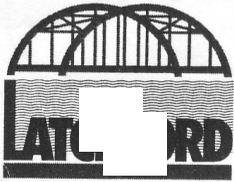


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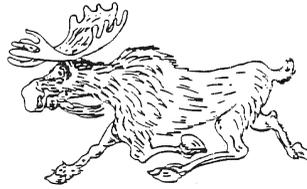
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THE LATCHFORD AND AREA

MOOSE CALL



September 2021



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 SEPTEMBER TO BE HELD ON THE 23th AT THE RECREATION CENTRE @ 7:00 PM . ALL ARE MOST WELCOME TO ATTEND.

LEGION MEETINGS CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE DUE TO COVID—19.

FIRE DEPARTMENT MEETINGS HAVE RESUMED AND WILL BE HELD THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH.

# Just Passin Through Again

While that “close encounter with a tornado” caused a little, okay maybe a lot, of concern in Town, a quick tour around in the aftermath showed very minimal damage throughout. Apart from a little flickering of the lights, I do not believe we actually lost power in most of the Town.

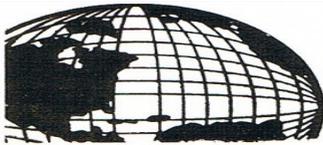
Our new intern, Brendan McDonald, begins working on September 07 and will be a welcome staff addition for the next 18 months. It is hoped that we can ease him into the role so that both he and the municipality receive the maximum benefit from this position. As indicated in the last Moose Call, he will be focused on developing plans for the business/industrial park and identifying and promoting it to potential users/developers.

The restoration of the “open door” policy at the Town Office has went quite well according to the staff. Unfortunately, the open-door policy at the beach bathrooms didn’t go quite so well as we experienced a lot of graffiti being applied inside the girl’s bathroom to the extent that we had to lock the doors again before the end of the beach season. It is so very unfortunate when something like this happens as it is another example of a few spoiling it for so many.

As the province proceeds to some form of vaccine passport being required to enter many businesses deemed as non essential, such as restaurants, there will undoubtedly be many more acts of non compliance which will make it difficult for some to administer. Unfortunately, there appears to be a minority who really don’t think of the welfare of others which is the reason these measures have to be implemented in the first place.

Take care and stay safe.

George L.



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RATES BY DAY/WEEK/MONTH

# From the kitchen of Diana

Page 3

It is unusual for me to submit a vegan recipe, although maybe I should more often. I say that because a lot of people seem to be limiting their intake of meat or completely eliminating it from their diet. We don't entertain dinner guests that often (since the fall of 2019 2-6 guests were reduced to 0, thanks to the Coronavirus.). Over the last 10-15 years, I have found entertaining has changed a lot anyway. It used to be I could have anything or just about anything on my dinner menu and it was fine, but as time went on our guests became a mix of true vegetarians, vegetarians with exceptions of maybe chicken or fish, had special diets with some related to weight loss goals, lactose or gluten intolerant, nut allergies, sensitivity to spices or just don't like certain foods. What happened to the days when you just sat down at the table and ate what was put in front of you? Dinner or Supper was never that complicated! We started to meet some of our friends at a restaurant and everybody seemed happy with that arrangement. Nobody had to cook! And everybody got what they wanted to eat. Times sure change! Now, about this month's recipe: If you are wondering what to do with a garden butternut squash, here's a recipe you might like to try.

