



Following the Trail Marker Trees

Slightly hidden in a wooded area behind the tee on Eight Gold at the Kingsville Golf & Country Club stands a significant piece of First Nations history. Many who frequent the course know about the white oak trail marker tree, a poignant symbol for Native Americans and First Nations. Last week, Dennis Downes confirmed the tree's significance.

In a visit to the course last Wednesday, Dennis met with General Manager Doug Quick and the two travelled to the site.

"Wow," said Dennis as he first set eyes on the impressive arbour.

According to Quick, the tree was documented in National Geographic sometime in the 1970s. Downes credits Paul O'Hara for alerting him to the tree, and Quick for allowing him to view it.

"Conservatively, I'd say this tree is at least three-hundred years-old," he told Doug after measuring the tree.

Dennis explained how Native Americans and First Nations people marked the trees and used them as guides.

"They wouldn't just bend the tree, but rather swing on it with two hands to shape it," he said. "As they travelled, they knew when they got to a specific tree that home is this way or this way leads to water or a mineral deposit. It really was an ingenious way of marking the path."

He continued, "If you were on the run from another tribe and you knew there was a rock bed in the river, you would know where it was thanks to the tree markings. Your foe would see you and think you're walking on water. He might enter further down stream and before he knows it,



Dennis Downes (right) observes a Trail Marker Tree located on the property of the Kingsville Golf & Country Club. Dennis was given a tour courtesy of Golf Club General Manager Doug Quick (left).

Photo by Steve I'Anson

he's having to get out because his equipment is all wet and his goods are wet."

Over the years, many trees have died or been cleared, making those still standing even more remarkable.

"Trail Marker Trees were part of an extensive land and water navigation system in our coun-

try that existed long before the arrival of the first European settlers," explained Dennis.

Dennis has been documenting the tree markers for roughly 30 years across 42 states and five provinces. He estimates that he has documented nearly 100 markers, the oldest being over 800-years-old in North Caroli-

na. Another, in Indiana, measures 52 inches in diameter.

In 2012, he released his book "Native American Trail Marker Trees, Marking Paths Through The Wilderness".

The book is the culmination of Dennis' study of the tree markers during the past 30 years.

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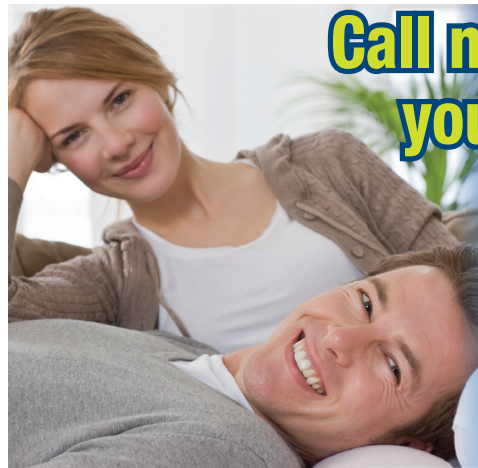
Quotable

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-Woodrow Wilson



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Tree Marker Trail

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Since the release, Dennis has received many plaudits and awards. Native American and First Nations groups have both recognized him for his work.

Dr. Raymond Janssen, an anthropologist from the University of Chicago, researched the

trees during the 1930s and 1940s. He, along with Dennis' aunt, Little Dove, inspired Dennis along the path of research and documentation.

Also an artist, many of Dennis' works have been inspired by trail marker trees, and are on display at museums, libraries and historical societies in the U.S.

The Kingsville stop was one of several for Dennis as he travels up through the province to Northern Ontario. He will be making stops in Sudbury and White River, among others, along the way.

To find out more about the Trail Marker Trees, Dennis' work and documentation, log on to trailmarkertree.com.

Epworth wins Church softball title

It's over for the 2014 Church Softball League. The games have come to an end for another year and only one week was missed because of rain. But it happened to be a day when the playoffs were about to begin. Plans had to be changed when the rains began. The participating teams were divided into three groups according to the number of games each had won during the season. Everyone got right into the games and put everything they had into them.

The top group, Trinity, ACC and Epworth all played great games. ACC and Epworth played first with Epworth winning 15-6. Then Epworth played Trinity who had ended up in first in the weekly games. What a game. Trinity was behind but kept struggling until the end when they finished two runs behind Epworth, the score being 20-18. Trinity was right in there all the way with a home run by Ethan Rumbles and triples by Zac Tytgat and Trevor Hedge. All the players were deemed MSPs. Chris Baker's home run brought in three runs for Epworth. The Epworth coach was astonished by what her team did. All she could say was, "Good job, team."

The second group was

comprised of the Cottam, Anglican and Baptist teams. The Baptist team played the Anglicans and ended up with the score 18-8. Sarah Malott was the MSP for the Baptists. Then the Baptist team played Cottam A. The Baptists did a great job but Cottam A won the game with 24 runs to the Baptists 12. Heidi McLeod was Cottam's MSP and their highlight was Ashley Osborne's right field pop fly catch.

