

points of view

Emergency response

IT'S BEEN TWO WEEKS SO I can write about it now. And not just because the time in between has lessened the emotional trauma. Or that I have had time to gain better perspective on the incident either. Actually, it's just because my back and shoulders no longer break into spasms every time I think about it.

The story you are about to hear is true. Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

6:30 a.m.: A man named George (not my real name) is shaken awake by his daughter Carmen (her real name) with the repeated plea of "George (not my real name) can you come help me? Cassidy is stuck in the driveway."

6:32 a.m.: George hurriedly gets dressed and rushes out of his room.

6:33 a.m.: George is delayed after he realizes his shirt is on backwards, which would not have been so remarkable had it not been a button-up shirt.

6:34 a.m.: George looks outside to see Cassidy and Carmen thoughtfully examining the stuck vehicle. He briefly considers hiding in the laundry room.

6:37 a.m.: Carmen utters the historic words: "I would have never thought you could fit in a clothes hamper." We grudgingly leave the laundry room.

6:39 a.m.: At the vehicle, I assess the situation. It is thus. Our driveway has a slight uphill slope leading towards the road, made worse by a slight downhill slope leading directly towards back spasms. Aiding and abetting that downhill slope is ice and my nemesis, gravity.

6:40 a.m.: I shake my fist to the heavens and yell: "Gravity!" Then I slip on the ice.

6:42 a.m.: I note approvingly that Cassidy's car could fit in the trunk of any car made in the 1970s when I was at the height of my car-pushing ability. The car is so small I am somewhat

surprised an untold number of clowns have not yet tumbled out of it. Better still, I size up my daughter Carmen and recall that she played rugby against some opponents who were actually larger than Cassidy's car. With all this in mind, I formulate a plan.

6:43 a.m.: Carmen looks over at me and says: "George (not my real name), you're only pretending to push."

6:44 a.m.: After much cajoling, I begin pushing Cassidy's puny car. My initial groan can be heard as far away as West Guilford.

6:45 to 6:49 a.m.: The good news is we have moved the car four inches. The bad news is in the wrong direction. Of particular concern is the fact that I have moved my clavicle a greater distance.

6:50 a.m.: We have a major breakthrough and move the car two inches uphill: high fives all around.

6:51 to 6:54 a.m.: I cannot convince the girls to end this on a high note. Apparently, Cassidy has need of her car between now and spring.

6:55 to 7:02 a.m.: We make no discernible progress and so decide to shovel more and drop potting soil and kitty litter haphazardly around the tires.

7:03 a.m.: I push into the car so hard that I fear I may need to use the kitty litter.

7:04 a.m.: I consider faking a bout of narcolepsy.

7:05 a.m.: I do what any man would do at a time like this. I get into Cassidy's car and try.

7:06 a.m.: Having not budged it an inch, I formally declare the vehicle faulty.

7:07 a.m.: My neighbour Wendell (not Andy's real name) sees that I have issued the universal sign of distress – sending one of the girls over to ask for help.

7:08 a.m.: Wendell (not Andy's real name) looks at the situation and can't figure out why we can't move this tiny car that is now sitting on mounds of potting soil and cat litter up this slight slope. He then says, "You think we can move this car between the two of us George (not my real name)?"

I nod unconvincingly.

7:09 a.m.: After one attempt, Wendell (not Andy's real name) asks a highly relevant question.

7:10 a.m.: Cassidy releases the emergency brake.

7:11 a.m.: Somewhere in West Guilford, a second groan is heard.



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pic of the past

Haliburton looked much different in 1960. In this photo by Bob and Cathy Haskill of Mississauga, you can see Head Lake Park as a sawmill; the train station; the old arena and GM dealership on Highland Street.

letters to the editor

Congrats to HCSA

To the Editor,

After what has to be one of the busiest snowmobiling weekends of the past few winters I wanted to take the opportunity to congratulate and thank the Haliburton County Snowmobile Association (HCSA) on the outstanding work they have done this winter providing world class groomed trails throughout the county. I am overwhelmed by the efforts the HCSA has made this winter to open, groom and improve trails in the club's extensive, county wide trail system. I have never seen – in my 40 years of riding here in Haliburton – more groomers out on the trails. In fact, the club had the Rail Trail groomed and open in early December and has continued to groom and open more trails every week since. Tourism operators are benefiting from the economic impact from the thousands

of snowmobilers who come here to Haliburton – including the enormous contingent of riders from southern Ontario and the U.S. HCSA trails have been standouts among virtually all of our neighbouring snowmobile regions. Specifically, HCSA trail quality is outstanding this season.

