

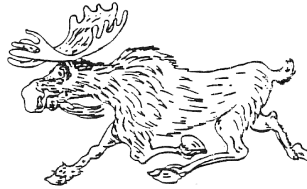
THE BEST LITTLE TOWN
BY A DAM SITE!

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35 YEARS!!!

Issue Price FREE



THE LATCHFORD AND AREA

MOOSE CALL



August 2023

Let's Enjoy The
Last Month of
Summer

PUBLIC NOTICE

~ **ALL** dogs must have current year tags per By-law 639/04. The cost per dog is: \$20.00

~ Remember to Poop & Scoop ~

Animal complaints can be reported to the Town Office @ 676-2416



COUNCIL MEETING FOR AUGUST TO BE HELD ON THE 15th AT THE RECREATION CENTRE @ 6:30 PM . ALL ARE MOST WELCOME TO ATTEND.

FIRE DEPT. MEETINGS WILL BE HELD ON THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH AT THE LATCHFORD FIRE HALL.

LEGION MEETINGS WILL RESUME IN SEPTEMBER 2023.

Mayors Report

Well July was a very warm one and hoping all faired out well thru that heat. Hoping everyone had a great Canada Day weekend. It was great to see the turnout for the Canada Day events but unfortunately the fire ban stopped the fireworks from happening. They will happen at a later date.

Also was great to see the support for Debbie at the new chip stand! Council did a site visit to all our building on July 6th as we are working on the Strategic Management Plan.

Was thinking if people are interested to have the opportunity to take a tour of our water treatment plant. I find it very interesting but to some it might give them a better understanding of the plan and the day to day operations of it also. If anyone is interested please feel free to reach out to myself or the office.

We also had MPAC and Earlton Airport do a presentation to council and was very informative.

Still wishing there was a way to get people to attend the council meetings.

As you can see our museum is open and if you take a look our summer student helped paint the Loggers letters and gave them a fresh look. Hoping to get some more painting done around the museum to spruce it up also.

Would like to thank Barry Wellar for the donation of the flowers that are planted at the town office.

Would also like to thank Barry, Lindsey Wellar, and Lynda Hamilton for the generous donation to the Moose Call.

Hopefully you all will enjoy your long weekend of August and hopefully will see some of you at the pig roast at our local legion.

**Thanks
Sharon**

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 Pam @ 705-679-3093 Town Office @705-676-2416 to join up!

From the kitchen of Diana

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LEMON BLUEBERRY BREAD

1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup unsalted butter melted
1 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 teaspoons fresh grated lemon zest
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
1/2 cup milk
1 cup fresh or frozen blueberries (I used fresh)
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
Lemon Glaze
2 tablespoons butter melted
1/2 cup powdered sugar
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

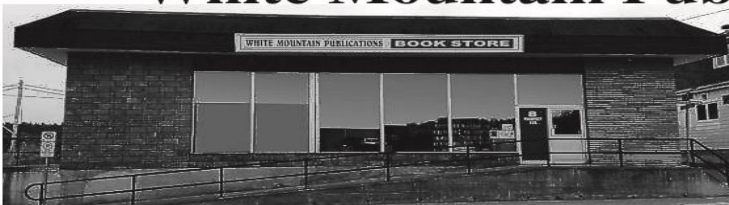
Preheat oven to 350°F and line a 9"x 5" loaf pan with parchment paper (or lightly grease with butter). In a medium bowl, whisk the flour, baking powder and salt, and set aside. In the bowl of an electric mixer, blend together the melted butter, sugar, eggs, vanilla, lemon zest and lemon juice. Mix until well combined. While slow

ly mixing, add flour mixture and milk in two batches (some flour, then some milk, then the rest of the flour and the rest of the milk). Stop mixing as soon as it's just combined. Rinse off the blueberries (if using fresh) so they have just a bit of moisture on them, then, in a small bowl toss the blueberries and 1 T. flour. This flour coating will help prevent the blueberries from sinking to the bottom of your loaf while baking. Add the flour coated berries to the batter and gently but quickly stir, by hand, to combine. Immediately pour batter into prepared pan and bake for 55-65 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted in the center of the loaf comes out clean. Cool bread in the pan for about 30 minutes, then move to a wire cooling rack with a baking sheet below (to catch the glaze you're about to add).

Lemon Glaze:

Prepare glaze by simply whisking together the melted butter, powdered sugar, lemon juice and vanilla, then pour glaze over the loaf. Allow to set a few minutes, then enjoy!

