Niagara Escarpment VIENS

WINTER 2021-22 (DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY)

Peter Baumgarten's

MANITOULIN LANDSCAPES

TROUT HOLLOW

Nature Reserve Created!

Wandering KEMBLE'S PROTECTED LANDS

ACCESS TO

HAMILTON'S ESCARPMENT

COOL POETRY

BY Winston Uytenbogaart

OUR **2ND DECADE**OF PUBLISHING

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Winter 2021-22 (December, January, February)

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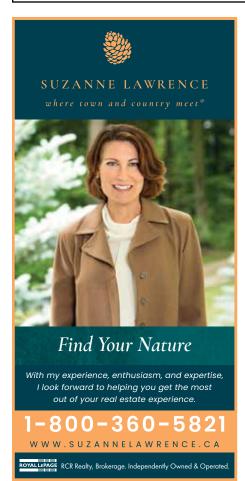
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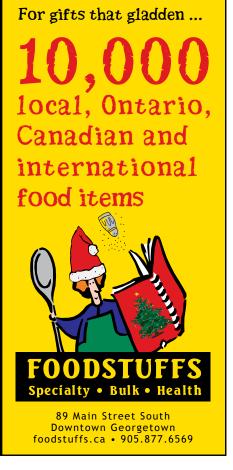
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Conservation Halton Award, 2014 to Mike Davis in Media/Blogger Category

OUR SECOND DECADE OF PUBLISHING

VIEW FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Green Practices

By Gloria Hildebrandt



COVID lockdowns and restrictions have led to people going out in droves to public green spaces, the Bruce Trail and Escarpment waterfalls. Especially on weekends, roads near these spaces are lined with cars parked on both sides. People are pushing themselves beyond their physical limits, resulting in accidents, drownings and deaths. It seems that people are starving for nature and willing to take great risks to immerse themselves in it. The solution may be to provide more natural space, more easily accessible. The pandemic has revealed the stress that people feel, and one preferred way of dealing with it, by getting outside among greenery.

We know the other benefits of nature, how forests store carbon dioxide, and wetlands retain stormwater for later use and limit flooding. We are part of nature, not separate from it, and need it to survive. Literally as well as psychologically.

Our Green Practices

As the pandemic finally appears to be coming under control, global attention is shifting to addressing climate change. We can all take action to help. We, the publishers of this magazine, have long had green practices. We run a lean, efficient business, working from home offices with primarily previously used furniture and fixtures. We try to avoid air conditioning by managing our houses for natural cooling. We reduce our consumption of heating fuel by burning dead wood from our forest. We have used LED lightbulbs for many years. We do not print thick, oversized issues and print very little more than we distribute. We recycle everything possible, first reusing blank sides of printed paper. We regularly donate office and household discards to reuse shops or give them away, instead of seeing them as waste. Our wardrobes are minimalist. When possible, we shop in person instead of ordering by truck delivery. We try to repair things instead of instantly replacing them with new ones. We often eat vegetarian meals, one of us exclusively. We drive hybrid electric vehicles and own them for their life span. Solar panels on the barn power lights, tools and our golf car. One of us chooses to ride a bike for some errands.

Our concern for nature extends to financial donations to wildlife rehabilitation centres. We grow native plants and have our properties counted as providing pollinator habitats. We work hard to eliminate invasive plant species on our country property, which we have had designated a nature reserve, the first registered with Escarpment Biosphere Conservancy in Halton Region.

We continue to look for ways to help nature remain healthy and helpful. Now imagine if we all did. Tell us what you're doing to fight climate change. We'd love to share your good news.

In This Issue

Manitoulin Island in winter has a rare beauty that photographer Peter Baumgarten has captured in several photos that are almost otherworldly. Specializing in landscape photography, he has won prestigious awards and recognition, and also teaches. His work in this issue shows the rewards of exploring the island in the off-season.

Escarpment Biosphere Conservancy impresses us again with their achievements in nature preservation. A donation of 160 acres of land near Meaford, with historic ties to conservationist John Muir, has resulted in Trout

Hollow Nature Reserve. Ashley Brown gives a tour of some of this special land.

Further north on the Escarpment, Sandra Howe invites us to a tea party at Kemble's spectacular lookout before taking us on some winter walks through Bruce Trail Conservancy properties. Vanished farms and a mysterious structure are included.

Historian Joachim Brouwer shares his ideas about where First Nations people climbed the "mountain" at present-day Hamilton, creating trails up and down the Escarpment, which settlers went on to develop into early roads. Old and new photographs give interesting comparisons.

Winter has also inspired Winston Uytenbogaart, who has used frosty mornings and silent spaces to create poetry. His expressive imaginings let the spirit soar while remaining cozy inside.

Pour a cup of your favourite beverage and take a look at our Winter pages.



Gloria Hildebrandt

P.S. Wild animals need wild spaces.

The offices of Niagara Escarpment Views are located on the Treaty Lands and Territory of the Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation, specifically The Ajetance Treaty No. 19, of 1818, when Chief Ajetance sold the lands to the Indian Department of the government.

Let us know what you think!

Write us at editor@NEViews.ca or Niagara Escarpment Views, 50 Ann St., Georgetown ON L7G 2V2.

More Online!

Keep in touch with Escarpment news between issues at our website. We have unique content not seen in the magazine, and you can leave comments in response. See www.NEViews.ca.



Niagara Escarpment Views is on Facebook as: www.facebook.com/N.E.Views

READERS & VIEWERS

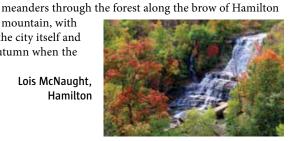


We love, love, love your magazine!!! The editorial...the photographs...the contributors and even your advertisers. We were members of the Bruce Trail Conservancy, Iroquoia section and you always seem to include a story or a photo or even a letter that brings back happy memories. Please renew our 2 year subscription and send us the "Autumn/ Winter Escarpment Views" cards. Keep up the great work. Your new book is going to make a great Xmas gift Pam Brown, Comox, BC



mountain, with stunning vistas overlooking Red Hill Valley, the city itself and Lake Ontario. [Here] is a photo I took last Autumn when the colours were at their most spectacular.

> Lois McNaught, Hamilton



I received the Autumn issue of your magazine, and the photography and articles are impressive, as usual. Living in Hamilton, I was especially interested in Mike Davis'

feature on biking the Hamilton Trails. With well over 100, Hamilton is fondly known as the City of Waterfalls, and Albion Falls is one of the most beautiful of all. Not only is it a great place to bike to but there are several wonderful hiking trails surrounding the falls. One lovely trail



▲ Antonio Merino on the Hamilton Mountain, seeing the photo of himself in "Outings by Bike With Mike: Two Hamilton Trails," Autumn 2021. PHOTO BY MIKE DAVIS.

Given the ad for Skyway Lawn **Equipment and Golf Carts** of Stoney Creek on page 35 of the new issue, I think you may have had a brain cramp in referring in your column to Skylawn Equipment of Stoney Creek. Magazine is looking good, as always. My vote is against fiction

Thank you to Doug Yonson for spotting this typo. I sincerely apologize for giving the incorrect name of Skyway Lawn Equipment in the column "The Gift of Land," page 46 in Autumn 2021. Gloria Hildebrandt, editor

Doug Yonson, Nepean



As a lover of gingerbread, your Summer 2021 article on Grimsby Park won my heart. I just wanted to show you 2 other places of mention. The home of the Bowslaugh's who donated the land and also the sweet 'Little Free Library' that the residents made to suit the area perfectly.

My husband and I moved to Peterborough almost 2 years ago and we've been missing our drives from St. Catharines to the park. Thanks for giving me a chance to relive my memories once again.

Lorraine Topping, Peterborough







Wild life protection

A resident in our townhouse complex leads his cat on a leash to hunt down the squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, etc. and for his cat to kill. I have told him to keep his cat moving when he walks the cat on common ground around our townhouse but he persists in his mission several times a day, every day. Last evening when I questioned if the cat was trying to kill something he told me that the cat already had. How do I have him charged and fined for using the cat as a weapon to kill off all these little animals?

