roche Capitaine. In 1800 the explorer Daniel Harmon counted fourteen crosses commemorating voyageurs who had drowned in its swirling waters. By 1950, with the construction of the Des Joachims generating station, these rapids and their portages had been submerged in the dam's headpond, Holden Lake."

Early in the seventeenth century, the French gained control of the St. Lawrence River and the Ottawa River valley, which gave them a water route deep into the North American continent. Travellers would ascend the Ottawa River to its confluence with the Mattawa, negotiate their way through a series of small lakes and rivers to Lake Nipissing, and then descend the French River to Georgian Bay. This route was in use by people of the First Nations long before French traders appeared on the scene. The Hurons and Nipissing regularly descended the Ottawa on trading expeditions; paying tolls to the powerful Algonquins who lived in villages on the upper section of the river (in the vicinity of present day Pembroke and Allumette Island).

The upper stretch of the river presented travellers with a number of dangerous rapids and cataracts to circumvent, the most notable being the Des Joachims rapids, which necessitated a long and difficult portage; the Roche Capitaine, so named for the large



rock that rose from the middle of the rapid; the Deux Rivières rapid, where two other streams entered the Ottawa; the Trou, and the Rapide de la Veillee.

The first European to travel the upper Ottawa was likely the coureur de bois Etienne Brule in 1610 or 1611. The Father of New France, Samuel de Champlain, passed this way in July, 1615, en route to visit the First Nations of Huronia. Between 1625 and 1649, the Ottawa River bore many lay workers, soldiers and Jesuit priests - including Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalement - to the Huron mission Sainte-Marie.

The famous coureurs de bois Pierre Esprit Radisson and Medart Chouart Groseilliers used the route in their explorations during the 1650's and 60's. The Chevalier de Troyes led an expedition up the Ottawa in 1686 to capture the posts belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company on James Bay. His account is among the earliest extant which describes in any detail the rapids on the upper Ottawa:

"On May 7, we set out at sunrise and, arriving at the foot of the Roche Capitaine rapids, the best canoe men began their ascent. This they did at such peril that they lost a canoe and nearly lost the crew as well."

Antoine de La Mothe Cadillac most likely followed the Ottawa River many times in the 1690's as did Pierre Gaultier de La Verendrye on his many expeditions to the western plains between 1727 and 1743. After the conquest of 1759 - 60, English and Scots appeared on the river, making use of the fur trade routes developed by the French. Among the earliest of these was Alexander Henry Sr., who travelled the route in August of 1761.

In the 1770's, the names of Peter Pond, the Frobishers and the McGills were added to the roster of travellers on the Ottawa; after 1784 were added those of Simon McTavish, William McGillivray and many others of the North

West Company.

Many of these men have left us descriptions of the turbulent upper waters of the Ottawa, among them, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who journeyed up the Ottawa en route to the Pacific Ocean in 1704:

"The river is intercepted by falls and cataracts, so that the Portages of the Two Joachims almost join. The first is 926 paces, the next 720, and both very bad roads. From hence is a steady current of nine miles to the river du Moine, where there has generally been a trading house; the stream then becomes strong for four leagues, when a rapid succeeds, which requires two trips. A little way onward is the Decharge (a place where the merchandise had to be unloaded and carried, but the canoe could remain in the water and be towed through the rapid; as opposed to a portage where both merchandise and canoe had to be carried), and close to it, the Portage of the Roche Capitaine, 797 paces in length. From hence two trips are made through the narrow chan-

nel of the Roche Capitaine, made by an island about four miles in length. A strong current now succeeds for about six leagues to the Portage of the Two Rivers, which is about 820 paces. From thence it is three leagues to the Decharge of the Trou, which is 300 paces. Near adjoining is the rapid of Levellier, from whence, including the rapid of Matawoen, where there is no carrying place, it is about thirty-six miles to the fork of the same name."

Passing over the Roche Capitaine portage on May 15, 1800, the explorer Daniel Harmon wrote:

"This portage is so named from a large rock, that rises to a considerable height above the water, in the middle of the rapid. During the day, we have come up several difficult ones, where many persons have been drowned, either in coming up or going down. For every such person, whether his corpse is found or not, a cross is erected by his companions...and at this place I see no less than fourteen."

In order to pass this island, it

was necessary to portage about 600 metres, then make two trips through a narrow channel about 6.5 kilometres in length.

Nicholas Garry, a director and later deputy-governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, made a journey up the Ottawa in 1621 in a party that included William and Simon McGillivray bound for the Red River. Garry has left us a vivid description of conditions on the upper Ottawa:

"At half past 3, June 17 we arrived at the first Portage des Joachims; this Portage is 1/2 mile in length over a high rugged Mountain. We then embarked on a small Lake not 50 yards in Breadth, a Sort of Basin with high Lands on all sides, at the End of a small channel, the sides of the Canoe touching the Banks. Here they have a standing Joke against a Voyageur who they say was stopped in this little Basin by a Head Wind. Here we came to the second Portage des Joachims which is about the same Length and over the same description of Country. At 1/2 past 6 we had passed both and found ourselves on the Main Stream .. the Heat was excessive, the Thermometer 90 in the Shade. The Carrying Places over rugged Mountains without shelter from the Sun and the attacks of Mosquitoes and Mustiks (sand flies) ... At 9 we encamped but had to cut away Trees to enable us to fix our Tent. An immense Fire and Smoke relieved us from our Enemies (i.e. the insects)."

The canoe route to the West yielded place eventually to steam and rail travel, and the voyageurs' highway was little used after the middle of the nineteenth century. Now, the rapids, too, have disappeared. In 1946, work began on construction of a large dam and powerhouse at the Des Joachims rapids. All the rapids upstream as far as the Mattawa River (a distance of about 112 kilometres) were drowned in the headpond of the dam. This part of the Ottawa River is now called Holden Lake.

Ashley's

Fine Chocolates • Gifts • Gift Baskets

Best Wishes from the Ashley family

on Deep River's

Golden Jubilee

11 Champlain St., Deep River
584-1938

Stop by for some of the best gourmet coffee in town!

The "Swisha" Dam A powerful force in the valley

NRT, Aug 22, 1990

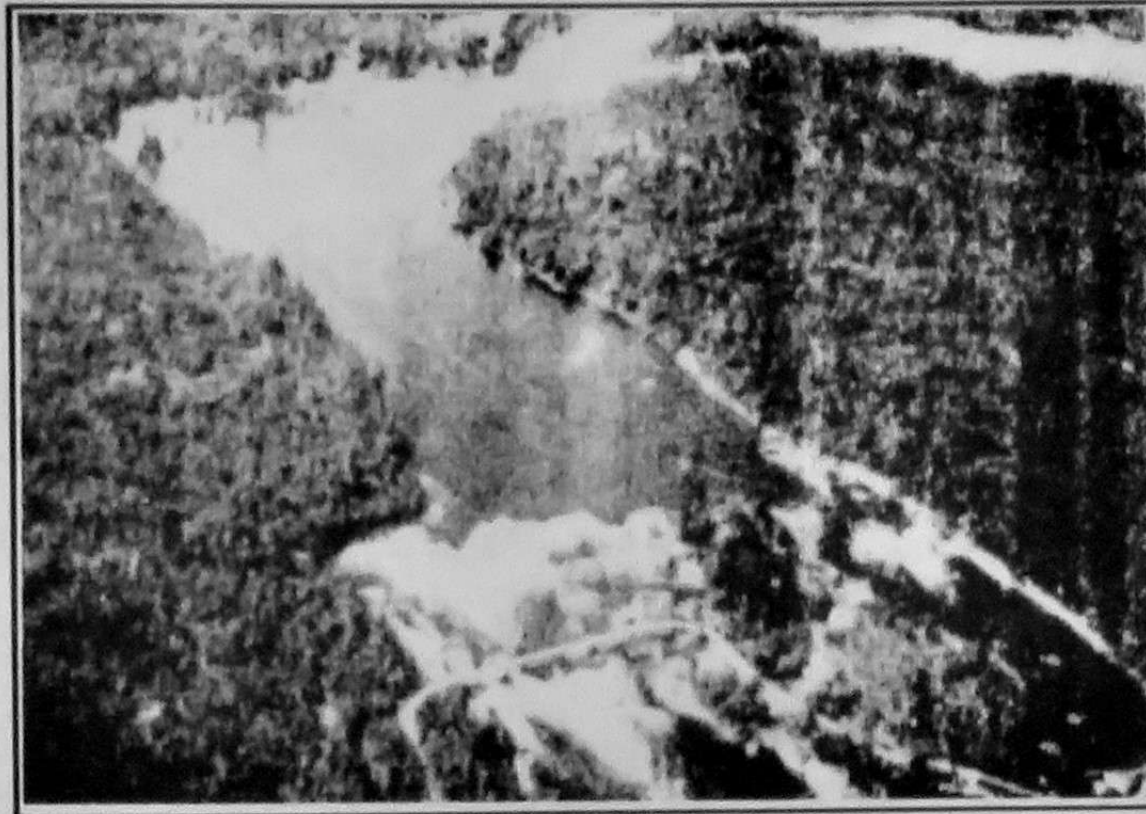
by Mike Blore

There were no protests about the destruction of fish spawning grounds. There were no hassles from environmentalists about the effects of flooding the upper Ottawa valley. Some people were annoyed about the arrangements for moving them from their homes which would be under water when the dam was completed, but most people in this area were happy to have a good job. The economic boost in the immediate post-war era was very welcome. That's how Ray Clarke remembers the local scene in 1947 when he started to work for Ontario Hydro on the Des Joachims Dam and Generating Station.

Known to all in the region as "Da Swisha" the station has the greatest generating capacity of the nine plants in the Ottawa-Madawaska system. It was a major engineering undertaking that took four years to complete and at its peak employed three thousand people. The main dam is a concrete structure nearly half a mile long and 120 feet high. It spans the river where there used to be three separate channels. Construction was started in the fall of 1946 on both sides of the river after the Ontario and Quebec channels had been closed by coffer-dams which left the inter-provincial channel open. The two side sections were initially built with several openings which provided temporary routes for the side channels while the centre section of the main dam was built. Finally these side openings were permanently closed and the water started to fill the area behind the dam.

A great cableway was built across the river early in the project. Higher than the top of the dam would be, it was supported on masts that could be seen for miles. The taller mast was on the Quebec side and stood 160 feet high. The cableway was used for transporting materials in both directions and in erecting the Bailey bridging that was a new feature in this type of work. The steel trusses for these bridges were developed during the war to enable light but rugged temporary bridges to be built quickly over rivers and gorges. They proved very useful in major construction work and were used at Swisha for concrete form work as well as for temporary bridges.

Like all projects this one wasn't without its problems and accidents. One section of Bailey bridge collapsed soon after it was erected, killing four men who were on it at the time. A fatal



The Rapids at Swisha before the dam was built

truck accident led to the rigorous enforcement of the company rule against riding on the back of trucks. A provincial explosives ticket was required before the stores would issue any explosives. The skilled men with this ticket were known as powder monkeys. There was extensive blasting in several areas, especially for the tailrace channels, and this work was done very safely. However, just before Christmas of 1948 one of the powder monkeys withdrew several sticks of dynamite from the stores, went a little way upstream, sat on them, and blew himself to pieces.

In February 1949 some of the wooden formwork of the McConnell control dam caught fire. Strong winds and bitter winter weather made fire fighting very difficult and extensive damage was done before the blaze was extinguished. This delayed the whole project by over two months.

Ray Clarke, who still has a

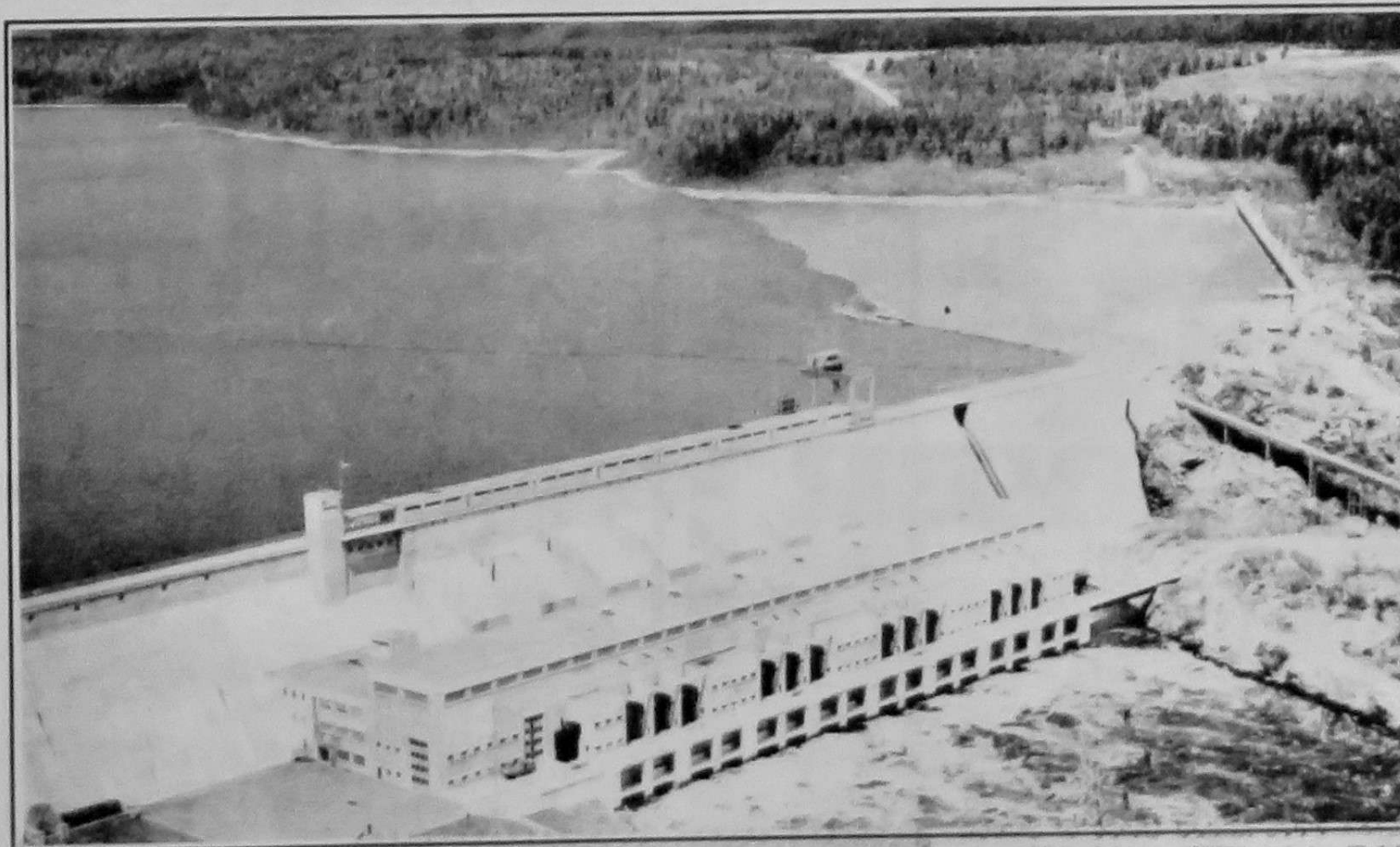
home in Deep River, lived in one of the H shaped huts built for the construction workers who slept on bunks four to a room. He said, "We were well treated and very well fed." His wages were \$1.05/hour plus lodging and food when he started as a pressure welder in 1947. "There were only a few guys who owned a car but they'd all give you a ride to Ottawa for \$3 if they had room. Otherwise you took the train or the bus which were quite frequent." Those who lived in Pembroke or Deep River were paid extra because they didn't need lodgings and only got the mid-day meal. The two hotels in Swisha were full every night but Ray doesn't remember much heavy drinking. He does recall a bunch of men on one occasion getting back to camp in the early hours feeling very hungry. They found the cookhouse door open and the bacon for the whole camp's breakfast out ready to use. They had quite a feast and the cook had to do some fast leg work in the morning to feed the men!

Robert H. (Bob) Saunders was President of Hydro at that time and he came up to the dam many times during construction. He knew many of the tradesmen by name and always talked to everyone. By June of 1950 the dam was complete and the head pond was nearly full, stretching 57 miles up the valley and covering about 11,000 acres of land. The first two turbines were ready to run and the other six were not far behind. Each turbine would put out 40,000 kilowatts.

On June 28, 1950 the Des Joachims Dam and Generating Station was officially opened by Ontario Premier Leslie Frost. Bob Saunders, other Hydro executives, politicians, special guests and many of the people who had worked on the project were in attendance. Ray remembers working many long hours in the weeks before the event to ensure that everything was ready and looking its best.

Initially the station was run by operators on shift at Swisha but this was changed in 1975 and the station is now run remotely from Chenaux. Swisha now has a crew of about 30, with no one on shift, doing maintenance work on the station. Also early in the '70's the turbines were upgraded over a period of several years to improve their reliability and to increase their capacity. When these upgrades were complete the station capacity was 52,000 kilowatts higher than before. That's more than if a ninth turbine had been added!