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A big thank you to Leonard Bowins who has been doing an amazing job cutting the grass and to Willy Blowe for doing all the trimming around the building, horseshoe pits and patio. We appreciate all that you do for the Legion.

Calendar of events for the remainder of the summer.

August 5th Pig roast, 4 - 6 pm. Cost is \$15.00 per person, \$8.00 Kids under 6

August 12th Horseshoe tournament, Burgers and hot dogs available for \$5.00 each

August 19th Horseshoe tournament, Burgers and hot dogs available for \$5.00 each

August 25th CLOSED for a private function

August 26th Legion opens at 2pm

September 2nd Burgers, Hot dogs and corn roast. Cost is \$15 per person, \$8 kids under 6

September 9th Horseshoe tournament, Burgers and hot dogs available for \$5.00 each

Branch meetings are in hiatus until September.

Legion hours are Friday 7:00 pm to 10pm and Saturday 2:00 pm to 8:00 pm.

Have a great summer and stay safe.

Francine Blowe

President Ladies Auxiliary

Perry Livingston

President Branch 629

Biography of a Fallen Soldier

By Vicky Gray-Wilks

Flight Sergeant James Richard Bateman

Born February 11, 1920

Private Edwards was born in Timmins, Ontario. His parents were Archibald and Maud Bateman. In May 1937, he joined the Algonquin Regiment NPAM in Timmins. On June

29, 1940, he joined the Grey

and Simcoe Foresters CASF as Lance Corporal. In August 1940, he was stationed in Camp Borden, Platoon No. 13. In October 1940, he married Gilberte (Betty) Migneault and they had one daughter. He was then stationed in Debert, NS. He later found out the Air Force wanted volunteers. On November 12, 1941, he was honorably discharged as Private. The next day re-enlisted RCAF in Halifax, NS. In November 1942 he received his "O" wing from Air Observer School. February 1943, he was stationed in Whitly Bay. In March he graduated Air Bombing School.

In October 1943, he was loaned to the Royal Air Force, Grimsby Aerodrome.

Pilot Flight Sergeant AJ Kevis last message before collision was that three engines needed emergency air

and was given permission to land. On December 17, 1943, Lancaster III JB 674, Unit 100 Squadron collided

with JB 678. All were killed except for one soldier from Saskatchewan of a crew of 674.

Flight Sergeant James Richard Bateman is buried in Cambridge City Cemetery, Cambridgeshire, United

Kingdom.

Service number- 5/137694

Force Air Force

Unit Royal Canadian Air Force

Division 100 Sqdn

Flight Sergeant James Richard Bateman died December 17, 1943

Age 23

Founding of the Town of Latchford

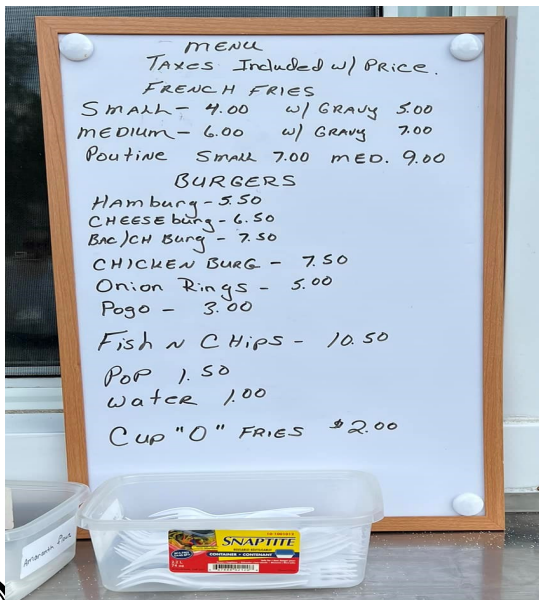
Latchford began in 1903 as Montreal River Station, a town site and river crossing for the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, the colonization line designed to open the Little Clay Belt to settlement and provide access to the area's vast timber resources. In 1904, a three span iron bridge was built to carry the railway across the Montreal River and construction of a station house and water tank soon followed. The town was surveyed in 1905 and renamed in honour of Francis Robert Latchford (1856-1938), then Ontario Commissioner of Public Works. A brief boom period ensued when silver was discovered to the northwest in 1906 and Latchford became the provisioning and starting point for prospectors travelling up Bay Lake. Latchford was incorporated as a town in 1907 and by 1911 its population was 429. As area silver deposits were depleted Latchford's prosperous timber and pulp mills assured its longevity, giving the town its nickname of "Sawdust City."