## MAPLE COCONUT VEGAN BUTTERNUT SQUASH BREAD

This maple-coconut butternut squash bread is flavourful and cakey, with no added refined sugars and an easy 3 ingredient maple coconut butter drizzle. Author: GiselleR

@ ExSloth.com Blog Breakfast Serves: 1 loaf  
1.5 flax eggs\* (1-1/2 tbsp ground flax + 4-1/2 tbsp water)

1 ripe banana, mashed

2/3 cup butternut squash puree (about 2 cups cubed squash)

2/3 cup maple syrup

1/3 cup coconut oil, melted

2 tbsp apple sauce

1 tsp vanilla extract

1-1/2 cups spelt flour\*

2 tbsp baking powder 1/4 tsp salt

1/2 tbsp pumpkin spice

1/2 cup chopped pecans

For the maple coconut drizzle

1/4 cup liquid coconut butter

2 tbsp maple syrup

Optional: 1 - 2 tbsp coconut oil to thin it out

Preheat oven to 350F, grease loaf tin with coconut oil and set aside. In the bottom of a large mixing bowl, mix together the ground flax and water and let sit until the mixture reaches an egg-like consistency; add the mashed banana, butternut squash puree, coconut oil, maple syrup, vanilla extract and apple sauce and whisk until well combined. Sift in the spelt flour, baking powder, salt and pumpkin spice and stir until just combined. Gently fold in the chopped pecans nuts. Pour batter into greased pan and bake for 45 - 50 minutes or until a knife inserted into the centre comes out clean. Allow the loaf to cool for 5 minutes then remove from the pan and place on a wire rack. Cool completely before drizzling with maple coconut mixture and slicing. Top with extra pecans if desired.

For the maple coconut drizzle:

Mix together the coconut butter and maple syrup until well combined. If mixture is too thick, thin with some warmed coconut oil.

### NOTES

Beat egg in a medium bowl until well combined. Measure out 2 tablespoons of the beaten egg. That is your half EGG! Save the remaining 2 tablespoons of the whisked egg for another recipe or scramble for dinner!

\*If you don't have spelt flour you can use 1-1/2 cups white or all purpose flour or 1-1/4 cups whole wheat flour. Check out my flour substitutions post for more options.

We are still waiting to receive the \$4,310.72 from the Veterans Organization Emergency Support Fund. As directed to by Mathew Sookrum of Anthony Rota's office, contact was made with Dominion Command (after much difficulty) and they stated they were unaware of the fund that I referenced. This despite the Minister of Veteran's Affairs participating in the zoom call when the funding was announced?

Once the vaccination passport requirement comes into effect, Branch 629 will have to adhere to that requirement for patrons entering the bar area, participating in card tournaments or for attending meetings. It is hope clarity in that will be forthcoming soon.

Comrade Sheila Belanger

**1st Vice**

**Ladies Auxiliary**

**President George Lefebvre**

**Branch 629**

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**Leslie-Ann Thomas (Montessori, OCT) Ontario, Canada**



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**“WOT, ME AFRAID? 'COURSE NOT!”**

As a drunken engineer, I required “liquid lubrication” to function. When the side effects of booze became unacceptable, I quit which was not easy to do, but it beat the alternative. I went to thousands of “Talk's-a-lot” meetings and many, many words passed through my unheeding ears. A few stories stuck though, and I'd like to pass on one of them.

After this guy sobered up, he went with his wife to Florida to visit friends. As they neared their destination, he told his wife who was driving, to take the next exit. She ignored him and stayed on the highway. He repeated his directions, to no avail. She couldn't hear him. Then he realised she was petrified by the traffic conditions and couldn't alter what she'd been doing for the last three or four hours. Her fear was paralysing her. How this unfortunate couple got out of their situation, I do not know, but I've survived most of those situations because of my English “Sang Froid” mentality, in other words, I'm too slow or too stupid to be aware of the danger until it had passed. However, I believe most fears, especially the paralysing ones, come from the unknown, which is automatically exaggerated to its extreme when you're uncertain about it. I remember being in the seclusion cell of a Hamilton hospital psychiatric wing one time, where I was considered “Completely Insane,” therefore not legally responsible for anything I did. “The Team” came to visit me as I lay naked on my mattress, presumably to assess my mental condition. Two security guards were assigned to protect all these doctors, nurses and social workers from the worst I could throw at them. These two were visibly terrified, as in their minds, they had multiplied the threat I presented into something much bigger than anything they could handle.