This major hydro-electric development cost more than \$76 million to bring into service. In an average year it produces electricity worth more than \$45 million. Even allowing for operating, maintenance and upgrading costs it has been a good investment for Hydro and a major benefit to us all. It should continue to be so for another 40 years or more.



Ontario Hydro - Des Joachims Dam and Generating station

Shipwrecked Family Saved By Teenagers

NRT, August 3, 1960

Bob Bainbridge, Iain Baines, and Ted DeGrey of Deep River were successful in rescuing the McEwen family from the Ottawa River on Saturday, July 23.

Bob and Iain are 14 years old and Teddy is fifteen. They all have the Senior Red Cross Swimming badge. While canoeing in the choppy water of Welsh Bay they noticed a curious difference in colour of the water in the distance and casually paddled towards it. When they realized it was an overturned boat they spurred ahead and found eight people around it.

The McEwens were returning from a picnic on the points separating Welsh Bay and Balmers Bay when their 14 foot aluminum boat struck a submerged rock and overturned. They were in the water about twenty minutes before the rescuers appeared and the children were beginning to suffer severely from shock. The boys quickly took two of the children and the baby to shore. Bob stayed with them there and held the baby while the other two boys returned to the rescue. Ted brought the grandmother, Mrs. Jean McEwen and the four year old child to shore. Iain jumped into the water and helped Mr. Syd McEwen, his wife Joan and sister Mrs. Mary Craig to push the damaged boat to shore.

Bob and Iain then went to the beach and reported the incident to the lifeguard on duty, Bob Campbell, who took off in the lifeguard boat to investigate. The boys returned with blankets and waited for the Weesoe to arrive. Bob Campbell had returned to the beach and phoned for the Weesoe. When it appeared the submerged rock stopped and incapacitated her for several hours.

Across on Indian Point Gene Sheffer and Lorne Newton noticed the Weesoe in trouble and came across the river to help. When they found the ship-wrecked picnickers waiting for transportation they took them to shore in Deep River in two trips.

Thanks to the quick and efficient handling of the situation by these young boys all the McEwens are fit and well today and grateful to some of Deep River's teenagers.

A Day on the hunt, in the townships

by Mary Ellen
Boudreau

NRT Nov. 12, 1980

The alarm clock shrilled into my troubled sleep at 5.25 am. Ah yes, it was the first day of the hunt and I had premised to trek the woods with the family. I was to officially record the "kill" on film.

Half asleep I dug into closets and boxes to find suitable bush garb. Comfortable and colourful. The thought of being mistaken for a moose was real and frightening.

Into the kitchen. Husband's toast looked revolting. My stomach refused to consider anything but coffee. The result of too much hunt-camp hospitality the night before. Returning to the covers seemed the most sensible line of action. Yet I had promised...

Snow danced down as we trekked off down the trail in silence. It was now 7.15 am.

Now the bush road was becoming more rugged. Dodge the branches. Get both legs over the fallen tree. This could be an endurance test.

Now we were at the lake. But there was no rest here. "Push on" said the guide "and be quiet".

At 8.30am we were posted in a woods water bed. Our watch was at the edge of the marsh, on a point so that we could see all of

the L-shaped bog.

A blue jay called. A raven croaked by. The squirrels and chickadees chattered. In fits the snow beat down.

At first we whispered to each other. Huddled on evergreen boughs piled on a rotten log, feet dodging water wells semi-hidden in the grasses, we told ourselves we were warm and comfortable. It was not so. Soon the cold and wet drove daughter to light a fire. Ah, this was campfire fun. The black smoke from the birch bark stung our eyes, but the instant warmth made it all worthwhile. Now we were busy hauling twigs to keep the smudge alive. Bravely, noisily we felled swamp-rotten trees and slipping and sliding into the ever present water, we kept the fire going.

The sooty unbuttered toast munched at 10.30am (M'God we had been two hours in the swamp) with a chunk of cheese relieved the gnawing pangs of hunger. We would survive.

Still no sign of moose. We had been assured we would have ample warning of their arrival because they make a lot of noise in the bush.

Briefly the sun came out about 11.30 am. It warmed our spirits and bodies. We continued to doze by the fire, hunched on our logs, sheltered from the biting wind by the grasses and bulrushes.

A wee mole startled us as it

flitted out to inspect our camp fire and soggy setting, then scurried back home. A soaring hawk scrutinized us from the dull sky above.

A crackling in the bush. The noise brought daughter to her feet in a flash, hand on gun. A low voice called. It was only guide returning for our planned mid-day rendez-vous.

The marsh-watch phase of our day was over. We were now all going moose tracking. To be able to move, after a four hour sit, was a welcome thought. The track-trail moved up and down, but hugged the swamp. Fresh moose dirt was inspected for slimy-ness. Even fingered. This is serious business.

"Hey, Guide, look at this track" I shouted, thrilled with my discovery. It brought only a scowl and a reminder, "No talking".

We were now to circle the lake, guide on the high bluff, daughter and I hugging the shore, but always within shouting distance. Certainly not seeing distance. The bush ahead was a tangled mess of greens and greys and browns and blacks.

A foot slithered sideways as I jumped a stream and I sogged up to my knee in gunk. A doubled-gloved hand, set out for protection as I fell, became sodden and sore. It's part of the hunt, I kept trying to reassure myself.

"I wish he wouldn't leave us

alone," moaned daughter as blackened chicos turned into bears, reared ready to kill. We were afraid.

"Stop," I whispered. Surely hidden ahead was the antlers of a moose at rest. It was the roots of a fallen pine.

The shoreline turned into marsh. There was no avoiding it. We must plough thorough. Now we were thoroughly soaked.

The swamp sucked at each boot and reluctantly gave up. We had gone so far. To go back was as bad as to go ahead. My heart hammered, and I had visions of coming to exit time in the swamp.

Two ducks rose and inspected our predicament. Guide was safe and dry on high land. He knew what he was doing.

Daughter could not go on. Her too-loose boots, now completely water-filled, weighted a ton. Perched on a six-inch grass heap she took off and emptied the boots, balancing like some giant water-bird. With superhuman effort we flapped and flopped on. We had no choice.

Guide sat calmly peeling an egg as we landed exhausted at his feet on shore. Daughter now with boots in hand. Sodden sox sticking out like snowshoes.

The final test was to cross the beaver dam. An ominous depth of water on one side, and on the other a maze of branches, twigs

and sparking waterfalls. We chose to fall into the latter, but the camera, hidden deep in the packsack, remained dry.

Somehow, the six mile jaunt wasn't so bad even for someone who usually walks from car door to office.

Guide said he would have made it in half the time without us. But our moral support was surely worth the time sacrifice.

The few hunters we met on the trek out reported the same as us. Signs, but no moose. Feathery bay's breath vines, mosses, multi-shaped leaves joined memories as souvenirs of my day in the bush.

By 3.00pm, the magic of a warm bath was turning warped and whitened feet to pink tones of life. I had survived. I could now go on to our dinner date at the Adelard Hunt Camp.

"AD" flung open the front door of the old loghouse by the railway tracks at Adelard to welcome us. Adolphus' "AD" -Miron of the hotel Cornwall in Cornwall is the last of the original crew of what he proudly calls "The Millionaires' Club. He hadn't missed the hunt in Bissett's for the past 40 years. Today he hunted all morning, rested in the afternoon in preparation for a hound hunt across the lake tomorrow.

"You have to pace yourself" he said as he filled our glasses from the array of liquors almost filling the table. "After all, I am 85", "and tonight we observe a minute silence before the dinner, in memory of former members".

continued on p. 13

As the Hickey Family arrived in Deep River

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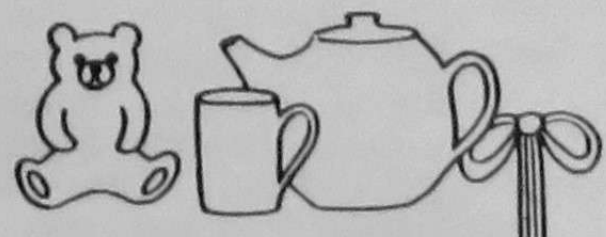
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*Please come and join us on
Sunday, Aug. 6th
for demonstrations of crafts by our
local artisans*

Hunt

continued from p. 12

So we heard about the old days. AD's mind is clear. Memory sharp.

The logs sizzle in the large, ancient, cracked-and-patched box stove. A tub of water hums on top. Bath warm.

My gaze takes in the rambling, rough room, the beds lining the wall, the slanted staircase leading to one giant bedroom upstairs, the poker table, the girly pictures on the wall. This is the sleep and relaxing part of the camp. Nearby in the cookhouse, Mamie, the local resident hired to cook for the week's hunt, is weaving her magic.

Adelard was once a railway stop. Night trains would deposit hunters at the door. Old railway building and a home became "The Adelard Hunt Camp" - a home for Cornwall hunters. A new sleeproom addition and cookhouse have revitalized the place.

Mamie and her dish-drying husband join us in the log sleep-camp for a pre-dinner drink. She tells of her struggles to cook the turkey that day. The wood stove balked. A hurried jaunt to her electric stove in Stonecliffe was made. Then the power went off....

Ten hungry hunters bustled in. Dropping guns, coats and equipment. Noisy, back-slapping, teasing, joking crew. "AD" the King, surveys all and makes instructions, as he pours himself another shot of vodka. There has been No Luck in the hunt that day.

The hunters don't see Mamie. They look for one thing - food. "How's the turkey?" they holler and one well-rounded character rubs his belly in anticipation.

It takes a special breed to be a Hunt Camp Cook. The conversation is raunchy. It doesn't bother Mamie. Wine glass in hand, her twinkle-eyes through it all.

"Five minutes" she says as she heads for the cookhouse.

A bespectacled senior type with suspenders holding up the hunt trousers passes a piece of delicious cheese from the end of

the hunting knife.

We decide it is time to join Mamie. Some five or six hunters linger on for one more relaxing drink.

The enormous table, laden with cheese, spanish onion rings, lemon pies, apple squares and wine, occupies and good half of the cookhouse. The stove is huddled near the door and across from it a huge blue agate pot serves as a dishpan.

A hungry horde pours in. Hot plates are grabbed from the flapped-open warming closet of the stove. Each hunter loads his plate with fluffy mashed potatoes, peas and carrots, string beans and gravy, all of which have been warming gently on the stove. Then it's over to the counter for turkey and dressing.

Most hunters also make themselves a pile of blackened bread on the top of the wood stove. They call it toast.

Mamie quietly moves about, picking up dishes, washing them. her husband dries and sometimes a hunter pitches in to help.

We learn the boys also have kegged bear and a pitcherfull usually graces the breakfast table. Maybe a hangover cure.

The food is delicious. Some hunters have brought pickled peppers with them. It seems a good idea to have a bite. Then the howling and laughter as they almost choke us.

The bantering is going on, the teasing, the off-colour stories. All around us food is being shovelled in and gulped down. It reminds us of the dinner table in the cub camp, as if no food had been eaten for a week. Mamie spoils her boys with homemade pies at noontime as well. She eats little herself and keeps herself trim. "You get sick of looking at it" she says.

The men pile back to their sleeping-living quarters. Some to drink and play cards. Some to fall into the bunks exhausted. Mamie cleans up and goes home. She'll be back by 5.30 next morning.

We decide to call it a day too. After all, it's the time of the hunt in the townships. A fun time. And who knows what tomorrow will bring...

Rudi A lifelong friend

by Sheila Blore

NRT, December 4, 1991

Family and household pets usually come in shades of brown, white or black, but Anne Crosson has a pet of a most unusual colour - four colours to be precise. His tiny body is green with a yellow patch on the back of his neck, and red and blue flight and tail feathers. Rudi is a parrot, and a very talkative one.

Anne has lived in Chalk River for 45 years and both she and her parrot are well known. In fact she insists that Rudi is known from coast to coast as travellers frequently stopped at her gift store and confectionary "to see the parrot". Rudi was always ready and willing to perform, especially for the children. The store is now closed but visitors are still welcome at Anne's home and are still asked if they would like a cracker or a banana - by Rudi.

Rudi was five months old when Anne purchased him in New York city in 1930, and has an anticipated life span of 75 to 100 years. At that time, parrots were a popular pet and came either from the Amazon or Panama. Rudi is from Panama. When the parrot first came into Anne's life actor Rudi Vallee was the nation's heart-throb, so she named her pet Rudi.

In the 61 years since then Anne has been the only person to handle the bird. She says that he learned to talk very easily and is a natural mimic. He has also learned a very infectious laugh and it is extremely difficult to hear him and not start laughing with him. Rudi will sing (maybe a little off key) God Save the King, but declines to change it to Queen. He has a piercing wolf whistle and in days gone by would whistle at any girl, often getting the timing so good that a passing boy was blamed. He was a great favourite with the teenagers of Chalk River!

In 1939 Anne married Jacques Crosson, a move which was never popular with Rudi. He made no



secret of the fact that he did not care for Jacques. When Jacques returned from the war, after six years away, Rudi looked him in the eye, ruffled his feathers and in a very scornful voice said "Well goodbye". However, many years later when Jacques was ill and bedridden Rudi became his constant companion and spent many hours talking to him.

Rudi will pose and preen for the cameras, chuckling all the time and asking the photographer, "How are you doing?" He calls and calls "Anne" if there is someone at the door. He whistles for dogs - and they have been known to come, and meows at cats. He also knows a number of people well enough to greet them by name.

Rudi has a good appetite and eats sunflower seeds, a little dog kibble and lots of fruit and vegetables. He loves cheese and stuffed black olives but will not eat meat. He has only been sick once and Anne nursed him back

to health, sitting up with him for two nights keeping him warm under a lamp and wrapped in blankets. During the day Rudi spends much of his time perched on the back of "his" chair. From this vantage point he can watch passers-by and see the TV, though he spends most of his viewing time laughing.

At night Rudi retires to his cage, which is covered, and he is quiet till uncovered in the morning. Except when there are noises in the night when he calls out "Anne, Anne, what is the matter?" Rudi used to travel with Anne by train, and has entertained many a rail road car full of delighted people. Later he travelled by car, as before in his travelling cage, but he did not find it near so interesting as the train.

At 88, Anne is the oldest woman in Chalk River and at 61, Rudi is certainly the oldest bird. Anne and her colourful pet are both confidently looking forward to welcoming the 21st century.

River Reaches Flood Level

NRT December 7, 1966

With the onset of colder weather, the river level is expected to subside. Running about six feet above average fall levels, the Ottawa River reached a height of 370 feet above sea level as measured at the AECL pump house last week. From November 1 to November 25, four inches of rain fell and a further inch by November 29. Rainfall during the last two weeks in November was par-

ticularly heavy and unseasonable.

Cottage owners are reported to have suffered some damage. One cottage is known to have been surrounded by water. Both the town piers were submerged.

The Ontario Hydro, Belleville Regional Office, issued the following release in explanation of the unusual levels:

The higher than normal volume of water in the Ottawa River for this period is due to the unusual prolonged period of mild weather that has prevailed throughout November and the above normal amount of rain that has fallen in Northern Ontario watershed during the past two weeks.

Because of the mild weather,

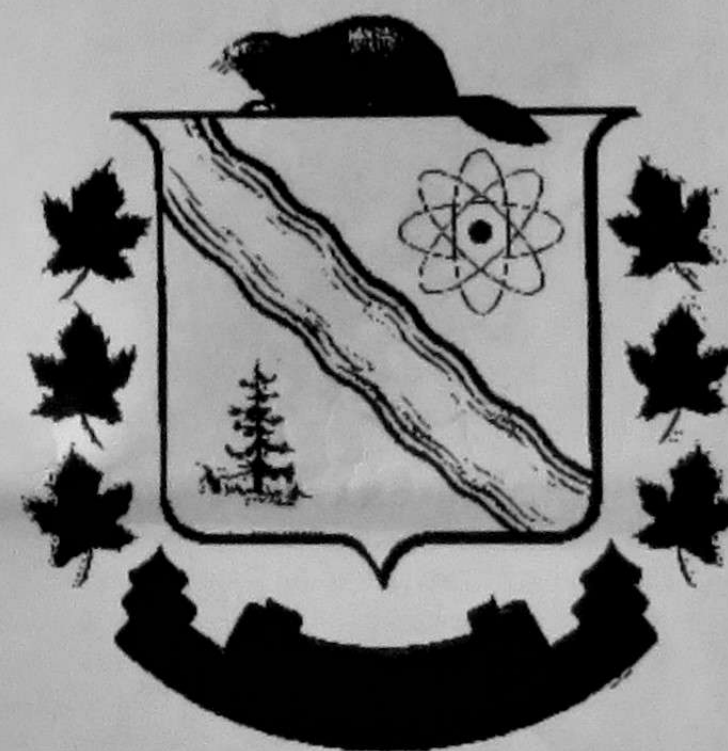
precipitation in the watershed which drains into the Ottawa has fallen as rain rather than snow. Had this high amount of precipitation been snow, it would have accumulated on the ground. The rain has melted any snow accumulation and the precipitation has drained into the lakes and rivers which make up the Ottawa River watershed. During the last few days of November, rainfall has measured three inches which is the equivalent of a full month's precipitation.

