

THE BEST LITTLE TOWN
BY A DAM SITE!

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PUBLIC NOTICE

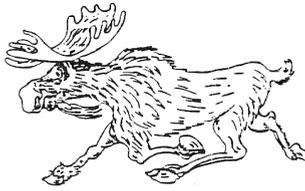
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THE LATCHFORD AND AREA

MOOSE CALL



May

H A P P Y
Mother's Day
♥

COUNCIL MEETING FOR MAY TO BE HELD ON THE 14th AT @ 7:00PM. THIS WILL BE AN ELECTRONIC MEETING AND WILL BE AVAILABLE ON THE TOWN'S WEBSITE.

LEGION MEETING CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE DUE TO COVID-19 CONCERNS

LATCHFORD FIRE DEPARTMENT MEETINGS CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE DUE TO COVID-19 CONCERNS

Just Passin Through Again

As we reach the second full month of dealing with the Coronavirus/Covid19 pandemic we are learning that we all tend to deal with the same situation in different ways. Some exercise caution to the extreme and others are far too casual about it, in my humble opinion. The positive about the situation in the District of Temiskaming is that there has been, to this date, a very low rate of infection in the District. At this writing there have only been 12 reported cases in Temiskaming and 11 are recovered with, I believe, only one case being hospitalized. That small number is not reflective of the province as a whole so we should take some comfort from that, keep our fingers crossed and maintain social distancing.

While the Town of Latchford has forgiven interest on the second installment of current year taxes until the end of June, we had not been getting the same consideration from those service providers for whom we collect taxes and remit payments to. These include Municipal Property Assessment Corporation (MPAC), District of Temiskaming Social Services Administration Board (DTSSAB), Ontario Provincial Police (OPP) and of course all Boards of Education. The latter all should be enjoying a surplus because their employees were not being paid during their strike days. I can report that MPAC was the first to respond in stating that if we hadn't paid our second quarter payment to them, we could delay until the third quarter and if we had we could delay that payment. We keep hearing that "we are all in this together" and the municipalities had been hoping that the referenced service providers would prove that by more than lip service.

Ottawa has announced that they are encouraging shelf projects that are ready to go for funding assistance as stimulus to lift the Country out of this shutdown and the Town of Latchford has ours ready to submit when the call goes out. We have an engineered proposal for an ultra violet process that the Province is requiring to have installed on all treated sewage outflows and public works has a couple of shelf projects as well.

Ending on a positive note, freshet has been a gentle one this year and unless we get inundated with major rain, we should be starting the summer with reasonable water levels and the big challenge being faced will be getting Lady Evelyn restored to summer levels in time for Victoria Day Weekend and the opening of fishing season!

George L.



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RATES BY DAY/WEEK/MONTH

From the kitchen of Diana

Pork Chops with Scalloped Potatoes

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons all-purpose flour
1-1/2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 can (14-1/2 ounces) chicken broth
6 pork rib or loin chops (3/4 inch thick)
2 tablespoons canola oil
Additional salt and pepper, optional
6 cups thinly sliced peeled potatoes
1 medium onion, sliced
Paprika and minced fresh parsley, optional

In a small saucepan, melt butter; stir in the flour, salt and pepper until smooth. Add broth. Bring to a boil; cook and stir for 1 minute or until thickened. Remove from the heat and set aside. In a large skillet, brown the pork chops on both sides in oil; sprinkle with additional salt and pepper if desired. In a greased 13x9-inch baking dish, layer potatoes and onion. Pour broth mixture over layers. Place pork chops on top. Cover and bake at 350° for 1 hour; uncover and bake 30 minutes longer or until meat and potatoes are tender. If desired, sprinkle with paprika and parsley.

One reviewer who gave Taste of Home Magazine 5 Stars for this recipe also provided his little variation on this. He said he has made this recipe several times with a little tweaking. He uses pork steaks instead of pork chops and he cooks them for about 3 hours at 300 degrees. The pork chops come out fall apart tender and the potatoes are nice and yummy. Two pork steaks and potatoes give his wife and himself enough for two meals. He browns the pork in a cast iron skillet that is really hot to get a nice sear. He has browned the pork on a grill and then put them in the oven and he found that was

really good as well.

