

# On The Main Street

Sat. Oct 18/66



with FORD  
MOYNES

There is an old saying about people being unable to see the trees because of the forest and it very often rings true.

Citizens of Lindsay and surrounding district have become so accustomed to their every day surroundings and take matters so much for granted that they fail to recognize and appreciate the beauty of the town and surroundings and the grandeur of the town's location and the natural beauty of the area around Lindsay, especially the tributary waters.

This fact was brought to mind by the following article which appeared in the Orillia Packet and Times. Read it and reflect:

If you're getting a bit bored with the same old runs down the Severn to the Bay and Beausoleil, or mucking about the vast inland seas that is Lake Simcoe, blow yourself to something that is really different. Poke up the Trent in the usual way to Sturgeon Lake, but instead of heading on for Bobcaygeon, turn down the lake to the long river approach to Lindsay. The marsh

and river scenery is totally different from anything you'll see anywhere else on the waterways, Lindsay itself is the most delightful of ports of call and the seven miles of river beyond are breathtaking beautiful.

Last week we took this little voyage ourselves and enjoyed it enormously. Once away from Sturgeon Lake, the buoyed channel winds between enormous estuarial marshes, a wasteland of reeds and water, of wildfowl and willows that is utterly fascinating.

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Beautiful under a bright summer sky, the marshes take on a wild and lonely quality with the gathering dusk of evening, nothing but ducks and loons and herons stirring in all those miles of empty marshland; when we passed a tiny hut by the riverbank, utterly isolated and deserted, it looked like the locale for one of Hitchcock's creepies. (Mummified Remains Found in Lonely Hut). Things brighten up as one approaches Lindsay, however; there's the sewer outlet, for one thing, and there's nothing like the whiff of raw sewage to bring one back to reality.

The entrance to Lindsay is like the approach that railways make to any city or town; abandoned buildings, old factories, backyard squalor sort of thing, and somehow we love it. Never saw so many crumbling boathouses, sunken boats, or mouldering ruins, all tucked away among green banks and lacy willows. There's a fine stern-wheeler houseboat moored alongside, The River Queen, with a jaunty smokestack, and sundry other interesting craft including a steam launch craft "Pressure Cooker". Lindsay itself offers beautiful berth above the lock in MacDonnell Park, right in the centre of the town, but the best overnight mooring are on the wall below the lock, in a quiet park complete with washrooms and other amenities. They use a tiny lock, about 30 feet long, for most

pleasurecraft, only using the full chamber for bigger craft. We walked up the hill to the beautifully-reconditioned Kawartha theatre (year-round stage entertainment) there to see the initial performance of "Lady Audley's Secret" (Oh what can it be?) and enjoyed ourselves enormously.

Poking downriver from Lindsay to Lake Scugog, one passes more of the sort of backyard domesticity that we personally enjoy, before coming out into pastoral countryside that is, we think, the most beautiful riverside scenery we have ever seen. Pure Constable country, with green banks, pollarded willows, low meadows spreading away to distant horizons, broken by lines of graceful elms, with flocks and herds grazing by the waterside. The Scugog is surprisingly like the Stour, and the reflections of summer clouds and skys will make even the Phillistines among us stand rapt in admiration. Lower down, the river broadens out into marshland, full of fishermen and herons and birdlife, then joins Lake Scugog itself, just another whacking great lake with an enormous great island smack in the centre. We visited Caesarea because if its name (called after Julius, Augustus, or Sid?) and Port Perry, simply because it's the country where Jimmy Frise, the famous cartoonist and a boyhood idol of ours grew up, but there's nothing memorable about either for the boatman.

We were also vastly impressed with the infinite variety of Balsam Lake as a cruising ground; there are endless islands to explore and anchor off, the lake is surely among the most beautiful God ever made, and one can anchor out in unspoiled surroundings

with the fleshpots of Cobocok or the amenities of Rosedale's gasoline alley under one's lee, only a few minutes away.

For the first time, we also noticed how beautiful the mirror-like waters of those otherwise tiresome, long cuts are below Kirkfield, when one is the first boat along on a bright morning. Lots of wildlife, including an enormous porcupine swimming the channel, and all very still and lovely before the boats start arriving and turning it all back into so many stretches of dull canal.

We were impressed again with the courtesy of the lock keepers along the way, the ease and speed with which one can pass through the many locks nowadays (under four hours from Rosedale to Gamebridge) and the variety of scenery which the Trent provides. We've enjoyed most of the world's great cruising grounds — the Grenadines, the Windwards, the Leewards, the Bahahams, the West Coast, the East Coast, the Solent, the Hebrides — but for our money, our own waterway has them all backed off the map for variety, scenic beauty, safety, comfort and convenience — not only can you swim in the water, you can often drink it in a pinch, but not near Lindsay.

It its's a change you're looking for, try some of those rivers and gunkholes to the eastward!