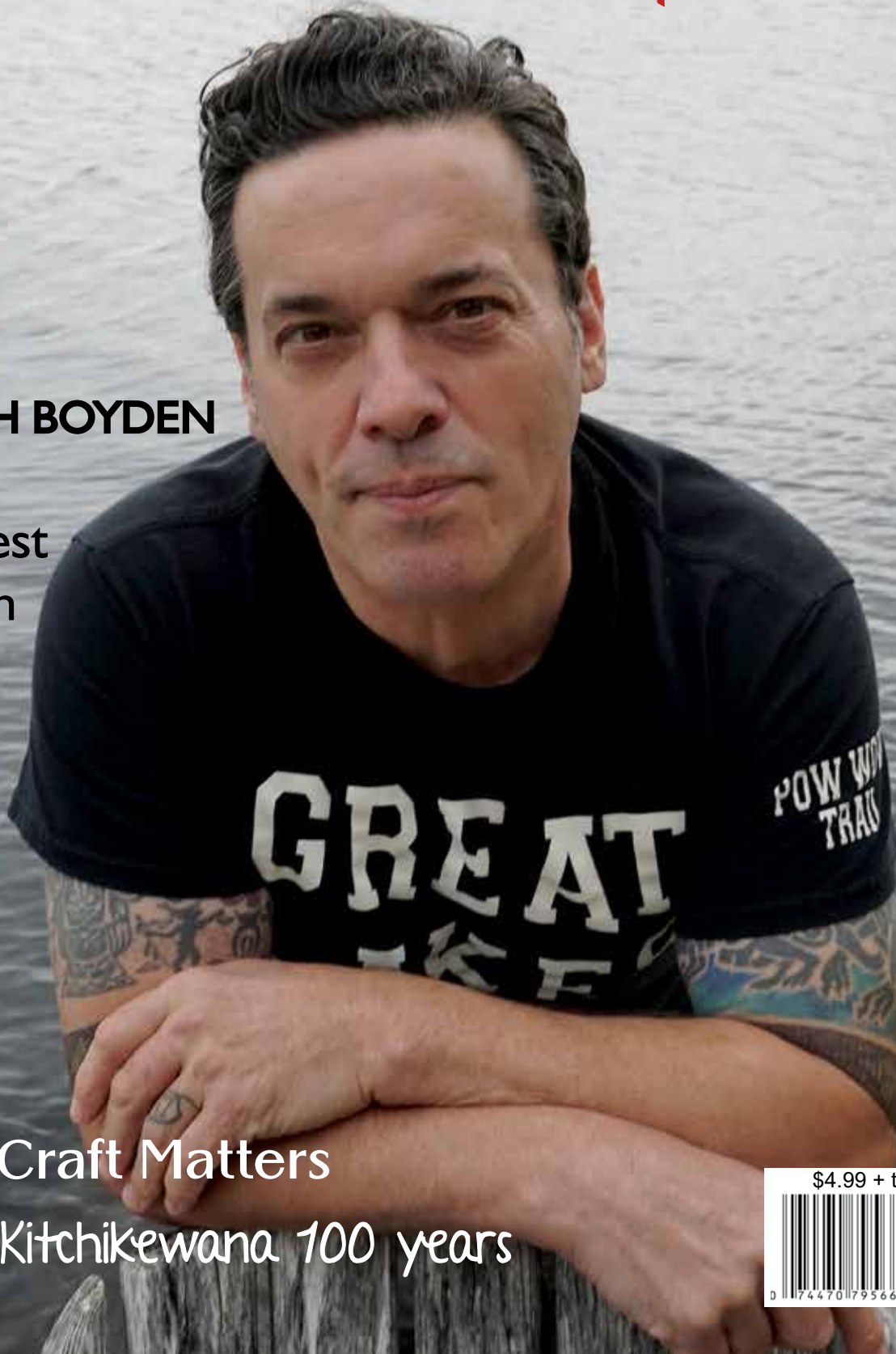


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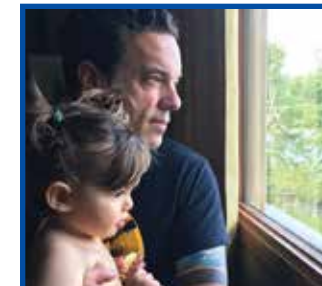
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Ed Bartam: friend and artist

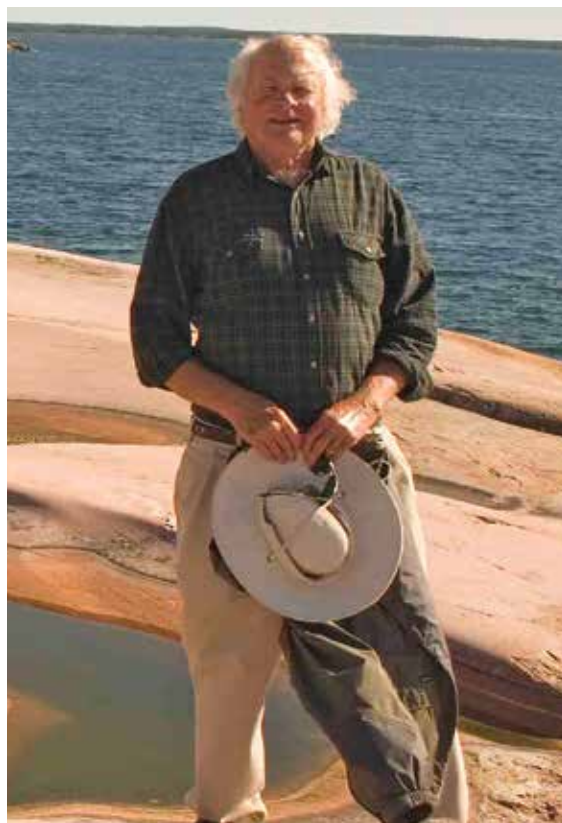
The Georgian Bay community has lost an iconic artist and a great friend: Ed Bartram. No one has inspired more appreciation of the rocks of the

Canadian Shield than Ed Bartram.

His compositions are much more than the visible patterns, colours and textures, they are metaphors for the forces of nature. In his words, “My prints and paintings are not just of rocks and islands but a testament to the primordial forces that created the nucleus of the continent, the Canadian Shield.”(Georgian Bay Today, Summer 2014). His legacy will stand the test of time as a monument to the archipelago that inspired him which we will all see through his eyes.

Ed Bartram was also a great friend to many of us on the Bay, and beyond. He was certainly a friend to this publication, and to Sherry and me. He and Mary welcomed us warmly into their home in King City and to their summer home in Sans Souci. He was supportive of our efforts to tell stories of the Bay. He was generous with his sage advice. We will always remember his kindness.

We offer our heartfelt condolences to his wife Mary and his daughter Jessica. We have all suffered a great loss: Ed Bartram will be missed, but our lives will be forever enriched by his friendship.



“His paintings sparkle with authenticity but it his conviction that is most compelling. He has maintained a consistent vision over a half a century. He has insisted on his artistic position without yielding to artifice or fad and without catering to the whimsy of current taste. Like the rocks that dominate his compositions, it is a great strength.”

(P.Wood, Georgian Bay Today, 2018)

Sherry Giddings and Peter Wood



Whales Back, Sans Souci, acrylic on canvas, 36 x 48”

What is it with this Water – summer 2019

By Gordon Walker

Has anyone seen water levels this high? Where is all this water coming from? I have never seen it so high. Where will levels be next year? And the next?

These have been amongst the many comments on Georgian Bay water levels this past summer: 2019 seemingly setting records throughout the Great Lakes.

In fact the other Great Lakes have indeed surpassed their previous high water levels; but not quite yet in Lake Huron. By the end of July Georgian Bay was just a few inches, or a few centimetres, below the all time maximum high recorded in 1986, in the fall that year. By August 2019 levels were beginning their customary decline. That is not to say that a good stiff westerly wind did not push the level a bit higher in 2019, as it often did; but that was a somewhat artificial read of the level, produced by the wind. While not quite record heights, still, it must be said that everyone is feeling the pressure of levels that are challenging our shores - and our structures, such as docks, be those of individual residences or those of commercial and governmental facilities. All up and down our shores most people are having to adjust to this apparently new reality. Some facilities are inundated with water as flooding takes its toll; some islands virtually under water. Even the boating public must adjust to invisible rocks. A big storm event, and we have had a few, will worsen the woes as waves and even higher waters wreak havoc on shoreline installations. For people inconvenienced and needing to adapt and somehow compensate for these high waters, it is little comfort to be assured that it has been like this before – specifically noting 1986. These high waters are still a problem, and often very costly at that.

So what does it all mean? Is this the new normal? Are the high water levels here to stay?

No one can answer with any certainty whether high water levels are to be with us forever, or indeed if the levels will rise next year and thereafter. No ‘expert’ can speak with any authority, let alone absolute authority. In my recent role as Chairman of the International Joint Commission in Canada, I had available to me advisors who might be considered as expert as anyone could be in this country or United States, and yet not one could be certain of any prediction. Like the weather, we get what we get! All our experts can do is offer opinion, or prediction, based on the historical past records. Records in Canada, and United States, for levels on the Great Lakes only date back to 1918 with any accuracy – though informal records existed in the preceding 5 or so decades.