The high flows have now been alleviated considerably by a change to colder weather conditions. Temperatures of between six and eight degrees below normal have been predicted in the long range forecast.



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Town of Deep River



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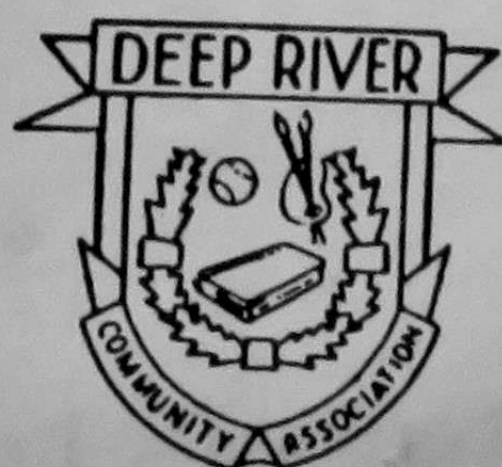
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Ken Gonneau is all cooped up

Racing pigeons full time

by Gayleen Gray Walker

NRT August 12, 1992

When most people think of pigeons they think of birds cooing while huddled together on building ledges or making messes on the statues of famous people. Ken Gonneau is one person who knows that pigeons have potential for greater things.

His favourite pastime is the raising and racing of pigeons at his Lau-ren Road garage where he has built a two storey deluxe pigeon home to house his 95 racing pigeons.

Racing pigeons are similar to homing pigeons in the instinctive way they are able to return to their home. They are bred to be strong flyers and some of the fastest pigeons can fly up to 60 miles per hour. Gonneau says some races cover a distance up to 1,000 miles, but he says the maximum distance he expects to race his birds is 600 miles.

Gonneau became involved with pigeons purely by chance over two years ago. He was in Parry Sound when he caught a banded pigeon he guesses was lost from a race.

Gonneau brought the pigeon home with him and then bor-

rowed a mate for it from Harold Mau, a pigeon racer in Pembroke.

Although the mother died in the fall, two young were raised from the pair. The next year Mau loaned Gonneau three more and they all mated, adding up to 14 birds. Gonneau says he then imported ten more pigeons from a breeder in West Texas.

"Last spring I had 28 birds, 14 pairs," says Gonneau, who explains that his current number of birds is directly related to their rapid mating habits.

"When the young are only two weeks old, the mother will lay eggs again. These birds will lay eggs all year round."

Despite this constant mating practice, Gonneau says the proper time for the birds to lay eggs is in the spring, allowing the birds to moult at the right time of year.

"When the birds are moulting they can't race," he says, adding that "March is the best time to hatch."

Gonneau admits he has been forced to pull the eggs away from the parents who mate for life and share in the duties of sitting on the eggs and feeding the young. He has enough birds for now.

There is a large time commit-

ment in raising and caring for racing pigeons. Gonneau says he is often up at 6 am to clean the pigeon loft and feed his birds, which have to be fed twice a day. Gonneau also has to let the birds out to fly around, something he says "helps to condition the birds to know their own home."

He lets the birds out hungry to motivate them to return quickly, a method used for racing also. He will take his older birds out for longer distance conditioning flights, letting some go in Deux Rivieres.

"Some of them are able to fly the 40 mile distance in just 45 minutes," he says while other birds he will only take out for flights of 15 to 20 miles.

A very real danger for the birds whenever they are out flying is the threat of hawks. Gonneau says on Sunday morning he let out a group of birds for a 20 - 25 mile flight and when they returned he discovered four were missing. He guesses that a hawk must have attacked one of the birds, scattering the rest.

The birds come in a variety of colours and breeds with names like Calia-Janssen, Blue Bars and Meally. Gonneau "would like to have all Blue Bars," his favourite breed, because he thinks

they have the nicest colours.

Gonneau says some of the birds do become like pets, and he has a story for each one he points out, but there are no names for his birds yet. "I will name the winners of any races," he says, but his imported birds have pedigrees which he keeps on file.

This is the first year that Gonneau is racing his pigeons. His first race is on August 15. Gonneau says that there are often competitions between club members but this upcoming race is for

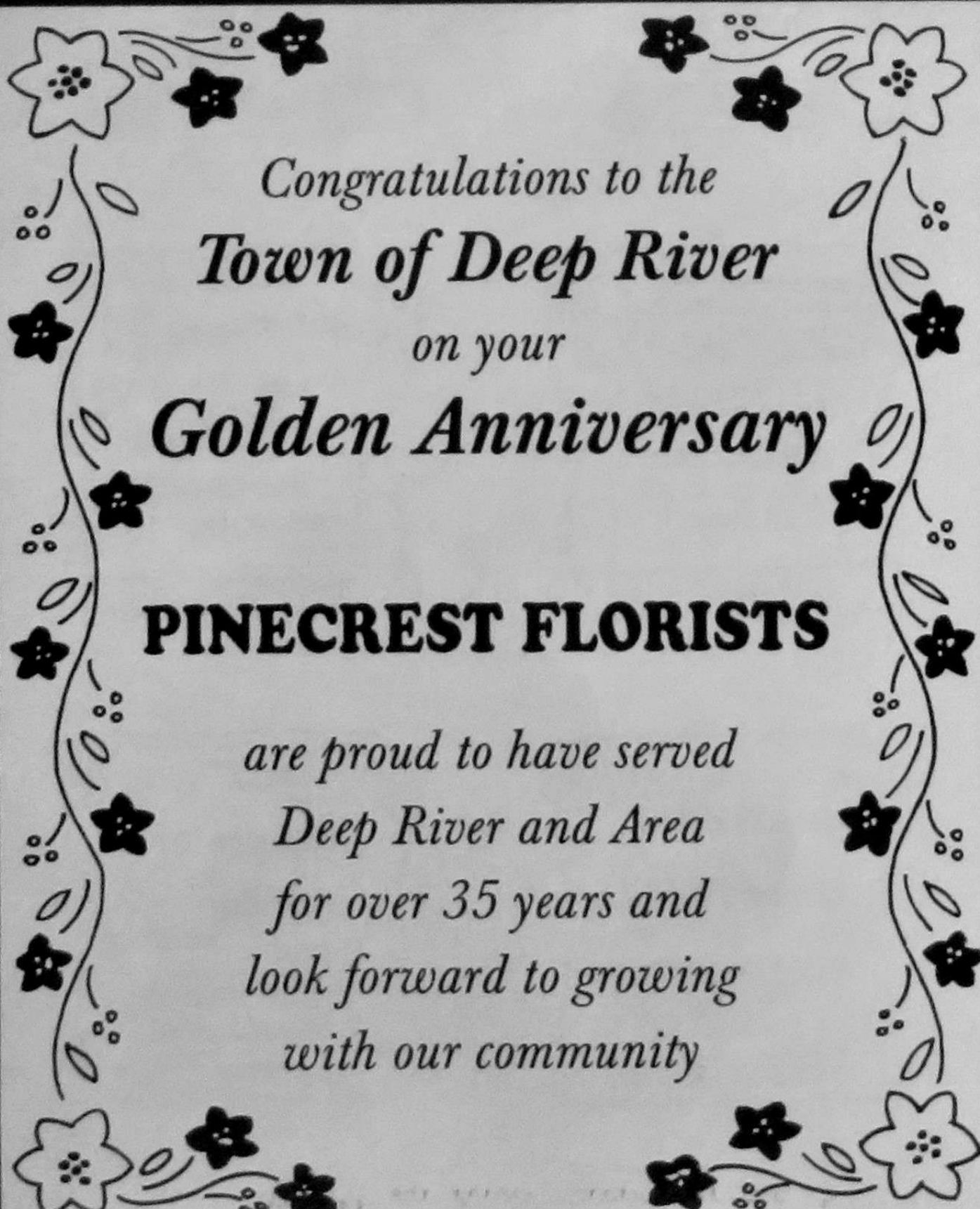
the whole Ottawa Valley. He says there might be up to 1,000 birds racing in it.

Gonneau explains that each race involves the same method for release and timing. The night before a race is when the birds are last fed, banded with numbered rubber racing bands and then put into travelling cages with a sliding release door.

A truck will come to pick up the cages of pigeons to take to the release location. At 6 in the

continued on p.17






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Those */ #% blackflies

NRT, Sep. 8, 1971

Biologists at Chalk River Nuclear Laboratories face a perennial question: "When are you going to do something about those (unprintable) blackflies?"

Now, thanks to Dr. W. F. Baldwin of the biology branch, CRNL, the people of Deep River, know quite a bit more about "the enemy."

Dr. Baldwin, with the help of Harm Gross, a Queen's University student, carried out a small study of the blackfly population in Deep River this summer. The work is part of a larger program to develop methods to control blackflies, involving the use of radiation.

Dr. Baldwin hopes to test the "sterile male" technique on blackflies. This involves the release of large numbers of male flies which have been exposed to radiation. When they mate with normal females, no eggs are hatched.

Before this experiment can be carried out scientist must know how blackfly population fluctuate under normal conditions, the influence of temperature, fogging with insecticides and other factors. Dr. Baldwin chose Deep River, as a good testing ground for such a study.

Traps were hung from trees in five locations: Lamure Beach, Algonquin Street, Faraday, at the golf club and Dr. Baldwin's garden. A control trap was placed east of the town limits, outside the straying area.

The traps were inverted lard tins baited with dry ice to produce carbon dioxide and coloured blue. The combination lured the blackflies to stripes of plastic covered with sticky paper. The numbers of blackflies, together with all tabanids (horseflies, deer



flies, etc) were counted periodically over a two month period.

In the Deep River region, two kinds of blackflies, among the 30 odd species known to exist in Canada, emerged in large numbers from certain streams in May. The first to appear are known as Prosimulium; these large blackflies spend the winter in rapids as larvae, and consequently have a head start in development on the second group, known as Simulium. Members of the Prosimulium are only mild biters, and since their number do not reach nuisance levels, these early birds can be ignored. The second group, mostly Simulium venustum, characterized in the adult by white bands on their forelegs, are vicious blood suckers. Only the female bite (a blood meal is necessary on most species to produce viable eggs). They spend the winter in the egg stage, and in the spring when the water warms, the eggs hatch into larvae on rocks and twigs, and within weeks become pupae and then adults. Emergence occurs under water in rapids, and the adults ride to the surface in small air bubbles.

The results of trapping have shown, first, that the blackfly population outside Deep River (as demonstrated by the control trap) are at least ten times more dense than they are in the town itself.

This is probably the result of the lack of cover by dense vegetation in town. Unfortunately, the town blackflies bite just as eagerly as their country cousins, and even though they are fewer in number, they certainly make their presents felt. The Simulium population built up to a peak through the last week of May until the traps were capturing an average of 300 to 400 each evening (3000 to 4000 in the control trap). High numbers were maintained throughout June. Average captures varied widely with the weather, a reflection of high and low activity, during the

warm and cool periods. Large differences occurred in captures between traps; the traps on Faraday and the golf course caught twice as many flies as those on Algonquin, Lamure Beach and Dr. Baldwin's garden. Presumably, large numbers of flies emerged from nearby Kennedy Creek.

One of the objectives of the study was to investigate the effectiveness of fogging operations in the town during the blackfly season. The first fogging did not take place until the 17th and 19th of June, partly because of a delay to obtain pre-fogging data and partly because of a number of evenings with high wind. The records indicate only a slight diminution in numbers, probably related to the cool weather, and coinciding with a drop in the control traps outside the town. The next fogging operation, on June 29, did not again appear to affect the numbers of blackflies. Later foggings took place after a final and severe population drop.

Dr. Baldwin concludes that fogging for blackflies in Deep River accomplished little this year, and should perhaps be supplemented by alternative methods such as stream control. He suggests more frequent treatment with one of the better insecticides in fog, which might control not only the blackflies, but also tabanids, mosquitoes and "no-see-ums" (sandflies).

His observations lead him to advocate local stream treatment with one of the improved larvicides which do not kill other organisms. The treatment with the town fogging machine could also be coupled with stream treatment, Dr. Baldwin suggests. The only alternative is to make generous applications with good insect repellent.



Cooped

continued from p.16

morning all the birds are released at the same time by using ropes tied to all the cages. They instinctively head for home.

Back at the home loft, a sealed time clock with a hole in the top is used to time when each of the racing pigeons returns. Their rubber bands are removed and pushed into the clock which marks the time of arrival, registering the birds by metres per minute. Once all the birds have returned, the time clock is returned to the officials who tally the scores to decide the winner.

Four of Gonneau's birds are also racing in the Kingston Invitational in the fall which runs from Whitney to Kingston. After the race the birds are auctioned off and the money goes back to the club.

Gonneau expects to enter his birds in a total of five races this year, but plans to race the older birds every weekend he can next year. The racing season begins in

May or June and is over in September.

He says some championship breeds can go for up to \$50,000 a bird if they are proven winners. He hopes his own birds will become winners so he can breed them to sell also.

"I will keep trying until the end of next year to see how my pigeons will do," he says.

Despite this goal to reclaim some of his investment, it is easy to see Gonneau is involved in racing pigeons for more than money.

He has a true affection for his birds, evident when he is handling them and talking to them, and the birds seem fond of Gonneau also. Some will feed right out of his hand and when they are flying out of the loft he says they fearlessly land all over his head and shoulders in their anxiety to get outside.

Gonneau hopes this first race in August will be the beginning of a long legacy of success for his pigeons, but in the meantime, feathers and food prevail at the Gonneau loft.

50th Anniversary

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Local Snooker Player Goes To Nationals

NRT, May 6, 1992
by Gayleen Gray Walker

"I guess I am playing better than I thought I was."

This is Garnet Vaillancourt's modest summation of his achievements at the Ontario Snooker Championships where he surprised himself and many others by coming in fifth out of 96 players.

Vaillancourt, of Deep River, will now be taking an all-expenses paid trip to the Canadian championships in Saskatoon on June 13 where he will have an opportunity to go on to the world finals in Belgium.

Reaching the Canadian finals is an achievement he feels is "the ultimate goal" for any snooker player.

Certainly, it surpasses Vaillancourt's original goal when he entered the tournament on a regional level. He was only hoping at that time that he might reach the provincial tournament.

Initially, 286 people were competing in Ontario's eight regions. The 13 top scorers in each region went on to the provincials.

Finally having a chance to play some good players after a few years has allowed Vaillancourt to gage his own skills better. He says he is thrilled with his finish in the tournament.

"I didn't expect to make it." Vaillancourt learned to play at age 21, which he says is later than when most good players start playing.

He believes there is some natu-

ral ability involved in playing snooker and adds that most good players are also all around athletes with good eye-hand coordination. He golfs, bowls, and plays baseball in addition to his snooker pastime.

Vaillancourt, who grew up in the area, regained his interest in snooker after moving back to Deep River two years ago. At that time he was trying to turn his life around from a drug and alcohol dependency.

"My dad was nice enough to let me come back to stay, and so many other people offered me a lot of help," he says.

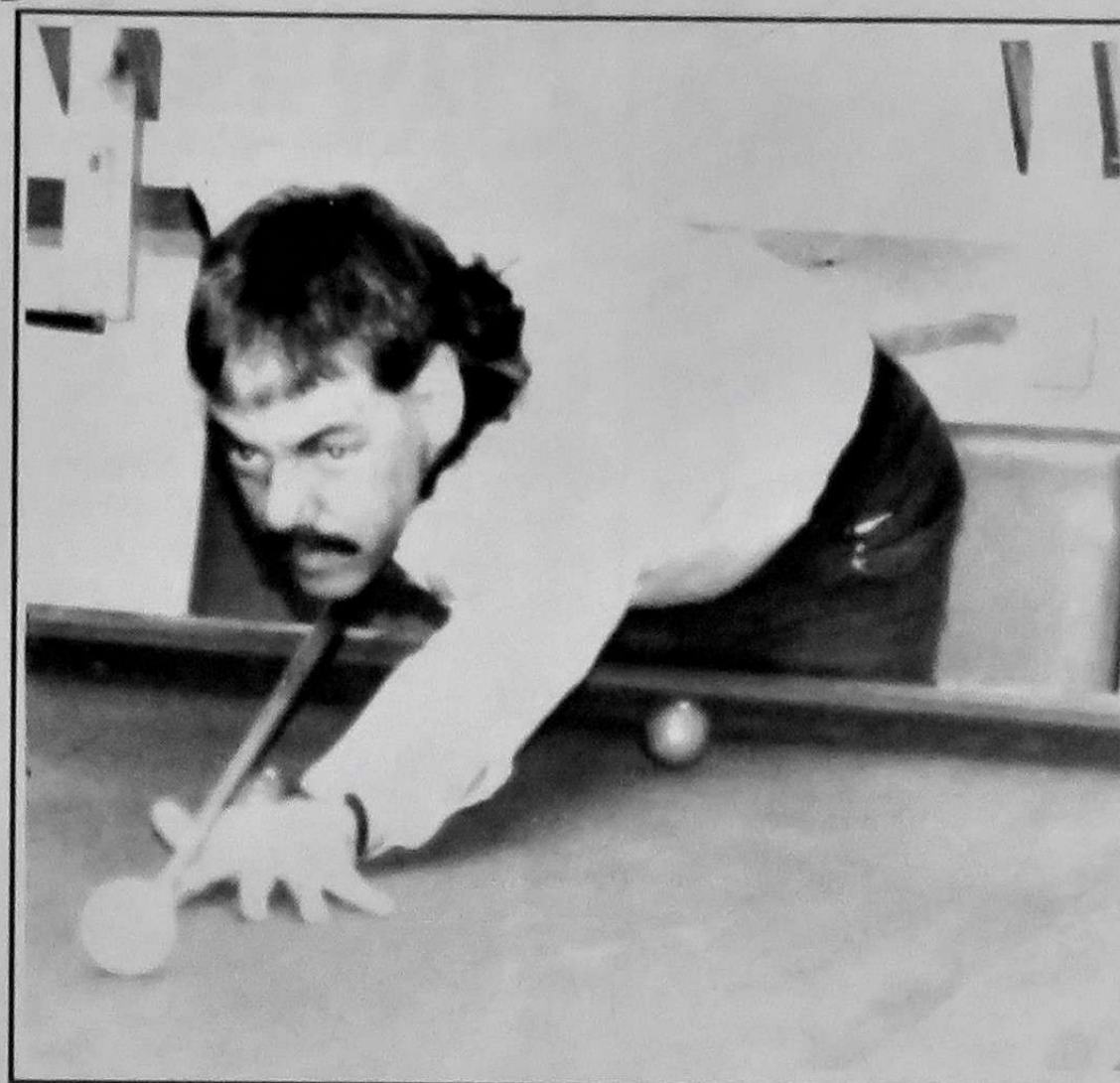
He was offered a job working the bar at the Legion in Deep River and the fact that they have a snooker table allowed him to indulge in his hobby once more.

