



THE BEST LITTLE TOWN BY A DAM SITE!

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**PUBLIC NOTICE**

~ **ALL** dogs must have current year tags per By-law 639/04. The cost per dog is: \$20.00 Spayed or Neutered or \$20.00 Non-Spayed or Non-Neutered (please provide papers upon obtaining license).

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THE LATCHFORD AND AREA

**MOOSE CALL**



# December



**COUNCIL MEETING FOR DECEMBER TO BE HELD ON THE 19th AT THE RECREATION CENTRE @ 7:00 PM . ALL ARE MOST WELCOME TO ATTEND.**

**LEGION MEETINGS TO BE HELD THE SECOND WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH AT THE SGT. AUBREY COSENS VC 629 ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION IN LATCHFORD**

**LATCHFORD FIRE DEPARTMENT MEETINGS ARE HELD ON THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF EVERY MONTH @ 6:30 PM AT THE LATCHFORD FIRE DEPARTMENT**

# Just Passin Through Again

For this column I would like to take you, the reader, back to a Christmas in Latchford as experienced some 70 years ago. Yup, back when I was 9 years old this was a very different town that enjoyed a lifestyle foreign to most that live here today. 1949 was the last Christmas in Latchford without electricity but that in no way dulled the celebration of Christmas for all of us, then, kids in town.

Most of our Christmas presents that we received then were purchased from Eaton's and Simpson's catalogues with a few home knitted or handmade items. My father would give us kids some shopping money and we would head down to Boyce's, Bradley's or Morrissey's General Stores to pick up something for Mom. As the decision to what we purchased was all ours, I remember one year my brother Basil bought our mother a face cloth. He proudly announced to her that he had brought her a present but he couldn't tell her what it was but said, "I will give you a hint, it is square and you wash your face with it"! He lived with that for years and I just had to remind him one more time.

In 1949, the toys we wanted all were mostly for use outside. Skates, skis, sleighs, toboggans and even snow shoes were the gifts of choice for my friends and me that year for certain. For sliding the choices were Johnston's Hill (present day Sullivan Ave west which ended at the laneway by Myles Mitchell's house) or McRobert's Hill which ran down towards the railroad tracks from close to Karen Wareing's where the Jone's family home was. Johnston's was the best for sleds and McRobert's the best for skis or toboggans.

As the volunteers couldn't always get the outdoor rink in the Public School yard ready by then, there would always be a place cleared on what was then called Proulx's Bay (present day Godden's) and the abundance of deadhead stumps always provided a good spot to get a good bonfire going in the evenings. Lights, who needed them!

Christmas Day, of course you were home for breakfast because it was then you opened your gifts. We seldom went home again until dinner/supper because there was just so much to do and there was so little daylight in which to do it. Sliding down Johnston's Hill the challenge was to get across the creek and at McRobert's on skis the challenge was to ski across three sets of railroad tracks and down the far bank. Trouble was, at the bottom of that bank were Murphy's lumber piles with all random length lumber sticking out to welcome you, face first! You just had to do it once for bragging rights but a repeat performance wasn't required as long as you had a witness to your achievement.

Christmas dinner was eaten by Aladdin or Coal Oil lamp light following which you got to play with your inside toys or read the books you received by that same light source. Visitors were frequent throughout the evening and while mom never ventured out, chances are dad would tuck a flask in his pocket and visit neighbours where they would share a sip and a tall tale. That was a Latchford Christmas back in the day when my age still had a single digit in it!

In closing, Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy New Year to all of you readers and be thankful there are no random length lumber piles left in Latchford to ski into!

**George L.**

# From the kitchen of Diana

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Christmas cookies are a tradition at our house and many households around the world. I'll be getting out my favourite recipes. An addition to my list this year is Pistachio Wreath Cookies. From the photo of the finished cookies, the green pistachio pieces and red jam will make an attractive addition to any festive cookie plate.

## PISTACHIO WREATH COOKIES

3 cups flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 cup unsalted butter, at room temperature  
1 cup sugar  
1 large egg  
1 large egg yolk  
2 teaspoons vanilla extract  
1/4 teaspoon almond extract  
3/4 cup shelled pistachios, chopped  
1/2 cup jam, strawberry or raspberry (I like using seedless)

In a large bowl, whisk together flour, baking powder, and salt. In the bowl of a stand mixer fitted with the paddle attachment, cream together butter and sugar until light and fluffy, about 3 minutes. Add the egg, and then the yolk, mixing well after each addition. Mix in the vanilla and almond extracts. Add the flour mixture, and stir until just combined. Divide the dough into two pieces, and form each into a flat disc. Wrap each disc in plastic wrap, and refrigerate until firm - overnight is best.