The HCSA is unquestionably the most impactful volunteer managed tourism entity in the county. HCSA trails are among the most significant generators of economic impact – at a time when tourism operators need help. Again, thanks to the HCSA leadership, the grooming team and the volunteers who make snowmobiling in Haliburton county one of our most valuable assets.

Mark Lester
Supertrax Media Inc

Zion United praises Sick Kids response to ban

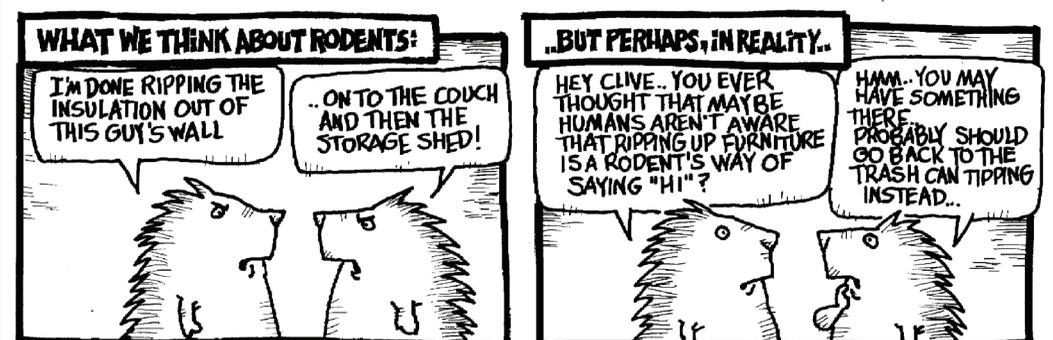
To the Editor,

The congregation at Zion United Church in Carnarvon, at its annual meeting last weekend, was unanimous in its praise of The Sick Kids Hospital in Toronto. Their action made us

proud to be Canadian when they opened their arms to the children who were banned entry into the United States for life saving surgery.

Rev. Max Ward

BOONIEVILLE



points of view

Letter to my grandson

MY GRANDSON HUDSON WAS BORN on October 14. And even though it was smack dab in the middle of hunting season I felt it was my grandfatherly duty was to write him a letter so that he might know what to expect of me. I think this might go down as a classic case of good grandfathering.

Dear Hudson,

Hi! It's Grandpa Steve. My role is to provide you with folksy wisdom and to teach you how to do the important things in life – and also to hand you a Werther's candy every time we meet.

As you have probably been told, I am new to this, so there will be a few bumps along the way. My goal, however, is to impart upon you the skills that will enable you to become a respected and valued member of society.

Let's start with knife throwing.

There are a few important things you need to know regarding knife throwing – things my sister's Cabbage Patch doll and I learned the hard way. First off, it is not as easy as those knife throwers on TV make it look. That's probably the main thing. Also, not any knife will do. You just can't walk into the kitchen and pull the big, cool-looking one out of the knife block and expect to hit all those balloons you have placed around a sleeping cat. Some people get very upset when they see a person attempting to do so – and, believe me, the screaming doesn't help.

Therefore, as your grandfather, the responsible thing for me to do is to tell you not to go near throwing knives – at least until Grandpa gets you a



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proper set.

That's my first piece of sage advice.

Hudson, now that you are on the outside, I should probably also clarify another important thing. Hospital lighting being what it is, I assume you probably saw your shadow when you popped your head out for the first time. Great, but before you tell everyone there is going to be six more weeks of winter, I think you should know that rule only applies to groundhogs – as does eating clover and burrowing in dirt.