Another reviewer said it reminder of her mother's recipe except she used Cream of Mushroom soup.

Fun facts

There are only four words in the English language which end in "dous": tremendous, horrendous, stupendous, and hazardous.

A cat has 32 muscles in each ear.

Tigers have striped skin, not just striped fur.

Humans are born with 350 bones in their body, but when reaching adulthood, we only 260.

A dragonfly has a lifespan of 24 hours.

The word "School" comes from the ancient Greek for "FREE TIME".

The giant squid has the largest eyes in the world.

The name for Oz in the "Wizard of Oz" was thought up when the creator, Frank Baum, looked at his filing cabinet and saw A-N, and O-Z, hence "Oz."

The microwave was invented after a researcher walked by a radar tube and a chocolate bar melted in his pocket.

Historically, more collect phone calls are made on Father's Day than on any other day of the year.

Due to the Coronavirus/Covid19 outbreak all Legion Branches in Ontario and beyond have been shut down. Understandably shutting us down has denied our necessary revenue streams to pay the bills that don't take a break. The bar is closed, no community suppers or card parties are possible and of course there will be no horseshoes until the all clear is given. Ontario Command has forwarded some nominal funding to all Branches to assist us through this trying time. A real boost to our Branch was when one member, Francine Blowe, created a unique fundraiser where she makes personalized entry mats and sells them donating the profits to Branch 629! Ken Cartner stepped up and made a donation box that he arranged to have placed at the Dam Depot where donors could make a contribution to keeping the doors at the Legion open. Thanks go out to Francine and Ken for the extra effort!

Comrade Sheila Belanger
1st Vice
Ladies Auxiliary
President George Lefebvre
Branch 629

The Golden Maple!

I had an interesting thing happen this month while my brother Basil and I were out on our exercise walk with my dogs. We like to walk along the railroad tracks where we rarely encounter others and, I must confess, tend to reminisce about days gone by and what used to be where now only bush grows. The Empire and A. J. Murphy Lumber Companies yards occupied that strip of land on the east side of the tracks until the late 1950's and since that time nature has taken over. It is

now a tangled growth of various species of trees.

To our surprise, we looked through the growth to be amazed by a beautiful golden barked tree! While we were amazed to see what definitely wasn't a species either had seen before we were further surprised to find a second growing relatively close to it. I photographed it with the intention of going to see Paul McDonald to identify it but posted it on Face book first. The verdict came in that it is a "Golden Maple" which is native to the lower Ottawa Valley but rare up here. Now my mission is to go back and find a seedling or two for transplanting. That and trying to figure out how it ever got to grow there in the first place? All of this while getting exercise and socially distancing. Bonus!

George L.

Thank You Note:

A special and sincere thank you to all who made phone calls, sent flowers and lovely cards on my 90th birthday.

Helen LaRose



Diane Armstrong's book *Over the Hill III* -
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SPRING-CLEANING, MICE IN PARTICULAR

Spring is here, definitely, finally. I know it is, as one of the hundred crocuses I planted last Fall has flowered. I thanked it for its bravery as it looked so bright against the dark soil. I had raked the leaves from the front bed earlier in encouragement and there it was, flowering. Yea!

Now, therefore, is the time for me to carry out my threat against the mice that have bugged Linda all winter as they cleaned the excess fat from our fry-pans. I "told" them in 'Bush Talk', that cross-species mind-to-mind communication I learned in the bush, that I'd not chase them out of the house Winter, but come Spring, they'd have to move out or I'd go after them.

Once I'd told Linda I knew of a non-fatal way to scare them away with a mouse trap, she relaxed her stance against such brutal killing machines and I plan to get one to set my method in motion.