You see, their normal routine involved walking round the hospital with a clock thing

and punching out at various locations to prove that all was well when they were there. Basically, as safe a job as you can get and far, far away from controlling the screaming lunatic they assumed I could turn into at any second. Happily, I was nowhere near as far out of it as they feared, though I was likely in the right place for me at the time, just as much as they were not.

As I write this, I remember reading about a globe-trotter who was going about and seeing the world for himself. Two things struck me from his book.

One was in India, where the villagers in one place warned him to avoid the next village, as the people there were “Dirty, Mean And Really Unfriendly,” manna from Heaven for him. He had to go there now. On arrival, he found the villagers there were the exact opposite. They were most friendly and welcoming and opened their hearts to him.

The other incident was much scarier, even for me. He was in South America seeing the sights, and took it into his head to visit a supposedly unused Mayan holy site. He also chose to go there in the moonlight, to really get a feel for the place. Unfortunately, the locals were still worshipping there when he visited, and were most unhappy at his interrupting them. He was in danger of his life.

There was no way of escaping their angry machetes, so he knelt down as they surrounded him, yelling out their anger at this intrusion. If death was the price he had to pay, then so be it. You can well believe he was praying. Once everyone had calmed down, explanations were in order, his status as innocent tourist accepted and he returned to his hotel, presumably sadder and wiser. Just shows prayer can do miracles when needed. Maybe that's all we can really do right now. We surely need help big time and it can't hurt.

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

# Rhonda's Garden Tip

Page 6

For the month of September, I would like to share a wonderful gardening tip about storing annuals for the colder months, a cost saving method to store away your geraniums, marigolds and begonias. We are right on schedule to mention this procedure, or it can be something new to keep in mind for next year's growing season, especially if you have not tried this before.

Let's start with our annual geraniums. Starting in late fall, when you notice the plant has finished its growing time; take all dead leaves, stems and blossoms off the plant. It's important that you do this before frost because any amount will kill the plant. If you find the plant too tall, cut the stems back a bit. Once you remove the plant from its planter or bed, shake off any loose soil from its roots, leaving the plant bare. Now the plant is ready for storage. Place the plant in a paper bag and leave the top open for air to circulate and to keep it dry. If you use a plastic bag, it will create too much moisture and cause the plant to rot. My gardening advisor (Bill's mom), says that you can also leave the plant in its pot and then store it in a dry cool place. The main thing is that you let the roots dry.

Sometime in late January, you'll notice new leaves starting to grow on the dried stems. This is the time to put the plant back into a potted soil, water a little, and wait until late spring to bring it outdoors again.

For marigolds you simply cut the flowers off their stems, let them dry in the sun and then place the flower heads in an open container so they stay dry for the winter. When the temperatures become warm again, open up the flower heads to loosen all the tiny seeds. Sprinkle the seeds over a flower bed with a mixture of soil and manure. You can spread a little earth mix over the seeds to stop them from blowing away. Water the seeds a little and in about a two week time period, you should see some growth. Instead of purchasing new annuals every year, this procedure is a great way to keep costs down, while still having an abundance of colourful plants throughout the yard. Give it a try!

**Bye for now,  
Rhonda**



## Subscribers News

It seems that August in Latchford had a difficult time deciding whether it should still be July based on the very warm weather we received for much of the month . Not to lull us into getting too complacent about the weather, late August seen a very intense storm that included tornado warnings for the Latchford area. True to the forecast, Sarah Snedden out Murphy Mill Road got some excellent pictures of a twister cloud across Bay Lake that looked very menacing and Chantal Goddard down on King Street captured the same formation. It was shared on Face Book in both instances. Garry Twiner advises that about 10 large White Pine were uprooted on Sugar Loaf Island on Lake Anima Nipissing so it must have touched down there. The Fire department responded to a call in the area of the Anima Nip and Roosevelt Road's intersection with Highway 11 and that appears to be the closest the damage got to old Latchford!