Open this year



This is an aerial photograph of the Latchford Dam, between Bay Lake and the Montreal river Stock Photo - Alamy

Come on down to the Latchford beach and try out the food!!! Here is the list of foods!!

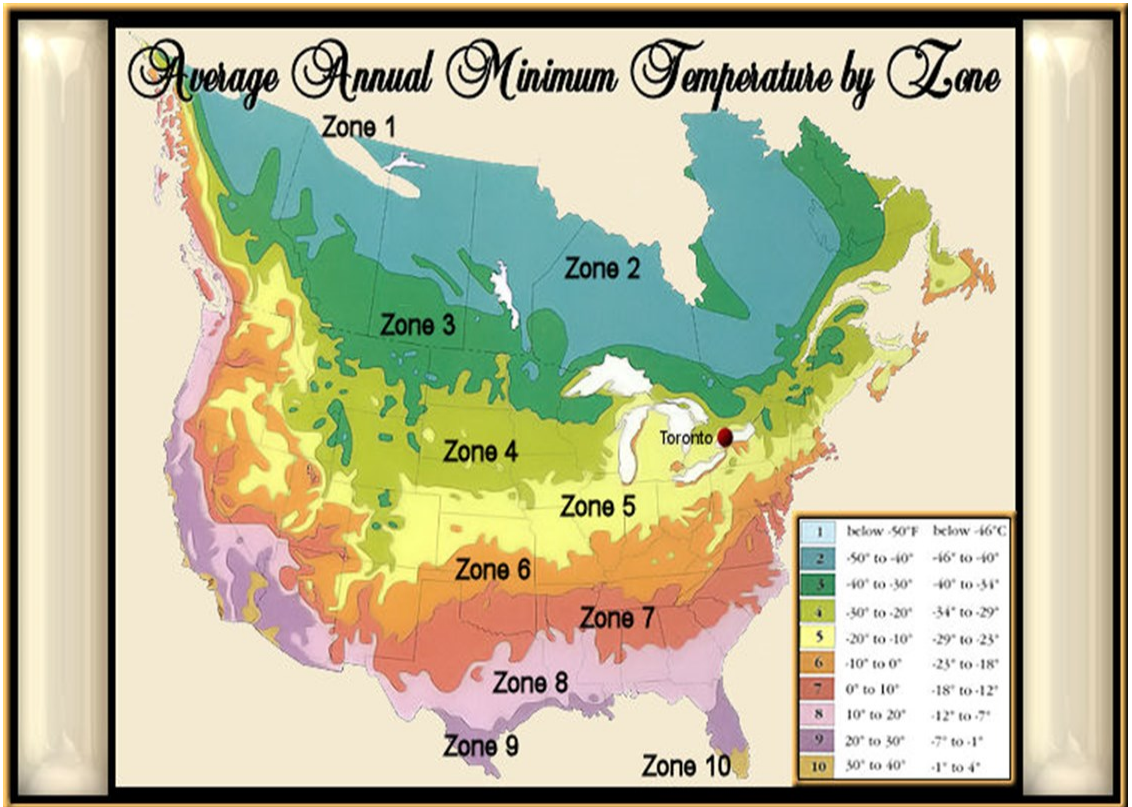


Rhonda's Garden Tip

Zones, what are zones when it comes to gardening? Let's look at hardiness zones in our area. Canadian scientists created a hardiness map in the 1060's dividing the country into 10 zones (0 being the coldest zone and 10 being the warmest). The zones are determined by the minimum temperature in the winter, the length of a frost period, the amount of snowfall, and even the wind. The map has been continually updated ever since. Each zone consists of 2 sub zones (a and b, a being the coldest and b being the warmest). If you have ever wondered why a newly planted tree or shrub did not survive over the winter, it could have been the wrong zone for that variety of shrub. Likewise, you may have the right zone, but if you live near water or in a place of valleys and peaks, this could change the climate within the zone. Hardiness zones are true for trees and shrubs, but not always exact. Perennials should be treated differently depending on snow coverage, and wind barriers that would protect the plants.

The hardiness map can be used as a tool to help you pick the right tree for the right area. The plants have a better chance of success when the variety is matched to the specific zone. The next time you are out shopping for a fruit tree, pick a variety that is designed to thrive in your climate. Take a look at the map below to see what zone is in your area.