Take dough out to soften a bit and preheat the oven to 375 degrees F. On a lightly floured surface, roll the dough to about 1/8 inch thickness. Using a round-linzer cookie cutter with scalloped edges, cut out an even number of round bottom cookies and the matching tops. Sprinkle the cookie tops with chopped pistachios, and gently press so that they stick into the dough.

Bake for about 8 minutes, until pale golden brown around the edges. Allow the cookies to cool for a few minutes on the cookie sheet, then transfer to a wire rack to cool completely. Roll out the remaining dough and repeat.

Once the cookies are cool, spread the bottom of each cookie with about a teaspoon or so of jam. Place a pistachio studded lid on the top of each cookie.



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**SGT AUBREY COSENS  
VC BR 629, Royal Canadian Legion**

On November 24 we had eight full tables out for cribbage  
1st with 7 wins, 206 points – Albert Blanchard and Ron Wilton, North Cobalt  
2nd with 6 wins, 324 points – Jim Lang, Haileybury and John Tickner, Latchford  
3rd with 6 wins, 288 points – Sam Green and Francine Blowe, Latchford  
50 – 50 Winners: 1st – Charlie Berube, Temagami; 2nd – Albert Blanchard, North Cobalt; 3rd – Ron Wilton, North Cobalt  
The Ladies Auxiliary to Branch 629 would like to thank everyone for their continued support.  
Comrade Sheila Belanger  
1st Vice  
Ladies Auxiliary

Upcoming Legion Events  
Christmas Dinner on December 14 from 4:30 to 6:30

Turkey and all the fixings  
Adults - \$15, children 12 and under - \$8  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Christmas  
From the time we were young  
This Season of Joy  
Thrilled every little girl or boy  
Santa, reindeer, Christmas lights  
Toys, candies and baked delights  
The story of Joseph and Mary so dear  
With little baby Jesus in manger near  
Concerts and get togethers  
Trees sparkling bright  
Pageants and choirs  
For that Expectant Night  
Glad songs and carols  
Ringing loud and clear  
In celebration of the Gift  
To all far and near  
Christmas, a season of lasting days  
One of Love for all, and Hope always

**Sheila Keenan Godby 2019**

**Obituary of Gail Gregory  
Gail Gregory, 76, of North Cobalt, Ontario,** passed away on November 9th, 2019 peacefully with family at the Timiskaming Shores Hospital. Gail was born in Montreal to Eileen Mickewic and Anthony Mickewic on February 1st, 1943.  
Left to cherish Gail's memory is her Partner Bert Jones, Daughter Cindy Gregory, Son Mark Gregory, Daughter in-law Sylvie Delisle, Grand Children Quintin Gregory, Ayden Gregory, Calum Gregory and Jessie Gregory. Gail is preceded in death by her Husband, David Gregory. The family wishes to extend their gratitude to Timiskaming Shores Hospital palliative care, Dr. Currie and her staff and the Home Care Services staff.  
As per Gail's wishes, cremation has taken place with no service. If desired Memorial Donations may be made to Temiskaming Shores Hospital Palliative Care.

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# Latchford and area Moose Call

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## CARS, MY HIGHER POWER AND ME.

Every morning I pray to my Higher Power, usually the serenity prayer, and listen hard for the response. The other day, it was: "You're going to have a wonderful day." Excellent, I thought and I did.

First, the car started on the third try. Wow, because we've been having trouble with it. Next, the instructions from Above said I was to take the last two copies of the Moosecall to a friend later on, not go to the Town Office to pay the taxes, but drive straight to Canadian Tire for another car key. That may be the problem. Minor worry (mine, not His) do I have enough gas? Reply from Above: "Yes."

At Canadian Tire, I shut the car off, took my list of wanted items on sale and waited at the key-cutting counter for my turn. A lot of people were shopping as it was Black Friday, or Pink Tuesday or something, but there were plenty of staff around so no problems there. Almost everyone was happy as they bumped into each other, doing their thing.