We gained another 2 new subscribers this month when former resident Carol Walker of London, ON, subscribed for herself and friend, former resident Charlene (Niemi) Crawford of Watford. Renewals included one for two more years from Lynn and Brian Russell of Fergus who would be interested in the news about Anima Nip but their particular area of interest appears to have escaped wind damage from reports I have received. Two years was the renewal option selected by Lisa O'Shaughnessy of Brantford as well . Dr Rob Godby of Laramie, Wyoming renewed for a year more for him and his mom, Sheila (Keenan) Godby of Peterborough. As mom had already renewed for the two of them the previous month, he has added a year to each of their subscriptions! Thanks to all for your continued (and new) interest and the extra so many include.

And, speaking of Sheila Keenan Godby, I was privileged to have her visit me during the month and leave with me a copy of some of her father's "Latchford Memories" and with permission to publish them in the Moose Call. They are rather lengthy so I will have to serialize them but they are worth both the effort and the read. Thanks Sheila and happy birthday on the 27th!

On the health and fitness front, my up the street neighbour, Helen Larose, had a nasty fall but x-rays have confirmed nothing was broken but she is moving slowly as she heals. Sharon made it through her Toronto Western procedure well but while there she received news of the passing of a close friend and former Latchford resident, Leona Charlton of Kitchener. Then, we received word that our friend and super active volunteer and Latchford Councillor, Francine Blowe, had suffered a heart attack and was hospitalized! Get well wishes go out to her, Helen, Sharon and everyone else who may be ailing or infirm.

In addition to the passing of Leona, you will note 2 other obituaries this month. Wayne Wellar was a son of Latchford from my era and his character is fondly remembered by all who knew him. He livened up more than one Christmas concert where he would forget his lines and create his own which were always very humorous! Pat O'Shaughnessy is from the next generation and still has many family members, and friends here in town. Heartfelt condolences are extended to the families and friends of all three.

Please take care and stay safe.

**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

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**CONTRIBUTORS:** Sharon Lefebvre, George Lefebvre, Monique O'Shaughnessy, Edith Rabillard, Sheila Belanger, Bill Vandenhooogen, Laurel Gadoury, Jaime Allen, Frances Lefebvre, Rhonda

**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.

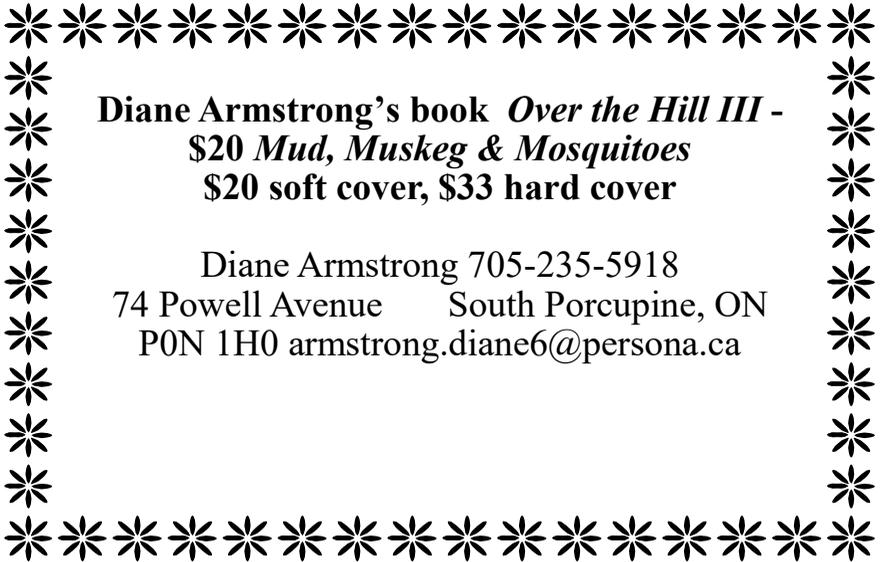


The Latchford Volunteer Fire dept. would like to thank everyone who has donated pop cans and aluminum products over the years. We will no longer be accepting any more of these donations. Please put your pop cans out with your regular recycling. Thank you again for your support.