Thomas Little, by email

GAZETTE

Orangeville's **Indigenous Crosswalk**

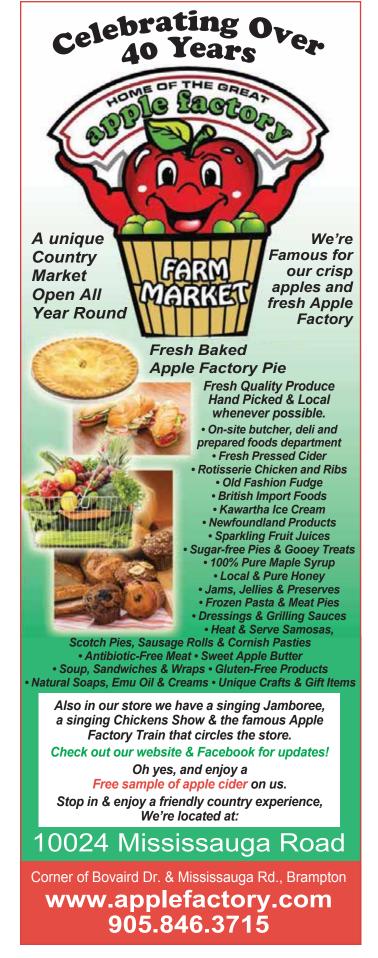


▲ In time for Sept. 30, the first National Day for Truth and Reconciliation, the Town of Orangeville painted an orange crosswalk with seven feathers across it, to commemorate Indigenous children who were forced into residential schools. The seven feathers represent Seven Grandfathers' teachings, which are wisdom, love, respect, bravery, honesty, humility and truth. PHOTO PROVIDED BY TOWN OF ORANGEVILLE.

Art for Orangeville



◆ Victorian Lady, a tree sculpture by chainsaw artist Robbin Wenzoski, has been installed at 255 Broadway in Orangeville. Robbin created two other tree sculptures for the town, as part of its public art program.



GAZETTE

The Lost Children

Photographs by Mike Davis

On Manitoulin Island in August, these were some of the expressions of emotion regarding the unmarked graves of residential school children.











On Sept. 30, the Walk of Remembrance Guided by Grandmothers' Voice in honour of the children and survivors of the Indian residential school systems, took place at the Urban Indigenous Center for HOPE and Peace for Wellness, at Country Heritage Park, Milton.



Flamborough Flood Protection



On Aug. 12, councillor Judi Partridge and representatives from Conservation Halton, City of Hamilton and Greenbelt Foundation broke ground for the second phase of the Flamborough Centre Park, which will restore a little-used sports park to wetland. Photo provided by Conservation Halton.











■ GAZETTE ALONG THE ESCARPMENT:

The 44th Canadian Parliament Election Results, 2021

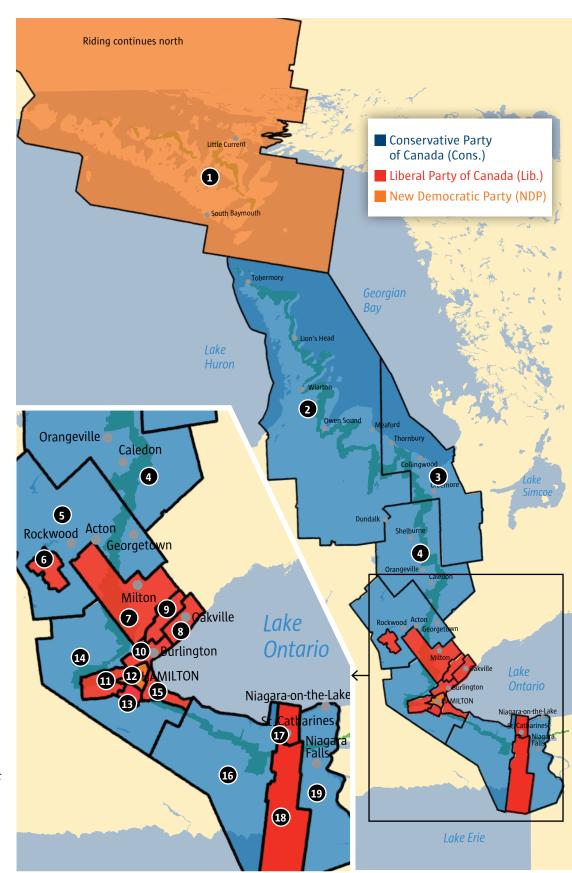
(UNOFFICIAL)

Here are the newly elected members of Parliament for ridings along the Niagara Escarpment, listed from north to south:

- ALGOMA-MANITOULIN-KAPUSKASING Carol Hughes, NDP Incumbent Re-Elected
- 2 BRUCE-GREY-OWEN SOUND Alex Ruff, Cons. Incumbent Re-Elected
- 3 SIMCOE-GREY
 Terry Dowdall, Cons.
 Incumbent Re-Elected
- **DUFFERIN-CALEDON**Kyle Seeback, Cons.
 Incumbent Re-Elected
- WELLINGTON-HALTON HILLS Michael Chong, Cons. Incumbent Re-Elected
- **GUELPH**Lloyd Longfield, Lib.
 Incumbent Re-Elected
- MILTON

 Adam Van Koeverden, Lib.

 Incumbent Re-Elected
- OAKVILLE
 Anita Anand, Lib.
 Incumbent Re-Elected
- OAKVILLE NORTH-BURLINGTON Pam Damoff, Lib. Incumbent Re-Elected
- BURLINGTON
 Karina Gould, Lib.
 Incumbent Re-Elected
- HAMILTON WEST-ANCASTER-DUNDAS Filomena Tassi, Lib. Incumbent Re-Elected
- HAMILTON CENTRE
 Matthew Green, NDP
 Incumbent Re-Elected
- HAMILTON MOUNTAIN Lisa Hepfner, Lib.
- FLAMBOROUGH-GLANBROOK Dan Muys, Cons.
- HAMILTON EAST-STONEY
 CREEK
 Chad Collins, Lib.
- NIAGARA WEST
 Dean Allison, Cons.
 Incumbent Re-Elected
- ST. CATHARINES
 Chris Bittle, Lib. Incumbent
 Re-Elected
- NIAGARA CENTRE
 Vance Badawey, Lib.
 Incumbent Re-Elected
- NIAGARA FALLS
 Tony Baldinelli, Cons.
 Incumbent Re-Elected



Georgetown's EV Experience



■ Subscriber Brian Heinmiller of Georgetown displayed his 2019 Volt at an Electric Vehicle Extravaganza held by the Town of Halton Hills on Sept. 18. PHOTO BY MIKE DAVIS.

500 Acres of Nature Reserve on the Bruce

The Bruce Trail Conservancy acquired more than 500 acres on Cape Chin on the Bruce Peninsula in late August. MapleCross Nature Reserve includes 1.8 km of Bruce Trail and protects sensitive ecosystems for Species at Risk. Funding for this reserve was made possible by 1,500 donors. PHOTO PROVIDED BY BRUCE TRAIL CONSERVANCY.