Looking at the Lake Huron - Georgian Bay water levels over this past century of recorded measures what strikes a reviewer is that the water goes up and goes down generally following a trending; in a cycle. In other words, it tends to go up for a considerable number of years and then do the same, going down, for a number of years. The low of 1964 rose consistently for 10 years, before beginning a reverse trend downwards. Trends can be half a dozen years in one direction, maybe more, maybe less. All one can really say is that the water goes up for a few years and then it goes down for a few years. However the level is, for the past 100 years, always within a certain range, never more than a couple metres (between 6 and 7 feet) in difference. The period of years between the highs and lows, combined, might be several decades. To be more specific, that record low in 1964 on Georgian Bay held until about December and January 2012 – 2013. The record high was in 1986, in October, and now in 2019, nearly the same. So, the low to low, 1964 to 2013; and the high to high, 1986 to 2019 were in duration quite a number of years.

The water levels in Lake Huron are measured in metres,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Bio

GORDON WALKER

Canadian Commissioner of the International Joint Commission
1992-1995, 2013-2018

Canadian Chairman of the International Joint Commission 2014-2018
Lawyer

Seasonal resident of Georgian Bay since 1978 (Cognashene)

Minister in the Provincial Government of Ontario 7 years;
MPP 12 years representing the area of London

Practised law in London and Toronto
Former Director Hollinger Inc, Chairman 2004-2005





On Mill Lake, with moccasins made by Laura's mom, Celine.

The Shortest Season

By Joseph Boyden

We heard the wolf howl and so I opened my kitchen window to the night and howled back. I held my baby son Dezeh in my arms, and, transfixed, he watched and listened. Laura had been having labour pains for the last number of nights, and this had frayed us into a state of impatient anxiety. After maybe ten seconds the wolf answered, his howl long and lonely, only a few hundred meters across the frozen mouth where the Seguin pours into Mill Lake.

Laura joined us at the window, her eyes wide in the dark. Had it been a full moon, no question we'd be able to see the wolf against the deep March snow. I called again, and again the wolf answered. We spoke back and forth for a short while.

A few hours later Laura woke me from a light sleep and we rushed to Parry Sound Hospital. Our second son, Tibaa, slipped into this world at 4:37 that morning.

Not long ago, I came back home to Georgian Bay after 25 years of living in New Orleans. My last decade down there feels mostly hazy and carefree, the days filled with writing novels and screenplays and articles in a 120-year-old corner store repurposed into a house filled with books and paintings and music and parties. That city is a banana republic. It exhales eternal summer. It's a place that allows a lot but forgets little, and the bayou's rot is masked by the scent of night-blooming Confederate Jasmine.

I traveled a lot in those years, flying and driving and biking and walking hundreds of thousands of miles in pursuit of my craft. In pursuit of many things. From an airplane window you can see how New Orleans nestles into a big curve of the Mississippi River. When the sun hits the muddy water just right, the river's a big naughty smile. New Orleans, the idea of it, will always be there waiting for lost children to return as it settles further into the swamp, mostly beating hurricane odds and decaying slow in unrelenting humidity.

Life on the Canadian Shield has a lot more sharp edges. You have to be careful with your step and be careful on the water and always keep an eye on changing weather. Be smart and plan ahead for the next season. You have to scabble hard to get something growing by Georgian Bay. Not a lot of soil covers the Precambrian rock. Don't be afraid to use your bare hands if you have to. Family and a few friends have asked if I've found the move back home jolting. I stumble for an answer. What I think I want to tell them is that

I'm experiencing, day by day, a re-imagining of this life. A reclamation, maybe. Plodding through the last long and hard winter, so many hungry deer wandering through the yard. Spring slow to arrive and then whining to a quick death by black fly and mosquito. Maybe this is a rebirth I'm experiencing, but I would never say that out loud. I've come back home only to realize that summer's the shortest season.

* * *

I've faced some hard days the last years. Hard enough that for a frightening stretch in the grey world between Louisiana and Ontario I no longer believed I cared enough to live. Now I wake early each morning with my sons and ask Alexa to play our favourite music. Dezeh and I dance as I make breakfast and he babbles in his newfound language. Tibaa, still too small to join, bounces and smiles in his fancy Nemo saucer, always watching us intently. Each evening, Laura and the boys and I have settled into a routine where we walk out on the porch and look at the lake. We thank the water and the great rock outcrop across it soaking up the last sun, we thank the sky and the birds and the moon and the trees and the motor boat and the canoe for being with us today. We sometimes even thank the bugs. And once we've thanked them all, we thank them all again for when they will be waiting here for us in the morning.

Laura pulled up her own stakes in her adopted home of Toronto with the shared idea of raising our new family here. She's a member of the Tlicho Dene Nation of the Northwest Territories. Long before I ever knew her, Laura would

- (Top to Bottom)
1. Laura and Dezeh on a trip to France last year.
 2. Father's Day.
 3. Susan in our Norwest freighter canoe with matriarch, Blanche.
 4. Dezeh in my latest Chestnut canoe restoration project.
 5. To honour my late sister Julia, Tibaa shares her middle name, Grace
- PHOTOS: Laura Vukson



drive north to Parry Sound when life got too mad in the big city. She'd always stay at the same little bed and breakfast across from the dock, her time alone punctuated by the train crossing the trestle above and by the coming and going of the Island Queen. Dezeh will turn two this Christmas. His name translates from the Tlicho to He Grows On The Land. Dezeh almost always cries when he has to come inside.

* * *

High white cumulous clouds skirt blue sky at its western edge, the wind blowing only enough to ripple the water around Jones Island as we hike up to the lighthouse. It's the perfect Georgian Bay summer afternoon. Mom's 88 now and sits in her place on the white leather seat at the stern of our boat anchored nearby, waiting patient for our return. She looks regal as a queen. Mom spent virtually all of the 1960's pregnant and has raised her eight children to appreciate the natural world. Back in the 1800's, her people were some of the first commercial fishermen on Nottawasaga Bay. My favourite photo is one of her and my father relaxing on a beach there on their honeymoon near the tiny cabin he'd built for her. When I once asked her about our roots, she simply replied, "We are people of the land." I've come to realize these last years that this is all I need to know.



My parents honeymooning on Georgian Bay.

My youngest brother Ray carries Dezeh on his shoulders and navigates the rocks like a billy goat, his wife Susan and their son Joseph not far behind. We have special guests with us on our outing today, a family of four visiting from India. Back in Parry Sound they approached us, somehow mistaking us for a tour guide operation as we were about to head out. Once we explained to them that we weren't, we invited them to come along with us anyways and have showed them the circumference of Wasauksing.

Dad and Mom and their young daughter and their son who happens to be celebrating his tenth birthday today smile for the camera at the top of the lighthouse, the glittering water of the bay and the windswept beauty of Sandy Island behind them. By the time we drop them back off by the Flight Deck Grill hours later (but not before stopping by Killbear to cliff jump), their faces are flush from the wind and they thank us warmly for this strange and wonderful new experience. We tell them to come and find us if they're ever back in the area. My family is big and boisterous and thinks nothing of inviting strangers to come along for the ride. I'm grateful that Dezeh and Tibaa have all those uncles and aunts and older cousins to help guide them. To help raise them.

We spent much of this past and shortest season exploring aboard Ray's trusty 24 foot Limestone. He christened it The



Making new friends on a summer boat excursion.

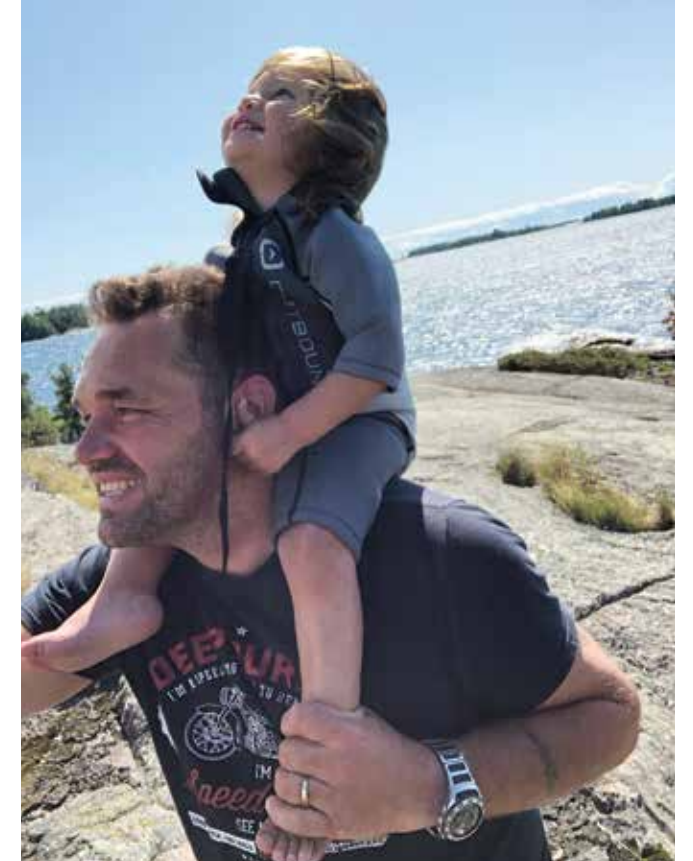
Sweet Water as a nod to this place's name before it was Georgian Bay. From our mooring at Big Sound Marina we've hit the Westerns and the Pancakes, Red Rock and the Minks, steamed up to Killarney and all the way across to the turquoise waters of Tobermory.