PUBLIC NOTICE

**STORAGE AVAILABLE**

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**Funny**

**A Good Bad Egg**

**By Gary Barwin**

The police called us in the middle of the night. "Where is your son?" the officer asked. "In bed?" we said. "He's with us," came the reply. Our 10-year-old had unfortunately egged the local school with a friend. How was he caught? He was nabbed running back to the school with the empty cartons because, he told the cops, "There wasn't anywhere else to recycle them."

**Family Feud**

**By Ed Hill**

Every generation responds to crisis differently. One time, during a dinner out, my mom and my aunt got into a huge fight over the latter's spending habits. My mom, prone to dramatic displays, protested by leaving the restaurant and lying down in the middle of traffic. Everyone immediately rushed outside. My dad was convincing her to get off the road, I was redirecting cars and my two uncles were trying to calm the gathering crowd behind us.

After my aunt apologized and my mom agreed to get up, we suddenly realized that my younger brother, 20, was missing. Fifteen minutes later, we finally found him crouching behind a large garbage bin. When asked why he was hiding, he said, "I don't want to end up on YouTube."

**Little Big Lie**

**By Megan Murphy**

"Kerry, you're seven, so it's time you knew our family secret." Kerry idolized my older sister, Kate, and me, so whatever we said was gospel.

"Mom isn't really our mom," I continued. "Our real mother was eaten by a lion while she and Dad were on safari. An agency sent this replacement lady. The good news is you don't have to listen to her."

She stared with huge, credulous eyes. "Does Dad know?"

"Yes," Kate said. "Just ask him."

Our sister spent the day ignoring Fake Mom's requests, and when Dad got home from work, she implored him to tell her if it was true. Dad, full of Irish blarney, sighed, "Why, yes, it is. She was a lovely woman. You look like her."

Finally, Fake Mom clued in and produced a photo of herself holding Kerry as a newborn. She added, "This real mom will deal with your sisters, and your father, later."

It's been 30 years since then, and Kerry is still charmingly gullible. I think it's about time we finally told her the truth about how babies are made.

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**I have been gifted with the following memories as related by Fred Keenan and given to me by his daughter, Sheila Godby of Peterborough, and hope to serialize them over the required number of issues. It will give readers, whether they knew the Keenans or not, a look at Latchford from 90 plus years ago. Hope you enjoy!**

Latchford Memories of Fred and Ida Keenan-1928 to 30

We left for Latchford two days before school opening in September after spending a very enjoyable time at Kahshe Lake. We took the CNR train from Washago to North Bay where we intended to stay a night with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hamill before taking the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario train No. 47 the 91 miles north to Latchford (Highway mileage by the new Ferguson Highway would be much shorter at 82 miles).

That evening we realized we had no alarm clock so we went down to Main St. to purchase one. We met an old friend Mr. Smith who had visited Echo Bay often on buying trips for a telephone pole supplier. He used the phone a lot and he stayed at Nash's so he knew us both. He asked us where we were going and we told him. He became highly agitated. He said, "Stop right here. Don't even think of going to Latchford. Make some excuse. I have been in Latchford dozens of times. It is the roughest, fightingest, drinkingest town in Northern Ontario. You will hate it."

Naturally this was a hard blow especially for Ida. I had been in Latchford when I worked for Fer-

ry's but only for a half-hour or so and couldn't remember much about it. However, when we got back to Hamill's they had another visitor who turned out to be the Supt. Bridge and Building Dept. of the T.N.O. and when he heard our discouraged story he said, "Nothing of the kind. I have been in Latchford hundreds of times and stayed there often for days at a time. It's a bit rough but you'll find a lot of fine, friendly people there. In fact, there's a good United Church there. I don't think you'll have any trouble at all."