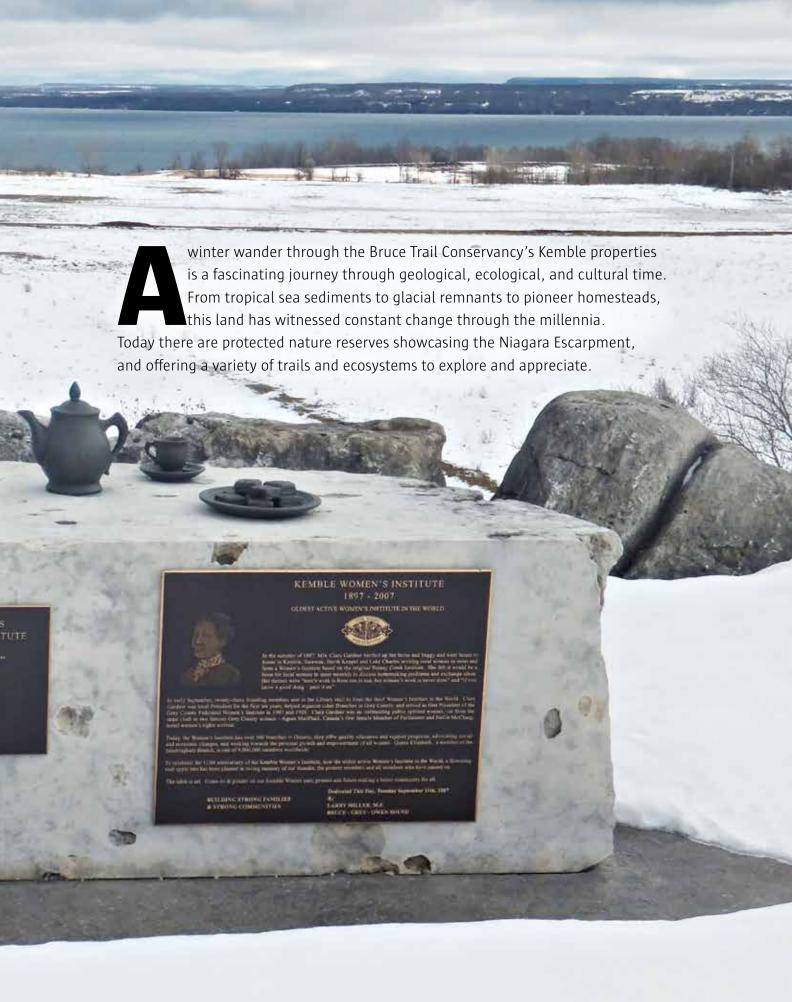
Winter Journey THROUGHTIME at Kemble

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY SANDRA J. HOWE

FOUNDING MEMBER KEMBLE WOMEN'S INST

District Change Handley, New Princeton, New Princeton, New York, National Change Handley Handl

The tea service sculpture and plaque at Kemble Women's Institute Lookout on Grey Rd.1 commemorates the 110th Anniversary of the Kemble Women's Institute. It is the oldest active Women's Institute in the world. This view shows the waters of Owen Sound with the Niagara Escarpment in the far distance.





▲ A large old apple tree and lilac bushes mark the home site of James and Martha West's family.

ur adventure begins with a scenic drive north on Grev Road 1 out of Owen Sound. At the curve where Dawson Road meets Road 1, be sure to check out the Kemble Women's Institute Lookout. This tasty-looking tea service sculpture of rock and concrete was installed in 2007 to commemorate the 110th anniversary of Kemble Women's Institute, the oldest active Women's Institute in the world. The monument and story of Kemble's historic Women's Institute pay tribute to the hearty women and men who settled this rugged landscape.

Continue north, straight through Kemble, on Kemble Rock Road. Ahead rises the mass of Kemble Mountain towering over the surrounding fields.

We enter the Kemble Rock Nature Reserve on the blueblazed Don Richards Side Trail. Depending on snow and trail conditions, we may walk, snowshoe or ski this route. The trail winds through abandoned farm fields towards a small stream. This farm belonged to James and Martha West who settled here in 1903. When James died young, Martha and six children continued to work the farm. Their apple trees, honeysuckle, and lilacs mark the house site on our left. The barn foundation walls are visible on our right. The cedar rail fences and livestock corrals are from more recent farming. At the creek, an old watering trough has been repurposed as a bridge abutment.

Ahead and on our right, the Escarpment rises by rocky steps and cliffs. The ledges are festooned with icicles, snow, and mosses. We climb through scrubby growth that is reclaiming old farm fields, and pass into beautiful hardwood forest. Here Indigenous peoples and White settlers after them tapped the Sugar Maples for sweet syrup production. Soon we pass a side trail on the right but continue on to the Kemble Wetland Side Trail.

Kemble Wetland

We begin our descent toward Kemble Wetland Nature Reserve through maple, beech, ash, and Black Cherry forest. Through the trees on our right, the old pastures of the McPhatter farm are visible. Charles McPhatter purchased this property in 1891, worked it into the early 1900s, and raised children and livestock. It is difficult to imagine

making a living on this rugged land but by working together, pioneer families were able to manage. As we approach the wetland, hardwoods give way to conifers and softwoods: cedar, spruce, and poplars. Where the side trail meets the main Bruce Trail, we follow the white blazes to the right.

Post-glacial Lake Algonquin covered this area some 10,000 years ago. The Kemble Wetland just ahead is a remnant of this ancient lake. Today it provides critical habitat for Sandhill Crane, American Bald Eagle, and many species of waterfowl and frogs. In winter, the breeze rustles through dried cattails and cedar snags. Chickadees chatter, and snow crunches underfoot. An interpretive plaque describes the significance of the vast marsh. Our trail



lacktriangle Peter Harris of Owen Sound crosses a seasonal stream on the Don Richards Side Trail. Bruce Trail volunteers built and installed the bridge, repurposing an old water trough as a support.





 $\blacksquare \ \, \text{This seasonal stream drains into Kemble Wetland, eventually flowing into the Indian River and to Owen Sound.}$





▲ Fractured dolostone along the Escarpment edge. The Mystery Cabin Side Trail follows the talus slope below the edge while the main Bruce Trail provides lookouts along the top.

turns northeast through the fierce hawthorn alley where hardy volunteers recently wrestled with trail clearing.

We meander through wild apple and hawthorn trees. These shrubby species are an important step in forest succession as cleared land returns to forest. Many springs and streams emerge from the Escarpment talus slope as we climb. For another view of the wetland and a pioneer homestead, you can take the short Cedar Point Side Trail. You may be able to recognize the square foundation of the Hurlbut log cabin as you walk through it. The main trail continues uphill toward the beautiful Birches Camp. Here White Birches stand along a zigzag rail fence.

Ancient Fossils

The trail becomes rocky and rougher as we follow the slope below the Escarpment. On our left, a massive stone wall appears. At a metre high and a metre wide, it speaks to the determination of the early farmers who built it all by hand. A large cleft in the wall reveals prehistoric fossils. These corals and creatures date to 450 million years ago when the Niagara Escarpment was forming in a shallow tropical sea.

The Don Richards Side Trail goes off to the right. The main trail east from here is considered unsafe for winter travel due to many crevices, steep ledges, and rocky terrain. We follow the blue blazes back past the Kemble Wetland





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Help Our **Escarpment Animals!**





◆ Hikers on the Birch Camp Side Trail.



Side Trail to complete our first loop. Soon after, another side trail appears on our left.

You can continue downhill on the Don Richards Side Trail to return to your vehicle. If you want to explore further, take the Mystery Cabin Side Trail heading uphill. We wander along the base of the cliffs to the ruins of a small cabin. No one knows for sure who built it, when, or why, hence the mystery. Ron Savage, trail director for the Sydenham Bruce Trail Club, believes it was started in the

1950s and never completed.

The view over surrounding farms and forests is spectacular. The trail follows along the talus slope to the unopened Coles Sideroad. You may choose to climb the Escarpment summit for great views, or turn downhill back to the parking area. This road allowance is suitable for winter hiking but in other seasons it is a muddy mess from ATV traffic.

We return to our vehicles. Having covered five or six km in distance, we have

travelled back through the Escarpment's formation, seen the remains of a glacial lake, encountered pioneer challenges, and observed forest succession at work. The Kemble Wetland and Kemble Rock Nature Reserves together provide protection and public access for over 120 hectares of fascinating lands. **NEV**

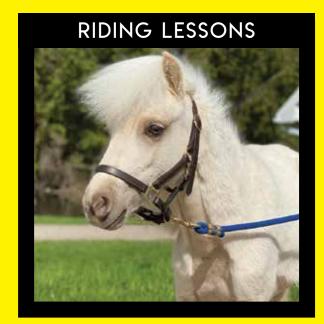
Sandra J. Howe's last feature for Niagara Escarpment Views was "Hikes Above Big Bay," in Autumn 2021.

▲ Peter Harris, Dennis Stier and Carol Harris head into Kemble Rock Nature Reserve on the Don Richards Side Trail.

▲ Dennis Stier of Southampton and Peter and Carol Harris of Owen Sound examine features of the Mystery Cabin foundation. It is unknown who began this structure or when, but it remains uncompleted.

