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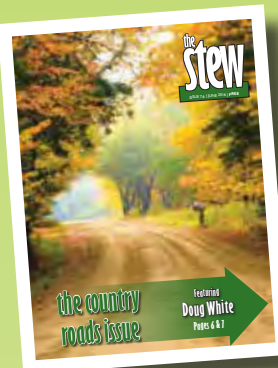
ISSUE 7.6 | JUNE 2016 | FREE

the country roads issue

Featuring
Doug White
Pages 6 & 7

hear

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On the Cover:

Country roads are in abundance in the Cariboo, but in the broader sense, this month's theme also refers to country life, a place of belonging, a sense of adventure, or the bumpy road of life. We invite you to join us for this month's adventure!

Advertising Information:

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Just a country boy

BY CRAIG SMITH

John Denver said it best. "Country roads take me home to the place I belong." I've always lived in small towns and actually used to feel claustrophobic when I travelled to any city of more than 25,000 in population, up until a few years ago when my wife and I travelled to Europe to get married. Vancouver was the second smallest place we were in during our two week vacation, the Island of Miconos being the smallest. After our trip, I remember coming back to Vancouver thinking that there really wasn't that many people there. The trip was in July so it was the height of tourist season, and everywhere I looked there were people. My favourite place though, had as many people in the City as there were in all of Canada and that was in Istanbul. What an amazing experience and an incredibly beautiful city. With that many people, it did make me appreciate the wide open spaces that we have here.

I love country roads. I find it now a little surreal after our trip that you can drive long stretches on back roads and not see a vehicle. I've travelled many times out to Bella Coola and on the way there and back I will always stop for lunch on the side of the road. I always bring food as I think the number of restaurants between Williams Lake and Bella Coola you can count on one hand, and some will close early if there are no customers. During my last trip, I stopped for about half an hour to eat and didn't see one vehicle. I doubt there are places in Europe that

you can say the same. There are no noises other than the wildlife around you and the wind going through the trees.

I know some city people who don't like the wide open spaces, although I think many do like to get away once in awhile. Years ago, one of my friends in Quesnel married a girl from Tokoyo. They met when he was a Rotary exchange student and courted over a few years. They finally got serious and married in Japan, then came to Canada and got married again for his parents. He had convinced her to move to Canada as that's where his work was. She went from a population of about 15 million down to a few hundred where he lived outside Quesnel. Unfortunately their marriage didn't last long as she not only grew very homesick, but couldn't handle the lack of people and the fact everyone spoke a language she was still learning. There was no way he could move to Japan as his job, if he wanted to stay in his profession, was in the Cariboo. They parted as friends, still very much in love but knowing it wouldn't work.

When I was growing up I thought that the road builders that had created a lot of our current roads must have been inebriated when they were laying the roads out. After all, why so many curves and elevation changes? Why didn't they get some trucks in there and flatten and straighten them out. Little did I know that back then, this was the path of least resistance and that the machines I saw as a kid didn't exist when these BC country roads were cre-



ated. These roads were first laid out by men on horses and later by horses and wagons. One of my friends – a descendant of a pioneer family that used to deliver freight to Bella Coola from Williams lake – told me that the first part of the trip, from town to where the race track is, used to take a day by horse and wagon. We can now drive that in fifteen minutes. The trip to Anaham Lake took about nine days and you can do that now in about four hours, and when I first moved here in the 80's, it was mostly a dirt road. One of the first bands I ever played in had a hit on Canadian country music radio called *Paving My Past*, as that's what he saw happening.

You see many roads throughout BC that the highways ministry is in the process of straightening, or are already straightened. As a matter of fact, the road between 100 Mile House and 150 Mile House is now 46 miles. Whether that has anything to do with the roads being straightened or just a mistake in the mileage I don't know.

This last weekend we held the BC and Yukon Shriners Spring Ceremonial in Williams Lake in which my wife and I,

and two of our friends were the co-chairs. The current President and I are not only good friends and fellow Shriners, but we are also business partners and as much as we get along for the most part we disagree that there is a definite difference between city people and country people. He thinks we are the same and business practices that work in the city should definitely work in a small town. I think I finally won the argument with a little speech I made introducing the band for our barn dance. The band we hired was our local recording country band, Clancy Wright and the Silverados, and if you haven't heard of them you haven't lived here very long. I said to my buddy Steve, "Tell me if you can say this in Vancouver. The bass player prints our paper, the guitar player built the golf course, the harmonica player used to own the country bar, the lead singer probably made your septic tank and the drummer is the airport manager."