"It is a beautiful table, a seven year old Burroughs and watts. One of the best."

It costs \$9 an hour to practice in a snooker room in the city. At the Legion it is \$2 an hour and Vaillancourt says there are not many people who play snooker so he doesn't have to compete for time at the table very often.

When asked whether he uses angles and mathematics when he plays snooker or pool he laughs and says he uses the approach of "hitting the ball where I think it will go in the hole."

This simple approach to the game characterizes Vaillancourt's approach to playing snooker. He uses an ebony and ash cue off the rack against players at tournaments who own



\$800 cues.

He says the game has become more sophisticated now that organizations like the Canadian Snooker Association (CSA) have formed to organize tournaments.

It is because of Vaillancourt that more people in the area are becoming interested in snooker.

"People see me playing so they watch and I explain some of the game to them." He says it involves a lot of defensive playing

and people who do not understand the game get bored with it.

Helping people to understand the game better has peaked their interest and Vaillancourt says there is a core group of players in the area now.

He organizes handicap tournaments at the Legion every three months for these people to play in, but even with the handicaps he says he has a hard time trying not to win.

Winning the Canadian championship is something he is not very concerned about. He says by going there he is "doing more than he had hoped to do anyway. I just love the atmosphere" he says of tournaments.

He claims his defensive playing is one of the best in the game but he says there is always a need for some luck too. In the provincial tournament he said it would appear he was out of the running in many of the games he played and then he would "get one more chance."

Now he says the trip to Saskatoon is "all gravy." He had planned to quit playing for the summer after the provincials.

Vaillancourt thinks this will be his only trip to the Canadian finals.

His age is one reason he doesn't feel he will be able to repeat this year's performance in years to come. He says his eyes are getting worse which doesn't help.

Despite this, he will give it his best shot. "You try to beat everyone you play," he says. He says he was amazed with his wins in the other tournaments and he expects he will feel that way with every win in Saskatoon, too.

Vaillancourt's calm approach to the tournament will probably take some of the pressure off him when he plays. He feels this may be his best weapon when he and his Legion cue "catch them by surprise" in June.

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A Trip Down Memory Lane

NRT, July 22, 1992
by Gayleen Gray Walker

Taking a walk down memory lane has been a labour of love for Floyd McQuestion and his fellow members of the Historical Society.

Together, with the help of local residents, they have created a monument to memories of the past by creating the Schoolhouse Museum.

The Schoolhouse Museum, located near Meilleur's Bay on Highway 17 west of Deep River, includes a school house built in 1933, a church built in 1952 and a shed built in more recent years by the Historical Society to house sleds, tools and other large items.

The 6.88 acres of land on which the schoolhouse is located became the property of the Historical Society in 1988 with the assistance of the Deep River branch of the Kinsmen Club and the Rolph, Buchanan, Wylie and McKay Township Council.

On their own steam, they built the machine shed in 1989 and purchased and moved the Community Church from Rolphoton in 1990.

The museum has been the Historical Society's main project since it was founded in 1985. McQuestion modestly denies other people's claims that he was the founder of the society and says only that he was chosen to take the lead role by a number of people interested in forming a historical group.

Regardless of his founding position, McQuestion admits the museum is his "second home."

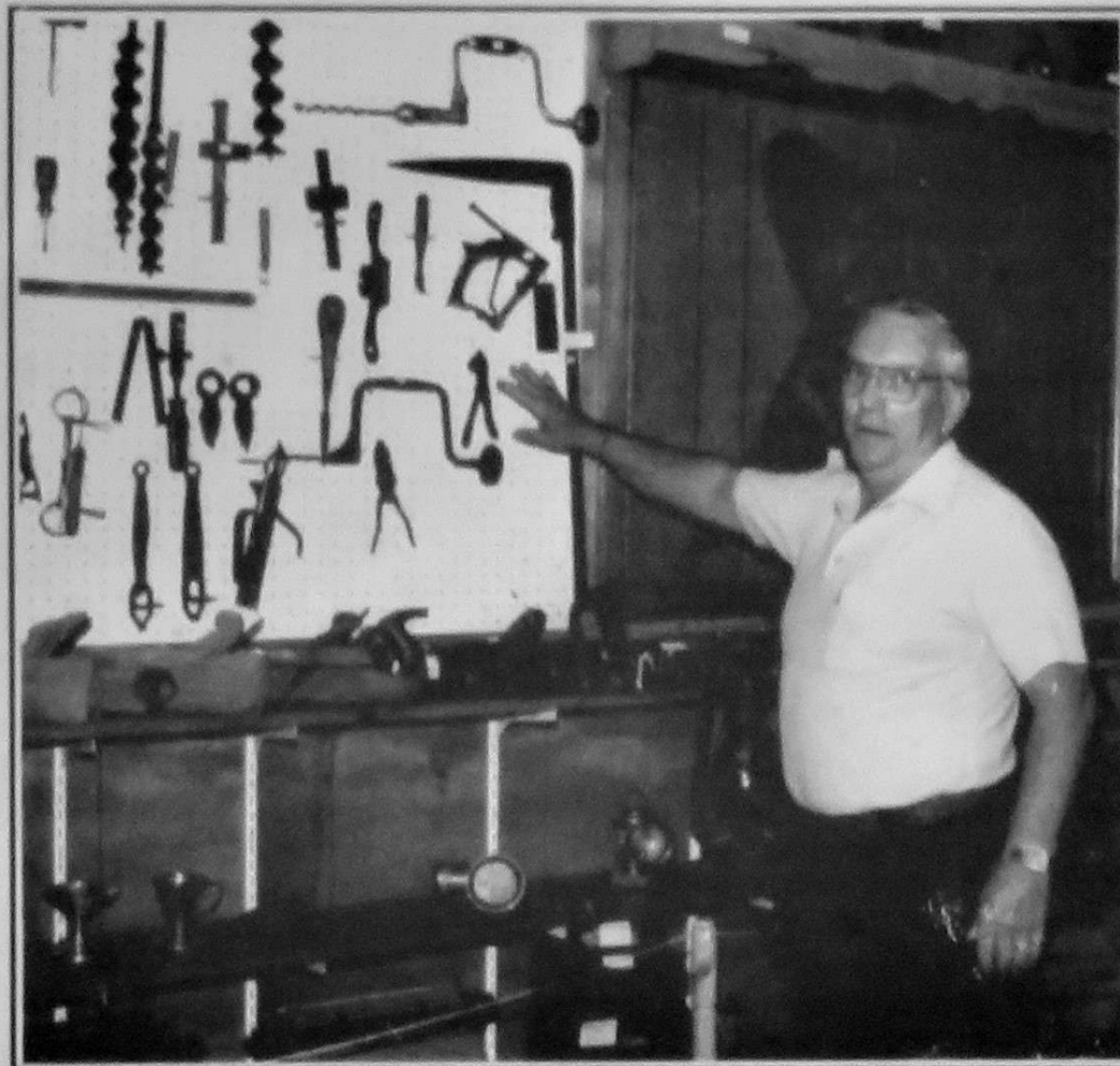
He says there are always many things to do around the museum including updating data and cataloguing artifacts donated by area residents.

The museum works on a loan basis when accepting items from people for display. This means the person or family who donates an item or document is free to retrieve it when they choose.

McQuestion credits this idea to a museum in Mattawa and says it is intended to avoid possible rifts in the community if a donor or family member wishes to reclaim something of sentimental or other value.

There appears to have been no shortage in donations from people throughout the area. The school house and the church are full of pictures, tools, documents, clothing, items from NPD and even a full size birch bark canoe.

A description of each item and the name of its donor accompanies most artifacts on display, and further informa-



Floyd McQuestion shows off some of the Museum's tool collection.

tion may be obtained from catalogues on request.

Documents are popular items and include things like cemetery records, census sheets and school records. Any information that might be considered detrimental to a person's character has been removed.

McQuestion says he went to Ottawa himself to buy copies of the census sheets which cover the years from 1961 to 1991. There are no earlier records of this area in the census.

According to McQuestion, there are times when someone will come in or will write to the museum and want to know how they can get in touch with someone they once knew or have seen in one of the photos.

"We get letters from people as far away as Western Canada. We had a letter from a guy in Chilliwac, B.C. who was looking for information on family members from the past," says McQuestion.

He says he will photocopy the census sheets or other pertinent documents for people and will send it along with a history of the area.

McQuestion adds that they receive "nice letters in return and sometimes receive donations from people as well."

"I found one lady who turned out to be a relative of mine and we have been writing now for some time," he says with a grin.

The pictures in the museum are also a popular item. "pictures tell the tale," says McQuestion, adding that people like to come in and just stand around looking at them.

Children are often the ones who are the most vocal about what they see. McQuestion says he "gets a kick out of

them."

"They do a lot of tee-heeing and giggling and they ask a lot of questions."

School groups are able to come and view the museum throughout the school year upon special request, as are other interested groups.

The museum is in its third year of operation and this year, for the first time, the Historical Society has hired two part-time staff to work at the museum during its hours of operation.

McQuestion says the decision to hire students came about after it became increasingly difficult to find volunteers who were able to work on summer weekends.

Hiring the students has also allowed the hours of operation to be increased from Friday to Monday from 1-5 p.m. throughout July and August.

McQuestion estimates that they have approximately 220 guests who drop in over the summer season, making the museum a "great success."

These numbers do not include attendance at Cow Patty Day, one of their fundraising events which will be taking place this year on August 2 as part of the Summerfest weekend.

Despite their achievements to date, McQuestion says the Historical Society is still looking for more buildings to add to the museum and he says they are "hoping to have a log house some day."

In the meantime, the museum is a showcase for items both indoors and outdoors which can take people of all ages on a lengthy walk down memory lane.

Bears, bears, bears

Bears galore
NRT, August 7, 1968

Deep River has had a flurry of wild animal sightings during the past week. Mrs. John Barks reports a cougar on the Cemetery Road. Skunks were seen refreshing themselves under a lawn sprinkler on Spring St. and a muskrat appeared briefly on the beach.

But the most prolific visitors have been the bears. Mrs. Ray Lafernier on Highway 17, thought she heard a child crying and opening her back door to investigate, she caught a bear smartly on the rump. It left.

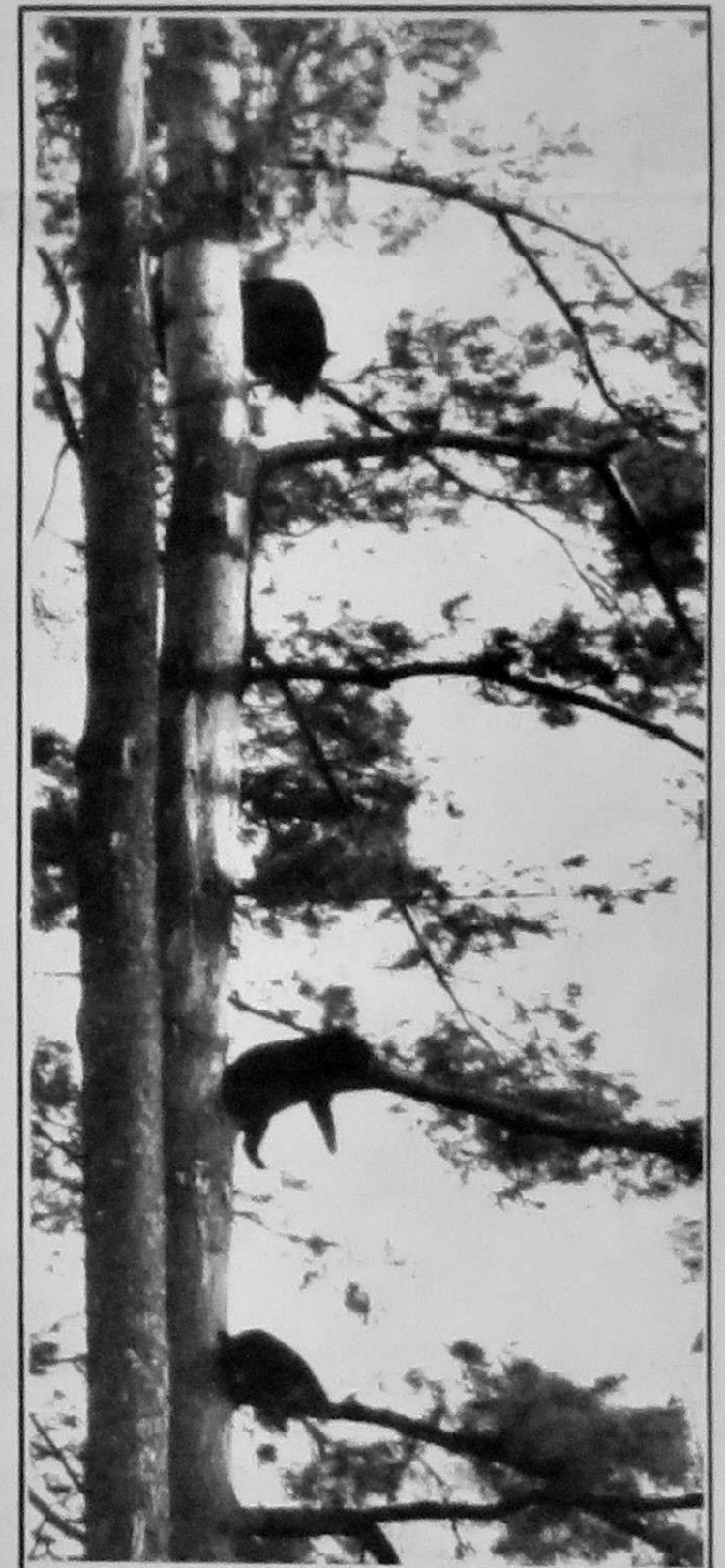
One visitation which has caused a great deal of speculation was the young bear which was first seen leaving the grounds of Our Lady of Good Counsel Church and a few minutes later turned up sitting on the front steps of the Community Church on Deep River road. At the last sighting, he or she was seen travelling east in the general direction of St. Barnabas Anglican Church. One witness says that, while he had no direct communication with the bear, he believes that the bear, incensed by the recent Papal Encyclical on birth control, was switching his allegiance from the Catholic to the Protestant churches.

Mother bear, three cubs shot
NRT, September 23, 1987

For the second time this month, a bear that wandered into town in search of food has been shot when it was judged to be a threat to the public. Three weeks ago, a young male bear was shot on Sumac Court when it had clearly lost its fear of people. Last Monday, a mother bear and her three cubs had to be shot on Beach Avenue just before the schools were due to be let out.

Constable Bill Charles arrived at the scene before 9 a.m. while calls were put through to the Ministry of Natural Resources and Mackenzie High School. The high school had planned to take its Terry Fox Run directly past, but the run was rerouted at the last minute.

The watching and waiting continued all morning as a crowd of onlookers gathered. A live trap was set on the yard below the tree and the waiting continued. Finally, shortly before 3 p.m., the decision to shoot the bears was made.



