

Ramblin' Ruth



Heads Up For Summer Fun

By Ruth LeBlanc

Summer is in full swing in the Kawarthas with the population of Bobcaygeon swelling from a mere 2,600 in the winter to ten times that number.

Fishermen, including Mr. J, are in heaven as they drop their lines and pickerel, bass and crappies bite the dangling worms. Bears are hidden in the dense bush and thankfully, unlike last summer, I have not seen one wandering in the yard. My journeys in the woods have ended.

I have been told to stand tall, wave my arms and back up slowly if I encounter a bear on my walks. With my luck I would walk backwards, trip over a log and end up being one big scalped human feast.

The other evening, a neighbour came over with a warning to keep the dogs in the house since he had spotted a very large cougar in his yard. My little guys would have made a nice snack, so when they went out, I kept a watchful eye out for the large cat.

A predator called the fisher lives in the woods and is notorious for stalking and killing whatever comes its way, and I spotted one the other evening. It is larger than a cat, with a roundish head and bobbed tail, and was as fast as lightning as it ran through a clearing in the woods. It headed to an area where jackrabbits live in a hollowed-out tree, and I hoped it wouldn't find their home.

One of the strangest things I have seen is the new squirrel who empties the bird feeder. He has a solid white tail, but the rest of his body is reddish brown apart from a white bib. He's an odd little rodent with a great appetite for bird seed who, along with dozens of chipmunks, leaves little over for the birds.

The other day Mr. J took the bag of seed, and as he went to open it a chipmunk popped out and ran up his arm, nearly giving him a heart attack. I heard some commotion and looked out as the chipmunk ran away and the bird seed scattered.

This summer Mr. J, also known as the

human accident magnet, was struck on the head by a heavy board, which caused a large cut and lump. He didn't go to the doctor, and now he has headaches and gets a blank look on his face as he forgets what to order on his pizza.

The first indication something was amiss was when he tried to put up the large, above-ground pool. Enclosed in the box was a DVD on how to assemble it quickly and without stress. "Have you watched it?" I asked. "Yes, many times," he replied. It became apparent that if he had viewed it, none of the instructions had sunk in.

A was inserted into F and D into G and the result was one bizarre-looking structure. Maybe it's a guy thing, or maybe it was one clunk on the head too many, who can tell?

Finally, after hours of hostile exchanges, the pool was up and the water truck arrived and filled it with frigid water. Bravely Mr. J jumped in and, covered in goose bumps, quickly jumped back out. Teeth clattering, he asked me to join him, but I didn't hear anything else because I had already closed the door.

He has finally relented and is going to seek medical attention now that even he agrees he has had one too many clunks on the head. Sometimes he is like a human ping pong ball, with his poor head on top of his tall body bouncing off anything from a low ceiling to tree branches.

Life is never boring in this neck of the woods and the only thing that goes bump in the night is Mr. J's head. Nice to know some things never change in the good old summertime.

Dealership Hosts Grand Opening



Stouffville Chrysler's grand opening gala on June 25 included live entertainment, dance demonstrations, delicious food and numerous activities. Dolly Bhatia, in black dress and bangles, works on dance moves with Sophie and Madeleine van der Griend, while their father and dealer principal Peter van der Griend (3rd right) looks on with sons Peter (left) and Edward (right).



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