As Jeff Foxworthy says in his redneck jokes, "If the directions to your house start with the phrase 'first you turn off the paved road...' you might be a redneck – or in my case, just a small town boy."

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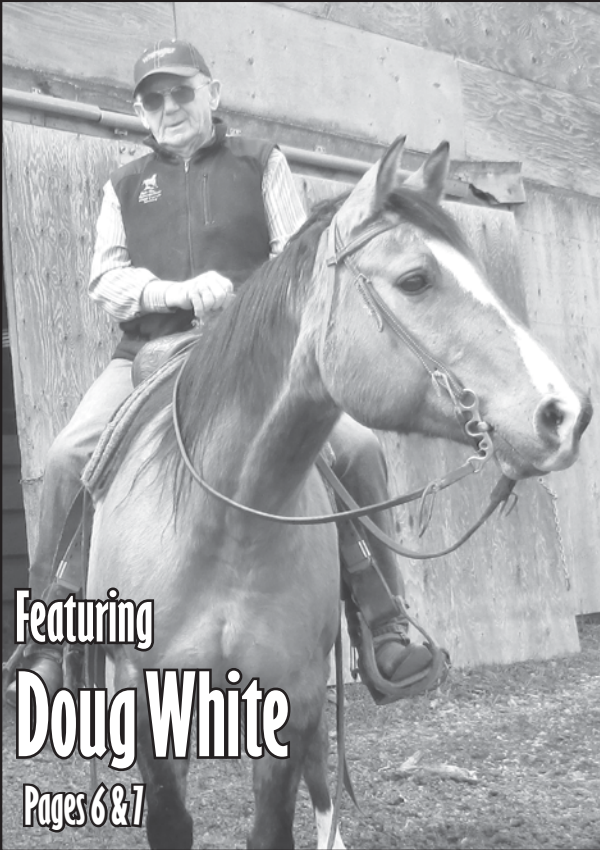
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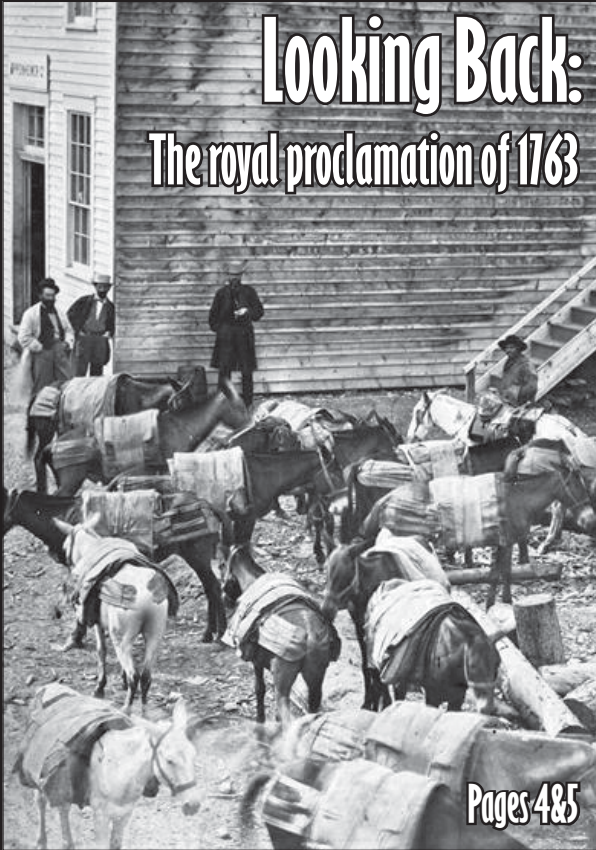
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The royal proclamation of 1763

The Garden of Eden is always teetering on the brink. Like summiting a mountain, the only way forward is down.

Aboriginal people of North America living in harmony with the land, played a quintessential role in the survival of the first Europeans to come into their midst. But it never took too many generations for this help to be forgotten. Like an avalanche thundering down a mountainside wiping out everything in its path, the arrival of European industrial society ultimately spelled an end to the subsistence way of life practiced for generations by indigenous people.

The vast tracts of virgin forest, the wide-open prairie, rivers, lakes and valleys, were seen as resources to be exploited by the “manifest destiny” mindset of European

colonizers. The indigenous way of life was seen as expendable.

This transformation didn't happen overnight. Tribes in the west inhabiting the mountainous regions of British Columbia continued living as they always had for two centuries after the first white settlers began establishing colonies on the eastern shores of North America.

Slowly but surely this encroachment on aboriginal domain shifted ever westward.

In 1755 England and France were up to their eyeballs in global conflict. Known as the Seven Years War, it affected Europe, the Americas, West Africa, the Philippines and India.