I've been told that it's important when moving to a new place—even if that new place is home again—to try and seek out community. I don't think I'm very good at this, though. I've become a loner in the last years. I find the company of Laura and my boys and visits with family all I need. I can tell that Laura misses her relationships down south, though, and I worry that she's lonely sometimes. We've had a few of her friends up to visit this summer, and the experience was like opening a window and only then realizing how stuffy the house has become. I've half-heartedly vowed to try and be my old gregarious self again and work at it to touch base with old friends and even make a couple of new ones. We'll see.

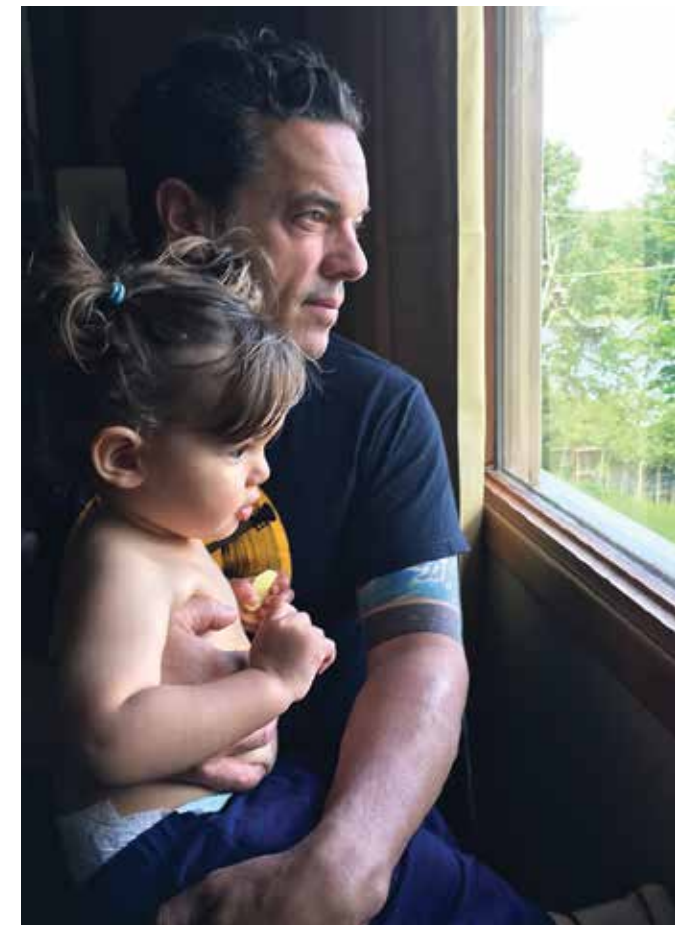
But when I look back to reflect on this past summer, on this past year, I begin to see a hazy geography, some faint outlines of what's beginning to look an awful lot like community. Dinners and powwows on Wasauksing with my Anishnaabe sister Lila Anne and her amazing husband Dave. Charlotte and Alan always welcoming me with a smile when I visit Parry Sound Books. Witnessing our unflappable midwife Claire Rogers usher Tibaa into the world. Dropping Dezeh off at Miigwansag Daycare where, surrounded by the other beautiful little ones, he runs into the arms of Lindsay or Lee Ann or Chef Christina or Alicia or Katie or Dawn who have been introducing him to the Seven Grandfather Teachings. One of the first words Dezeh's learned to speak is baamaapii, see you later, in Ojibwe, that he punctuates by blowing a kiss. Stopping in to write for a short while or pick up an audio book for Mom at the Parry Sound Library and saying hello to their staff. Wondering if anyone is judging me on one of those rare runs to the LCBO to get a couple bottles of wine. Waiting in the hospital emergency room when one of the baby's fever's spikes and sitting amongst hurt construction workers or old people in wheelchairs who still manage to find a smile for the other parents with crying babies waiting to see a doctor.

Yes, I believe this is what people mean when they talk about finding one's community. I guess it's never too late. Just don't expect me to start walking around town with a smile on my face and greeting everyone I cross paths with like I'm the mayor or something. Baby steps, I guess.

Laura and I love travel, and both babies got their passports by the time they were a couple months old. We've already had the chance to introduce them to places like France and Mexico with a lot more adventures to come. We've always considered ourselves nomads, and no matter where we find ourselves, we're home when we're together. But Georgian Bay has become more than just a port of call in the wild seas that make up this world. The Canadian Shield



To the lighthouse with Dezeh and my youngest brother Ray.



Waiting for the deer to come.



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A mid summer evening view where the four of us thank the world each night.

here makes for a perfect anchorage, a solid home base for me to write new novels and for Laura to continue as director of Artscan Circle that brings artists to remote northern communities.

I'd first heard rumours of the lone wolf who wanders

Mill Lake and the Seguin River near where it runs into Georgian Bay when we first moved into this house. Out snowshoeing I found deer carcasses he'd dragged out onto the frozen lake and feasted on. I followed plenty of his tracks last winter, estimating his large size by the depth of his prints and his long gait. I never glimpsed him, but I

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pictured him in my head plenty as he loped behind the animals he stalked. The funny thing is that he waited till late in the evening of March 6 to share his voice with us. Just that one night. He hasn't done it since. I guess it could be coincidence. I do give the wolf credit, though, for finally sending Laura into full labour.

Now that Tibaa is six months old, we can't stop commenting on how beautiful we find him and that, with his auburn hair and pale skin and shocking blue eyes, he doesn't look at all like either of us. A couple of times Laura's brought him to town and has actually been asked, in what I find the most casual of racist

ways, if she's his nanny. I sometimes catch myself telling people that I believe Tibaa to be a leprechaun that we found roaming through the forest. Mom tells me that he has her father's eyes, and Laura's dad says the same about his own father.

Before we knew what his temperament would be or had any idea of what he'd look like, we chose the name Tibaa because it felt exactly right. The translation from Tlicho is The Water's Edge. His eyes sparkle like sun glittering on the summer bay. What's he seeing that makes him smile so much? Wonderment might be the word that comes closest. I can see, along with this new little boy, just how truly big the wonderment of this place that's laid before us really is. 🌿



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Experts say that continuous wet and cold years will cause water levels to rise

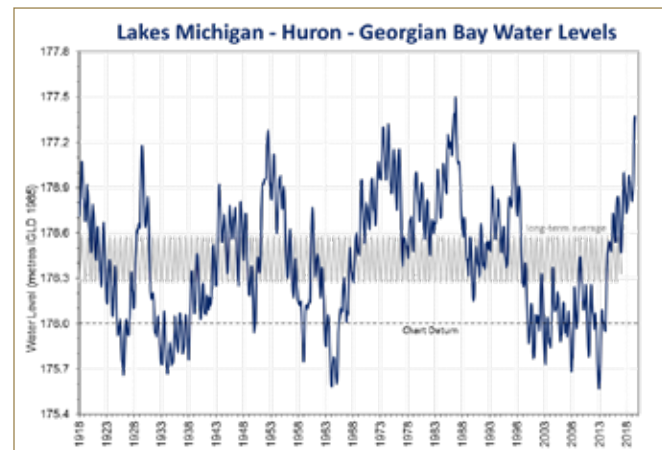
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

and feet, and have ranged from about 175.6 to 177.5 metres or 576 to 582.4 feet this past century – numbers that measure the relative heights above sea level.

If we look at the various levels in July of each year for the past 100, we would find that most:

significant highs	and significant lows
1918=177.1m	1926=176.05m
1929=177.2m	1934=175.9m
1943=176.9m	
1953=177.28m	1964=175.82m
1973, 1974=177.32	
1986=177.4m	2002, 2003=176.1m
2019=177.35m	2007=176.06m

These are July levels – July being the month most people



are focused on levels in Georgian Bay. In between those various years the July numbers tended to be ratcheted upwards or downwards year by year. For instance July 2013 to July 2019, the numbers climbed year by year from 176.1, 176.5, 176.8, 176.9, 177., 177.1, and 2019 July about 177.4 metres. In any segment of years those trends tended up in graph-like fashion, or down, on a continuum for a good number of years. Looking at the highs in those big years noted above, and they themselves have tended upwards with each successive high just a bit higher than the previous one. What does that mean? Some people offer the opinion that it might be the consequences of global warming and that may well be so. But a look at the graph accompanying this article and it is pretty evident that those big highs and big lows were with us well back into the last century, and people were not talking global warming back then. In our Commission observations we could certainly point to global warming manifesting itself elsewhere – for instance we are seeing bigger storm events, and we note that surface water temperature on Lake Huron has increased from 1970 to now by a couple degrees.