Bye for now Rhond



Latchford and area MooseCall Page 7

Subscribers News

Wow! Those July temperatures were something else but as we like to share, they were extreme everywhere it would appear. Miraculously, we had no outbreaks of fire anywhere close to Latchford and the northeast in general has seen few in comparison to many parts of Canada. The fact we had no fires is amazing when considering that on July 16th, we had 46 lightning strikes within 25 km of Latchford! That is according to the new toy (weather station) in the house. The good news also includes the diminished levels of smoke we had been dealing with in June were greatly reduced in July.

Sharon and I enjoyed a very pleasant visit this past month with a long-time Latchford resident, Brent Anderson and his wife Marie from Airdrie, AB., when they were in the area recently. They had been down in the Orillia area for a "Celebration of Life" in recognition of Brent's brother Garfield who also grew up here in Latchford. They were heading down to Antigonish, Nova Scotia where Marie's family lives but headed up to this part of Ontario where Brent still has numerous relatives plus countless old friends. It was great to see them.

Renewals this month were led off by one for another year from Gail Hewitt for Sister Diane Hewitt who resides down in Kingston. This was followed up by one for another year from a man who still cherishes his Latchford connections, Dr. Barry Wellar from Nepean, ON. Barry's sister, Linda (Wellar) Hamilton from North Bay "one upped" her brother when she renewed for 4 more years! And, while we are on the subject of the Wellar family, they made a very significant and generous donation to the Moose Call! It was sent by Barry, twins Linda and Lindsay as well as on behalf of their late brother Wayne and will contribute greatly to underwriting the cost of publishing the Moose Call. A sincere thank you to the Wellar family on behalf of all the readers and those of us who help to put it together!

On the health and fitness front, Latchford endured a rather serious outbreak of Covid during the past month. I can state this as both Sharon and I dealt with our second encounter of this silent invader. I am aware of 11 others who were also infected but there were undoubtedly more. I find the insidious thing about Covid is that one becomes infected with it by someone who doesn't even know they have it and then you can pass it on to others because you are unaware that you have been infected with it. I have an elderly friend, Neal Thompson, that I help to care for and he was infected, undoubtedly unknowingly by me, and when I would visit him in the hospital the gowning and masking ritual required was something else! So, my wish for all is that you stay well and enjoy summer! **George L.**



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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 P0J 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 honoured.



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* * * * *

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Short Stories

Suffering from an unsightly scaly rash, my friend Denise made an appointment with a dermatologist who happened to be very attractive. After a full examination, the doctor cocked his head and asked, “Denise, did you get your hair done?” “Why, yes. Thank you for noticing,” said Denise, flattered. “I thought so,” the doctor replied. “Because your scalp looks red and irritated.” —Sandy Hagglund

I was waiting at a small train station when a man put up a sign regarding my train: “30-Minute Delay.” “What happened?” I asked. “The train went off the rails,” he said. “How long will that take to fix?” “Quite a few hours.” “So why put up a sign saying it would take 30 minutes?” “It’s the only sign we have.” —James Joy

I’m a nurse in a hospital’s children’s ward. One night, I was at the nurses’ station when I heard a little boy in his room talking. He kept the patter up for some time. Finally, I got on the intercom and said softly but firmly, “All right, Johnny, it’s time to go to sleep now.” There was quiet in the room, and then he said, “OK, God, I will.” I didn’t hear a peep from him until morning. —J.C.

In his late 80s, my father-in-law went to the DMV to renew his driver’s license. At one point during the road test, he approached a four-way stop, looked to his left, and cruised straight through the stop sign. “Sir! You didn’t look to your right,” yelled the frightened inspector. My father-in-law calmly shook his head. “That’s Mum’s side.”

My 35-year-old son and I had just finished our meal when I realized I’d left my wallet in my truck. As I headed out the door, I told the waitress what had happened. “But don’t worry,” I said with a grin. “I’m leaving my son for collateral.” She looked at him. He winked at her. She turned back to me. “What else you got?”

Sometimes honesty isn’t the best policy. A patient showed up at our medical office and asked, “You’re Mary, aren’t you?” I smiled. “No, sorry, I’m not.” “Are you sure? You look just like someone I know named Mary.” “Well, I hope she’s young and skinny.” “No,” he said, settling into his chair. “She looks like you.”

My 11-year-old takes his homework seriously. One question required him to write a sentence using the word version. His sentence: “Have you heard of the version Mary?”