The North American theatre of this war was known as the French and Indian War. It was fought along the frontier be-

tween the 13 Colonies of British America and New France that extended from Acadia in Nova Scotia to the Great Lakes and as far south to New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi River. Both sides were supported by various First Nations allies.

The British colonies had a significant advantage, outnumbering New France in population two million to 60,000.

The war ended in 1763 with the Treaty of Paris being signed on February 10th between England, France, Spain and Portugal, formalizing Great Britain's victory in the war. In North America this marked the end of France's rule in what would become Canada.

Eight months later, England's monarch, King George III, issued a royal proclamation that continues to have profound

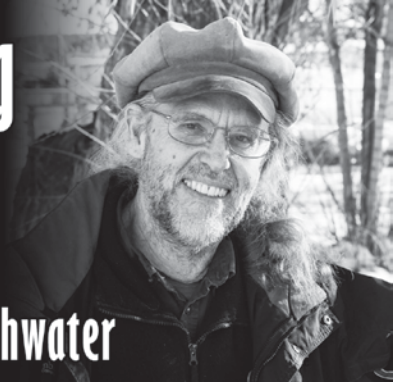
implications on Canada's negotiations with aboriginal people today.

The Royal Proclamation of 1763, signed on October 7th set out the guidelines for European settlement of indigenous lands in North America. The Proclamation explicitly stated that aboriginal title existed, and that all land would be considered aboriginal land until ceded by treaty.

For the 13 Colonies however, the Royal Proclamation was seen as an infringement on their aspirations of self-determination apart from British rule. Land speculators, including George Washington, were already pushing into “Indian” territory toward the Mississippi River west of the Appalachian divide. Thirteen years later in 1776, the United States declared independence from Great

Looking Back

By Sage Birchwater



Britain and they no longer required King George's permission to claim First Nations territory.

In British-controlled Canada, however, the Royal Proclamation of 1763 was still the law as the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company extended their fur trading empires westward.

While the fur trade created significant impacts on aboriginal society, it didn't dispossess them of their homeland or way of life. The relationship between the fur traders and the native people was symbiotic and mutually

beneficial.

“Our people were obviously interested in trading with the Hudson's Bay Company,” says T'exelc (Williams Lake Indian Band) Councilor and treaty negotiator, Chris Wycotte Sr. “They had items such as metal pots and pans for cooking, knives, guns and steel traps. In exchange, we gave them furs and salmon.”

He says the fur traders relied heavily on salmon and other food sources provided by the Secwepemc when they first arrived in the Cariboo.

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▼ Pack train at Oppenheimer Bros. Store, Barkerville 1868



▼ Bringing beef to Barkerville



► King George III



► George Washington

...continued from page 4

Bay journals, and there are records that show that 10,000 salmon had been taken out of Farwell Canyon and traded during one season."

It was the Gold Rush of 1858 that changed everything for the aboriginal people of British Columbia.

Up until then the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company managed to discourage non-native settlement of New Caledonia to protect the lucrative fur trade. But when news of the first gold strikes along the Fraser River reached San Francisco, the floodgates opened. Within a month, 30,000 prospectors descended upon Victoria, then a village of 500. Soon the new arrivals started swarming up the gravel bars of the Fraser Canyon.

In the spring of 1859, a large gathering of the Tsilhqot'in, Secwepemc and Dakelh people met at Lac la Hache to trade and engage in traditional games. This was an annual celebration and time of

exchange between the three nations. There were competitions like spear-throwing, horse racing, running races, wrestling matches and lahal tournaments, and much bartering and commerce. Then the event turned pointedly political.

Tsilhqot'in leader, Chief Dehtus Anuxim, tried to induce his Secwepemc and Dakelh counterparts to join forces with his nation in a war to resist the invasion of gold miners coming up the Fraser River.

"For some time our scouts have been bringing us news of white men coming up our rivers. We must keep them out. We tribes must act together," Anuxim urged.

Chief Looloo of the Dakelh and Chief William of the Secwepemc were not convinced.

Chief Looloo spoke of his childhood growing up near the Dakelh community of ?Esdilagh when Fort Alexandria was built there in 1821 at the boundary of the three



► Chief William, 1867

nations. This was the same year the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company amalgamated.

"I have studied the white man and his ways, and I do not know him yet," he said, "but I know my people must learn to live in contact with him. To attempt to stop him is impossible. We Dakelh are not crazy enough to start a war that we cannot finish."

Chief William sided with the Dakelh leader, encouraging cooperation with the white man.