Generally our experts say that continuous wet and cold years will cause water levels to rise while consecutive warm and dry years will cause water levels to decline; observations that fit no doubt with what most people know. And last winter was a cold one and the spring very wet, so that fits. But the next question might well be, 'where does this water come from?' Basically, there are 3 sources of water in our lake. Lake Huron and Lake Michigan are considered one lake, technically, with the level in Chicago being basically the same as that in Parry Sound; simply because the connection between the lakes at Mackinac Straits is level and wide and has no great drop. Lake Superior is some 24 feet higher than Huron, the St. Mary's River emptying the surface water of Superior over rapids that require locks for ships to navigate one to the other lake. So, much of our water comes from Lake Superior, and that is a very large lake, almost the biggest in the world, with contents as much as the other Great Lakes combined. And then there are the rivers and streams that surround Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, numbering in the dozens with countless creeks and tributaries feeding directly. The watershed for the Great Lakes is immense, the home of 44 million people in our two countries. And Lake Huron, which we tend to relate to is a very big part of that watershed. At the north east corner of the Lake, and of Georgian Bay itself, the watershed extends very far back, beyond Lake Nipissing back to the eastern side of Algonquin Park, and almost to the Ottawa River. All this watershed has hundreds and thousands of smaller tributaries and even lakes that feed into the watershed. Much of the water then comes from the giant watershed that surrounds not just Lake Huron but Lake Michigan as well. And even further to add to the equation, it rains! Precipitation on our Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, is extensive. How often have we Georgian Bay residents arrived at our cottage to discover 4 or 5 inches of water in our rain gauges, even just a week later? And Muskoka residents will well-remember the vast floods of their areas in 2013 and 2019 from the huge snowpack. All that water works its way to Georgian Bay; and these Muskoka-like stories are often repeated in the several thousand miles of shorelines around these Lakes Huron and Michigan.

On the IJC we tended to think the proportions were about 1/3, 1/3, 1/3 – the Lake Superior inflow, the rivers and tributaries, and precipitation overall. To put some of this in perspective, what generally flows out of Lake Huron at Sarnia, into the St. Clair River is about the same that flows in the Niagara River; about 200,000 cubic feet per second (which I have tended to describe as about 200,000 pails of water each second). Of course that equation might well change if there is a wide-spread storm event, or a cold winter when evaporation is reduced by a full winter of ice cover. Regardless of proportions in the equation, these are the sources of our water in Georgian Bay.

Georgian Bay is pretty large itself; some calling it a sixth

Great Lake. Lake Erie contains less water. We may be 100 miles long and 50 miles across. In our 30,000 islands exists the largest fresh water island in the world (Manitoulin), and we have, it is said, some 10,000 miles of shoreline just in these islands and adjacent mainland. Interestingly the entire Great Lakes has about 10,900 miles of coastline, more or less half being in each country. The entire Great Lakes is some 6.5 quadrillion gallons of fresh water, which if drained would cover North America to a depth of 6 feet. The entire watershed is some 299,000 square miles, and the Great Lakes proper cover some 94,000 square miles. What that means is that the Lakes are their own water making source and therefore create many of the storm precipitations we see every few days.

Our IJC, working within the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909, does somewhat control levels on two lakes – namely Lake Superior and Lake Ontario, by means of dams located at St. Ste. Marie and Cornwall. But even these dams, with their locks for ship navigation, and power generating stations, can only slightly control the levels. Mother Nature is really in charge of levels. And even more so on Lakes Huron, Michigan, St. Clair and Erie, where no human installations, be they dams or otherwise, have any control whatsoever

If we return to the question of levels on Georgian Bay, and try to discover what is in store for the coming years, the answer is perfectly simple. No one knows. It is anybody's guess. On the basis of much having been taught me by people who are as expert as we can find about these matters, be it in Canada or the US, I, like them, can only speculate as to the answer. I tend to think the levels have not peaked and the

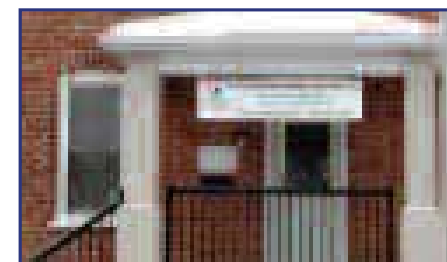
downward trend is not yet ready to begin. Oh, yes it will slip downward this year, as it almost always does, beginning mid summer each year. The yearly fluctuation is 12 to 18 inches per year on the Lakes. The evaporation by fall and outflows that continue as usual will overtake the inflows and the winter months will usually be the lowest levels, but with the coming spring snow melt and precipitation, expect the levels to grow as summer arrives. My thoughts tend toward higher levels, perhaps a few inches, in the coming year, perhaps even a couple years, so the docks still covered with water, and there are many, will be wet next year as well as this. I base my prognosis more on the fact that each successive peak over the past century has been just a tad more than its predecessor and so I will go out on a limb and make the prediction. For the sake of many, let us hope I am really off base and the downward trend will again take over for a few years of respite – until of course the water starts going up again, perhaps after a period when we wondered if we had seen bottom on the low levels and our docks are again so far out of the water that we require ladders to get out of our boats and onto the docks. When will it ever end? Never! Every generation will be witnessing those highs and lows. As to next year, for any real accuracy as to whether levels will be up or down, consider a coin toss.

Comparison chart metric to imperial on Georgian Bay

175.5 metres	= 575.8 feet
176 metres	= 577.6 feet
176.5 metres	= 579 feet
177 metres	= 580.8 feet
177.5 metres	= 582.4 feet

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CAMP KITCHIKEWANA

Photos by Peter Wood

By Ed Bridge

Camp Kitchikewana is strategically located on the east side of Beausoleil Island, in the southwest corner of Beausoleil Bay: an idyllic location for a camp. The founders chose the site known as the ‘Chimneys’ because of its natural advantages and historic significance. Archaeologists have uncovered evidence of the presence of Indigenous People on this site dating as far back as 7000 years.

The original 1919 summer of YMCA Camp Kitchikewana book describes Mr. N.L. Playfair, Rev. J. J. Elliot, and Mr. E.R. Thurlow of the Midland Boys’ Work Board scouting the site:

The ‘Chimneys’ was found to have almost every natural advantage which a good camp site should have... good springs within easy distance (including a mineral spring), good swimming on a sandy beach, shallow and deep, a good landing place within easy reach on a rocky point and plenty of trees and almost every variety of vegetation in a wild state. In addition, this site had an intensely interesting historical association. It was the last stand of the Huron nation against their old enemies and disease. Further it was situated not too close to distractions and practically by itself away from cottages. The whole place was in a primitive state and lent itself splendidly for the purposes of recreation and training in woodcraft and camp craft.

A hundred years later, on September 6th, 7th, and 8th, three hundred and thirty former campers gathered on Beausoleil to celebrate the centenary of summer camp at “Kitchi,” as its friends affectionately

call it. Two hundred or so filled the cabins, another hundred or so set up a tent town, and a contingent of one hundred came on a one-day Saturday excursion from Midland on board the Miss Midland. Something more than just a memory of childhood summer vacations had inspired a lot of people to put a lot of effort into getting together and getting back to something of great worth.

The daunting preparations for such a massive gathering were handled in true Kitchi Spirit as alumni, volunteers and camp staff pitched in the week preceding the reunion. The camp’s special spirit inspired local community spirit as Big Red Works, the Honey Harbour-based cottage maintenance, construction, and barging service donated barges and crews for the logistic effort to get all the facilities and supplies onto the camp site.

Former campers re-lived their Kitchi experience by swimming, canoeing, sailing, and hiking. They shared songs and stories at campfires and quiet reflections at a Sunday Gathering. A YMCA Camp Kitchikewana Oral History was begun to record the lore of generations. Most of all, people talked and talked and talked to old friends, to get a full recharge of the Kitchi Spirit.

The 100th anniversary celebration displayed love for a place, for a kind of home, and not least for old friends. Some of the weekend revelers’ connections go back a few years, some a decade or two, and for one group of about twenty-five as much as sixty or seventy years. The intensity of feelings for the camp comes from how the camp experience brought with

it intensity of fellowship when you were a child, and intensity of leadership when you were a youth. Under the guise of a pleasant vacation in the out-of-doors on which some skills were learned, YMCA camping has always promoted community effort, building character and developing leadership. Children know at camp a freedom to be entirely themselves and accept others as themselves in a way that cannot occur in the close quarters of their own family and within the conventional structures of their home community. At the same time, they enjoy the security of close care by the counsellors and staff. Not long after they arrive, they start aspiring to be in the leadership themselves. The newest kid in ‘Junior 6’ the cabin with the youngest campers soon aspires to be in ‘The Boathouse’, ‘The Deach’, or ‘The Ritz’, the cabins where the senior staff bunked. Community, fellowship, and leadership: the core of the camp experience and the Kitchi Spirit.

The Kitchi Spirit has inspired generosity as well as love. Just after the Second World War, “With assistance from private benefactors, the camp buildings were greatly improved and extended.” (Parks Canada). The major improvement was building the main pavilion, dedicated in 1948 and remaining seventy years later in essentially the same form, although with a totally modernized kitchen. The private benefactors were the eminent citizens of Midland, who had been at Kitchikewana as boys, and what they put into the camp is a tribute to the ongoing vision of the Midland community just as the camp’s founding and the promotion of the National Park had been.