It dates back to the early days of my marriage, when I was still trying to follow my parent's way of life and was still hoping that a bowl of oatmeal would sustain me until lunchtime, despite massive evidence to the contrary. I had bought a canvas sack of "Pin Meal Oatmeal" which I kept in the closet handy to the kitchen. The local mice quickly discovered it, made a hole in it and proceeded to help themselves. I went after them with newly-wed zeal. I set a mousetrap nightly and took the dead ones away for maybe a month, until one of them sprung the trap, but escaped with its life.

My trap never caught another one, nor was there any sign of a mouse ever again.

"Aha," thought I. The mouse family must have caught on to what was going on, that the sack of oatmeal had hidden dangers and

they'd better leave. Which they did.

My opinion of the intelligence of mice rose in the bush, with their relationship with our firewood pile. The first year we were there, they made their winter nest among the firewood logs, which were used up as the winter wore on. They learned that this wood was a "moveable feast" and never made their home in it again. They did use my buck-saw to store some filched whole grains of corn, squeezing between the blade and the handle. Amazing little animals!

Another interaction made me laugh my socks off. It was about some walnuts. I saw that the price of uncracked walnuts was a lot less than shelled ones, so had bought half a bucket and a good nut-cracker so I could shell them myself.

I shelled some, but not all, maybe less than half. One day when working in the shop, I heard a loud crashing under the window. There was a mouse with a walnut in its mouth bigger than its head, running along under the sill, bashing and crashing as it couldn't see where it was going. What you have to do to earn your supper in the bush! Oh dear. I cracked the rest without delay.

But back to this year. Given the lack of "Mouse Sign" recently, it looks like the mice have accepted my proposal and left now the weather is warmer. I won't need to bait a mouse trap with cheese and prevent the spring from smacking all the way down, so a scared mouse could get away with its life. I hope they've gone, as the cat's very fond of cheese and can easily get onto the stove. A new version of a cat on a hot stove is something I want to avoid!

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

Rhonda's Garden Tip

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Gardening Projects and Activities for Kids of All Ages

If you are looking for an area for the kids to learn and have fun this season, let the garden become their outdoor classroom while enjoying the fresh air and sunlight. Geography (climate, what grows best in your area), science (quality of soil, components in the soil), language (how to read and say the names of the plants), history (when a species was first discovered to the present day), art (creativity and expression in the garden), and math (counting, measurement, and estimating growth), are all subjects that can be taught in a garden. Music can be taught too. Listen to the different sounds that birds and bugs make to hear a variety of musical notes. Create a space of learning and play in the garden. Here are a few activities listed below that will for sure capture their attention and time.

- >Design a sensory garden; plants that will teach them to focus on vibrant colours, fragrance and the texture of a plant.
- >Create a fairy garden or a dinosaur world. Dig through old toys to build a fairy/dinosaur world outside that would be very exciting for little ones, and would hold their attention for a long time.
- >Plant a butterfly garden art box.
- >Collect seeds to dry.
- >Have a scavenger hunt in the garden, lots of fun, use the name of plants as one of the finds.
- >Create a terrarium.
- >Pond in a bucket or plastic bin.
- >Grow micro-greens using tips of basil, broccoli or spinach plants.
- >Paint the name of the plants on rocks and place them near the correct plants.
- >Make a bug box, oodles of fun.
- >Build a twig teepee, use cedar branches if you can find them, will last forever.
- >Read in the garden.
- >Create a succulent plant display, either in a plant container or in a flower bed.
- >Make a mini greenhouse using recycled, clear plastic fruit containers.
- >Plant a tree to teach patience.
- >Start a compost to improve soil.
- >Draw or paint a picture of the garden, something I would love to do.
- >Gather up favourite things of this year and bury it in the garden as a time capsule.
- >Create an obstacle course in and around the garden, loads of fun.
- >Make a perfume from flower petals.
- >Bake mud pies and play in the dirt.