At the counter, the man before me was in difficulties. He was already using extreme expletives before telling the calm key-cutting lady: "I'm about to lose it!" I told a fellow shopper: "I think he already has," and wandered off to find one of my items. It was exactly what I needed and, though it cost more than I thought, it was still cheaper than normal.

The assistant said she couldn't match my key so I'd have to go to the dealer. Whatever. I gave her Linda's website card and she said she already had the one I'd given her at their gardening centre this Spring. I told her how I'd fallen into my rose bush, but all the cuttings I'd broken off were alive and sprouting. A very nice visit.

The next instruction from Above was: "Go to the dealer for a new key." Very good, but the car wouldn't start. Four or five goes with no cranking and a surge of: "What do I do now?" Pause, deep breath, sip of water then pray. As soon as I asked Whoever to start the car, They did and off to the dealer I went. The gas gauge hadn't moved, so it was still O.K.

I shut off the car there and went in to discover that a new key would cost \$450.00 plus tax. They also needed a look-see (\$100 please) to be sure that was the problem. I told them I'd keep relying on Support From Above until the car's owner, Linda, had her say.

However, there I was, in their make of car on their forecourt and it wouldn't go. Ironic indeed. Four or five tries before another prayer session worked and I was on my way for our groceries.

That done, with laughter and happy visits everywhere, the car still wouldn't start at first and I think God was getting tired of being my mechanic, as the next instruction was: "Do not shut it off again until you are in your own driveway." I've learned the hard way that a message like this had better be heeded or else. So I left the car running as I went in and out of stores, but Whoever Was Above said They'd look after it for me. At the next to last stop, I told their boss my nominally sad story and added that I was now getting Religion, with laughter all around.

**Like I said at the beginning, a good day was had by all.**

**All the best from Charlie by the Lake.**

**P.S. The "Get gas now" light went on a mere three clicks from home. C.W.E.J.**



# Rhonda's Garden Tip

## Winter Garden Project

With Christmas season fast approaching, I thought a garden lantern to add to your outdoor flower containers and arrangements would be a nice touch. Here are a few lantern styles that may inspire you to make. Guess which one is mine? (hint) It's inside an outdoor planter.



Did winter ever arrive early in Latchford this year! Overnight on Halloween we got a major dump of snow and, while a bit of it has melted, the ground is still covered. Then we got hit by temperatures that reached the minus 20's and by mid month Bay Lake was completely frozen over! At this writing it is still frozen which is far too early in this old guy's opinion. There is some solace in the fact that the forecast for early December calls for moderate temperatures and just a little snow here.

On the good news front, I am very pleased to share with all the readers the very generous gesture that has been made to the House of Memories Museum by former resident and long time supporter of Latchford, Bert Jones who now lives in North Cobalt. Bert made the very significant donation of \$3,000 to the Museum. This unexpected and most welcome donation will be used to restore and refurbish artifacts that are displayed outside the Museum and have suffered the ravages of the elements. Your very generous donation is greatly appreciated by all who enjoy and appreciate our museum, Bert!

Renewals remained solid throughout the month and were led off by one from Marie Turcotte of Temagami who renewed for another year. Following this was one year renewals for two of the Crockford sisters, Helen Lee and Velma Moule that Helen sent in. The Crockford's lived in Latchford during the 1930's/40's and have never forgotten their years here. Next in was a renewal for another two years from Shirley Rice of London, ON. These were followed up by two year renewals for Romana and Harold Fisher of Etobicoke then former Latchford lad, Brent Anderson of Aidrie, AB did likewise to stay current with his old hometown.

Sharon Lefebvre and the writer renewed for another year for friend Leona Charlton of Kitchener, our daughter Jennifer Miller of Plymouth, Illinois and granddaughter Hannah Gravelle Bruins of Jacksonville, Illinois. Then a renewal came in from former Latchford girl, Joyce (Laforge) Boselle of North Bay who renewed for her and husband Maurice. Rounding out the month was those that our Edith Rabillard aka "Couch Potato" faithfully sends out annually to her extended family. They include daughters Anne O'Shaughnessy of Niagara Falls, Joan Rabillard of Surrey, B.C. and Sheila Rabillard of Victoria; B.C. Nephews James Aldred of Richmond Hill, Jack Aldred and wife Carole of Markham and Barry Aldred of Thornhill and wraps up her giving with another year for grandson Aaron Inglis of Kanata, ON. Pleasant reading to all and a sincere thank you to so many that insist on including the extra.