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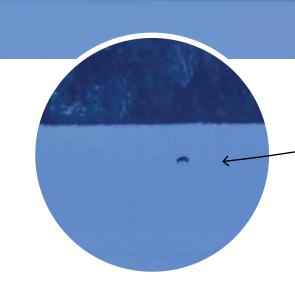
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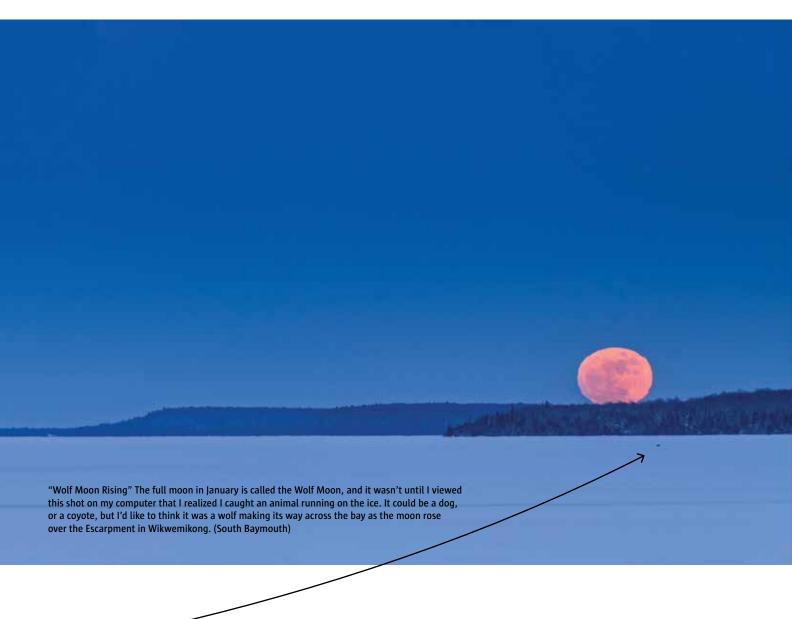


Creative Nature and Landscape Photography





■ "Spring Breakup" Manitoulin Island has innumerable bays and during the winter, most freeze solid. A sure sign of spring is when the ice starts to pile up on the shore. It's the perfect foreground feature for a landscape photo. This was shot just a short distance from where I live on Manitowaning Bay. Wikwemikong Unceded Reserve can be seen in the distance. (Manitowaning)



Photographer, educator, outdoor enthusiast, father, husband, grandpa, actor, singer —

these are some of the labels that can be attached to me, a down-to-earth guy who lives on Manitoulin Island in northern Ontario. As a photographer, I specialize in nature and landscape photography. Recently, I have started to delve more deeply into the "dark side" of photography - astro-landscapes. I don't like to be constrained by those styles of imagery, however, and will often shoot all types of subject matter. If it catches my eye, I'll photograph it. I love exploring the natural world and you can often find me out hiking, canoeing or kayaking.

My interest in photography started when I was 12. I had just finished my first summer job and my dad suggested I use my creative skill and invest my newly-earned money in a 35mm SLR camera. I was hooked! I loved the challenge of trying to capture the world in a small rectangular frame.

I grew up in Sauble Beach, at the base of the Bruce Peninsula, with miles of fields, forests, lakes and rivers to explore. It seemed natural for my eye to be attracted to the beauty of the great outdoors, and today it's still my favourite subject matter to photograph. I recently retired from teaching, after 30 years.

I now operate my own business, Creative Island Photography and am an Olympus Visionary, the only Canadian ambassador for the company. My goal in all of my images is to try and capture the world around me in ways that most people miss.



▶ "Organized Chaos" A thick fog greeted the day and that got me excited. I love shooting in fog because it helps isolate your subject. With that in mind I headed to a local wetland on Manitoulin Island and spent some time shooting the skeletonized trees and their almost perfect reflections. (Squirreltown)



► "Rocking the Galaxy" I am an avid astro-landscape photographer and Manitoulin Island is the perfect location to enjoy this pursuit. There are countless areas in which to enjoy dark skies. To capture this scene, I crawled under one of the overhangs of the Niagara Escarpment and photographed the Milky Way rising in the east. (South Bay, Tehkummah Township)



■ "Memories of the Old Days" I love photographing grand landscapes, whether it be in the mountains, the desert, or at a stunning waterfall. But a rural landscape can be just as impressive and tell an even better story. Manitoulin is filled with history and the old farmsteads are definitely part of that history. (Assiginack Township)



■ "Stars on Ice" During the winter, when the core of the Milky Way is no longer visible, I enjoy shooting star trails. In order to create this shot I started shooting an hour before the moonrise and then stopped just after the moon crested over the eastern horizon. (South Bay, Tehkummah Township)





▲ "Building an ice Wall" Each winter Bridal Veil Falls in Kagawong freezes up. Although the falls has plenty of summer visitors, I find that it is most appealing in the winter. This was photographed in mid December, just as the ice wall was beginning to form. (Kagawong)



▲ "A Room with a View" This old, concrete farmhouse is well known by anyone who regularly travels Hwy 6 on Manitoulin. It is located at Ten Mile Point, one of the best scenic views on the Island. The snake rail fence is also indicative of Manitoulin. Many operating farms still use these barriers to keep their livestock in the fields. (Ten Mile Point, Sheguiandah Township)





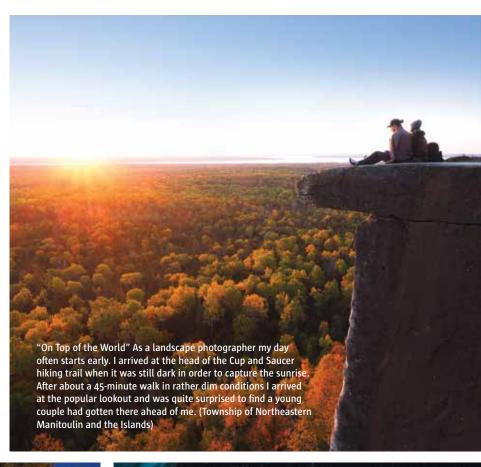
▲ "Winter Blanket" A fresh blanket of snow covers this field and abandoned farmhouse. Winter is a great time for landscape photography. The scenery can change dramatically from day to day and the snow can add a pristine look to greyish landscapes of late autumn.

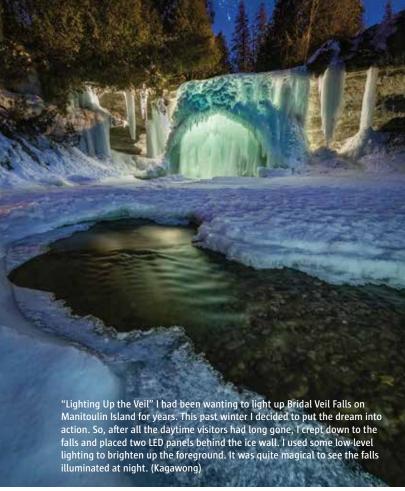
 ${\bf \vartriangle}$ "A Piece of History" I love the old farmhouses that can be found on Manitoulin Island. Each has a story to tell about the life of its inhabitants, but many of those stories have been silenced over time. (Clover Valley, Assiginack Township)

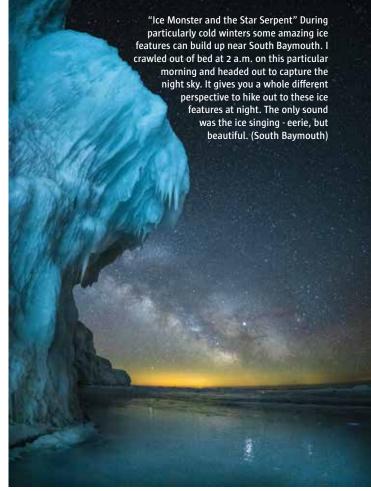


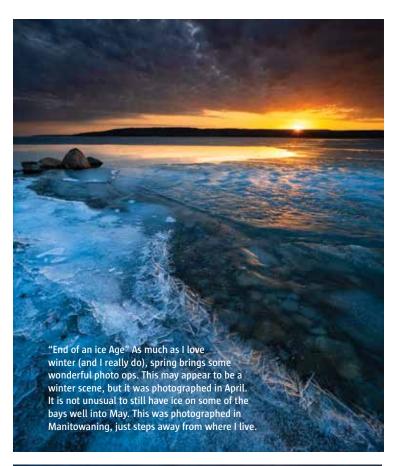
▲ "Behind the Wall" Bridal Veil Falls is an overhanging waterfall. This means there is plenty of room to climb behind the falls, including during the winter when a spectacular ice wall forms. The daylight is transmitted through the ice, making it glow with a beautiful teal colour. (Kagawong)

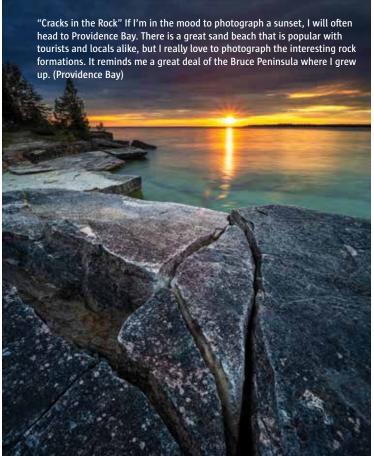












For more about Peter Baumgarten's photography, see creativeislandphoto.com, facebook.com/creativeislandphoto, instagram.com/creativeislandphoto.