Critter tales

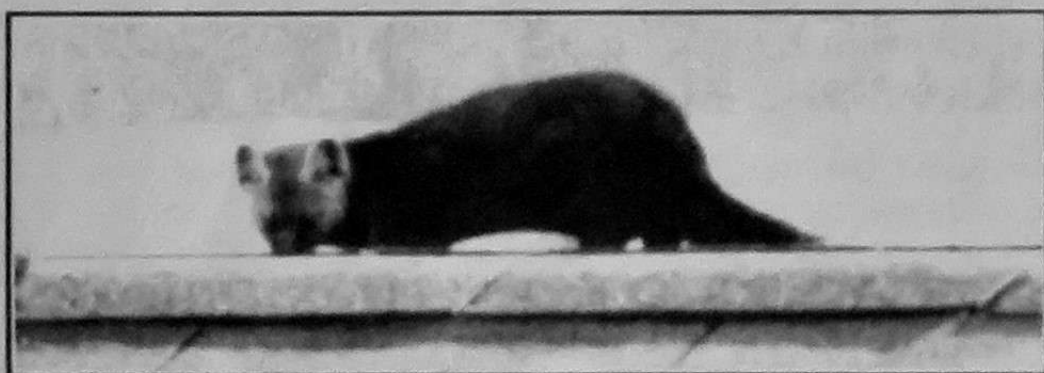
Moose Meets Man

NRT, October 20, 1965

Ed Culleton took his small Volkswagen down a side road about five miles south of Deep River on a bird hunting expedition last Thursday, but he got sidetracked. He was suddenly faced in mid-road by a large bull moose pawing the earth and breathing heavily in his direction.

Ed tried to sit out the situation for a while, figuring that any attempt on his part to throw the little car into reverse would create the impression (and rightly so) of desperate flight, precipitating a charge from the lowing beast. Finally, he leaned on the horn in an attempt to frighten the moose away. This was fruitless, so he leaned out the window and let off a blast of birdshot with the shotgun into the air also without result. The moose advanced to within 12 feet of the parked car, pawed the ground a little more, then, deciding perhaps to seek bigger game, he paced back into the woods. Having lost his interest in hunting, Ed decided to go home for a rest.

Martens invade



(photo courtesy of Anna Evans)

NRT, November 2, 1983

"It's very unusual, I've never heard of that happening before," said a Canadian Wildlife Service officer Ian Thompson about the marten invasion of Deep River.

Martens have been spotted on Glendale Avenue in the east end of town as well as in the west and in the Point Alexander area. Their unusual behaviour has led to at least one being shot.

The attractive mammals, the size of a small raccoon but brown with a chestnut-orange chest and a bushy tail are carnivores who usually live in uninhabited areas. It seems that a shortage of food has forced them into built-up areas, where they can become comparatively tame.

On Glendale Avenue the marten pulled garbage cans over in search of food and climbed on garage roofs and crab-apple trees. The animal could be approached to within 15 feet and chattered boldly at people before climbing away. In the west end of town it was feeding from the dog's food dish and behaved so aggressively that the dog owner shot the marten.

Local conservation officer Stuart Stock says that martens eat squirrels and mice but their main food source is the red-backed mole and there is a food shortage for martens this year. Stock speculates that the food shortage may have forced the marten into town in search of other sources of food.

Election Day moose visits town

NRT, November 16, 1988

Some residents in the downtown area of Deep River were astounded to see a cow moose in the vicinity of Alder Crescent, the A&P store and the Riverview Inn at 10:55 a.m. on Monday, November 14.

Virginia Hogue, a resident of 55 Poplar Street, was just leaving the Senior Citizens' apartments enroute downtown when the moose crossed the intersection of Montcalm and Poplar streets, headed along the east side of the apartment building and up towards the highway. Other residents had seen the moose close to the river earlier.

It is not known whether the moose was on an election campaign trail or had simply wanted to cast a ballot in town. The marks were evident in the tracks left behind.

Solar Challenge:

Race A Test of Technology and Survival

NRT, May 20, 1992.

by William R.H. Speake.

A sleek solar-powered vehicle traversing Australia's Outback might conjure up images from a Steven Spielberg movie, but not so for Deep River's Rhonda Cheadle. To this 24-year-old engineering graduate from Queen's University, it brings back memories of her experiences in the Second World Solar Challenge held in Australia in November 1990.

Cheadle was one of 30 students who designed and built SunQuest, a vehicle powered only by the light of the sun, with the hopes of competing in the 1000km race down a stretch of highway through the Outback from Darwin on the north coast, to Adelaide on the south.

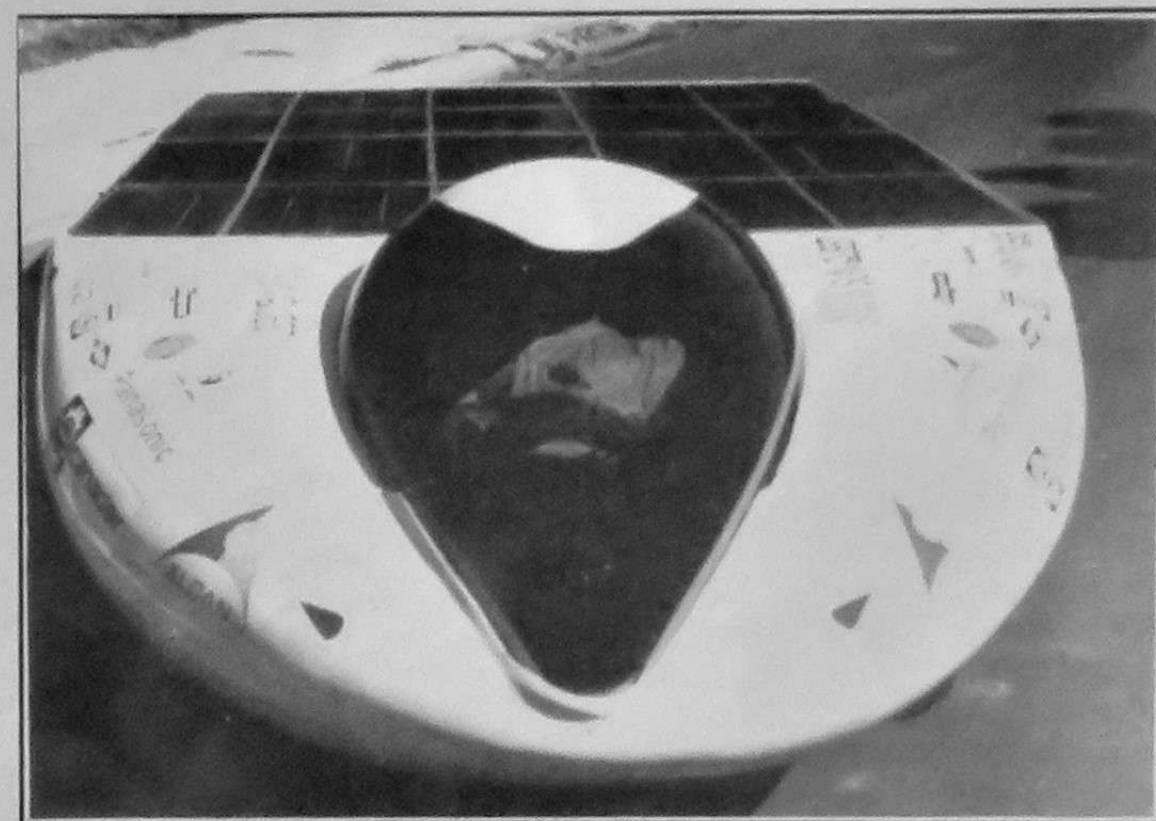
The vehicle is a light-weight aerodynamic hybrid, construction with an extremely strong light-weight shell, and an aluminum/ceramic composite frame. An assortment of motor boat, snowmobile and bicycle parts constitute the balance of the machine. It cruises at 30km/hr, and weights 227kgs. The vehicle is electrical and converts the light from the sun into electricity. Silver zinc batteries store electrical energy for use when the sun does not shine.

After passing the Australian safety and stability test, the team of four drivers, eight crew members, and 18 cheerleaders set-off on what became a 14-day test of survival and wit across some of the most inhospitable climate this planet has to offer. They were not entirely alone as the Australia Defense Force Academy (ADFA) guided them and provided food, fresh drinking water, and logistical support.

"We would not have made it across the Outback quite as nicely without them," Cheadle remembers...They provided five vehicles all the catering, all the food, all the water. They did charge us \$10 per person per day, but considering they provided all the cots we slept on and the snake-bit kits, it was worth it." Despite searing hot temperatures reaching 50 degrees C, long days and sleepless nights, many more hardships awaited the unsuspecting northerners, beginning with a critical shortage of water. The Australian outback, once an ancient salt sea, harbours insufficient fresh water. ADFA provided them with drinking water even if it meant purifying it themselves. With water at a premium, washing and bathing generally meant salt water.

Australia is also home to many intruders such as spiders and snakes that are attracted by body heat, and would crawl or slither into your sleeping bag at night.

"At 5.30 p.m. you would pull of



Rhonda Cheadle was one of four drivers to pilot this car across Australia.

the road and you would set up your camp right there. To avoid the nightly intruders, we would sleep on top of the cars, on top of the trailers, on top of everything we could, but the spiders still found us." At first light, the work continued.

Aerodynamics, weight and speed were prime factors in determining the outcome of the race. Anything added to the car would slow it down, and anything removed would have an aerodynamic affect.

It was a very straight road and a very flat road, Cheadle describes. "You had so many gauges to read, and trying not to hit the brakes and trying to make the car go faster all the time."

The first place team from the University of Biel, Switzerland, averaged 65km/hr and finished in four days. Their vehicle weighted half that of SunQuest, and they averaged almost twice their speed. But speed was not the only consideration.

"A lot of it was strategy. When do you stop the car and save the batteries for the next day?" Cheadle added, head of the team of four drivers. Do you want to drain them down and get as far as possible today and hope there is some sun tomorrow morning, or are you going to be stranded all tomorrow as well?

The first and second placed teams managed to stay ahead of a major storm front that hampered many other competitors by robbing them of the sun they needed to power their vehicles.

Aside from routine flat tires, a broken drives belt, and rewiring the car every 3-4 days due to extreme heat, their major obstacle was encountered 100km from the finish, when a willy-willy, a powerful mini-tornado, picked up their solar panels and deposited them 50 yards away in pieces. They managed to drive to a compulsory stop under battery power where they installed replacement panels in record time.

You never saw twelve people work so fast, she recounts. The

entry from Denmark was not so lucky as the same willy-willy completely destroyed their car.

For Cheadle, the high point of the trip was when SunQuest crossed the finish line intact placing 24th. They finished 2 hours ahead of their closest competitor from Japan. But 24th out of 36 cars was no disgrace to Cheadle.

"It was wonderful to create something. To start from an idea, to build it, and to actually meet your goal of finishing the race," she says. The team also received distinction from Japanese and Danish scientist who told them that they were impressed with the Canadian's engineering ability.

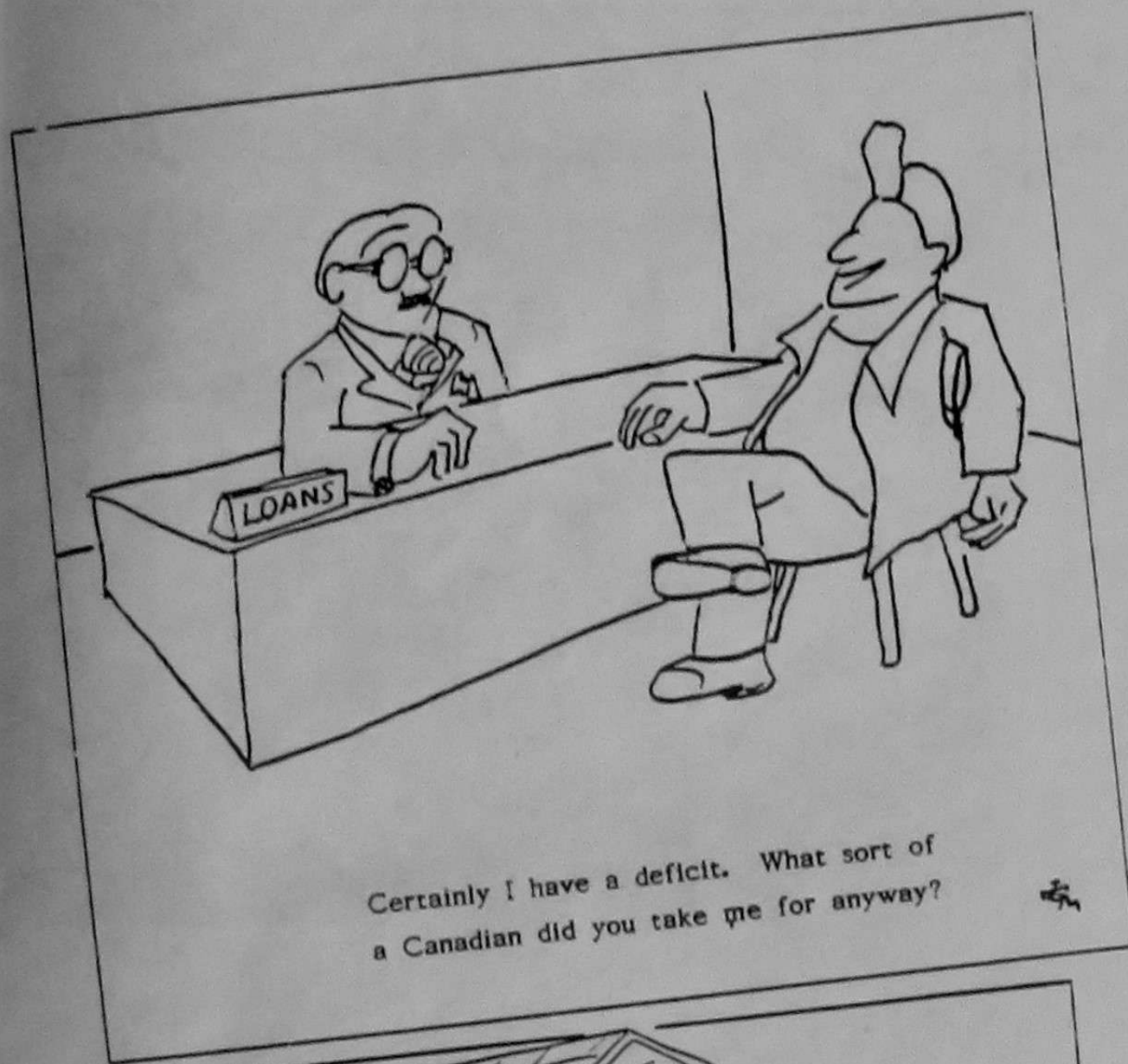
But what was the point of spending close to \$500,000 of donations and corporate sponsorship on a race in Australia?

"To try to spur the development of the ultimate means of transport... to try and get people thinking renewable energy sources, and trying to get companies to put the money in as well as the researchers, and the inventors," explains Cheadle.

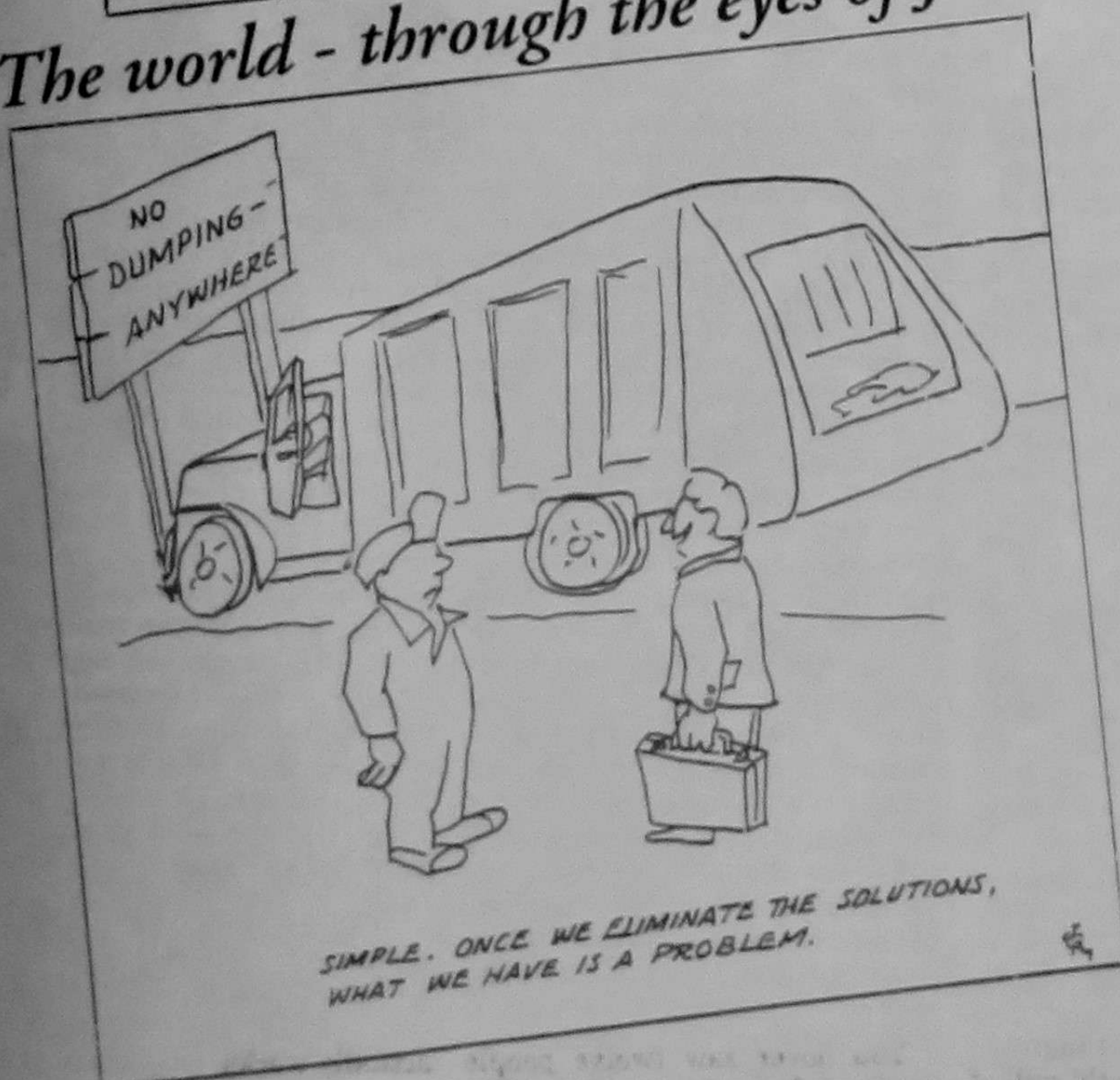
To Cheadle, it was a real lesson in project management. "This was not a class project for school, it was not suggested by any member of the faculty. It was not overseen by any member of the faculty. We had members of the faculty for advisors, but they did not run the project. We did."