This, by the way, is the kind of critical knowledge you can expect from Grandpa. And it's why you'll eventually refer to me as the wisest man you know.

Now, let's discuss the peek-a-boo game. In the next few months, you'll be called upon to play it a lot.

Take it seriously. Play to win. Make Grandpa proud.

Don't be one of those babies who acts all surprised every time. It's unbecoming and promotes the stereotype that babies are the kind of people you can easily take candy from. You don't want that.

Instead, learn to read your opponent and anticipate his or her next move. It's not that complicated. As soon as their hands cover their face, get ready. And just as they flip their hands open to reveal their face, *you* be the one who yells "Boo!" Maybe throw in a head fake too.

See how *they* like a full diaper!

That's called gaining the initiative.

Hudson, your dad is a duck hunter – that's the main reason I didn't object when your mother brought him home. I am also a duck hunter and my father dabbled in it as well. That means you might as well learn to pluck birds now. It's a marketable skill.

Most importantly, I want you to understand the value of education. For it is truly essential, should you wish to become a successful, well-rounded individual. Grandpa believes in it so strongly that he will pay for all duck calling lessons.

Don't tell your mom though. I want to surprise her.

One last thing; the official records say you weighed exactly eight pounds and were 21 inches in length at birth. That's great, but as far as all my buddies know you were eight pounds 11 ounces and 24 inches long. Got it?

Oh, did I mention Grandpa is a fisherman too?

Love,
Grandpa Steve



pic of the past

The David Anderson Family - 1902. David and Isobel (Gilmour) Anderson are pictured at Wicksteed, where they operated the post office for 30 years – later named Harburn. Children from left, Rufus, 2, Nettie (Mrs. James Inglis), Bella, (Mrs. Allan Sholer), Christie, Nelson, George, who was road overseer for Dysart for many years. Rufus was an operator for the Dysart Telephone System for 32 years. Photo courtesy of Elva Bates.

letters to the editor

Family indebted to support from Desjardins

To the Editor,

RE: Survivor to share inspiring story at CFUW

I just read your amazing article on Cyndi. I wanted to tell you a story about her and how she helped our family.

Four years ago my son developed sepsis due to a disease. He ended up at South Lake Regional Hospital in Newmarket. He was given a five per cent chance of living. In the end he too lost his hands and feet to the disease. While we were there the hospital publication did a story on Cyndi and the nurses in ICU and all over the hospital spoke to us about her. They tried to give us hope. When my son awoke from his coma after over two weeks I found him in his room with Cyndi's photo and article proudly displayed.

As you can imagine we were at our wits end.

My brother got in touch with Cyndi and she immediately came to see us. I cried on her shoulder and she listened and as parents she gave us so much hope. She then visited our son and he was able to see from her that life goes on. My son is a priest with his church and he and Cyndi bonded over their faith and it is that faith that has kept them strong. He went on to West Park for rehab staying in the same room as her and today he lives a full life. But Cyndi is still a part of our lives and I will always be indebted to her for that hope that she gave us at a time when we felt we didn't have any.

I wanted you to know about this part of her – it's the part she doesn't mention – but it changed our lives.

Marion Samler

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points of view

The long and short of it

THE OTHER DAY I went to the post office and picked up the package I hoped would never arrive. It contained the new pair of pants Jenn ordered for me. This is something she does from time to time when she notices that my old, comfortable pants have more holes than material.

She means well.

Now, before you make assumptions based on false rumours circulating throughout the community, let me assure you they are not true. I have nothing against the actual wearing of pants. On the contrary, I feel that wearing pants is often the right thing to do when stepping out in public, driving to a place where there is a possibility that you might have to get out of your vehicle or when your spouse invites new friends over for dinner.

Yes, I'm OK with pants. It is the hemming that I hate.

Those of you who were born with enough legs to wear your pants "off the rack" are probably unaware of the horror that accompanies trying to hem your own. Unfortunately, my inseam is too short for "off the rack" unless you are talking about a pair of shorts.

As a result, I must hem my own pants.