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Georgian Bay and Collingwood from the Escarpment at Sideroad 30 \pm 31, Nottawasaga. PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE DAVIS. WINTER 2021-22 • Niagara Escarpment Views 29

Trout Hollow Nature Reserve: **ESCARPMENT BIOSPHERE CONSERVANCY PROTECTS THE TIMELESS**

WRITTEN & PHOTOGRAPHED BY ASHLEY BROWN

his year, the Knight family donated the entire 160 acres of Trout Hollow land to Escarpment Biosphere Conservancy, adding a truly unique property to our almost 200 reserves across Ontario. Although community groups like Friends of Trout Hollow and the Knight family lovingly cared for Trout Hollow's expanse of river and forest, as of June 2021 Trout

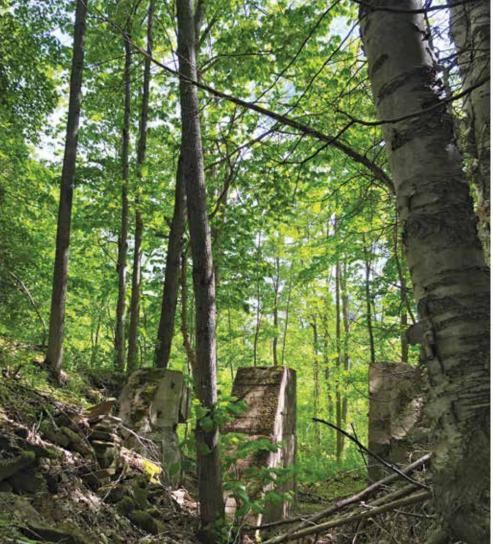
Hollow officially became a Nature Reserve

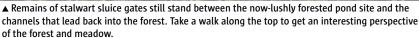
and will stay protected in perpetuity.

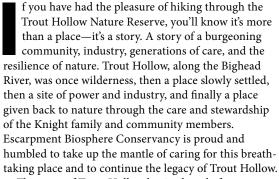
► Trails run all along and around the moss-covered milling channels--coming down Side Road 7 into Trout Hollow you are greeted by this channel crosssection to begin your journey.









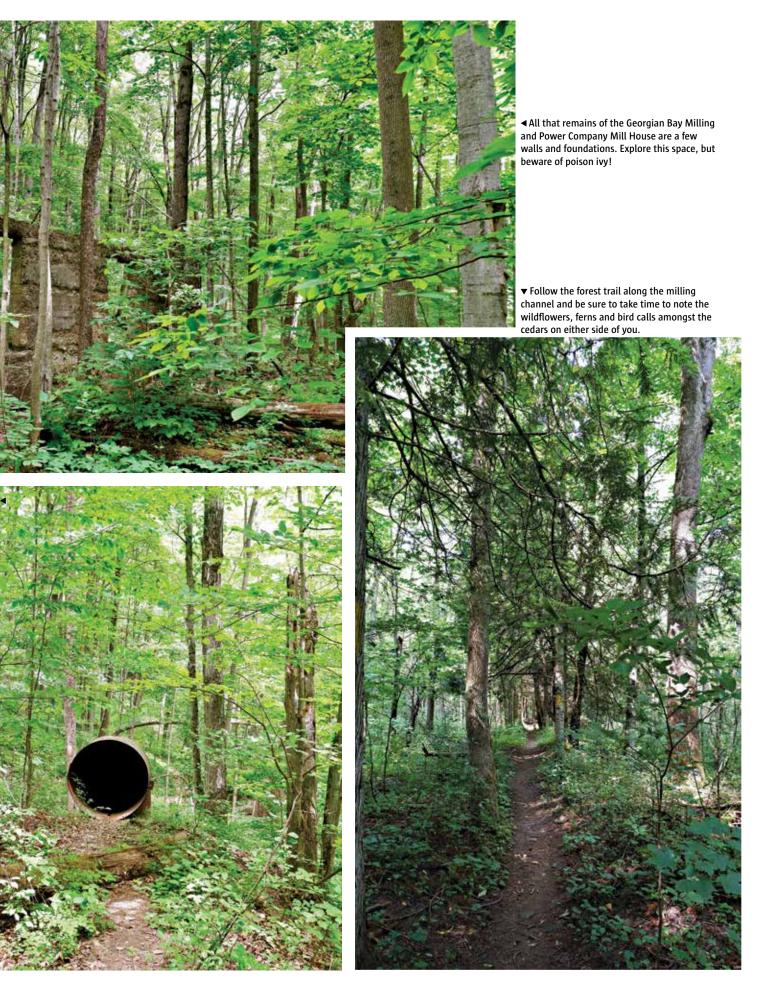


The story of Trout Hollow begins long before European settlers were present in the area, as Wendake-Nionwentsio, Mississauga, Odawa and Anishinabewaki First Nations Territory. However, the landscape of what we now know as Trout Hollow began to change in 1855 when William Trout Sr. purchased the land from the Crown and began the Trout Sawmill. In 1861, with the help of famed naturalist, John Muir, the Trout Sawmill became the Trout Handle Factory until a fire destroyed it in its entirety in 1866. Today, all that remains of that chapter of Trout Hollow history are the building foundations, a memory surrounded by forest.

▶ Walking up to the Mill House S-Pipe can be jarring if you're not expecting it-- surrounded by forest, the enormous pipe provides stark contrast and a reminder of how industry used to dominate this landscape. The S-Pipe was used to speed up water flowing from the Mill Pond into the Mill House; you can learn more about the milling process on the informative plaque along the trail.







Power to Meaford

1904 was the year the land of Trout Hollow was changed again, with the arrival of the Georgian Bay Milling and Power Company. The Bighead River provided the source of power to the quickly growing Georgian Bay community, and lit the streets of a young Meaford. Trout Hollow as we know it today was unrecognizable; industry was booming and much of the forest we see today did not exist, in its stead was a hive of human activity. The memory of this chapter still exists today with the remnants of the sluice gates, S-pipe, Mill House and dam. The Georgian Bay Milling and Power Company hit hard times when the dam was damaged in 1912, and eventually closed in 1923 with the introduction of Ontario Hydro in the area. As you hike the trails around Trout Hollow, you can see these remnants of the industry which powered young Meaford and reflect on the way nature has reclaimed these structures.

With all the human stories being told in Trout Hollow, it can be easy to miss the stories the land tells. From cedar groves, fields of ferns, lush maple forest, wetlands and the winding Bighead River, Trout Hollow offers many inspiring vistas for visitors. Scores of birds, including species at risk like the Eastern Wood-Pewee call these places home. Native flora and fauna abound amongst the industrial remains which remind us how finite our influence can be.

Three Trails

Follow deer tracks in old water channels, observe a Jack-in-the-pulpit alongside the Mill House wall, or simply stand on the shores of the Bighead River and feel the timelessness of Trout Hollow. Three trails, totalling 14 km, await explorers, each revealing a different side of Trout Hollow.



▲ The riverside trail provides endless views of the Bighead River, beautiful at any time of day or year.



A Remains of the dam feel gargantuan and otherworldly in this now-lush riverbank environment. Hikers can see the way forces of nature are slowly reclaiming the structure that once completely changed this landscape.





▲ Although the forest of Trout Hollow is relatively young, you can't escape a feeling of timelessness as you walk along these blazed trails.





▲ It can be hard to believe that this was a spot altered by human activity. The Bighead River certainly doesn't show it now!

THE JOHN MUIR CONNECTION

The newly-established Trout Hollow Nature Reserve is of particular interest to conservationists worldwide because of its connection to John Muir, famous as the founder of the Sierra Club and for helping to create the American national park system. In 1864 he walked though part of today's Ontario, including along some of the Niagara Escarpment. He joined his brother Daniel at the rake factory near Meaford, working there for two years.