"We will not join the Tsilhqot'ins in a bloody, hopeless war," he stated. "Let us be friends with the white man. In that way we can make a fair bargain with them by letting them take what we cannot prevent them from taking."

The three leaders agreed to disagree, and here history tells a bitter



► Fort Alexandria

tale.

The following year, in 1860, the stream of gold seekers continued to flood into the Cariboo following gold strikes in Horsefly and Barkerville.

The story goes that Chief William was approached by a man named Davidson, who asked permission to build a cabin beside the chief's cabin and garden next to Missioner Creek where the City of Williams Lake is today. The chief consented, but when he arrived home from fishing for salmon in the Fraser River, Davidson had staked the whole area.

Chris Wycotte Sr. says Davidson turned around and pre-empted all the land around there, including Chief William's cabin and garden.

"There was a church and a village there as well.

Davidson tried to pay Chief William \$20 for his land, but Chief William refused the money and said he wanted to keep his father's land."

Despite the Colony's Pre-emption laws that forbade the alienation of Indian Village sites, the pre-emption went through anyway, Wycotte says.

"That's how our people lost that land. They had a policy or law that specifically said Indian graveyards and villages shouldn't be alienated, but they turned around and didn't abide by their own laws and allowed those pre-emptions to happen. The whole town of Williams Lake was our village site that got pre-empted. It's a very nice site. You can see why we were there."

Things went from bad

to worse for Chief William. Two years later he died in the 1862 smallpox epidemic that wiped out two-thirds of the aboriginal population of British Columbia.

Seventeen years later in 1879, his son and successor, also named Chief William, made a desperate plea that was finally heard by the authorities in Victoria and Ottawa.

"The white men have taken all the land and all the fish. A vast country was ours. It is all gone... We have nothing to eat. My people are sick. My young men are angry... A war with the white man will end in our destruction, but death in war is not so bad as death by starvation."

Next month the conclusion to this story... Saint Joseph's Mission and residential school.



NEW Invasive Plant Invader Wild Chervil (*Anthriscus sylvestris*) was first brought to North America as part of European wildflower seed mix used for plantings along hedgerows and meadows. This species from the parsley family is short-lived, forming a rosette of only leaves in the first year, then flowering and producing seeds in the second year. As a heavy seed producer, it is easily spread to new locations and can quickly take over an area, forming dense stands that are very difficult to control. Currently it is only confirmed to be present in the North Cariboo. Let's prevent it from spreading any further! Wild Chervil identification: **first year plants** form a small rosette of fern-like leaves, **stems** are covered in hair and hollow, **leaves** have bases that clasp around the stem, with fern-like leaflets that are arranged alternately, **blooming** from later May to July, flowers are tiny, white with 5 petals and located on top of the stem in an umbrella-shaped cluster, **seeds** are greenish brown to dark brown and smooth about 6 mm long. **REPORT all sightings** (or suspected sightings):