SunQuest will race again sometime this month in Massachusetts, but not with the original team. The car has been donated to the Queen's University engineering students who will graduate in 1993, with the hope that they can take the research one step further. Spin-off technology will help pave the way for future research into harnessing the power of the sun and other renewable forms of energy.

With the glitter of the race now a memory for Cheadle, she takes with her the experience of designing and building something that actually works.



The world - through the eyes of John Melvin



The PNFI Story

GOING, GOING, GONE

GOING

The fate of the Petawawa Forest Research Institute has long been in doubt. Governments intent on reducing deficits have always seen PNFI as an easy target. The Liberals first took an abortive swing at the institute in 1978

Axed - Reaction swift to Forestry closure

NRT September 13, 1978

The Petawawa Forest Experiment Station is to be closed, terminating decades of research and documentation on the extensive plantations and research plots which span the station's 38 square miles of forest land. The announcement came last Friday as Treasury Board President Robert Andras and Finance Minister Jean Chretien revealed where the federal government's spending cuts of \$2.5 billion would be felt. The axe fell swiftly and sharply. "It came up all of a sudden," complained Renfrew North-Nipissing East MP Len Hopkins, who has pledged to fight the closure with his cabinet

colleagues.

Ian Methven, a forestry research officer, said the announcement came "out of the blue. We had no warning, no details, no nothing - just a lousy phone call out of Ottawa saying the station would be wound up as of April 1979." Methven, who does research on forest ecology and forest fires, said the decision to cut the program was not part of any long range plan but just a short term political move.

The station's 75 employees were summoned last Friday morning to station headquarters to be told the news. "We have to assume that as of March 31 next year, we will all be out of a job," said Charles Van Wagner, a senior research scientist who leads the forest fire research project. "Two thirds of the station's budget is salaries, and if spending cuts are the order of the day, then it's people that will have to go."

But predictions of the end were premature.

Public pressure saves PFES

NRT November 1, 1978

The federal government has reversed its decision to shut down the Petawawa Forest Experiment Station. Instead, two other research groups, the Forest Fire

Research Institute and the Forest Management Institute will move from Ottawa to PFES.

Len Marchand, Minister of the Environment, credited pressure from the residents of the upper Ottawa Valley as well as from the forest industry across the country for the government's change of heart. "The whole community will be happy that the decision to close PFES has been reversed," said Charles Van Wagner, a senior research officer at PFES. "In fact the whole community is entitled to be happy, since the government's decision to change its mind is, in a large part, due to the community's efforts. No one at the station ever dreamed that such wide-spread support, not only locally but all across the country, would be forthcoming."

MP Len Hopkins, a key figure in the campaign and the one who made the amalgamation suggestion to the Ministry, was "absolutely elated" by the decision to save the forestry.

GOING

So the PFES lived happily ever after. Well, not quite. This NRT editorial from 1993 celebrated the 75th anniversary of PFES, now known as PNFI (Petawawa National Forestry Institute).

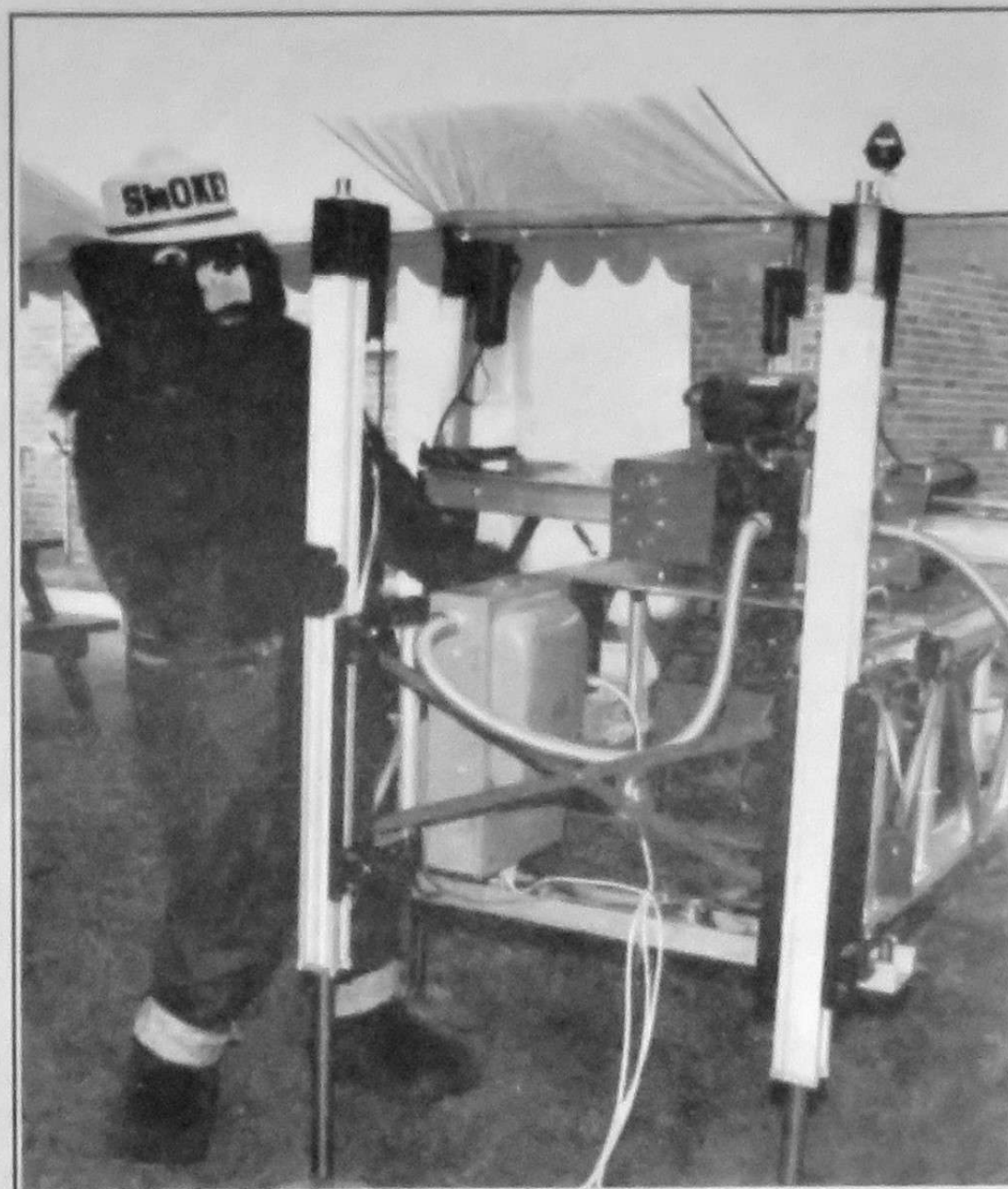
PNFI 75th anniversary

NRT November 24, 1993

Mention of the forest industry in Canada today typically evokes a gloom and doom response from Canadians. The daily news tells us that logging companies are cleaning out the last of the old growth stands of timber in Temagami. Mac-Blo, as B.C. residents affectionately refer to the largest logging company in that province, is about to clear cut Clayoquot Sound, leaving nothing but desolation in what is now a natural paradise with a thriving tourist industry.

The result of this sort of logging practice is painfully evident to any traveller in B.C., where literally every road is lined with stripped mountainsides. There are enough forested areas left to show people what the place was like before logging and before the provincial economy took over.

In Ontario things are not quite so obvious. The major forests were cleared here a long time ago and people now see farm land that appears as though it was always there. Nevertheless, anti-logging protesters keep places like Temagami in the news and foster the view that our forests are making their last stand. What we hear about the



Smokey the Bear has a look at PNFI's stand tending robot, JACOB at the PNFI Open House.

international scene is worse. Global rain forests are depicted as disappearing at a rate that threatens the world's climate control system, a scenario that doesn't require a science fiction writer to frighten North Americans out of their comfortable view of the future. The actual situation is somewhat different. There are certainly immense problems to overcome but we are still a long way from the point of no return. Features elsewhere in today's NRT provide a brief look at the state of Canadian forests and the role of one of the concerned agencies, the Petawawa National Forestry Institute (PNFI) in maintaining those forests, as it celebrates its 75th anniversary. In Canada, management of forest resources is a provincial responsibility, and each province is different in climate, geography, fertility of the soil and economic problems. There is therefore no single Canadian approach to forest management. What the federal government provides, through the Canadian Forest Service and its laboratories like PNFI, is basic scientific research into the problems that confront the people responsible for forest resources, both in Canada and internationally. Although it has no jurisdiction in provincial forest management practices, the Canadian Forest Service's contribution of scientific knowledge to both government and industry provides essential support for the changes which are taking place in the ongoing effort to achieve sustainable development of forests in this country and throughout the world. A major step forward in this direction was made on March 4, 1992, when twelve Ca-

nadian Ministers responsible for forests and fifteen officers of commercial and recreational institutions representing the Canadian forest community signed the Canadian Forest Accord in Ottawa. The goal of this accord is termed "Sustainable Forests: A Canadian Commitment" and is stated as follows.

"Our goal is to maintain and enhance the long-term health of our forest ecosystems, for the benefit of all living things both nationally and globally, while providing environmental, economic, social and cultural opportunities for the benefit of present and future generations." An ambitious goal which is long overdue. PNFI has played a key role for the past 75 years in working toward this goal which has now been politically expressed in the Accord.

Through the determined efforts of PNFI staff and MP Len Hopkins, the people of the Ottawa Valley and the forestry community here and abroad rose to the defense of PNFI in 1978 when the federal government threatened to close the institute in the name of cost cutting. As we wish PNFI well on its 75th birthday, it is well to remember that exemplary service is not enough to ensure survival of governmental enterprises in difficult economic times. We should take the time to acquaint ourselves with the vital work that PNFI is doing and stand ready to defend it again if the need arises. The future of our forests may depend on it.

HAR

continued on p.23



PNFI employee Krystyna Klimaszewska holds a seedling derived through somatic embryogenesis.

*Going..Going..
continued from p.22*

GONE!!

In a repeat of the 1978 episode, the Liberal government in 1995 decided once again to throw away 75 years of forestry research by closing PNFI to aid in the drive to cut government spending. Again the community and MP Len Hopkins sprang to the defense. Unhappily, Len was older, the community was older, PNFI was older and the government debt was bigger and growing. The effort was too little, the determination too weak, and PNFI went the way of the dodo.

IS THERE STILL TIME TO SAVE PNFI?

Staff, local MP
willing to work to
keep centre open

NRT April 5, 1995

by Tim Ruhnke

The maple sugar produced at the Petawawa National Forestry Institute on Sunday may have been sweet, but there is still a bitter taste over the decision to close the facility.

There has been little in the way of public outrage since it

was announced at the end of February that PNFI would be closed as part of deep cuts to the Canadian Forest Service and Natural Resources Canada during the next few years. The fact that PNFI remains slated for closure still upsets the local member of parliament.

"To me, it's like living long enough as a parent to see your children die off," said Renfrew-Nipissing-Pembroke MP Len Hopkins.

Hopkins said one of the problems might be that people have been conditioned to accept budget cuts, even if some are more difficult to justify.

"We have a habit in this country of doing things superbly and then some day we wake up and just destroy it all", he said.

Perils and mishaps

Fire threatens Deep River

NRT June 5, 1963

Authorities reported the brush fire which raged for several hours out of control near Deep River on Saturday afternoon is contained and now needs only mopping-up operations. 350 men battled the blaze which started at about 1 p.m. Saturday, probably from a camp fire set by youngsters fishing in a small creek, which runs through the Leo G. Walker property.

Fire departments from Deep River, Atomic Energy of Canada Limited at Chalk River and Pembroke, Chalk River and Stonecliffe Forestry Stations plus a tanker supplied by Reeve duMoir of the United Townships of Rolph, Buchanan, Wylie and McKay all had men and equipment at the fire. The fire bombing plane from the Stonecliffe station was used to spot the fire and made regular runs every five minutes between the Ottawa River and the fire dropping loads of river water on the blaze from the huge tank slung between its pontoons.

Residents of Deep River who were not out helping with the fire were lined up on the river bank watching the plane as it swooped down onto the water, cruised along filling its tanks and take off without a pause. When the plane reached the fire it dropped to tree-top level then climbed steeply dumping its precious cargo where it seemed to be needed most. The plane kept in contact with ground crews with a two-way radio manned by Deep River's fire chief John Jardine.

"Smokey" saves his young master

NRT May 10, 1967

Young Bill McCormack, 10, was walking along the river bank in the vicinity of the Ski Hill Sunday morning when the bank collapsed about him. He was immediately trapped in wet sand (with several logs on top) which set to a heavy, cement-like mass up to his waist. He was screened by the highbank above him and was not visible to strollers on the ski hill. His only companion was his German Shepherd, Smokey, who for about two hours barked and jumped about trying to attract attention to his trapped master.

Jennifer Stiell discovered the boy, due to Smokey's barks, and ran home where she got her father and two other men to return with shovels to aid Bill. This alarmed the large dog who at first guarded his master and wouldn't let the men approach. When they had calmed Smokey's fears, the men worked for about an hour before they could penetrate the hard sand and prevent further wet sand from seeping into their excavation.

Bill was cold, wet, sandy, tired, and suffering from shock, but his father, Police Chief Bill McCormack, said the lad was helped to a great extent by the dog, who, between racing out and trying to attract attention, would like close to Bill and warm him with his body. So tonight, Smokey is a hero in the McCormack family.

Unexpected guest via icy road

NRT April 9, 1969

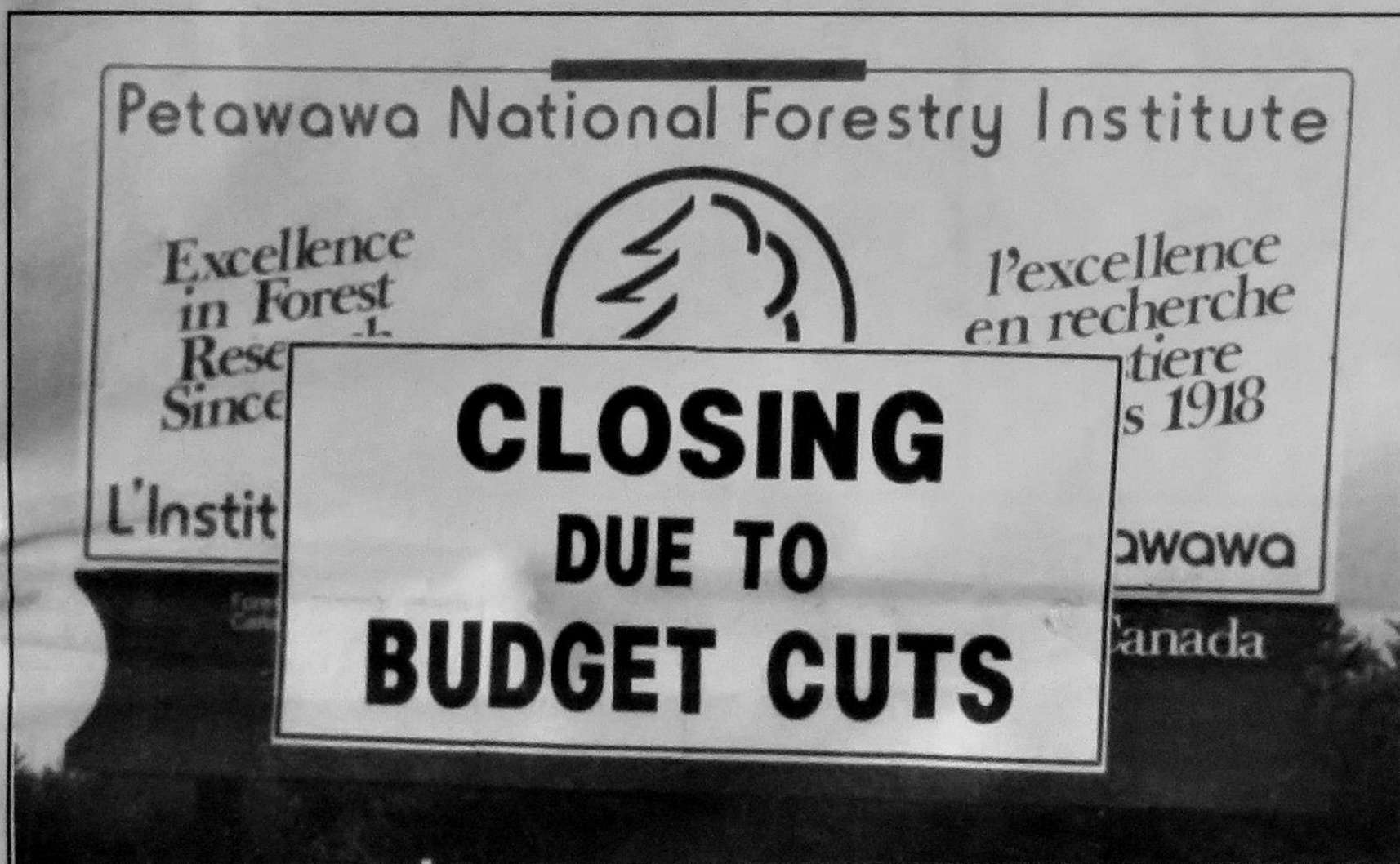
Snowy roads were responsible for a number of unexpected accidents early this week.