Two feature articles on John Muir have been previously published in this magazine, both written by Ken Haigh: "John Muir's Meaford Connection" in Spring 2015 and "Glorious Freedom: John Muir's Missing Months: An Interview with Robert Burcher" in Winter 2017-18.

Robert Burcher of Clarksburg has recently published a book, My Summer of Glorious Freedom: John Muir's Saunters Around Southern Ontario in the Summer of 1864, which relates research and detective work done to track Muir's travels in Canada, including some mysterious months in 1864 which have been almost undocumented. The book can be directly purchased from Robert, for \$40 + \$6 shipping, through burcherphoto@gmail.com.

On the riverside trail you can spy crayfish and minnows along the Bighead's bank, watch a Belted Kingfisher and reflect on the ruins of the dam that once stood stoic against the river. Trails running through the lush mixed deciduous forest are at once a tour of past iterations of Trout Hollow and a showcasing of its current natural beauty-Wild Columbine and Bracken Ferns blanket the forest floor surrounding the old Mill House and cedars form a picturesque archway on either side of a trail running along the lip of a now-mossy milling channel. Stewards of Trout Hollow were wise to leave juxtaposing monuments of industry undisturbed; the S-Pipe and other mill equipment are a photographer's dream. Every turn on Trout Hollow's trails reveals another facet of its beauty, and always feels like a place sharing a secret with its visitors.

After the closure of the

Georgian Bay Milling and Power Company, the Knight family protected the land, once a cornerstone of industry in the area. With their

care, generations of the Knight family held the land safe from development and worked with the local organization "Friends of Trout Hollow" who blazed the trails we hike today. Now, the Knights pass the torch to Escarpment Biosphere Conservancy (EBC) through their generous donation. We are delighted to add our chapter to the Trout Hollow story, and preserve this stunning place for future generations. **NEV**

Ashley Brown is an EBC volunteer, nature lover and avid hiker. She is an environmental science student and spends her free time reading, writing and exploring with her two dogs.





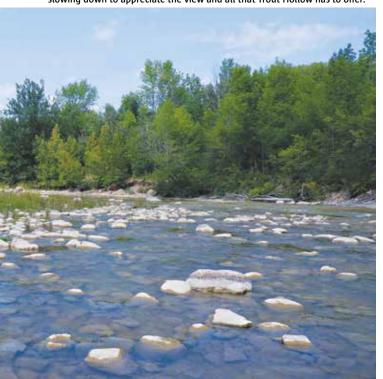
■ More secrets of Trout Hollow-- at one time, Side Road 7 ran completely through the reserve and across the Bighead River. There are still a few cars scattered alongside the old road, whose stories we don't know but can imagine.



▼ Regional conservation coordinator Shannon takes a moment to bird watch from a rock in the Bighead River. Kick off your shoes and enjoy the act of slowing down to appreciate the view and all that Trout Hollow has to offer.

swaying of the beautiful flowers and what would have been ripples on the

surface of the old Mill Pond.





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Early Accesses to the Escarpment at Hamilton

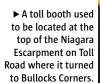
WRITTEN BY JOACHIM BROUWER PHOTOGRAPHS BY AND IMAGES PROVIDED BY JOACHIM BROUWER

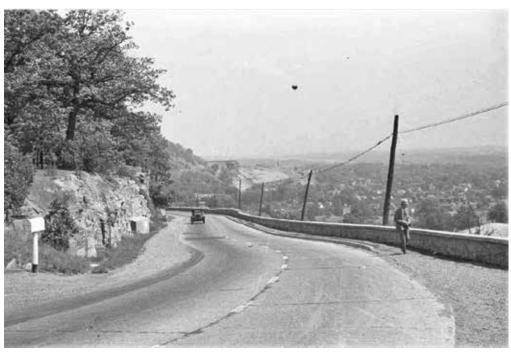
fall the cities and towns that bisect or adjoin the Niagara Escarpment, the amalgamated City of Hamilton shares the longest "frontage" with this unique geologic feature. From Stoney Creek in the east to Waterdown in the northwest, there are more than 20 full or partial roads or accesses going up and down, what is still referred to by locals as a mountain. Many of these started out as First Nations trails.





▲ An early 20th-century photograph of Wilson St. in Ancaster. Wilson Avenue or Hwy 2 was the western end of the Iroquois Trail which began in Queenston.





◄ In the 1920s, the
Department of Highways
improved Hwy 8 access
to the Escarpment.
This photo from 1934
shows a vehicle driving
up the Escarpment and
a man enjoying the view
of Dundas Valley.

any of the Escarpment accesses correspond closely to some of the waterfalls in the Hamilton area, which has been called "The Waterfall Capital of Canada." Weak points and breaks in the steep rock face of the Niagara Escarpment are natural places for streams from inland aquifers to tumble down to lower elevations. Over the

millennia, the sometimestorrential flow of water eroded more of the Escarpment wall, creating a gentler slope. Accumulated soil and debris carried in stream water further made terrain, where a walking trail could be established and blazed.

The close proximity of waterfalls and early accesses is particularly evident in the first of three early Hamilton accesses discussed here. Wilson Avenue or Highway #2 access was the western end of the well-known Iroquois Trail, a lower Escarpment native trail starting in Queenston. It became the Detroit Trail when the Mohawk Trail, which ran along the upper Escarpment, was met at present-day Rousseau Ave. and Wilson in the former Village of Ancaster.

Hwy 2 Trade Route

The Iroquois, Mohawk and Detroit trails were the #401 and QEWs of their day, knitting together two great water courses and later two nations. These trails were crucial trade routes between the mound-building and shell-gathering groups in the Ohio River Valley and Chesapeake Bay, and the northern-dwelling, Iroquoisspeaking nations. Before being renamed by the Department of Highways in 1917, Highway #2 was known as The Hamilton-Brantford Toll Road and was the access point to Norfolk, Brant and Oxford Counties.

Ancaster Creek winds serpentine-like along Highway #2 access, flowing under it at one point, then twisting and turning as much as a km away, before hugging it closely near the bottom of the Escarpment at old Binkley Corners, now the busy



intersection of Wilson and Main St in West Hamilton.

Grist mills were built at two locations on Ancaster Creek. The upper creek, where the popular Old Mill restaurant and banquet hall is situated, has been extensively developed over the past several decades. The mill chute where rushing water was channelled to the large wooden wheel which turned two giant circular

stones, can be observed from an ornate walkway while dressed in one's best Sunday finery. At a slightly lower elevation and more remote location, the now-ruined Red Mill made use of Sherman Falls nearby, which can be accessed by the Bruce Trail.

Hwy 8 & Dundas Valley

The next access, now known as Highway #8, was Hamilton's primary entry point into

Waterloo and Wellington Counties for decades. The thin ledge of the valley wall, which still cannot accommodate anything wider than a two-lane black-top road, became the primary route of the Pennsylvania Dutch Mennonites, fleeing oppression in the new United States, to their new homeland in the Grand River Valley.

For most of the 19th century, The DundasWaterloo Toll Road, as #8 was known, was the only route for these hardy farmers to team their farm produce to market. Oar-powered boats called bateaux and later lake schooners came up the Desjardin Canal, docking in the turning basin that was dug out of the Dundas Marsh. These vessels brought pails, hoes and other factory goods to be sold in the handful of stores in Morden's Wharf, as





◆This old image shows the steep John St. access at the left of the horse and sleigh.

Dundas was first known.

A toll booth was located right at the top of Toll Road, where it made a sharp turn to Bullocks Corners. For many years it was run by John Devans, who built a residence with elaborate landscaped grounds, that both still exist, adjacent to the toll booth. A low stone wall with a decorative parapet of vertically placed field stones was built when the Department of Highways improved the access in the 1920s. One can stop at a viewing area here and look out into the beautiful Dundas Valley.

But for hundreds of years before this, Highway #8 access was a crucial part of an important First Nations trail. A foot path led from the Iroquois-speaking Neutral, (properly known as Chonnonton) villages and towns located in the headwaters of Spencer Creek and Bronte Creek in West Flamborough Township down into the Dundas Valley. Although there were no native habitations in the heavily wooded broken landscape, what became the lower Hamilton, the rich

fisheries, rice paddies and salt licks, drew many Chonnonton victualling parties.