Bye for now, **Rhonda**

Subscribers News

Apart from the Covid19 crisis, April was not a bad month weather wise. We were given a couple of little doses of snow to remind us winter was still lurking in the shadows. I have heard reports of crops that couldn't be harvested last fall are being taken off now and the dry conditions creating a lot of dust. Those conditions support the no fire ruling that has been applied to the entire north. We are entering May with Bay Lake wide open but certainly not ice free. The bays are still full of ice but there are large chunks floating down the lake and the lake will be completely ice free before the opening of fishing season.

Renewals were again quite light during the month and were led off by one from Lynn and Brian Russell of Fergus, ON for two more years of the 'Call. That was followed up by one for another year from Diane Joyal of New Liskeard. Thanks for staying with us and thanks for the extra so many include.

On the health and fitness front, Latchford's last lumberjack standing, Ted Livingston now has to spend more time sitting and lying as he has been admitted to Temiskaming Hospital. Alice reports that Ted's legs have become so weak that he can no longer stand on his own so he has been admitted to hospital. The hope remains that with a hospital special diet that Ted can regain enough strength to be able to walk again. While there are no reported cases of the dreaded virus in our community, there are many suffering locally from self isolation and our thoughts and well wishes go out to them. Helen Larose termed it best when she said she was starting to go "shack wacky". That about sums it up for too many of us!

On a very sombre note, included in this issue is the obituary for Earl Boyce who grew up here in Latchford. Earl was the eldest son of Theresa Johnston and lived the latter part of his life in the Kitchener-Waterloo area and leaves many behind beside his immediate family here who were his friends and acquaintances. Our sincere condolences go out to Theresa, Greg, Richard, Jeff and Beverly for their loss as all who knew him and will miss seeing him come home for his annual fishing trip and having the opportunity to chat with him. RIP Earl!

Then, on the last day of April, we lost Latchford's Last lumberjack standing, our own pride and joy, Ted Livingston. The previous paragraph referred to his hospitalization and I received the call this afternoon (April 30) from his nephew and neighbour, Perry that Ted had passed in the morning. All who knew Ted will agree that Ted was one special individual and always a pleasure to be around as he brightened up any room he entered. All join me in extending our heartfelt condolences to Alice and his extended family in the loss of Ted. I take a certain pride in having coined the term, "Latchford's Last Lumberjack Standing" as he seemed to enjoy being referred to as that and he was exactly that, having spent his entire working life in the lumber camps and sawmills of Latchford and area. RIP Ted! We will get Ted's obituary in the next issue.

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

C i r c u l a t i o n

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 honoured.



The Latchford Volunteer Fire dept. would like to thank everyone who has donated pop cans and aluminum products over the years. We will no longer be accepting any more of these donations. Please put your pop cans out with your regular recycling. Thank you again for your support.

PUBLIC NOTICE

STORAGE AVAILABLE

**Winter Storage available for boats, cars, trailers, ATVs etc.
Fees are \$15.00 per foot**

**Grass fires can start quickly and go out of control quickly.
With spring coming, let's all be careful in the fields.**



John Vanthof MPP/Député Timiskaming-Cochrane

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Funny.

Dentist: "This will hurt a little."

Patient: "OK."

Dentist: "I've been having an affair with your wife for a while now."

I got another letter from this lawyer today. It said "Final Notice". Good that he will not bother me anymore.

A mother asks her son: "Anton, do you think I'm a bad mom?"

Son: "My name is Paul."

Guest to the waiter: "Can you bring me what the lady at the next table is having?"

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, but I'm pretty sure she wants to eat it herself."

One of the most wonderful things in life is to wake up and enjoy a cuddle with somebody; unless you are in prison.

Doctor: "I've found a great new drug that can help you with your sleeping problem."

Patient: "Great, how often do I have to take it?"

Doctor: "Every two hours."

I heard a report about a bad outbreak of the tummy bug, apparently 9 out of 10 people there suffered from diarrhea.

I can't stop thinking about that tenth person who apparently enjoyed it.

A wife is like a hand grenade. Take off the ring and say good bye to your house.

Patient: Oh Doctor, I'm starting to forget things.

Doctor: Since when have you had this condition?