On a very somber note, we extend our sincere condolences, and I am confident that we are joined by all readers who know and remember Bert Jones, on the loss of his partner, Gail Gregory whose obituary appears in this issue. Adding to the grief of many readers in November was the passing of Gordon Garreau, son of Rene and the late Georgina Garreau on November 27. "Gordie" as many knew him was a heck of an athlete in his youth and had been battling cancer in recent years which finally took him from us. Gord's obituary will appear in the next issue.

On the health and fitness front, Ted Livingston has managed to stay home and Alice reports he is coming along quite well, which is good news about "Latchford's last lumberjack". My mother-in-law, Sheila Belanger, is doing well with her health issues and continues to be very active. To them and all others who might be ailing or infirm, get well wishes go out from the Moose Call and its readers! In closing, all of us who work on the Moose Call want to extend a very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy New Year to all our readers! Enjoy the holidays!

**George**

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6 months	- \$50.00
3 months	- \$25.00
1 month	- \$10.00

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Announcements, Want Ads, Employment, etc..... 2.00

**Submission Deadline**

All ads must be in by the 23rd of each month to be published in the following month's newsletter. Articles may be edited for space

**Circulation**

Sharon Lefebvre 676-2129 or write to Circulation Manager at P.O. Box 10, Latchford, ON POJ 1N0.

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**Editorial Policy**

: We will not print any news, items, letters, or otherwise containing slanderous, defamatory, or injurious information in reference to the character of any person or entity. The writer of all articles must be identified when items are submitted but may request to remain anonymous in print. All such requests will be honored.



**PUBLIC NOTICE**

**STORAGE AVAILABLE**

Winter Storage available for boats, cars, trailers, ATVs etc.  
Fees are \$12.00 per foot



**Phone APP of the month!**

Whatsapp: This is an excellent app for all uses. This is an app that you can text, call, facetime to other users who has the app using your internet connection. Have loved ones overseas? If both parties have the app and an internet connection calls would be free using this app.



Message us on WhatsApp



## Subscribers Letters

**Dear Sharon;**

What can I say! Late again! Sorry, I've been rather laid up all summer and fall with sciatic nerve pain. Much better now!

I was saddened to hear of the passing of Casey O'Shaughnessy. My deepest sympathy to all his family.

My brother Elwood passed last January at his home in Sudbury, he was 95 years old. His wife, Florence, is still in their home and has lots of care from their loving family. My sister, Velma, is celebrating her 100th Birthday on December 04. She continues to enjoy receiving and reading the "Moose Call".

Best wishes to you and George. I hope all is well in "dear ole Latchford" and in all it's people.

God Bless, Love

**Helen Lee**

p.s.: I'm enclosing a cheque to cover one year for Velma and me. What's left over for the coffee fund. Thank you.

**The Lord gave  
us TWO ENDS:  
One to sit on and the  
other to think with.  
Success depends  
on which one we use  
the most.**

ANN LANDERS

GH

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### **NOTICE**

The Latchford Recreation Committee would invite residents to consider joining their group, as several members have resigned and some are moving away, so very few members will remain. Should they not be able to recruit more people, this organization could very easily fold and this would be very detrimental to the children and adults of Latchford as they provide many activities for all ages throughout the year. Call The Town Office @705-676-2416 to join up!

**Over the Hill**

**By**

**Diane Belanger Armstrong**

The snow came early this November. Perhaps that’s the reason everyone is in high gear for the holidays. If not the snow, then the appearance of pine wreaths, baubles, glitter and garlands edging out all the Hallowe’ en décor in the stores was the trigger. Whatever the reason, I felt the urge to write about decorations this week.

Every family has an annual ritual of decorating the tree. At our house, my dad would always bring home two trees and let mom choose the best one. The other was given to a neighbour. Once the tree was placed in the living room, mom would bring out the huge cardboard box that contained the decorations and carefully begin to unwrap each one. Meanwhile, dad would take care of the lights. Do you remember those old strings of bulbs, where if one had burned out, none of the others would light up? All sentimental feelings of peace and goodwill towards men would soon vanish in the search for the defective bulb or bulbs.

Decorating the outside of the house was unknown until the 1980s. Prior to that, and in this part of Northern Ontario, only an occasional wreath graced the front door, although many wreaths were shown on Christmas cards.

