

# Cramahe employees vote to join CUPE

NORTHUMBERLAND  
TODAY JAN 21/11  
JOYCE CASSIN

Northumberland Today  
**CRAMAHE TOWNSHIP** - Cramahe's non-administrative staff voted Wednesday night to join the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE).

"Twenty-five ballots were cast in Wednesday's vote, with 14 in favour of the union and four opposed," Cramahe chief administrative officer Christie Alexander said. "Seven ballots were challenged by either the union or the township as to whether these employees had the right to vote, but since it could not sway the vote, the result stands."

Thirty employees had been eligible to vote.

She said both parties must now agree on who will belong to the union that came into effect on Jan. 19.

The CUPE application said the union would include all persons employed by the corporation, save those in supervisory positions and above, Christie said.

At this point the library employees are not included, but they may be included as part of the negotiations.

As well, the firefighters,

see UNION | Page 2

# Workers join CUPE

FROM PAGE 1

who voted to reject a union in December, may be allowed to join — but they must wait until a year is up on Dec. 6 before they can bring the matter to a vote again.

Now administrative staff must get to work drafting the collective agreement, Christie said.

There is no word on how it would affect the municipality financially at this time because it's "unknown what the employees expect to get out of it," Christie said.

"We're pleased that so many employees went out and voted," said Christie, adding that having the majority of the employees there more accurately represents their true position.

A call to Debbie Oldfield from CUPE's national organization was not returned by press time.

jcassin@northumberlandtoday.com  
twitter.com/NT\_jcassin

# A remarkable man

"I went to a marrrrrvellous party!" Which was how, in 2005, I opened a column in what was then the *Cobourg Daily Star*, telling of a party, thrown by Jim and Carole Dove of Warkworth, celebrating Seven Hills Theatre, Then and Now. Seven Hills Theatre, dubbed by the Peterborough Examiner as "tiny... but aggressive", came into being over the winter of 1979/80 in the village of Warkworth, which hadn't seen any amateur theatre in over 40 years. In that same column I wrote about how, when an idea occurs, it begins a process that will affect and change lives of people who have yet to meet.



NORTHUMBERLAND  
TODAY JAN 27/11  
Grahame Woods  
THE PASSING SCENE

Seven Hills Theatre was created and nourished by a group of extremely talented amateur actors, together with backstage people contributing many skills for set-design, lighting and sound, costumes and makeup, classic posters, who, over the next few years, presented such plays as *The Farm Show*, *On Golden Pond*, *Leaving Home*, *I'll Be Back Before Midnight*, *Night Mother*. But, more, it drew together a group of dedicated people whose lives began to intersect. Friendships were created, forging bonds and understandings that brought them together again 25 years later at Jim and Carole's.

I remember the very first meeting on a cold January night so well, anxiously wondering if anyone would respond to an advertisement in the *Warkworth Journal* announcing the project. Like the field of dreams, they came — to an under-heated town hall, a bunch of strangers making awkward introductions, the unease broken by the arrival of a man striding through the double doors like a new sheriff in town, wrapped in an old buffalo coat, a dramatic entrance for the ages. "Hello, I'm Jim Dove. I'm an actor."

And what an actor. From the first rehearsal for *The Farm Show*, Jim showed he had the acting chops that would make him a go-to performer. A school teacher by day, he commanded the town hall stage with a great presence. It was only a beginning. A new member of the group, Rebecca White, raised Jim's game by several notches, cast opposite each other in *Bliithe Spirit*, *The Four Poster*, *Windfall*, *Leaving Home*. Last June, Becky died. In a column I wrote about her I said, "Out of these productions came a serendipitous creation, the teaming of Becky and Seven Hills' stalwart, James Dove. Together they dazzled in several productions, becoming, in certain sense, Warkworth's Fred and Ginger."

Eventually, Seven Hills Theatre came to an end. As with many small community endeavours, where a core group devotes time, energy to the cause, it wound down. But the friendships remained, connected by the shared experience. Contact between Jim and myself was spasmodic; perhaps occasionally meeting on the street in Cobourg; with the advent of e-mail, exchanging thoughts. When I was in hospital in Cobourg following a 2002 heart attack, within days Jim and Carole came to visit — even now, I've no idea how they found out. Then Jim and I re-connected through Cobourg Poetry Workshop meetings and readings, where his poetry was well regarded.

When I heard about Becky White's death last June, I e-mailed Jim to get some reminiscences that I could use in my column. I didn't hear back. It was early summer, I figured they were away. Weeks later, Jim phoned. He'd been in hospital in Kingston, diagnosed with Stage 4 brain cancer. He'd had several surgeries and there was nothing more that could be done, save chemotherapy treatments. He didn't simply give up. He did his very best to live every day to the fullest; with Carole, he planned the celebration of his life, a party to rival the 2005 event. Last week Jim died, surrounded by his family.

Bad weather prevented me from attending the celebration of his life; by all accounts it was exactly what he wanted, a marrrrrvellous party that even outdid the 2005 occasion, his house vibrating with the energy of a lifetime of friends coming together to say farewell.

With Jim Dove's death, Warkworth and the community lost a fine person who, over the years contributed so much to so many, both on the stage, in the classroom, and through his many social connections. Last week one of its bright lights went dark.

Grahame Woods, a retired mental-health counsellor and Gemini-winning television playwright, lives in Cobourg. He can be reached at ggwoods@sympatico.ca.

MASSEY, DONALD VINCENT peacefully at the Campbellford Memorial Hospital, on Tuesday, January 18th, 2011, age 95 years. Son of the late Clarence Massey and the late Gertrude (Ames). Loving husband of Velma (Peterson). Dear father of Lawrence and his wife Joanne of Cobourg, Verlie and her husband Arthur McLaren of Bridgenorth, Kathryn Morash (Bob) of Peterborough, Donald and his wife Sharon of Illinois and Richard and his wife Barbara of Cobourg. Predeceased by sisters Stella Miller, Mildred VanBlaricom, Marjorie Ogg, and by his brother Clarence Massey. Sadly missed by his twelve grandchildren, eighteen great grandchildren and his several nieces and nephews. The family received friends at St. Paul's United Church, Warkworth on Saturday, January 22nd, 2011 from 11 o'clock. A Memorial service followed in the church at 1 o'clock, Reverend Mark Fearmall officiating. Cremation with spring interment Stones Cemetery. As an expression of sympathy, donations to the Parkinson's Foundation or Charity of Choice, would be appreciated by the family. www.quintefuneralcentres.com

INDEPENDENT TODAY JAN 27/11