John St. Deer Trail

The third access, John Street, which leads directly to downtown Hamilton, is the least developed, although prior to the Port Dover and Hamilton Toll Road, now Highway #6, it served as the northern entrance to George Hamilton's fledgling new village. Near the bottom of the John Street access, near St Joseph's Hospital, was Bellevue, home of James Durard. General Isaac Brock is said to have stayed here on his way to confront the Americans at Fort Detroit at the beginning of the War of 1812. Bellevue and the adjoining 100-acre estate was sold to George Hamilton shortly after.

The steep John St. access may have started out as a deer path for this once-ubiquitous and less skittish animal to enjoy the generous outcropping of salt in the lower Escarpment. The path seems to have been appropriated and widened by First Nations people seeking quicker access to the inlets and marshes, than

the more convoluted Highway #2 (Iroquois Trail) and #8 (Chonnonton Trail) accesses.

Now a side trail of the Bruce Trail which crosses it near the top of the Escarpment, the John Street access is easily missed, tightly tucked as it is between the second-growth Escarpment forest cover on one side and the looming concrete wall and ramp of the six-lane Claremont Access on the other. However, a new bicycle/pedestrian lane will enable more people to become aware of this little-known access.

The City of Hamilton's early Escarpment accesses are a rich and accessible source of hiking and driving pleasure. The important role that these roads up and down the "mountain" played in shaping the destiny of Hamilton becomes evident when exploring them. **NEV**

Joachim Brouwer is a
Hamilton history and rail
buff and has served various
positions with the Hamilton
Mountain Heritage Society.
He has been published in
Railpace, Canadian Rail,
Branchline, Inland Seas and
The Hamilton Spectator.



▲ The John St. access is now a tree-lined blue side trail of the Bruce Trail, going beside and at a lower level than the six-lane Claremont Access.





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Poems of Winter

BY WINSTON F. UYTENBOGAART

WOOD LOT COLOUR

How stark the bare branches stand; against the blue, autumn sky.

In late afternoon, the sun's rays flit, between sentinels of towering ash, knocking at autumn's door.

As days grow short, the emerald canopies turn lemon yellow. Then, their leaves once green, are soon a discarded brown refuse, now dumped to form a carpet, on the forest floor. Walking midst the brown salvage, announces the coming cold white blanket, of winter's fury.

The sturdy Rock maples, within the aging bush, hold out longer with colour as brilliant as a Van Gogh palette; in so many ways. Some leaves, still bright green, others tinted yellow orange, begin to show as scarlet fire; they hang on defiantly. North to northwest winds, will thrash them hour after hour; for days. Only after several killing frosts do they drop away. To join the brown remnants of the ash, so early gone.

Here and there vagrant wild flowers bob, from between dead and dying ferns or grasses. Looking close under dead falls or rotting stumps, wet with dew, fungi and puff balls punch forth; as part of nature's medicinal, cleaning crew.

Alas, woodland bird songs no longer stimulate, the pleasant feelings, of nature's cathedral. Lost to travelling days, we miss their rant, of sweet songs. The sun may shine, but it lacks the strength, of a summer's day. One can no longer bask in warming breezes. Elation for the autumn showcase, quickly flows away; awaiting winters ermine blanket. Now, till March winds and long sunny days awaken nature's paint box, we shall sustain; with memories of the woodlot cathedral.

THE GREAT WHITE OWL

I am a great white owl.

Flying the winds of northern places, when snow is hammered against the rocky shores and ice encrusts the tender twigs; of recent summer green.

On a day, frost snaps the barren forests as I search the grey white ground.

My quarry, as my prey, scuttles between the hillocks and lichen covered rocks.

Infrequent chance rewards my sortie for sustenance.

It leaves me with a worrisome mood.

If when the winds prevail, a blanket of white may harbour the little ones from my sight.

> Then too, my uncharted flight can wing me too far south.

The time spent, to return to home and familiar ground, is, and may mean my demise.

But, I am alone and fearsome in the storm.

I am a great white owl.

I fly the winds of northern spaces.

WINTER'S TEMPEST BLANKET

The snow comes in nightly flurries; to leave a carpet white.

Upon the ground white pillows slumber, rounded smooth, lying cross the meadow's breast.

The cedars, heavy laden, maples naked; wrapped with ermine bright.

No track of beast, no human tread, breaks the silver shadows; cast in moonlit glow.

Each bough above, by ghostly hand, bends and cracks the silence.

Each cloud of frozen mist drifts down, to add in silver measure, a further frosting white; on Autumn's splendour.

Then as the morn arises, a blue sky mixed with blinding strobes, glances off each hillock's rise.

The sun then ends another winter's night.

Another tempest tamed.

WFU 2019

ON A FROSTY MORNING

On a cold, cold, frost cracking morn, there is nothing more that can warm, the human form, than a hot, hot, cup of a favoured brew.

There is no place to go, nor more the desirable, than a cozy room, to let the sun shine freely upon open arms.

To open arms, as waiting for a lover.

To spend the days; entwined in fields of nature's clover.

WU 2020

AT FIRST LIGHT: David's Song

Arising at first light, on this cold, January morn, my daily walk was preceded by a wondrous view; framed within, our rural kitchen window. A crimson sunrise awakened my senses; taking me beyond the norm! The wonder and beauty of nature's palette, provides a show of ever increasing light, in a special form; a sun fostered spectacle. From first glimpse, morning light illuminates the open fields, in well timed steps; as if peeling back a window blind.

Dressed for the season, I step away from the doorstep, to navigate my walk, through the lingering cushions of aging snow, separated randomly by patches of barren ground. These conditions lead me to think, in cautionary terms, of an early turn to spring and warming themes! A January thaw, encourages trickles of open water, passing through icy channels, to beget yet larger streams.

Passing barren arms of bush and tree, wintering birds are seen flitting and chipping for their treasured seeds. Moving forward in a leisurely stride, aside the travelled track in quiet solitude, I am encouraged the more, by the rising sun and the pleasure I am seeing. Looking up, I wonder in this quiet time, if passing drivers, who with courteous response to my wave, share the beauty of the moment: the absolute sense of being! Arising at first light, on a cold January morn!

WFU Jan 18, 2021

AT THE LAKE

Walking the rutted, gravel beach, with north wind fresh down the bay, it leaves the chilled evening light with little more than a smile; on the day's passing hours.

The lake is blue green, with wind driven tides, above a mark seldom seen in many years.

Along the far shore, smoke curls from chimney flues, where in cabins, the fires below were started early. To delay the chill; at sun's last glow.

These images help provide a feeling, reminding us of all the ageless good times; spent at the cabin.

Few geese or fowl show their colours; this early spring day, still dank with cloud. Only a few shafts of sun break through; the season now held at bay.

Still, it leaves one secure; that there may be good times yet to come.

Soon, the summer's joy will again erase; all of winter's bitter bite.

Leading to lazy times of future days and the refreshing, sweet smell; of a summer's night.

Growing up in Peel County, schooled in Brampton and Streetsville, followed by study at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute and Kent State University ('72), Winston F. Uytenbogaart worked for 40 years as a Land Use Planner and Construction Project Manager in Canada and the USA. Returning to Canada in 1992, Winston and his wife Linda settled in the Hills of Headwaters where in 2006 he retired to a career as a volunteer, wood carver, graphic artist and writer of poetry. As a technical writer for his day

job, he wrote poetry for fun. Winston looks to nature, people met and places for inspiration. Humorous ditties keep things real! Exploring the Bruce has also been a major contributor to his work. At the request of family and friends he published a small book of poems which met with some success and led to book readings and appearances. To date he has published three books of poetry and a children's book which are for sale at independent book stores across Ontario. Winston can be reached at wfu.mybooks@ execulink.com **NEV**



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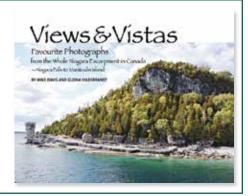
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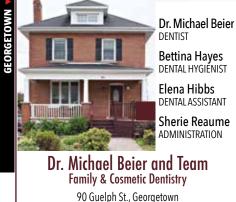
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VIEW OF LAND CONSERVATION

Michael's Bay on Manitoulin Now Protected

Written & photographed by Bob Barnett

any years ago, a concerned Manitouliner took me to Michael's Bay, 10 km west of the South Baymouth ferry dock, to explain why the old town site and cemeteries at the Bay needed to be protected. This had been the first big settlement on the Island and was now a ghost town of foundations and overgrown headstones. The land was tied up in international litigation and assertions about money laundering and visited only by fishermen.