My personal favourite decorations were four glass pinecones – one each of pink, blue, yellow and green. The tips were frosted and because they were so fragile, were only hung high on the

tree. After the lights were arranged and all the baubles hung, the strips of shiny silver icicles would be carefully placed on each bough. Oh, those icicles! They were made of tiny, thin aluminum strips, and when the tree was taken down, each icicle was removed individually and wrapped at one end on a card – for safe keeping until next year.

Christmas décor was kept and treasured from year to year, and each bauble usually had a story behind it – whether it had been made by a child or received as a gift. Sometimes the story was simply about the long-gone, little store in town where it was purchased. There was no online marketplace to offer used holiday decorations for quick sale once the holidays were over.

Everyone has favourite decorations and I wondered where these traditions began. It surprised me that for a religious holiday, most traditional expressions of the season first began in pagan times.

The pine cones we all love came about because early pagans believed fairies and elves lived in the cones, so they were brought into the house to keep the creatures warm. This act of kindness was supposed to bring the family good luck for the year.

The “angel hair” covering the outer branches comes from an old Ukrainian folk tale about a woman who was too poor to get decorations for her Christmas tree. On Christmas morning she and her children were delighted to find that a

**Continued on page 11.....**

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spider had spun a web all over the tree. Bringing fruits and berries into the home was believed to ensure a ripe harvest the following year.

The evergreen tree itself was used in pagan rituals and magical rites to make sure the home would be protected through the long cold winter and to ensure the return of green vegetation to the dead forest in the spring.

Pagans rang bells to ward off evil spirits and for hundreds of years bells have been rung to announce significant events in the community.

The tradition of having lights in the form of candles began around 600 AD by northern Europeans to celebrate the solstice, hoping to lure the sun back in the new year.

Feathered birds on a tree originated with the pagan custom in which bird feathers were placed over a door in the hope that babies would arrive at that house in the spring.

The Scandinavian tradition of St. Nick leaving gifts in the children's shoes has evolved into the Christmas stocking of today. I know many parents and grandparents who long for the good old days, when a stocking could actually hold what a child wanted for Christmas!

That's my view from Over the Hill.



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## IMMUTABLE LAWS from Bill Parli- ment

### 1. Law of Mechanical Repair

After your hands become coated with grease, your nose will begin to itch and you'll have to pee.

### 2. Law of Gravity

Any tool, nut, bolt, screw, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible place in the universe.

### 3. Law of Probability

The probability of being watched is directly proportional to the stupidity of your act.

### 4. Law of Random Numbers

If you dial a wrong number, you never get a busy signal; someone always answers.

### 5. Variation Law

If you change lines (or traffic lanes), the one you were in will always move faster than the one you are in now.

### 6. Law of the Bath

When the body is fully immersed in water, the telephone will ring.

### 7. Law of Close Encounters

The probability of meeting someone you know INCREASES dramatically when you are with someone you don't want to be seen with.

### 8. Law of the Result

When you try to prove to someone that a machine won't work, IT WILL!!!

### 9. Law of Biomechanics

The severity of the itch is inversely proportional to the reach.

10. Law of the Theaters & Sports Arenas- At any event, the people whose seats are furthest from the aisle, always arrive last.. They are the

ones who will leave their seats several times to go for food, beer, or the toilet and who leave early before the end of the performance or the game is over. The folks in the aisle seats come early, never move once, have long gangly legs or big bellies and stay to the bitter end of the performance. The aisle people also are very surly folk.

### 11. The Coffee Law

As soon as you sit down to a cup of hot coffee, your boss will ask you to do something which will last until the coffee is cold.

### 12. Murphy's Law of Lockers

If there are only 2 people in a locker room, they will have adjacent lockers.

### > 13. Law of Physical Surfaces

The chances of an open-faced jelly sandwich landing face down on a floor are directly correlated to the newness and cost of the carpet or rug.

### 14. Law of Logical Argument

Anything is possible IF you don't know what you are talking about.

### 15. Law of Physical Appearance

If the clothes fit, they're ugly.

### 16. Law of Public Speaking

A CLOSED MOUTH GATHERS NO FEET!

### 17. Law of Commercial Marketing Strategy-

As soon as you find a product that you really like, they will stop making it OR the store will stop selling it!

**If you don't forward this to your friends, your belly button will unscrew and your butt will fall off.**

**Really... It's true. I read it on the Internet!**



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