Patient: What condition?

Oh darling, since you've started dieting, you've become such a passionate kisser...

What do you mean, passionate? I'm looking for food remains!

Patient: Oh doctor, I'm just so nervous. This is my first operation.

Doctor: Don't worry. Mine too.

"Daddy, what is an alcoholic?"

"Do you see those 4 trees, son? An alcoholic would see 8 trees."

"Um, Dad – there are only 2 trees."

Patient: Doctor help me please, every time I drink a cup of coffee I get this intense stinging in my eye.

Doctor: I suggest you remove the spoon before drinking.

I can't believe I forgot to go to the gym today. That's 7 years in a row now.

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 Sharon @ 705-676-1115 Town Office @705-676-2416 to join up!

Over the Hill by Diane Belanger Armstrong

didn't happen. Timing and luck.

I have heard it said, "Timing is everything" and I've also heard it said, "If you didn't have bad luck, you'd have no luck at all."

Put those two together and that reasonably sums up part of my life since early March.

Timing is everything, especially when it comes to launching a new book. For my first book signing, I loaded a carton of the newly printed books into the car, and was eager to meet my readers. The city was removing the snow from my street that day and the trucks were lined up the middle of the road. I backed out of the driveway and the trunk of my car met the tailgate on one of those trucks. Truck had zero damage; my car definitely did not fare as well. By the time reports were made, police attending etc., I was late for the book signing. Second book signing was more successful and without accident. Feeling pleased, I headed to the local gas station to fill my tank at \$1.36 before the price rose again.

Upon advice from my family and taking my age into consideration, I went into self-isolation due to the coronavirus warnings. That was when gasoline began a downward trend to the 84 cent mark and my car sat idle with a full tank of gasoline. Timing and luck.

In my naiveté, I thought the isolation probably would not last for more than a couple of weeks, so I turned the living room into my "warehouse", the dining room into the "mailing room" and the upstairs office into "accounts receivable" – all in anticipation of huge sales of Over the Hill IV. It

I did receive a few mail orders, but because of self-isolation, I could not deposit cheques at the bank, nor could I mail the books at the post office (I still refuse to do internet banking!) Timing and luck once more.

Other than lamenting all of the above, and considering my almost-new car has a gaping hole in the trunk that cannot be repaired until sometime in the distant future, I have tried to live a life as normal as possible. Family and neighbours have been wonderful. For a few days, we sat on our front steps and greeted all the passersby. It's spring in Northern Ontario and we are no strangers to unexpected snow.

True to expectations, the weather changed from spring back to winter and the outdoor visits ceased. Timing and luck.

Besides regular phone calls from those friends and neighbours, I eat very well. Have had prime-rib dinners, hot, homemade apple pie, blueberry muffins and chocolate cake all dropped off at the front door. One neighbour brings my mail from the post office; another picks up individual items when he is shopping; a son gets the big grocery order; while smaller items are delivered at no charge, by two small local businesses. It exemplifies life in a small town, where people care. I just don't know how to repay them for their kindness.

Continued on page 11.....

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Over the Hill contined.....

My only indoor companion since March 12, has been my Maltese/Shi-Tzu dog. Miss Daisy has been in dire need of a visit to her groomer so I decided to give her a bath. She was not thrilled, nor was she the least bit co-operative. I had just applied the shampoo when the door-bell rang, so I lifted her out of the sink, put her down on the kitchen floor so I could see who was at the door. Being anxious to escape the indignity of a bath, she made it to the door before I did. Parcel received. Anticipating her next attempt at escape, I grabbed the nine-pound, sopping-wet dog before she headed out the open door. Timing and luck. I then tucked her firmly under my right arm and returned to the kitchen.