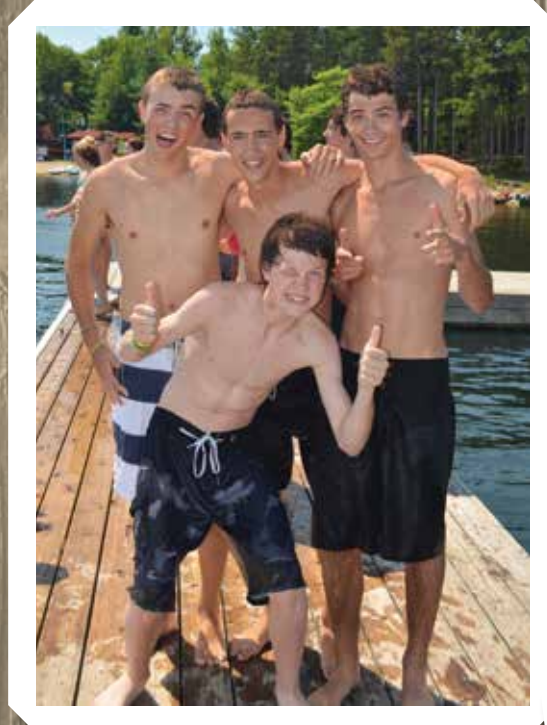
In the decade beginning in 1996, The Kitchi-Spirit Campaign united the Midland community with the

Kitchi alumni to raise close to two million dollars to renew the camp facilities. At a reunion at the Toronto home of an alumnus to celebrate the success of the campaign, one non-Kitchi spouse remarked to the host how amazed he was that a roomful of over one hundred persons could launch into singing the camp hymn without even a glance at the words printed on the programme. Decades had passed since many had had a chance to sing Oh Beausoleil and yet the words and the feelings were still there, lodged in their hearts.



L to R: Jim Wilgar (alumnus), Matt Ladner (alumnus, Reunion Committee Chairman), Julia Fulton, (current Camp Director), Ed Bridge (alumnus) on the deck of the craft building at the 100th anniversary reunion.

100 years on Kitchi Sands





Alumni reunion sing-along at Playfair Place, formerly The Chapel, at Camp Kitchikewana celebrating 100 years of tradition.

The Spirit of Kitchi

By Peter Wood

I first heard about the Kitchi Spirit from Jim Wilgar and Ed Bridge who attended Camp Kitchikewana in the 50s and 60s. Kitchi is a YMCA camp created 100 years ago on Beausoleil Island, the largest of the 63 that comprise the Georgian Bay Islands National Park and the largest in the Thirty Thousand Islands archipelago.

Jim and Ed claimed that the Kitchi Spirit not only inspired them as campers but also provided them with skills and values that would sustain their lives. "It's transformative," says Wilgar. "It's a kind of magic that you can only get by experiencing the camp." I was intrigued.

I visited the camp in August to witness the Kitchi Spirit unfolding. On route to the camp, I asked Jim and Ed

"What is this Kitchi Spirit? "It's fellowship," offered Ed, "leadership through fellowship. It's based on the belief that I am third: first is God, second is the other fellow and I'm third."

During my visit, I witnessed the usual camp activities and exuberance but it was clear that something deeper was unfolding. The 'positive space' philosophy of the camp was ubiquitous. Mind, Spirit and Body, traditional 'Y' values permeated every activity, every building and every camper. I was impressed.

On September 7th, I attended the 100th anniversary celebration at Camp Kitchikewana. I witnessed the 'end game': enduring friendships, memories and love for the blessings received from the Spirit of Kitchi. I was envious that I had not personally experienced the Kitchi spirit but grateful to be included and determined to provide this opportunity to my grandchildren. My transformation has begun.

At the 100th Anniversary weekend, one alumnus brought his bagpipes and, standing on a rocky point at sunset, piped O Beausoleil, which goes to the tune of The Londonderry Air. Nothing illustrates the ethos of Camp Kitchikewana better than the hymn, the alumni's affection for it, and the story, in a letter in 1998 from Dr. John Watson (1916 – 1999), on how it was composed:

I cannot remember what moved me, on a day in the summer of 1935, to sit down at a rough table in the Kitchikewana boathouse second floor upstairs to compose the poem O Beausoleil. Perhaps it was the tinge of sadness I still feel even today as I remember that, at that time, I suspicioned it was the last summer of my youth on Beausoleil Island ... So, O Beausoleil was a farewell to the camp I knew and loved so well... It just flowed off the end of my pencil as thoughts of what Kitchikewana and Beausoleil had meant to me came to my mind.

Now the reunion weekend has begun the next chapter of philanthropy to Kitchi. A Camp Kitchikewana 100th Anniversary Endowment Fund has been established: something new and unparalleled in youth camping in Canada. Paul Lawrence, a Kitchi alumnus has pledged to match all gifts up to one million dollars, and other alumni have already pledged towards the target of two million dollars. The fund will be managed by the Huronia Community Foundation and, under the guidance of the Kitchi Alumni Advisory Committee, each year's income will be used for special enhancements of the campers' experience not possible under YMCA funding alone.

The 100th Anniversary Weekend's Sunday Gathering, which would have been called a "chapel" in earlier years, invited anyone who wished to offer a reflection on the theme of Gratitude. Nowadays the Y's mission to develop persons in Body, Mind, and Spirit is expressed in strictly secular terms of "Diversity, Inclusion, and Caring." The seventy-ish elders at the reunion were at camp when the Y was still a frankly Christian organization, when the camp brochure encouraged campers to bring their Bible to camp, and when the expression of camp values was in religious terms in the motto "I'm Third." God is first, the other fellow is second, and I'm third.

Some of the Kitchi old-timers gathered by themselves for a few moments to share their own reflections in the manner of older days. The text was John Donne's "No Man Is An Island" and the hymn was Abide With Me, the hymn that often closed campfires with hands joined around the fire, and always closed the "Musical" that was every Sunday night's after-supper programme. No doubt some were thinking "Perhaps, we won't all be together again too many more times." 🌿

georgianbaytoday.ca



All visitors, campers and staff are greeted with the 'Kitchi Code of Behaviour' that defines the 'positive space' concept, central to the 'Kitchi Spirit'.

Oh Beausoleil

(to the tune of "Danny Boy")

*Oh Beausoleil,
where'er my footsteps wander,
Ever to thee my heart
I'll turn again,
Ever to thee in love of
truth and beauty,
Until my love becomes
akin to pain.*

*Where God is seen in
every plant and flower,
Where every soul
responsive to His call
Obeys his will; and to
his footstool creepeth
The seat of him who
loves us one and all.*

*We love the land
where Beausoleil was
founded,
The camp we love and
long will cherish well,
The bright calm days,
the long still nights
will linger,
The sunset colours
ne'er will fade away.*

*Oh Beausoleil we
pledge ourselves
forever,
To be the best that we
can ever be,
We pledge ourselves
to always serve pour
Maker,
To come to Him in
prayer upon each
bended knee.*

HERE COMES THE SUN

By David Sweetnam, Executive Director, Georgian Bay Forever



In the words of the immortal George Harrison, “here comes the sun (doo doo doo), here comes the sun, and I say -- it’s all right.”

Sure it was a bit cool and rainy in Lake Michigan-Huron this past summer, and water levels are cresting towards the high end of their naturally fluctuating six-foot range due to the increased water vapour (7 percent increase for every degree of temperature rise) in the atmosphere these days.

Prophetically George also says “I feel that ice is slowly melting”. We know from the new NASA ICESat2 satellite launched last October that ice is melting more rapidly than expected. Official reports also note with alarm that temperature increases in the north (including Canada) are more than double the rate seen, on average, by the rest of the planet.

And yet that line keeps coming back – “Here comes the sun, Here comes the sun, It’s all right, It’s all right.” So will it be all right?

Absolutely. There is a light at the end of the climate crisis tunnel and it is all because everyday citizens (and some world leaders) are finally speaking out, taking action and demanding accountable media coverage and political action – and truth in political campaigns. And the vocal action of striking school children demanding that we protect their future from climate catastrophe is triggering in adults the innate protective instincts of our species that culminated in our presence on this planet after almost 3.5 billion years of evolution.

Sure, global warming is fuelling new perturbations in atmospheric flows and El Niño ocean currents are changing the jet stream and driving global biodiversity into a rapid decline and throwing our Laurentian Great Lakes climate into new directions. And tragically on our watch animal extinctions have hit rates that no one ever expected -- despite years of warnings from rational analytical scientific minds drawing connections between disparate data points that political parties seem hell bent on misrepresenting to a public eager for simplistic sloganeering.

We are heading for such an exciting and clean future. It may not seem like that is true what with all the dire prognostications of climate change impacts. But these realities need not obscure the exciting opportunities ahead if we just get on with things.

We must accept that we have done and are continuing to do untold damage to the ecosystem. So if you think you don’t have a role to play in fixing this mess you are flat out wrong. But the earth is a resilient system, and if we can stop adding to the problem and instead reverse the trend in atmospheric contamination – like we did with the ozone-hole depleting chemical bans – we can make things right.