On May 12, 2021, Chris Bousquet of Bousquet Realty in Little Current, told me the land had been listed for \$665,000. I told several board members of Escarpment

had just been sold to the Michael's Bay Historical Society. It had two full km of the Manitou River and a share of the successional beach ridges which make Blue Jay Creek Provincial Park an ecological treasure. Not only that, it provided land access to the Park itself, one of the few Ontario parks you could only reach by water.

Two days later, the bomb dropped. I heard that the property was being sold by Canada's Seized Asset Office and tenders were being opened in just three days! I started the chain of EBC board approvals but the executive decided we should inspect the property before we could put in an offer. I phoned our appraiser. Hal Love, and asked EBC's conservation coordinator Liv Callo, if she wanted to leave

Rare Features

What a huge property! On Saturday we checked out the Manitou River and the wetlands east of the river. Neighbour Al MacNevin was kind enough to show us the southern part by golf cart. Meanwhile the board was making progress approving a conditional offer. On Sunday, friends took us across the Manitou by boat where we inspected the beach ridges, the intervening wetlands, rare thistles and a km of white sandy beach. We hiked up through the Park, across the property and down to the shore again where our friends ferried us back to the car. We took lots of pictures. After our second six-hour drive, we got back to Toronto.

Monday was frenetic, but we got the \$32,500 deposit to Chris, our agent, and our

> executive signed the offer for the asking price, but conditional on confirmation of appraised value and time to fundraise.

Nail Biting

Then began the wait. We heard there were four offers besides ours. We heard developers were interested. We chatted with the folks at the Crown office to ensure they knew that EBC was a charity, how ecologically

significant the property was and how important it was to provide public access to the Park. Weeks went by. We got confirmation of value from Hal. Nail biting time...

Then Chris phoned to say

our offer had been accepted. We were obviously overjoyed, but, well... we had to find the money. A donor stepped up and assured us of some of the funds. Liv wrote a grant request to the Ontario Land Trust Alliance for provincial funding. We knew we had tentatively been approved for funding from a second source. We postponed closing, hoping the tentative funding would firm up since we couldn't complete the deal without it. Then in June we got approval.

Finally, late on September 17, we closed the deal... The river, beach ridges, shoreline and rare species were safe

More Land Protected

A sidebar to this story is that we heard about a 300-acre property with a hunt camp adjoining both Michael's Bay and Blue Jay Creek Park. We offered \$229,000 and the offer was accepted in August. After closing in November, we have 686 acres protected beside the 600-acre provincial park.

Another footnote: on September 30 we added 200 acres to our 300-acre reserve on the shore at Timber Bay, about five km west of Michael's Bay.

Now it's over to you. We still need to replace the funds in the bank so we can repeat this success again and again. We've just had an offer of 50 per cent funding, so your donation goes twice as far. For information on how you can become a supporter, see escarpment.ca or call me at 888.815.9575.

Come to Manitoulin and check out our new gateway to the old town and the provincial park!

Bob Barnett is executive director of Escarpment Biosphere Conservancy.



of ecologically important shoreline, is now protected.

Biosphere Conservancy (EBC) and one big donor how important this property was: 486 acres with a great deal of shoreline; virtually surrounding the old town site and cemeteries which

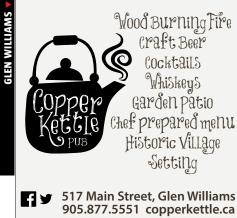
for Manitoulin right after work. She said yes, my wife agreed I had no other pressing commitments, so we jumped in the car and headed for Sudbury and EBC's cottage at Freer Point on the north shore.

COMMUNITY MARKET

























THE GIFT OF LAND

Death as Motivator

By Gloria Hildebrandt

ationally, I know this is ridiculous, but I can't help feeling that I let my father down. On his death - in fact during his final days in hospital - I took over the care of his dog Thomas. I moved him from my father's house next door, to my house. After my father's death, people would say "Sorry to hear about your father. What about Thomas?" Everyone was relieved that he was living with me, still able to enjoy the same trails through the property as he always had.

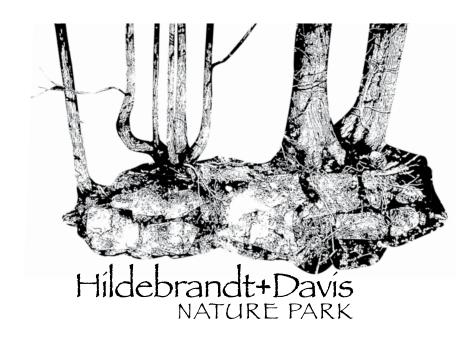
In September, Tommy suddenly, rapidly, declined and died. At the age of 14 years and five months, he died in my arms, at home.

I had taken him to the vet. he had received medicine; I cared for him as best I knew how, while he lost the ability to walk and had to be lifted out onto the lawns, was gently placed on a soft dog pillow, covered up for warmth, offered water from a little bowl brought to his mouth, which he refused. He died and I wonder what more I could have, should have done for him, for my father's dog.

Rationally, I know there was nothing.

I have become acutely aware of the rapid passage of time. I went to a college that has the motto above the dining hall door, "Slow comes the hour; its passing speed how great." At age 19, I used to squint up at it and think it was just a smarty pants saying. With age I realize its profound truth.

I've been trying to focus on my life's priorities and actually get important things accomplished instead of just thinking about them. As Thomas lay for hours at my



feet in his final illness, I was so aware of the possibility of death, that I wrote my own obituary, or what I would like to have read out at my funeral or memorial service. I had thought about doing it for a few years now.

It's why my co-publisher and life partner Mike Davis and I finished and published our book Views & Vistas. It's why I completed the registration of my family's land as the Hildebrandt + Davis Nature Park. We've even created a logo for it, which we plan to put on a couple of signs at the roadside of the property.

Logo with Family Ties

Our park logo has special family significance to me. Creation of the logo began when I asked my nephew Brit Jennings for ideas. He used to work as a

graphic designer and had already created a couple of logos for me, including the "secondary" logo for this magazine that we sometimes use, a horizontal version that includes a Turkey Vulture.

For our park logo, Brit suggested using some of the Niagara Escarpment rocks that are found on the property. That got me wondering which of the many rocks to choose. Then I remembered a big rock with cedars growing out of it, that used to stand out alone on the virtually tree-less land. It was on a slight rise, overlooking the site that my father had chosen for a pond that would be fed by the existing springs. My parents and I used to call it Picnic Rock because we would eat there while we visited our land before the house was built. A beagle called Socks, from the neighbouring property, used to come over during our picnics and get a few morsels of food. So if there was a rock on the land that had significance for me, it was that rock.

I took some photographs of the rock and our talented magazine graphic designer Nicholl Spence simplified it and transformed it into a black-and-white version that looks like a sketch. The font we chose was the same as we used for our book Views ಆ Vistas, because it looks to me a bit like scratches on rock. Next, we have to have the logo put on metal signs that we'll put up at the edge of the park.

Getting important life achievements completed helps to quell my anxieties about the rapid approach of the end of life.

Gloria Hildebrandt is

co-founder, co-publisher and editor of this magazine.

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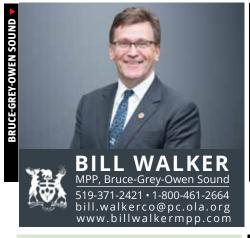
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Butternut Squash Soup

Prep Time: 15 min. | Total Time: 55 minutes | Serves: 8

Ingredients

1 tbsp olive oil (15 mL)
1 onion, roughly chopped
8 cups vegetable broth (2 L)
1 medium butternut squash, peeled, seeded and cubed
2 celery stalks, roughly chopped

1/2 tsp pepper (2 mL)

Directions

- 1. Heat oil in a large saucepan over medium heat. Add onion and cook until it softens, 3 to 4 min. Stir in squash, celery, garlic and pepper; cook 2 min. Add vegetable broth. Bring to boil, then reduce heat to low. Simmer uncovered, about 25 min., or until squash is fork-tender.
- Use an immersion blender to purée until smooth. Reheat the soup before serving.

garlic cloves, finely chopped