Fortunately, Mrs. C. Coulas called at the only vacant house on Beach when she made an informal entry through the living room window at No. 51 Beach at 4:55 p.m. Tuesday. Mrs. Coulas was driving along Beach Avenue when she lost control of her car and skidded up the driveway and into the living room. Police estimated the damage to the house at about \$800 and to the car at about \$100.

Goalposts Transplanted

NRT February 13, 1963

The mystery of the transplanted goalposts is now occupying the attention of town authorities. Dr. Runnalls has been instructed by the board to investigate the disappearance from the Campus behind the Community Centre, (land which belongs to Cockcroft School) of a pair of brand new goalposts, installed on the campus field last fall by Mackenzie High School, which uses the campus for its inter-high football games. To the puzzlement of all concerned, the goalposts have been found firmly embedded in cement on the Cedar Park playing fields which are used extensively by both rugger and soccer clubs. No explanation of the phenomenon of the wandering goalposts has been found.



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Deep River Man Invents Car Engine Heater

NRT, December 16, 1970
by Brenda Lee-Whiting

A revolutionary heating device, for warming up car engines in cold weather, has been invented and patented by a Deep River technician, in collaboration with a Toronto industrial designer. It is now being manufactured by a company in Toronto and will be on the market this winter.

The brainchild of Walter Woytowich, a 45-year-old bachelor, this engine heater can be installed with a knife and screwdriver in a matter of minutes and without draining the engine coolant, unlike the block heaters and tank heaters commonly in use; it can be removed easily if the vehicle is sold.

The new heater, christened the CHINOOK, will be more economical to operate, according to the inventor. It does not use power continuously like the block heater, and it does not sustain as much heat loss from its body as does the tank heater.

Installed in a six-cylinder cast iron engine, the CHINOOK will maintain an engine temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit at outdoor temperatures of -20 degrees F., and similar differentials at temperatures lower than that. (Only one such heater is required for a V-8 engine.) One model will fit almost all cars, with the exception of a few old Chrysler models and those cars which have full climate control and automatic air conditioning.

Mr. Woytowich first conceived the idea for this invention in 1965, when he was discussing the lack of innovation in the car heater field with his friend, C.G. Shepherd, a self-employed industrial designer in Toronto, and B.H. Pickard, a promoter in the automotive accessories trade.

The Deep River man suggested that an engine warming device could be installed in the existing coolant hose without restricting the normal flow of liquid, i.e. antifreeze. After three years of experimenting with various approaches, he evolved what he believes to be a true innovation in engine heaters. The resulting device will heat the liquid electrically, circulate it energetically and regulate its own heat output to maintain a desirable and economical engine temperature. In other words, a vapor-powered pump which is triggered by a thermostat and controlled by one way valves.

It can be simply installed in the car by cutting the coolant hose and attaching the two severed ends to the ports on the heater. Made of aluminum, the heater is light enough that it does not require any special support.



Deep River inventor, Walter Woytowich (right) demonstrates the installation of the new engine heater to Ron Smith, automechanics teacher at Mackenzie High School. Mr. Smith checked 35 different car models in the school's parking lot and found that this heater would fit all of them. (photo by Larry LeSage)

ber containing an immersion heater. A thermostat and two check valves controlling the direction of flow of liquid and/or vapor through the ports.

When heat is applied to the coolant, much of it vaporizes and moves out of the heating chamber through the exit valve, the connecting hose and into the water jacket of the engine. When most of the coolant has vaporized, the heater automatically switches off. The remaining vapor in the heating chamber condenses (as it cools), creating a partial vacuum, and thereby draws in another filling of coolant through the entry valve. The lower temperature of the incoming coolant triggers the thermostat and actuates the heater — and the cycle is repeated.

A search in the Canadian and United States patent files revealed no engine heater using this valve and pumping system, and none capable of being installed in the heater hoses of a vehicle. The Crown Company, Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, by whom Mr. Woytowich is employed in the nuclear physics branch, having waived its right to the device, the Deep River technician decided that his idea was worth developing.

Preparation for production was part of Mr. Shepherd's contribution to the project, i.e. to adapt the basic principles of the design to standard manufacturing techniques. Refinements of the models to eliminate the "bugs" were undertaken by Shepherd and Woytowich, and several prototypes using variations of approach were constructed. By 1968 the inventors were convinced that their design was

proven; the following year their models were sufficiently advanced for them to send four versions to the Ford Motor Company in Detroit, for testing by their laboratory services.

Two of these were reported to "perform well in raising and maintaining the temperature of the engine coolant solutions in a simulated engine application under low temperature conditions."

An application for a Canadian patent was filed that year, and subsequently issued June 30, 1970. A patent is also being sought in the USA.

Meanwhile, a search for a suitable manufacturer, who would be interested in producing the invention, was successful. In January of this year, an agreement was signed with Murray Poizner of the Do-Ray Company, Weston, Ontario, for the manufacture under licence of the engine heater by this firm; production got underway in the last week of October. The inventors and the Bardon Research Company (who helped to promote the device) will share in the royalties.

The estimated retail price of this engine heater is \$19.95 for a service station installation.

Though a leading mail-order firm (who tested the heater in their own American laboratory) has already placed a sizeable order, production will be somewhat curtailed this year by limitations of manufacturing facilities. Target production is 100,000 a year, and the Deep River inventor is confident that his design will conquer the market.

"I expect that this will replace the other types of heaters presently in use," claims Mrs. Woytowich.

Crime scene

Drugs used in Deep River, Police Chief says
NRT, November 12, 1969

"We know that marijuana and hashish are being brought into Deep River, mainly by young people," Police Chief Neil Raven said last week. "It comes in a variety of ways, in the mail, for example, and by public transportation. In the larger centres it is within easy reach of any person who wishes to purchase it — and you may not even have to go to the big cities to get it."

The Police Chief went on to say that it is almost impossible to control the traffic here because the police can't search every person coming in by bus or train or go through all the parcels arriving at the Post Office. Such information as he gets is usually after the event when it is too late to take any action.

The Chief doesn't know the extent to which marijuana is actually being used in Deep River but has heard that the number of people who have tried it may run into the hundreds. However, it appears that the people who smoke "pot" regularly, say two or three times a week, do not exceed one hundred and may be less.

Mr. Raven doesn't think the drug situation has yet reached as serious a stage here as in many other places. But he is afraid that if parents don't take more responsibility and if an active interest in this area is not shown by both parents and young people themselves, these proportions will explode. He thinks both the news media and the schools should become involved in educating people about the use of drugs. Years ago there was very little education in the use of alcohol and that is one of the reasons why we have excessive use of it — by an education program on narcotics we might get a little more control."

The Police Chief is even more concerned about "speed" which he believes is also being used by some young people in Deep River — he has no idea how many. He regards amphetamines as potential killers and points out that habitual users are said to have life expectancy of three to five years. As far as he knows, users obtain this drug in the same way as "pot", i.e. from traffickers and this is one of the reasons why marijuana is so dangerous — it puts young people in touch with pushers who steer them onto the more dangerous and more habit-forming drugs.

Small pot farm discovered

NRT, June 1971

Police are investigating the discovery of a small pot farm of marijuana found under the floor of a seldom-used section of Champlain House.

Police Chief bans Playboy

NRT, August 9, 1972

Police Chief Neil Raven visited both Deep River drugstores last week with the intention of requesting the owners to remove the August issue of *Playboy* magazine from their shelves. He had read newspaper reports that this issue of the magazine had been banned in B.C. and Pembroke. After looking over the magazine, Chief Raven decided that it came under the category of pornographic literature, and should be banned.

Mr. Tierney, proprietor of Tierney's Drug Store, had already decided to remove this particular issue of *Playboy* from his shelves. He felt that young people in town have a great deal of time on their hands at the moment, and that as he did not consider this issue fit for young people, it would be wiser to remove it from the shelves. Mr. Tierney has taken similar action with other magazines he has considered unsuitable. Chief Raven therefore found no *Playboy* magazines to ban at Tierney's. Bielby's Pharmacy have a policy of placing any magazines of a dubious nature on very high shelves. When Chief Raven requested Mr. Arthur Bielby remove the magazine altogether, even though this was an unofficial request, he did so.

Chief Raven was unable to say if this was a first for Deep River, but maintained that he has full jurisdiction to have any magazine he considered pornographic removed from stores. "Pornography is contrary to the criminal code of Canada," Chief Raven said. "It is my own personal opinion that this issue of *Playboy* is pornography."

The Rise and Fall of NPD, 1962–1988



Grand opening of NPD, October 1, 1962: L-R, J. Lorne Gray, President of AECL; John Roberts, Ontario Minister of Energy; Leslie Frost, Premier of Ontario; Ian McRae, President of Canadian General Electric; Hon. Gordon Churchill, Federal Minister of Energy; Mr. Ross Strike, Chairman of Ontario Hydro.

One of the major economic upsets for Deep River and Rolphton came with the closing of the NPD reactor and Hydro Training Centre. The loss of some 200 jobs was the beginning of a decline in area population which has not yet recovered. The reactor started on June 4, 1962 as Canada's first demonstration that the AECL developed CANDU could generate large scale electricity economically. The end was recorded by the NRT in print and photos.

...

NPD to close by September 1

NRT, August 3, 1988

Some 30 years of scientific and technological innovation will come to a close at the end of this month. Station manager Ron Lewis said Friday that work is on schedule for NPD to be finally and completely closed down by September 1.

There are currently 30 employees still working at the site, down from the nearly 200 there a year ago. The last contingent of 40 or 50 left as of July 1.

What those remaining are doing, Lewis said, is the work of shutting down the last operating systems and setting up the equipment AECL will use to monitor the site for the next decades.

As far as the cleanup is concerned, "radioactive contamination is really just radioactive dirt, and we've found it where you would expect to find it - around workbenches and equipment when it has been moved. There have been no surprises," Lewis said.

The reactor itself, which is located below ground, will be

sealed off at ground level. Under the shared ownership of NPD, AECL will monitor the site for several decades, but Lewis says that the site does not pose much of an environmental threat.

In the 25 years of its operation since achieving criticality on April 11, 1962, over 1200 people were on its payroll for some period of time, including virtually all of the management of Ontario Hydro's nuclear departments.

No Bolts of Lightning: The Slow Death of NPD Nears Its End

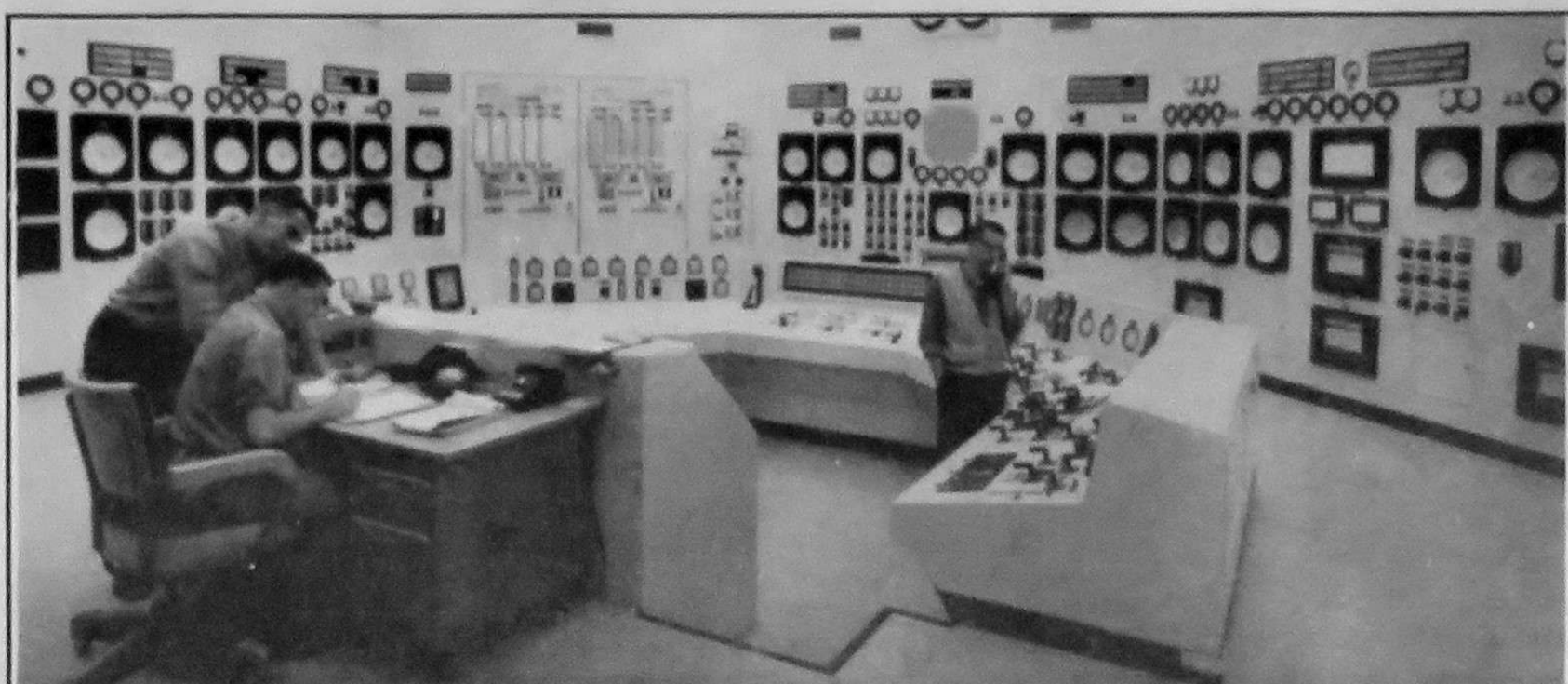
NRT, September 21, 1988

The long, slow work of laying NPD to rest is nearing an end. Residents have marked the progress by the days when another group of friends and neighbours have left for Darlington or Bruce.

On site, station manager Ron Lewis said, "it's all very dull really, isn't it. There are no big switches to throw, no crackling bolts of lightning."

On Friday September 16, a milestone was reached when Ontario Hydro officially turned over responsibility for the site to AECL. Although Hydro still owns most of the equipment left on site, AECL controls access by everyone including Hydro personnel.

Fred Hopkins, Technical Supervisor for Production Services, explained that the site has been divided into conventional and nuclear "islands", each with its own entrance. The nuclear island is essentially made up of the reactor area below ground, while the rest of the structure around the



The NPD control room in 1962.

reactor is considered to be conventional. All access points between the two areas have been sealed.

Hopkins said that radioactive components have all been shipped to CRNL or other Hydro sites. Many of the control panels have been sent south for a nuclear museum. Some of the equipment will be sold and the rest will remain indefinitely.

When the work is finally complete, Peter Pattantus of AECL CANDU Operations said that remote alarm systems will be installed, with connections to CRNL, to detect break-ins, fires, water in the lower rooms, power failures, or problems with the aircraft warning lights on the stack.

Pattantus said that regular inspections will also be carried out by CRNL's Radiation and Industrial Safety branch to check the alarm systems and do radiological surveys.



The NPD control room before final sealing off in 1988.



Demolition of NPD, October 1992.

Happy 50th • Deep River

THANK YOU to all our visitors and the residents of Deep River and Area for their support and friendship over the 34 years we have been in business as John Lepage Service Centre, and more recently as John Lepage Gas Bar and Convenience Store. We much appreciated your patronage and enjoyed serving you over the years.