Almost two centuries ago Michael Faraday invented the first electromagnetic generator. That simple spinning copper disk with a magnet was able to – albeit inefficiently –

generate direct current (DC) electricity. It evolved into the alternating current (AC) producing “rotating rectangle” that is the basis for our present power grid electrical generation technology. Today we spin the generators with falling water or steam but we still use the Faraday Principle. We use different sources of heat – like burning natural gas or from nuclear fission or someday perhaps from nuclear fusion like our sun – that releases lots of heat energy to make the steam that then turns the generators. Fortunately for young children, the elderly and anyone with breathing issues in Ontario we no longer use coal.

There are “next generation” nuclear technologies that can’t melt-down or explode because they run at normal atmospheric pressures. They aren’t limited to only using 10% of the energy in nuclear fuel rods like current Generation 2 (G2) technologies. Deploying these new technologies means that we may be able to utilize the heat remaining in the stores of previously “spent” fuel rods currently just wasting away in high radiation containment facilities and render them harmless in a fraction of the time it will otherwise take for the radiation to dissipate. G4 and small modular reactor (SMR) technologies are quietly being prototyped by Canada as part of an international consortium of countries looking towards a future of safe, abundant energy. They could replace diesel fired generators used by northern communities in the next decade. But at the end of the day, these nuclear technologies still just boil water to produce steam to drive the generators.

There is also a multi-billion dollar drive to build the nuclear fusion reaction of the sun here on earth.

And we already have a fusion reactor – our sun – that generates photons or packets of energy, so why generate heat to boil water to make steam to turn a turbine that makes electricity if there was a better way to go from energy to

electricity directly and gain back the 30% of the energy that gets lost in the process of burning the fuel to make heat, steam and then electricity. What if we could use the energy from the sun to make electricity directly...oh wait... we can!

This is thanks to the discovery of the photovoltaic effect by Alexandre Edmond Becquerel a mere eight years after Faraday built his generator in 1831. Solar cells arranged on panels installed in the sunshine on roofs or in fields use a process of photovoltaic (light energy and motivation energy) conversion. In fact, ICESat2 produces 1329 watts of electricity directly from the sun using this technology for its daily measuring mission.

Today, clean energy installations of solar generation and battery storage have become cheaper than those producing electricity with turbines turned by fossil fueled steam generation. Global growth in solar installations is leaping ahead of all expectations. So despite the protestations of the established industry and oil titans of the planet, the financial argument for clean energy will inevitably win.

Electric vehicle maintenance and operating costs are far cheaper than traditional internal combustion engine vehicles. Again, the financial argument for low maintenance electric vehicles will win. And when the gas is no longer flowing at the same rate, production and subsidies to the industry will dry up and make the change to clean transportation inevitable.

The drastic reduction in smog days and air pollution in

Ontario already means that fewer children are presenting at the emergency room with respiratory distress. This has translated into healthcare savings for Ontario taxpayers and longer life expectations. So again the financial and health argument will win.

We have the solutions we need save for one – political will. Many people ask me how we make our governments act? My answer to them is -- we must act first. We make our change happen and then governments and businesses have no choice but to follow.

And make no mistake, we are leading. Just look at the coverage this issue is now getting in the media and how Canadians have identified addressing Climate Change as an important election issue.

Is there hope? HOPE to me means -- Hard work, Opportunity, People, and Energy. Just like photovoltaic processes uses energy from the sun to motivate electrons to produce voltage that we can use to make our world a better place, so too can the energy from the people of this small marble we call the Earth be converted into lasting and meaningful change.

Here comes the sun, and I say – it’s alright.

For suggestions on some initial steps you can take to start your movement for change you can visit our website (www.gbfo.org/f4c) and join our Families for Change project. 🌱

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Why Craft Matters

Artisans Terry and Cheryl Sheridan

Story and photos by Peter Wood

The Barn Studio in Collingwood features artifacts that harken back to bygone ages: even ancient times. Entering the rustic space is like travelling back in time or, visiting a museum. It is filled with handmade objects and the tools and materials to create them but is neither a portal into time travel nor a historic site; it is a vibrant, inspiring, and current oasis of creativity in the midst of a modern 21st C town. It is the creative home of artisans Cheryl and Terry Sheridan: a weaver and a blacksmith respectively.

The Barn Studio is also a manifestation of a set of values, a philosophy to live by.

The building itself is a wonder. The 1860s barn was formerly located at the Craigeith Ski Club and was scheduled for demolition. Terry was not having any of that, so he tore it down in 2005, piece by piece, by himself, after work, and brought it back to their seven acre property that also features a house, a pond and a guest house (complete with a 'birthday gift outhouse' that Terry made for Cheryl). "I hauled it all back in a wagon, pressure washed the beams and palm sanded it all. I had it all taken apart and brought back to Collingwood in six weeks." Friends showed up and the Sheridan's had an old-fashioned barn-raising event. This barn is a remarkable example of 're-use': a hallmark of the Sheridan philosophy.

"Blacksmithing is non-existent today. There are only a handful of others, not many in Canada," Terry claims, "But I still do things the old ways." He has



worked with metal all of his life, (he is also a welder, machinist and a millwright: owner of Sheridan Machine and Welding in Collingwood). He takes pride in not relying on anyone else, on being self-sufficient. "We can grow our own food, live without hydro and I can make anything in ten minutes. It's nice to know that you can survive. Not many people are in that position any more." As evidence, there are many examples of coal forged historically accurate reproduction iron tools from centuries past in the Barn Studio: adzes, axes, hatchets, fry pans, pliers and others, created by Terry, 'in the old way'.

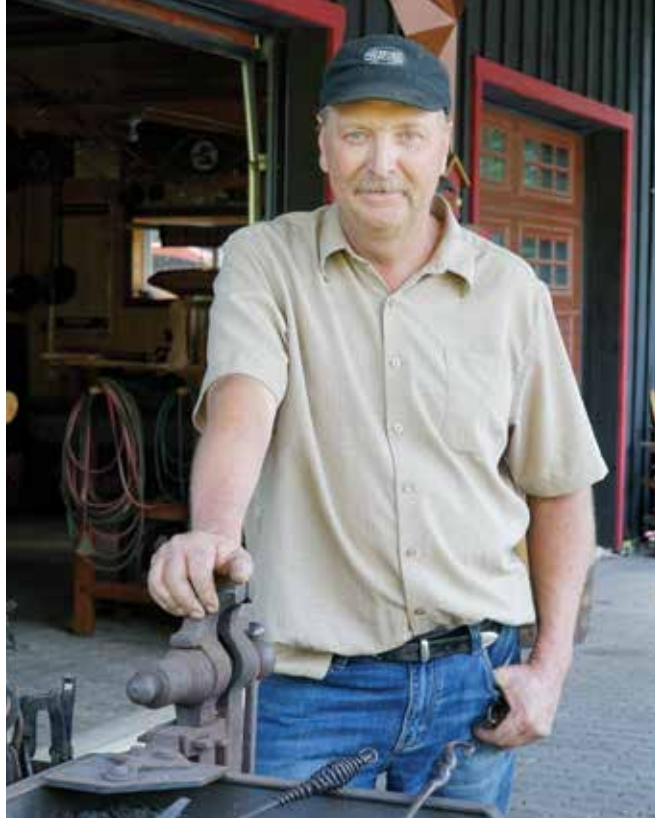
The Sheridans century-old Collingwood farmhouse. Terry built a saw mill, on site, to create the log addition.

The barn first served the Sheridan family as a place to share a country style Christmas dinner but it became clear that forging and dining were not compatible under the same roof. It evolved into a weaving studio quite by unexpected good fortune: perhaps a twist of fate. It was a loom left by the roadside with a 'free' sign that triggered Cheryl's interest in weaving. She joined a local weaving guild (Huron Handweavers Guild), to develop her skill and never looked back. The ancient art of weaving became a hobby, which became an

obsession that blossomed into a medium of self-expression and way of life. Cheryl began to add looms to the studio and to invite others to join her in the art of weaving. Weaving has taken over much of the space in the Barn Studio. Today her collection of looms includes: inkle, rigid heddle, table, floor and 2 AVL Compu-dobby computer controlled looms.



Through her workshops in the Barn Studio, Cheryl has nurtured a "gathering of weavers" into a community. "What better way to stay



Blacksmith Terry Sheridan.

connected to people than through an art form or craft? I want people to enjoy weaving with no pressure." She has inspired fifty-five participants to become serious weavers through her vision of creating, "a special handmade piece that brings function to the caring hand, pleasure to others and a sense of accomplishment to those who created them."

Terry and Cheryl Sheridan are welcoming teachers: enthusiastically sharing their skill and their passion.

Cheryl teaches 'basic weaving' in the studio, "but never in a lifetime can you learn everything that there is to know about weaving. That's the beauty of it. You never stop learning. I start people on their own creative path. I want them to experience weaving," she explains.

Terry offers 'forging' workshops at the Barn Studio but also travels to blacksmith guilds or associations. He has a particular interest in American colonial history, which he explains is "a longer history (than Canada). I have great respect for that. Colonials were cut off from their parent country. They had to make their own tools and cooking utensils. They even made their own iron to make those things from."