In the final games Cottam B played KCC. The Cottam team was right in there fighting all the way having a great time, too, as they did all season. Cottam B came out with 15 runs to KCC's 17. KCC played a good game, too. John Cracknell was named MSP. He made a dive to third base and took one for the team. Robbie Bergen hit

a grand slam and Tyler Dobson ran home and avoided the ball. The last game was between KCC and NLUMC. NLUMC pounded in 13 runs to KCC's 10, making them the winners of this group. Their MSP was Barb Klassen and their highlight was Lindsey Ecker getting a run and John getting two triples. And it was great. John Martin hit two home runs.

Congratulations go to the Epworth team for winning the 2014 championship for the Church Softball League and also to the Trinity team for placing second in the finals as well as finishing first in the games played weekly. Congratulations to all the players who played so well this year and thank you to the fans who came out to watch the games. Come back again next year.

Lions fields

Continued from Page Two

with cost estimates for the plans, but said that all the courts would probably be sharing the same property.

Deputy Mayor Tamara Stomp thanked the group for their presentation and said that clearly they want to go ahead with the courts and develop the property into a Community Centre.

She stated that she wanted to hear from the other groups and suggested they canvas residents to see what interest there is in shuffleboard and bocce ball. She noted that she would not like to see the basketball courts lost as she could envision the recreation fields used by young and old alike.

Councillor Gord Queen said that the major challenge in developing the recreation fields is "dollars and cents". He said that having the Lions on board and being able to apply for a Trillium grant was great and helped when doing the budget.

He made a motion that they receive the Manager's draft plan and supporting documentation by the presenters.

The motion was passed by Council.



On the HOMEFRONT ...and beyond

by LouAnn Geauvreau-Karry

September Recollections

Although I feel a bit guilty quoting so generously from Al Fritch, author of "Spiritual Growth Through Domestic Gardening", I could not find much in his ode to September that did not capture the true essence of the month. It is the last week of August, and both the new month and autumn loom large on the horizon. It is my favourite time of year, which is probably why this passage speaks to me. Without further ado, here is Fritch's September:

"September starts with Labour Day when golden rod is in full bloom and the crops are being gathered. It is harvest time on farms, when entire families help in an intergenerational enterprise. We hasten in anticipation of autumn chill and a possible early frost. The heavier mists now hang over the valleys reminding us each morning that days are warm, but nights are cooler than the temperature of rivers, lakes and ponds.

Work, even garden work, includes beating the frost and a mutual sacrifice. The birds flock in the evening and nature seems to anticipate what is in store. We pick elderberries for pie, press cider, deep freeze the grapes and continue to use the solar food dryer for beans and apples.

We notice that the late tomatoes have a different taste this month. In the more even temperature of the month the peppers seem to fill the stalks miraculously with each passing day and hang heavy in yellows and greens and reds and purples. Butternut and winter squash are ready to store; we prepare the greenhouse for the first transfers as frost approaches. We trample the late summer woods nearby and find the acorns now falling from the oak trees. We taste the most exquisite of all fruit in the wild, the wild plum. And we hear the reports of hunters -- fathers and sons and daughters bonding by bringing home a mess of squirrel. We see deer and rabbit and raccoon as well and hear the gobbling of the wild turkeys. Yes, this is September."

With the exception of "bringing home a mess of squirrels", the world Frich creates is a perfect harvest of delights. He paints such a vivid picture of September he stirs fond memories of days past. I remember when I was a kid, my dad would collect my sister and I in his 1950 black Ford and we would drive to the woods (I think it was on a concession in Colchester South owned or at least bordering a relative's farm) and gather hickory nuts that we would take home, crack open, and pile into a bowl for a cake my mom would make every fall. To be honest, I loved the hickory nuts, and it was hard to not eat the morsels derived from the shells we would crack open with a hammer and carefully dig out. The cake my mom made studded with the nuts was good, but the nuts by themselves were better to my young palate. I have not eaten hickory nuts for years and miss their lovely sweet crunchy goodness.

My family were not hunters, but we lived in the country and were very aware of hunting season. I remember my mom being a little worried at times as we lived next to a lane which led to my father's abandoned homestead where he was raised. It was thick with trees and grasses and bushes and the perfect place for hunters to hide from animals destined for dinner.

We always had a big garden, and I do remember the plumpness and smell of the tomatoes we grew and how the lovely stench of the earth stuck to the potatoes we dug up in the fall. My mother spent a great deal of late summer and early fall canning things from our garden and fruits she bought in bulk like peaches and plums and pears. We always had the magic of summer encased in glass and lining the shelves of our pantry all winter. And oh, she made the best dill pickles in the world with garlic and dill weed floating in the vinegary liquid, and sweet pickles that made grilled cheese worth devouring, and a tangy chilli sauce that made mere meatloaf into a gourmet delight....

September has a "feel" to it. Even the early weeks, which are sometimes as warm as any summer day, give way to a chill at night that reminds us that fall is in the air. I welcome the fall with all its fixings—the geese flying overhead, the promise of a harvest moon, the leaves changing and crunchy underfoot, and of course my favourite fruit, the pumpkin finds its way to porches and decks and front steps.

So, enjoy these last days of summer. They are fleeting, but there is still time for a Labour Day picnic and a few more days at the beach. I toast you and the end of summer with a hot dog and glass of lemonade, soon to be replaced by cider and pumpkin pie.

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