We wish the new owners, Linda and Darryl Murdoch, every success.

John and Clémence Lepage

Worker Rescues Woman Injured In Fall

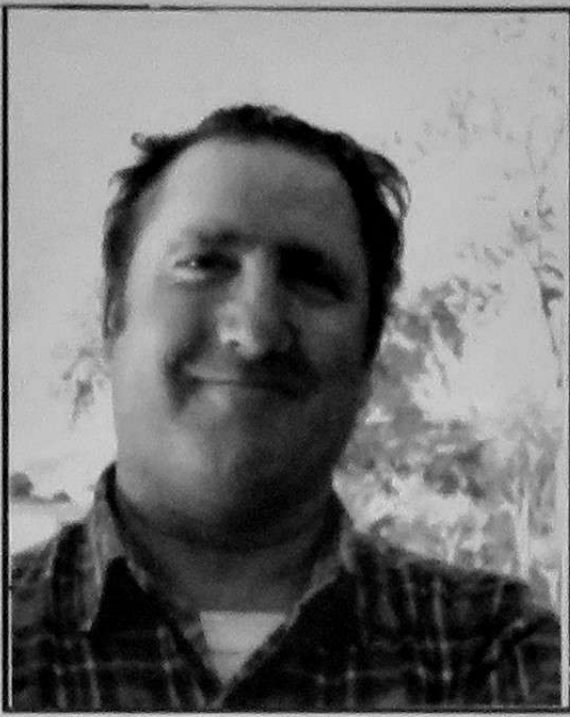
February 21, 1991
by Kathy Hughes

Elphege Couette says he really doesn't want much of a fuss made but Claire Ahronson and her family say he might well have saved her life a few weeks ago.

Ahronson, who lives on Glendale Avenue, had bone out early in the evening on the night of February 14 to try and pick away at some of the ice on her driveway. According to her son Ken, of Pembroke, while doing that she slipped and fell, breaking her hip.

She managed to crawl back up her drive and into the back landing but could get no further. It was there that Couette found her the next morning shortly after 7 a.m.

Couette was doing his regular



garbage collection route for walker's and said he heard Ahronson calling when he got to the back of her house. He said he gave her some water and called the police and stayed with her until they came.

Ken Ahronson said he is convinced Couette's help made a difference.

"She had been in there for 12 hours", he said. "Who knows what would have happened if he hadn't been around."

Couette, however, doesn't really see what all the fuss is about.

He has been doing the same job for 30 years, he said, and he pretty well knows everybody. He says he will often help out people, especially older people, if they ask him.

"I will do anything to help older people — I'll get there myself some day."

Ken Ahronson said his mother was taken to hospital in Ottawa but is now doing very well at the Deep River hospital. And not surprisingly, he said Couette and his wife made sure to pay her a visit.

Man Is A Dog's Best Friend

April 22, 1992
by Tim Ruhnke

Dave McCracken said it was "peanuts".

But members of the Palleck family believe that McCracken's efforts to rescue their dog from a ledge above a canyon in Algonquin Park were heroic.

McCracken, Steve Palleck, and his sons Sam and Chris, were walking along the Barron Canyon Trail on the afternoon of April 5. The Palleck's seven year old poodle/terrier Freeway tagged along for the trip.

When the group was at the peak of a cliff, Sam called the dog. Steve recounted the dog must have been distracted by a squirrel or something at that point, because suddenly he had disappeared.

Palleck said he feared the worst at that point — Freeway had gone over the cliff and was killed.

They carefully made their way to where the kids said Freeway had fallen. They looked straight

down and, to their surprise, saw the dog standing on a ledge.

"I knew I had to go get the dog," McCracken said.

The group made its way down the trail to a point where McCracken, an experienced rock climber, could climb down the cliff to the canyon floor.

Once there, McCracken trudged through a snowy boulder field and along the river to an area where he could attempt to reach the dog. His first attempt at climbing up to the ledge was unsuccessful, so he had to find another way to reach the ledge.

"It was a bit of a job," he said.

But McCracken was able to get to the dog, which was in shock but did not show any visible signs of serious injury. Freeway was dirty, and covered in twigs, likely from the fall. McCracken grabbed the dog by the scruff of the neck and began the process of lowering Freeway, climbing a short distance down the cliff, then repeating the procedure.

Once they were able to reach

the base of the cliff, McCracken tried to keep Freeway from running onto the ice covered Barron River. "I knew I'd have problems," he said.

McCracken's fears were soon realized when Freeway managed to get away and run onto the river.

The dog fell through the ice about 20 metres from where they would begin the climb back to the trail. But Freeway got lucky a second time that afternoon, because he was able to swim to a bank and get out of the water.

The dog escaped the two hour ordeal with nothing more than a few scrapes.

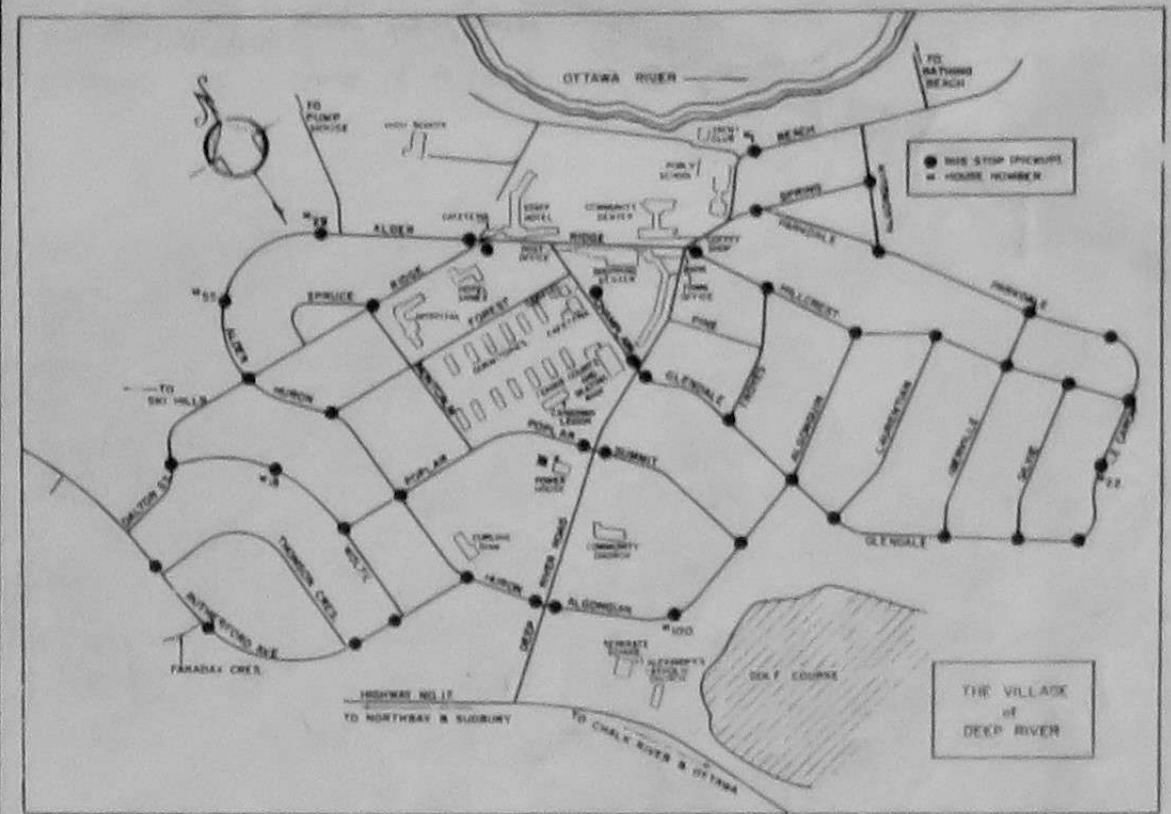
Cindy Palleck said that McCracken went "above and beyond the call" in order to save the dog, whose new nickname is "Freefall."

But McCracken continues to play down the rescue operation.

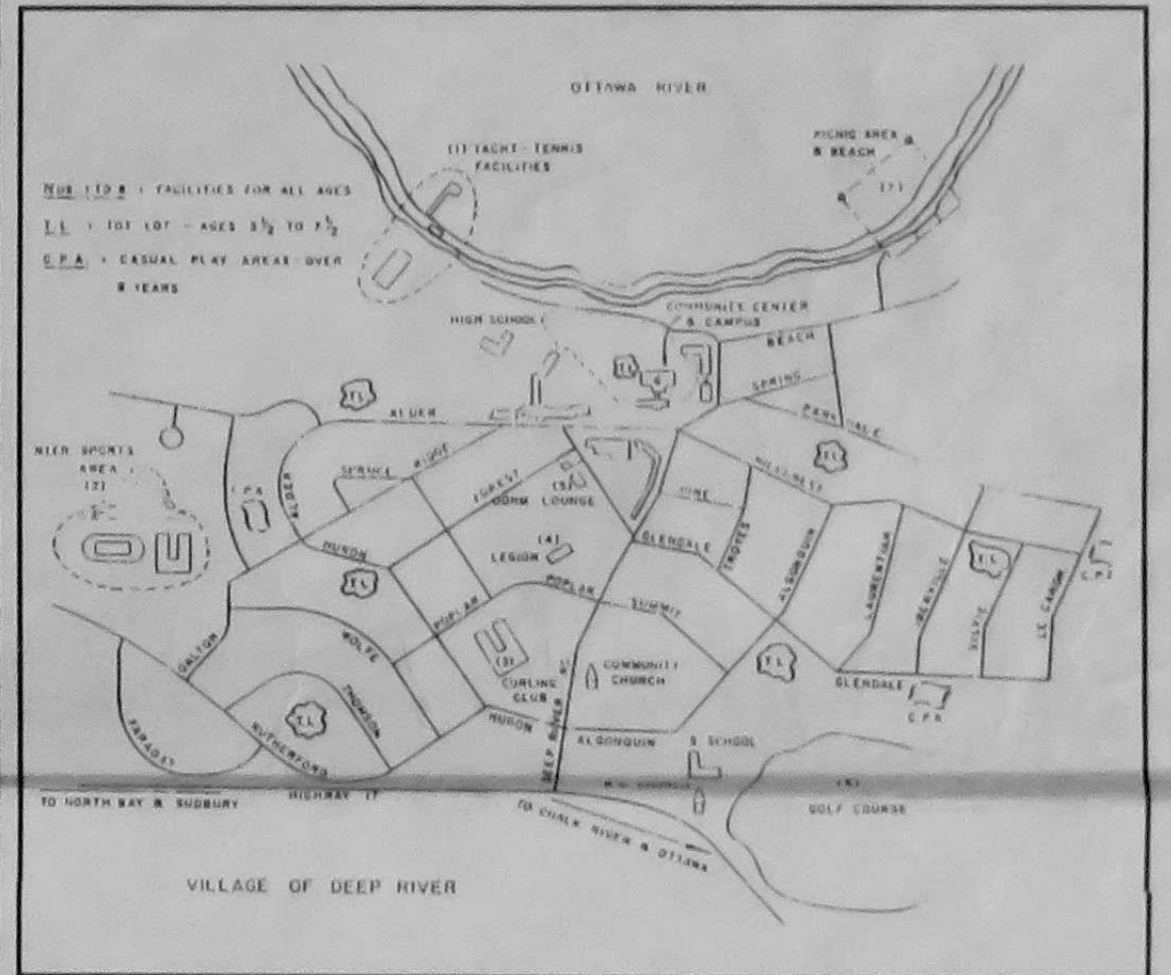
"As soon as he (the dog) went down, someone had to go down after him," McCracken insisted.

"Climbing is in my blood."

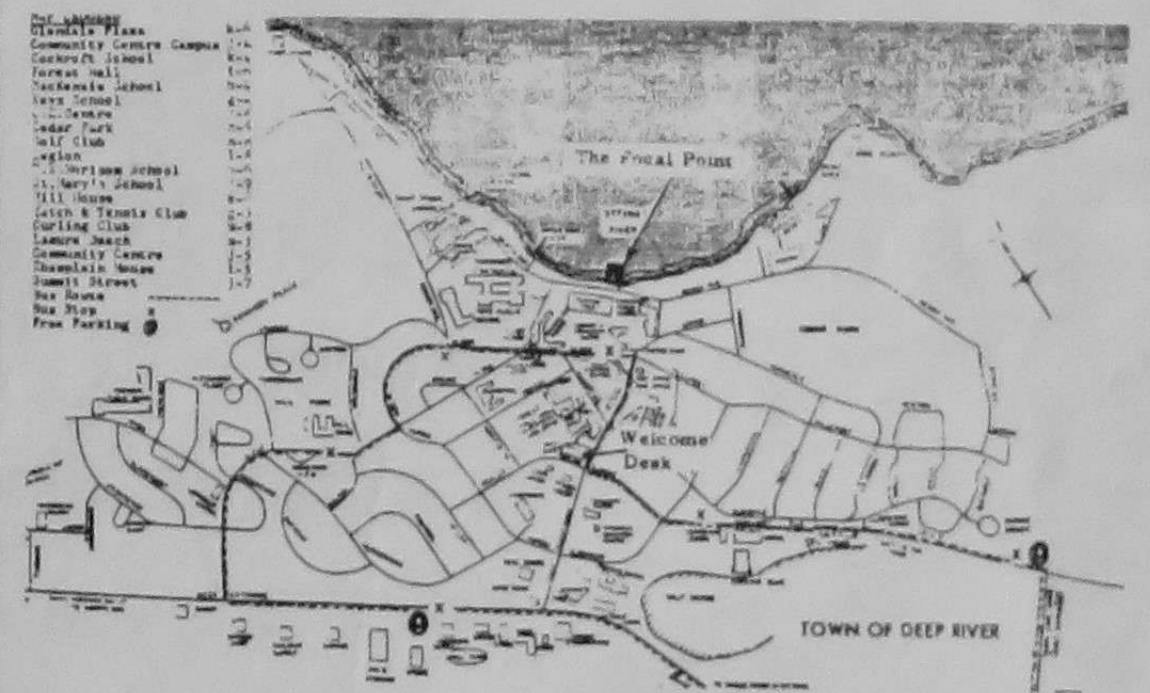
Maps of Deep River, 1945-present



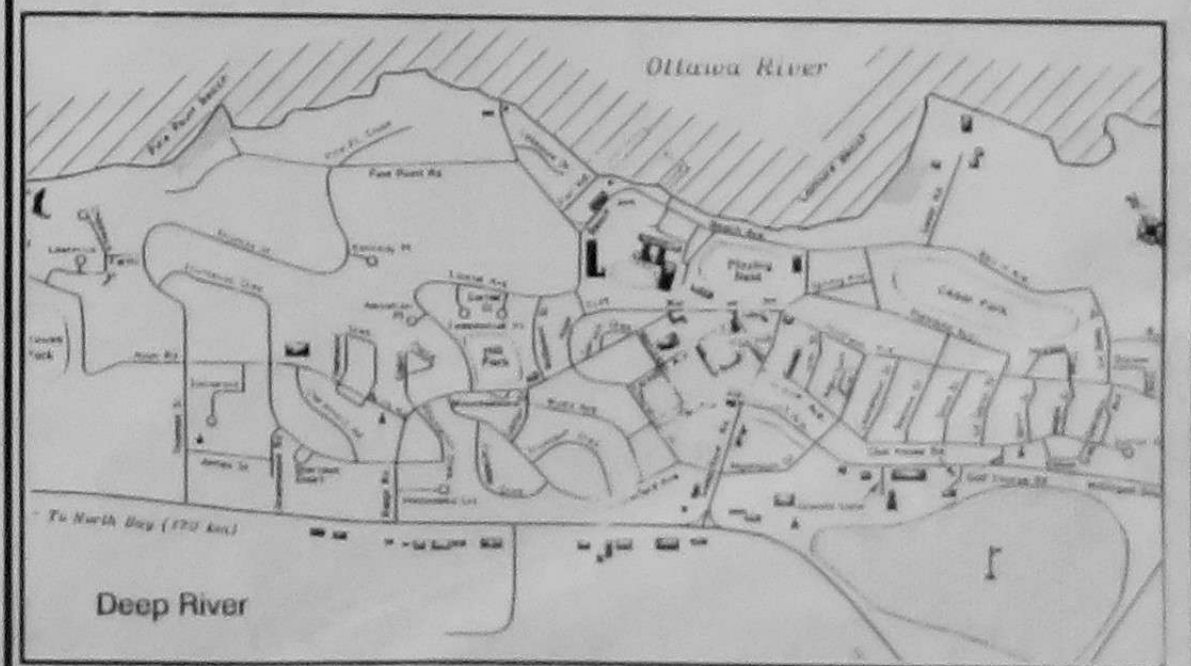
The Village of Deep River, circa 1945.



A recreation map of Deep River, showing neatly laid-out designated "Tot Lots" for young children.



Deep River, 1969. Note the "Focal Point", left over from the 1967 Centennial Celebrations.



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