The traditional skills of blacksmithing and weaving have some obvious distinctions from one another but have

Coal forged tools created by blacksmith Terry Sheridan at the Barn Studio



Terry Sheridan rescued the 1860s barn, formerly at the Craigleith Ski Club, from demolition. He tore it down, hauled it to Collingwood, rebuilt and re-purposed it as a studio.

some important similarities. Both art forms are steeped in rich historic traditions. Blacksmithing and weaving are 'good' in the sense that they produce objects that are both practical and beautiful. The craftsman needs to understand a material and how to use it for the benefits of use and aesthetic pleasure.

The Barn Studio is about much more than weaving and forging. It is not simply sharing a skill. Terry and Cheryl are sharing a vision about contemporary life through their crafts. It is about resourcefulness, respect and resilience. They are the ultimate 're-users'. The treads on the spiral staircase are made from Douglas fir rescued from a local school, the rail is made from a ski lift cable and the post is part of an anchor chain from the Collingwood shipyard. "We were recycling, long before it was popular," offers Terry.

The Sheridans strongly believe in making things properly by hand that will last, with sound ethics and concern for the environment. Cheryl is an advocate for ethically sourced clothing. "Stop buying into the fast fashion market," she says. "We cannot sustain what we are doing." She has concerns over waste-water management and the exploitation of workers overseas.



Weaver Cheryl Sheridan.

Terry and Cheryl Sheridan are beacons in a high-speed world of consumerism and examples of 'why craft matters'.



Terry and Cheryl Sheridan sharing their skills of forging and weaving with Caelan, Rowan and Madeleine Balmer. All ages and skill levels are welcome at the Barn Studio.

MY HOME IS THEIR HOME, IS OUR HOME

By Hannah Barron, BSc. Wildlife Biology



Photo credit:
Andrew Budziak

A few months ago, I was struck by the simplest and most essential question that Water Warrior Autumn Peltier's grandfather asked her, "Where is your heart?"

Her answer was no less striking, "On the land with my people and near water."

Is there a more perfect definition for home? Surely, we know that home is where the heart is. Readers of these pages are intimately familiar with the feeling of stowing, at least seasonally, and some more permanently, their hearts in the water and nearshore of Georgian Bay.

As a biologist, I am chronically thinking about this idea, admittedly in less poetic terms. We call this idea, this feeling, *habitat*. It is impossible for animals and plants to tell us where they keep their hearts. We biologists spend our careers in a struggle to capture this truth by collecting data hoping to inform the myriad regulations designed to manage, conserve and protect the shared landscape.

The impact of human activity is so visible that we start counting our losses

We have about 240 species at risk of extinction in our province: that we know of. Most are facing this risk due to habitat loss: home loss. Typically, we trade their homes for ours, filling in marshes and cutting through woods for roads and cabins, decks and docks. Now that the impact of human

activity is so visible that we start counting our losses, we rely on several intricate and interconnected pieces of legislation to help us plan better across the province and in our communities. Oftentimes, like the tension between natural habitat and house-building, there are conflicts between legislated priorities; should we build high density housing so more people can enjoy the waterfront without degrading it, or should we increase the minimum lot size to keep green privacy between just a few lucky cottagers? Inevitably such tension results in compromise. Many of the most particular species have gotten the short end of the stick enough times that they need intervention or they won't bounce back. The adaptive, generalist species that survive despite us, are often persecuted for their resilience (eastern coyotes come to mind).

On Canada Day, I could almost feel the collective cringe of biologists aware that sweeping changes made to Ontario's Endangered Species Act were officially enacted. Couched in what the Ford government called the *More Homes, More Choices Act* were legal amendments that significantly altered more than a dozen Acts, including several that were initially created to protect the environment and our dependence on it: *Endangered Species Act, Environmental Assessment Act, Environmental Protection Act, Ontario Heritage Act and Conservation Authorities Act*. As usual, the legal language was accompanied by catchphrases about cutting red tape and helping people find affordable housing. We are officially 'open for business'. That 'business' comes with a hefty price

tag that we can ignore for only so long, and a price tag that everyone in Ontario is on the hook for.

Each species is a subtle yet sublime thread in the complex quilts that are resilient ecosystems

The Endangered Species Act once worked to protect and recover imperilled species in full recognition that each species is a subtle yet sublime thread in the complex quilts that are resilient ecosystems, where even the smallest fraying can lead to catastrophic unraveling and biodiversity loss. The once gold-standard Act relied on strict timelines for strategic action planning, scientific assessments and listing decisions, and oversight by species experts. At its foundation were two automatic protections: bans on harming the threatened and endangered animals and plants themselves (to stem mortality), and protection for their habitats (to preserve what is left of their homes). After all, most species at risk became that way because they were inconvenient in the context of human progress, and were killed or rendered homeless in the forward march of development and urbanization.

All of those elements have since been removed from the Act, and replaced with vague language that politicians

designed to allow them to avoid deadlines, ignore scientific evidence when defining habitat and neglect to enforce killing bans. No longer any need to monitor actions or ensure that any damage done to a species is compensated for through nearby and measurable beneficial actions. Science can now be ignored, developers can pay to destroy imperilled species or their habitats, and the Minister can avoid telling the public about his or her decisions despite now being granted absolute power to make them.

On a journey to re-wild ourselves and reconnect with the internal nature that we have almost lost

Putting our most vulnerable species at the mercy of a single politician can be foolhardy. But while these changes could result in enormous losses of diversity and wild spaces, they don't have to necessarily. This is where we come in, the stewards and re-creators who love paradises like Georgian Bay: those of us who recognize that our personal definition of 'home' includes the overlapping web of habitats and species around us that structure and outfit the green and blue which draw us to the Bay. Would we canoe the nearshore if it looked like Malibu: treeless, and wall-to-wall homes? I doubt it. We prioritize nature viewing so much that when we




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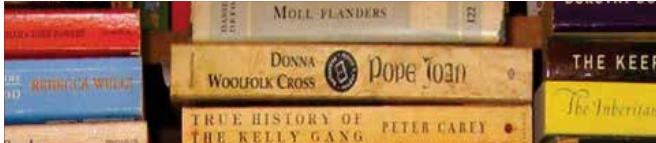
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build homes and cottages, 'the view', the window out, is the most impressive feature. We cover our walls with landscape paintings and our bodies with fleece sweaters featuring the wildlife we admire. We bring canoes inside as shelves to display the ornate rocks we find. All of this is evidence that we are, albeit sometimes unconsciously, on a journey to re-wild ourselves and reconnect with the internal nature that we have almost lost despite never having really left it.

The *More Homes, More Choices Act* was frightening in its transparency as a housing developer's wish list. But here in the Bay, developers are rare, or at least carefully watched by engaged communities and lake associations. Habitat loss is smaller in scale, led by private owners. Small doesn't mean insignificant though, and carving out any space to favour the human species can impact so many unnoticed critters and plants. It is only too easy to be consumed by worry that this death by a thousand cuts will still lead to the demise of our biodiversity. Yet, each day I speak to friends and friendly strangers eager to impart stories of the wilderness and wildlife they see, eager to learn about ways to participate in protection rather than destruction. Some are so willing that they pick up wolf poop for me and store it in their home freezers, as citizens scientists for the Ontario Wolf Survey research project that I manage.

This willingness is what gives me hope that not all was lost when the environmental Acts were gutted. Sure, the mechanisms are now in place to enable destruction, but such processes are only kick-started when someone makes the decision to destroy, and pursues it. If we are unwilling, or at very least a lot less willing, to prioritize ourselves above all else, then the enormous power of Mother Earth will right itself. We just have to make that space to give her the opportunity to rejuvenate. And, while that process is underway for seasons, years or decades, we will be able to see how it brings to our doorsteps and docks the butterflies, basking turtles, ephemeral orchids, warbling and trumpeting birds, glistening fish and howling wolves that make Georgian Bay so magical. So many heartbeats contribute to the biosphere where we take refuge, unwind, create, meander, swim, cycle and cook, build fires and take naps.

Surely, nothing so sacred as our home, our collective home, could ever be open for business, or for sale.

Hannah Barron is the director of wildlife conservation campaigns for Earthroots. She runs the Ontario Wolf Survey, where she and a team of dedicated citizen scientists collect DNA noninvasively to monitor the threatened Algonquin wolf. Contact her to learn more and get involved. 🌿



Nick Eyles and Ed Bartram on Bartram Island.

Remembering Ed Bartram

By Nick Eyles

Georgian Bay and the Canadian art community lost a close friend in late August with the death of Ed Bartram at the age of 81 after a short illness. Born in London, Ontario, Ed was a highly accomplished artist with a Fine Art degree from the University of Western Ontario and a Masters in Art and Archeology from the University of Toronto. He later taught numerous students the art of printmaking at the Ontario College of Art and Design for almost 20 years.