Well, we should soon find out. Early next morning we were on the train and promptly 10.17 a.m. we pulled into Latchford. Surprisingly there was quite a crowd of people on the platform but we soon found out that, in those pre-highway days, there was always a crowd at the station when a train was due in. We were met by an elderly man who introduced himself as Mr. Harry Cameron, the secretary of the School Board. He told us that he had arranged for our trunks and boxes to be taken up to the school-teachers' residence as soon as Miss (name deleted) appeared. This was Dutch to us, of course, but shortly a tall, fair-haired, husky kind of girl got off the train from a car further down the platform and Mr. Cameron collected her into our little group and introduced her as the other new school teacher. Ida and I looked at each other and I think the same fearful premonition came into our minds – soon to be revealed.

Continued page 11.....

#### **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!**

### **Latchford Memories continued.....**

It was a rainy dark morning and as we walked up the road, we may have been inclined to think Mr. Smith had been right. It was indeed a rough looking place. Most of the houses were unpainted. The main street was unpaved. The wooden sidewalks were in a sad state of disrepair. There were huge boulders everywhere. The business section seemingly consisted of three General Stores: Bradley's, Lafleur's and Morrissey's and a few other nondescript buildings. As we walked northward, we saw two churches, the United Church and the Anglican Church. All along the road were frame houses, some of them quite nice-looking but none of them very impressive. It was certainly not a favourable first, impression.

Note: What Mr. Keenan has described is the walk they would have taken from the east end of Bradley Avenue up to Main Street and north to present day 51 Main Street.

### **Fun Facts**

The Super Soaker was designed and invented by a NASA engineer.

Flamingos can only eat with their heads upside down.

Salt used to be a currency.

Alaska is the only state whose name is on one row on a keyboard.

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

The chicken and the ostrich are the closest living relatives of the Tyrannosaurus rex.

Junk food is as addictive as drugs.

The largest bill to go into circulation in the United States was a \$10,000 note.

In most advertisements, including newspapers, the time displayed on a watch is 10:10.

A cubic inch of human bone can bear the weight of five standard pickup trucks.

A dragonfly has a lifespan of only one day.

Four out of five children recognize the McDonald's logo at three years old.

One single teaspoon of honey represents the life work of 12 bees.

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## Short Storie

King Krishnadevaraya loved horses and had a collection of some of the best breed of horses in his stable. Once a horse trader from Arabia came to the court of Krishnadevaraya and told him that he had some very good breed of Arabian horses for sale. He invited the King to see the horse that he had brought with him and told him that if he liked it, he would send for the other horses too.

The King loved the horse and told him that he would like all his horses. The King paid him 5000 gold coins as an advance, and the trader promised that he would return with the other horses in 2 days before leaving.

Two days passed by, then two weeks and still, the trader did not return. The King got more and more anxious. One evening, to relax his mind, he went to take a stroll in the garden. There he saw Tenali Raman writing down something on a paper. The King went up to him and asked what he was writing. He did not get an answer. The King further quizzed him. Tenali then looked up and told the King that he was writing down the names of the biggest fools of the Vijayanagar Kingdom.

The King took the paper from him and saw his name written at the top. He was furious with Tenali and asked for an explanation. To that Tenali replied that any man who gives away 5000 gold coins to a total stranger is a fool. The

King then asked Tenali what if he returned with the horses; to which Tenali said then, in that case, that man would be a fool. He would then write down the trader's name instead of the king's.

**Moral:** Do not believe in strangers blindly. The same goes when you do your business with anyone.

## Funny

It's hard to explain puns to kleptomaniacs because they always take things literally.

A soldier survived mustard gas in battle, and then pepper spray by the police. He's now a seasoned veteran.

I'm addicted to brake fluid, but I can stop whenever I want.

I told my doctor that I broke my arm in two places. He told me to stop going to those places.

Wanna hear a joke about Potassium? Whether they say 'yes' or 'no': K.

I went on a once in a lifetime holiday. Never again.



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