

From Where I Sit (by R.O.)

Square

A few years ago the word "Square" became a term of derision, and was used to describe people who had old-fashioned ideas. It may still be used in that way. Before that time, it was a compliment to be called "square", because a square person could be trusted; he didn't cheat, lie or "pass the buck." A square person was known for his solid, reliable character - a person of integrity and honour. If all these characteristics of a "square" are really the old-fashioned ideas which are being derided and ridiculed, the more squares we have in the world, the better for all concerned. In fact, when we come right down to it, the only reason there is anything worth-while in society is because there were so many "squares" in the past. As soon as the remaining "squares" die off, and unless they are replaced with new squares, society will collapse into a hopeless jungle. So let's be thankful for the squares in the world.

New Credit Through The Eyes of Erik Watt

Chapter 5 - The New Credit Heritage

"There is a definite awareness of Indian heritage among the Mississaugas, and it is exerting itself today. On the New Credit reserve, for instance, quite a movement has begun to have the Mississauga tongue taught in school. And individuals, like Lloyd King, are trying, now, to compile a tribal history, for much of the Mississaugas history has been forgotten. Mrs. Sylvester LaForme, wife of one of the five councillors, has begun a small but thriving business making mocassins and Indian dolls; she would like to see more young people become involved in that field, or in pottery making, for which the early Mississaugas were known.

The Island Of The Manitou (by R. J. Montour)

There is a spiritual pull and enchantment about an island that no spot on the mainland has.

As a youth, I dreamed of the day that might come when I could reside on an island. Now that I have lived on an island for nearly a quarter of a century, I shall try to tell you why I like this island.

The name of this island is derived from the Odawa Indian language "GITCHI MANITOU" (Great Spirit) That this Great Spirit should dwell apart in a region of his own is fitting, and there was no more suitable home than on an island. The Great Island of the inland sea (Lake Huron) was looked upon for centuries as the home of the Great Manitou, and hence the naming of the Manitoulin Island.

There are no high buildings here, no crowded streets, no foul smoke in the air, no blocking of street corners; just space and trees, mossy paths and the waters of the lake lapping away in rhythmic fashion at the rocky shore all day and night.

The little hamlet we call our home town is MAN-A-TO-MAN-ING, known today as Manitowaning; this name is also derived from the Indian name "Manitou" the great spirit and "WAN" means a den - the "ing" being a verbal noun ending. The name means "The Den of the great spirit" and its origin is probably due to the tradition that MANITOU had an underground passage between Manitowaning Bay and South Bay through which he passed at will from one bay to the other, without going over land.

When the urge to go fishing strikes you, and you look towards your boat slightly rising and falling with the movement of the bay waters, its an urge you cannot resist.

The motor on your boat furnishes a soothing song while you view the clouds or the setting of the sun, oft times you postpone the fishing for another time, and keep on feasting your eyes on the beauty of the shoreline and the multi-colored clouds,

There is always something interesting and out of the ordinary when you live upon an island. There are no serious interruptions, there is quiet and peace. You learn to respect the art of stillness and give tired nerves a new lease on life.

The virgin forest that once dominated the Manitoulin Island has disappeared, but every tree that remains is a friend whose name is familiar to me. There are wild strawberries, raspberries and blueberries a plenty. The glossy leaves of the wintergreen are seen everywhere one treads. The low lying land where wild orchids thrive, is a sight to behold.

I love to watch the tiny warblers, and other birds that are inhabitants here, for a spell. The whole community is thrilled when the white swan decides to spend the summer on our beautiful bay. The fragrant odor of the island is something to be treasured. On an island you are separated from everything, even worries and rent collectors. We have a comfortable home at Manitowaning and a cabin on Manitowaning Bay. Some of our American friends call the island "Happy Hunting Ground", it's that to me.

Please drive wreckless instead of reckless. Good luck and may God bless.

R.J. Montour
Box 102, Manitowaning, Ontario