As a young man, an avid outdoorsman and instructor at Camp Hurontario he fell in love with the myriad islets of the Thirty Thousand Islands. In 1965, Ed decided to buy one, located at the mouth of Twelve Mile Bay, and rebuild its old run down cottage with his wife Mary, a former student. Initially, he struggled to make a living from his art but found a source of inspiration on his island. Working from his island studio in the summers

he made the rocks and surrounding waterscapes the central focus of a successful professional art practice. He was intrigued and thrilled by the variety and sheer beauty of the multi-coloured banded gneisses exposed there. Quite by chance, Ed's island has some of the most exquisite examples of these rocks found anywhere in the Bay, recording the collision of eastern North America with South America a billion years ago and the softening and stretching of rocks at high temperatures and pressures deep below ancient mountains. With his keen eye for geologic detail and texture of their primordial patterns (and the lichens on their surface) he brought these ancient rocks to life and into living rooms, board rooms and galleries across the country. His art and his island home were the subject of a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation documentary *Geologic Journey* in 2007. One of Canada's most famous artists, he was a humble gentleman with great energy and sense of humour, a true scholar of

rock and a beloved father to his daughter Jessica and devoted husband to Mary for 39 years. It is fitting that his ashes now lie in the place that inspired his life and work.

We are all poorer for the passing of this extraordinary artist but Ed gifted us an indelible impressionistic record of the changing moods of the Bay and its rocks and waters that will inspire future generations to make their own explorations and discoveries of the unique place we call Georgian Bay.

Nick Eyles has been a Professor of Geology at the University of Toronto Scarborough Campus since 1982 and has worked around the globe. He has authored many research papers and books on geology of Ontario and Canada. He is a friend to Ed Bartram and a Georgian Bay cottager. Ed and Nick collaborated on the Rocks issue of Georgian Bay Today (Winter 2018) on the "origin, meaning and beauty of Georgian Bay Today Rocks." 🌿

THE PLEASURE OF MYSTERIES

By Charlotte Stein, Parry Sound Books



Any cottage worth its salt is likely to have bookshelves full of somewhat mildewed old mystery novels. The cottage we bought 27 years ago came with the contents: including a lot of books. We brought along what we had in our previous cottage and added many more over the years. Many of these books are mystery novels.

Reading mystery novels is one of the great pleasures of time spent at the cottage. I joked a few years ago that I was going to bed each night with James Bond. That was the summer my husband and I read our way (for the second time) through all of Ian Fleming's James Bond novels.

We revelled in the 1950s: you could stay at a hotel in Saratoga during race week for only \$10 a night, fly from Los Angeles to New York City in just 10 hours, and play bridge at Blades in London where the newspapers are ironed and they only circulate new currency. Written in 1953, *Casino Royale* is the first Fleming novel. I found it very sexist. Bond sees women only as "recreation." I was happy to see that this had changed (not a lot, but enough) by the second novel *Live and Let Die*. Bond himself is a very cool, composed and careful secret agent, with "features ironical, brutal, cold."

Ian Fleming wrote 14 James Bond novels in 12 years. Fleming died in

1964 at the age of only 56. He was a spy during the Second World War, an astute observer, and used his experience to fashion his famous character. His commentary on the society of his time is very clever. These books are as addictive as your favourite snack food and just as enjoyable. I find a good mystery is a cleanser between more serious novels.

Another summer, I spent time with Inspector Morse and his sidekick Sergeant Lewis, and, the uncouth Superintendent Andy Dalziel and his more educated and proper policeman partner, Peter Pascoe. Mystery novels are entertaining when written by such clever men as Colin Dexter and Reginald Hill. These are not new books. Both series originated in the early 1970s. Beginning with *The Last Bus to Woodstock*, published in 1975 and ending with *The Remorseful Day* in 1999, Dexter's mystery series was one of the most popular when I opened Parry Sound Books in 1988. Also popular at that time was Reginald Hill who was writing his Dalziel and Pascoe series. The first in this series *A Clubbable Woman* was published in 1970, followed by 23 more.

I read them years ago, but there is pleasure in re-visiting familiar characters, re-enforced by the television series made in the intervening years.

In 1992, I invited two, British born, now Canadian, mystery writers to come to Parry Sound to read from their work. Eric Wright was fairly well known for his Charlie Salter series set in Toronto, but the other, Peter Robinson, was just beginning to establish what would become a very, very successful career as one of our best and most well known authors of mystery novels. His first Inspector Banks book, *Gallows View*, was published in 1987 and was quickly followed by a book almost every year afterwards. Both Eric and Peter were asked who had most influenced their own work. The answer: Reginald Hill and Colin Dexter, of course.

When nothing seems to appeal in our substantial "to read" pile, we turn to our cottage bookcases looking for some "comfort food" and find Ian Fleming, Colin Dexter and Reginald Hill among so many others. We read them one after the other, wallowing in literary pleasure.

Of course, with a whole series of books on hand, and being a bit obsessive, I start with the first in each series and spend my summer reading the rest. Most recently we've been reading P. D. James, but we started late in the summer with the first few. We are now going to force ourselves to leave them all safely waiting for us for next summer when we'll be taking Adam Dalglish to bed each night.

Bio

Charlotte Stein is the proprietor of Parry Sound Books. It is an independent bookshop established in 1988 that offers a knowledgeable staff, superior customer service, and a selection of good literature for children and adults.

The store is a fixture in downtown Parry Sound where, for 30 years, Charlotte and her staff have been serving their local customers, and recommending

books to those who come from around the world to Georgian Bay in the summer months.

Presenting reading by authors to the community has been an important part of Parry Sound Books since the beginning, and continues still.

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From Peonies to Pirates: Jane Shelley

as related to Steven Duff, Burnstown Publishing House

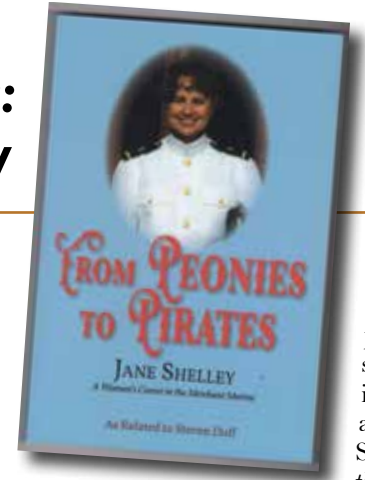
Review by
Katerina Vaughan Fretwell

For a spine-tingling adventure, read *From Peonies to Pirates* by Jane Shelley as related to Steven Duff, himself an avid, accomplished sailor and talented writer. Duff's apt words capture the essence of feisty retired Chief Mate Shelley and build momentum, dropping the torpedo of imminent piracy up close and personal. But first, Shelley's triumph over huge challenges is established so that her mettle, courage and compassion rise to the fore.

Successful floral and then vending machine entrepreneur in Toronto, after having grown up on a labour-intensive farm, the unconventional Shelley fell in love with Georgian Bay, boating and

seafaring. She moved to the States for rigorous hands-on and academic training, earning her Chief Mate ticket through the ranks. She embarked on this male-dominated demanding profession in her forties!

While gathering experience and then working, Shelley faced Typhoon Bab, the mysterious death of two security crew, an inebriated inappropriately amorous skipper, bureaucracy and gun-toting, shooting pirates. Duff's descriptions mesmerize, such as Bab's rogue wave: *It was as if the entire ocean bottom were having some sort of giant convulsion.* (60). He also mentions how a seventy-foot wave filled the entire sea-sky mass from Shelley's perspective. Regarding the



pirate attack, Duff puts the reader squarely on deck and in the wheelhouse and deftly shows Shelley's aplomb: *the skiff was about*

eight metres long, with a wide hull, and an enormous outboard motor. ... It was like being privy to a TV gunfight, only this was the real thing, but I still felt that weird icy calm ... (193).

The reader feels firmly on board for the many varied, always exciting, nautical adventures, learning the lore and revering the masterful and fully human chief Mate Jane Shelley, who found a congenial mate offshore through her oftentimes humorous and often perilous seafaring decades.

Bio

Steven Duff is a Parry Sound author, artist, musician and student of history. He has written over 100 newspaper and magazine articles and seven novels. He is currently the director of the Parry Sound based Georgian Bay Winds. He is also an avid sailor.



**And to the rocks
of Georgian Bay
from which I stole
my imagery;
I am most grateful**

*Ed Bartram, printmaker,
photographer and painter
1938 - 2019*

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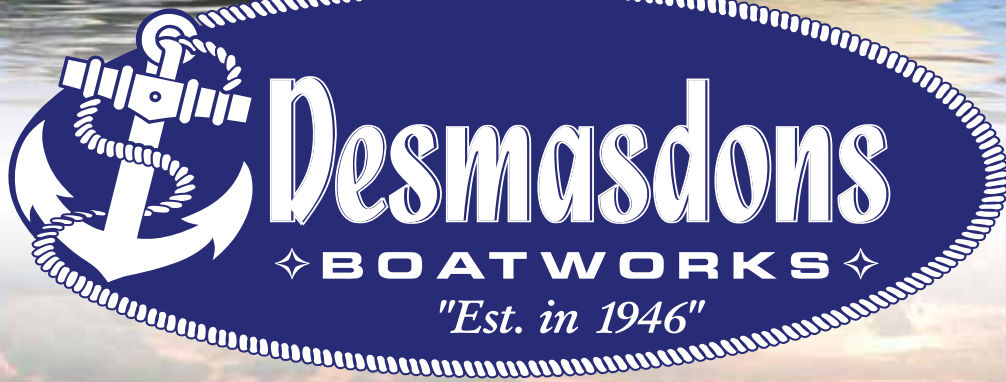
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