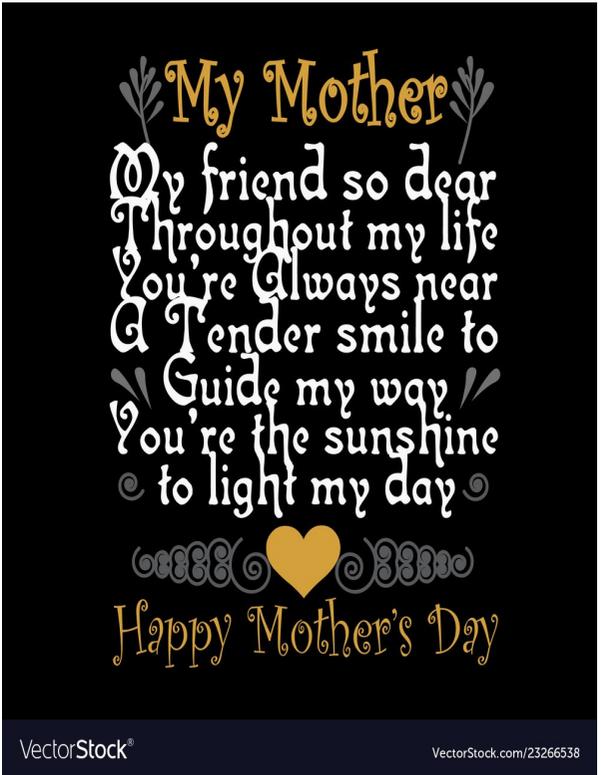
I had forgotten about all the water she left on the floor when I took her out of the sink. Timing and luck came back into play. I lost my balance on the wet floor, and thought I was saved by grabbing on to the oven door with my left hand, but the door unfortunately came down as fast as I did. I landed on one knee with Miss Daisy still tucked under my now-soaking wet sweatshirt. I recovered my dignity and bath time resumed. This time it was with a very compliant, thoroughly traumatized, shivering dog.

I began to laugh and think about the things for which I should be grateful. There are friends, family, small town businesses. The car will get repaired and Over the Hill IV will sell eventually. There is a robin chirping in the birch tree

and beautiful crocus blooming in Page Garden – both sure signs of spring. And I'm grateful I was unhurt, but most of all, I am grateful that the bath time episode had not been captured on video.

Stay safe. Stay at home and keep on laughing.

That's my view from Over the Hill.



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Obituary for Earl Boyce



Earl Patrick Joseph Boyce March 17, 1954 - April 25, 2020

Earl Patrick Joseph Boyce, born March 17, 1954 in Haileybury, Ontario, passed peacefully in his sleep on April 25, 2020, in Kitchener, Ontario.

Earl is survived by his daughter Katrina (David), and grandchildren Henry and Isabelle. He is also survived by his mother, Therese Johnston (Dube), brothers Richard, Gregory, and Jeffrey (Lisa), and sister Beverly. He will be missed by his Aunts, Doris Pervik and Nin LaRose, and Uncle Butch (Carl) Boyce. His nieces and nephews, Brandie (Scott), Jason (Natasha), Hannah, and Jesseb, and great nieces and nephews, will all miss their Uncle Earl.

Predeceased by his father, Earl Boyce (1962), and step-father, Glen Johnston (1983).

Earl took great pride in the work he did for Rogers Inc. during his 40 year career, earning many distinctions, and making life long friends. At an early age, Earl developed what would be a life long passion for hockey, whether it be playing, watching, or coaching. He was a devoted Montreal Canadiens fan, despite their lack of recent Stanley Cup wins. For many years he coached pee-wee level hockey in Kitchener, and played recreational hockey. Following the footsteps of his favourite team, he had in recent years taken up golf, when unable to play anymore. He was also an avid fisherman, and for 32 years had enjoyed an annual fishing trip to his mother's in Latchford, Ontario with his friends Roland and George.

While raising a family, Earl was very involved in parish life at St. Theresa's RC in Kitchener, Ontario. As a leader with the Catholic Youth Organization (CYO), he impacted the lives of many of the youth in the parish. He was a frequent usher, and a member of the Knights of Columbus.

Earl's funeral will be held at a later date. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Heart and Stroke Foundation (cards available at the Henry Walser Funeral Home, 519-749-8467).



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