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Summer memories of 1948

Diane Armstrong

Our children have a wide choice of summertime activities today. There are sports camps for basketball, soccer and hockey, language classes, art classes, computer camps and clinics. Children today can choose any number of things to do – things planned and organized by adults – all run by a calendar and a clock.

While these youngsters emerge from the summer much enlightened, I can't help but reflect on summers of my own childhood. They weren't entirely carefree, for it was a time for fence painting, piling wood slabs in the back yard and cleaning all the storm windows that were being replaced by screens. My dad taught me how to a patch a leak on an inner tube for my bike. Mom tried to teach me homemaking skills too – like cooking, ironing, cleaning and darning socks.

For fifty cents a summer, we could take the free bus to the Schumacher swimming pool, get daily lessons and play water games with friends. The lessons didn't 'take' in my case. I never learned how to swim until I was 52!

When I remember the lazy days of my childhood summers, it was a time of creating things out of nothing, of making new friends and learning about the world around me. We wandered with our friends in the nearby bush and often packed a sandwich in our pockets for our lunches. Unless it was raining, we were gone from morning to supertime.

On rainy days, we'd curl up on a couch and read library books or comic books that were traded over and over, with all the other kids we knew. A pickle jar was used to capture honeybees or pine beetles. We learned that no matter how much grass we put in the jar, the insect would die soon if we didn't punch air holes in the lid. We turned over rocks to see what bugs or grubs were seeking respite from the heat.

Jam and honey came in 2-pound pails. We could clean out a pail, punch a hole in each side and attach a piece of a wire or a strong string and make a pail for picking berries – then find a blueberry patch.

On other days we would just lie on our bellies on lawns, looking for four-leafed clover. Clover was a part of most lawns, just as dandelions were. We learned to make daisy chains, and hold a buttercup under a friend's chin. If the yellow pollen came off, it meant the person liked butter. Blowing the seeds from a dandelion and counting those left

it would indicate how many boyfriends the girl had. The smell of grass lingered on our clothes.

While our mothers were making jams and jellies to satisfy our sweet tooth over the winter, we would collect the red berries from the mountain ash trees or from the honeysuckle bushes, mix them with water and pretend to make our own jams. Pods from caragana hedges became peas in our imaginative kitchens.

Boys followed their own pursuits: building cabins in the bush, playing baseball, turning their bicycles into imaginary motorcycles by poking empty cigarette packages in the spokes, collecting pop bottle caps to adorn an old felt hat, or nailing them to a board to make a boot scraper. Strips cut from an old rubber tube were used to make slingshots. Of course, it took practice to learn accuracy with a sling shot, so objects were placed on fence posts and with pebbles found on the road, hours were spent aiming and shooting. Summer evenings were when all the neighbourhood kids played Red Rover or Kick the Can but on some nights, we'd cycle downtown, stop for chips (now called French fries) at a chip stand and head for the lake to sit on the docks to watch the planes come and go. When the 8:45 curfew sounded, we'd head for home. All children under the age of 16 had to be at home by 9 o'clock. It was the law. None of my friends had the luxury of scheduled classes and organized activities.

Continued on page 11.....

Summer memories of 1948 continued...

We didn't receive one iota of planned, summer education. Instead, we all learned practical things like social interaction, how to paint a picket fence, pile slabs, and get our friends to help.

We had plenty of physical exercise, and upon reflection, those were the most carefree days of my life. And except for the 9 o'clock curfew, they were summers without clocks.

That's my view from way Over the Hill.

Dad Jokes

I ordered a chicken and an egg online.
I'll let you know what comes first.

What do lawyers wear to court?
Lawsuits.

What lights up a soccer stadium?
A soccer match.

Why was the fish's grades bad?
They were below sea level.

Why can't you trust the king of the jungle?
Because he's always lion.

Why shouldn't you tell secrets in a cornfield?
Too many ears.

How did the telephone propose to his girl-friend?

He gave her a ring.

Why did the cookie go to the hospital?
Because he felt crumbly.

What goes up and down but doesn't move?
Stairs.

What did the football coach say to the broken vending machine?
Give me my quarterback.

Why did the strawberry cry?
He found himself in a jam.

What's black and white and read all over?
A newspaper!

How did the barber win the race?
He knew a shortcut!

Why is Peter Pan always flying?
Because he Neverlands.

How do you tell the difference between a bull and a cow?
It is either one or the udder!

Why do hummingbirds hum?
Because they don't know the words!

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