Since children accidentally read this column, I won't get into the carnage this unnatural endeavour often leads to. Suffice it to say that to hem correctly you must rely on sharp scissors, pointy pins and a very cold measuring tape, the business end of which is often nestled below your crotch as you are standing on a rickety chair. In my experience, any of these things, or a combination thereof, can lead to an unplanned visit to Emerg should you get distracted for even a moment – which, in my defence, is easy to do



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when you have a cold measuring tape poking at your crotch.

That's why I typically wait until spring when the warm temperatures allow my legs expand a bit, so I have a little less hemming to do. And, often, to save time, I will use duct tape or a stapler.

This, however, is generally followed by a sigh from Jenn and the request to use an actual needle along with thread that matches the colour of the pants.

Women, I have learned, are fussy that way.

In any case, I was lamenting this at a banquet we attended on Saturday night, when one of our friends said a sentence you don't hear often.

She said: "I love hemming pants."

This almost caused me to do a spit take of my drink. But then it occurred to me that I misheard her with all the background noise going on.

So I carried on as if she said something a little more normal.

"You love lemming rants?" I replied. "Me too!"

But just as I was about to get into a passionate diatribe on how stupid an animal has to be to walk off a cliff she said, "I said 'I love hemming pants.' Send your pants over with the measurements and I'll hem them for you."

I looked up and then announced, "Don't eat the seafood! I'm hallucinating!"

It turned out the seafood was just fine.

Marie assured us she genuinely likes sewing and then told me to measure my inseam and send that single digit number to her along with the pants. Then she said she would, God bless her soul, hem them for me.

I only mention this so my friends at the emergency department know that there's nothing to worry about if you don't see me in spring. But I also think that this is an object lesson in the value of initiating scintillating conversation during a banquet setting.

Honestly, this is great for me in so many ways. First, because I was getting sick of trying to colour staples to match the pants Jenn bought. Second, because I make my living as a writer and editor. And, as you can imagine, it's the dream of every editor to find the next hemming way.



pic of the past

This picture was taken on Maple Lake on North Shore Road, west of Dawson Road at a cottage rental. In the photo are Liz Jesseman, 6, and Gord Jesseman, 3, in the summer of 1951. The boat is Bob Barry's (Uncle Bob). Submitted by Liz Jesseman

letters to the editor

Barrett's local roots ran deep

To the Editor,

The community of Port Dover – and the Haliburton Highlands Museum – were saddened to learn of the recent death of one of Norfolk County's most respected citizens in the person of Harry Bemister Barrett, in his 95th year, on Jan. 26. Mr. Barrett was a Second World War Royal Canadian Navy veteran, a retired teacher, writer, historian and community-minded citizen. He authored several local history books relevant to the Port Dover area.

Harry's parents were Theobald Butler Barrett and Marjorie Clarke, who were married at the bride's home in Haliburton in 1920. This was the former Alexander Niven house, where the Irish pub is now located. The newlyweds then returned to the groom's hometown of Port Dover; Harry was their first child, born in 1922. The marriage was solemnized at the bride's Haliburton home because St. George's, the village's Anglican Church, had burned down earlier that year.

In the 1880s, Harry H. Clarke of Port Dover settled

in Haliburton, where he managed Anderson's general store (now the site of JoAnne Sharpley's Source for Sports). He married their niece Fanny Bemister in 1891; they had three daughters, viz., Marjorie, Dorothy and Phyllis. The girls grew up in Haliburton, raised in part by Miss Jeanette Bain due to their mother's untimely death. After completing her schooling in Haliburton, Marjorie trained as a school teacher, moving to her father's hometown of Port Dover to obtain her credentials. There she met Mr. Butler, who she subsequently married. Her sister Dorothy never married, but is fondly remembered as a lifelong Haliburton postmistress and the organist at St. George's Anglican Church for 42 years. Phyllis married Tom McGrath of Kinmount; their son Jack McGrath was that village's first Second World War casualty; the Royal Canadian Legion in Kinmount is named in his honour.

Prior to the commitments of marriage and a career, Harry B. Barrett was a frequent visitor to Haliburton in his youth. While his life was spent in Norfolk County, he had fond memories of Hali-

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