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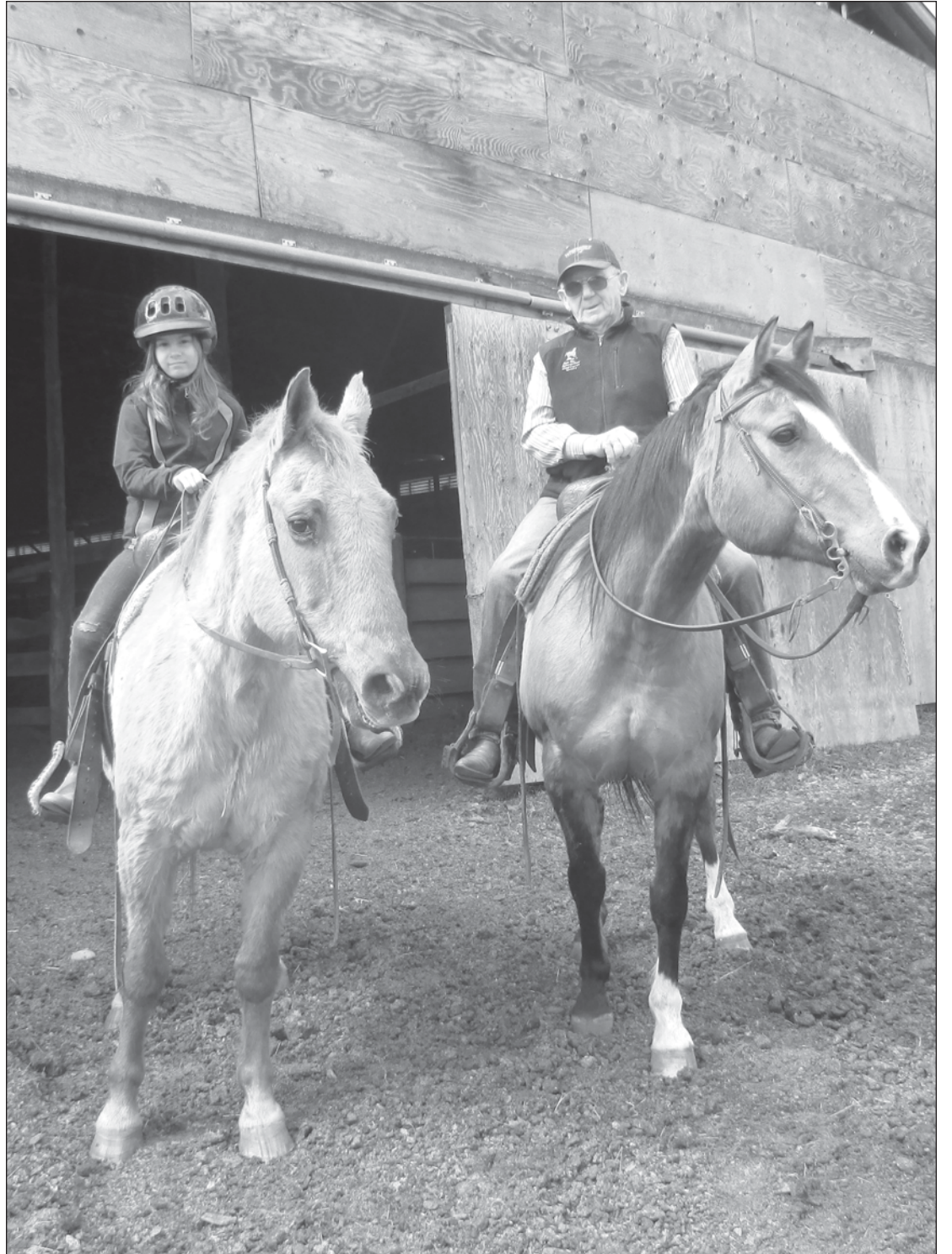
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Doug White; local bagpiper and cowboy

BY CRAIG SMITH

It's hard to be around Doug White and not have a chuckle at all his stories. Born in 1930 in Fifeshire, Scotland, Doug says he thinks he always wanted to be a cowboy. After school and doing a carpentry apprenticeship, Doug was conscripted into National service and spent two years in the army in the Black Watch regiment. Having played the bagpipes since he was 8, Doug had the honour of playing at the funeral of King George VI.

After the military, he went back to his hometown and carried on with

his carpentry career. Like most Scots, the urge to travel is strong and the itchy feet led Doug to a seminar about Canada. A little while later, he jumped on a ship and landed in Quebec City, then took a train to Montreal where he worked as a carpenter for a couple of months. Calgary called to Doug and this time he hopped on a train to get out west – there he went every day to the Calgary Stampede, fascinated by what was going on. After the Stampede, he took the first steps toward becoming the cowboy he is today.

Doug started in Co-

chrane, Alberta, on the Jumping Pound Ranch, then moved to Nantan, Alberta. He said he always felt he was being guided by “something up there,” pointing to the sky, and that he met a man who told him he should go to Kimberley, BC. For the couple of years he lived there, he played soccer, and played the pipes in the Canadian Reserve Pipe Band. In Kimberley he bought his first horse named “Smokey” for \$45. Eventually he sold Smokey but the price, as with any good Scot, had gone up to \$125. On Smokey he rode from Kimberley to Kamloops

and eventually started working for the Guichon Cattle Company. After a year, Doug decided to move to the city and rode Smokey down to Burnaby. His next twenty years were spent as a longshoreman and working as a carpenter on the Second Narrows Bridge.

Doug entered his first rodeo in 1956 and was hooked. His specialty was calf roping and team roping. I could fill pages with all the awards and championships that Doug has won. He told me that roping was a skill he learned on the ranch, as it was important to be good at it. “If a calf had an en-

counter with a porcupine, you had to rope the calf to be able to get the quills out otherwise it would starve to death.”

In 1959, Doug met Rodeo Queen Dianne Thirsk, and in 1961 they married. They had two Daughters, who have become very involved in the cowboy lifestyle, like their parents. In 1971, Doug turned in his professional rodeo card and for the next 10 years competed as an amateur. In 1975, Doug's family moved to the Interior and bought a quarter section at Dugan Lake, where Doug still resides.

Not only is he an ac-

complished bagpiper and cowboy, he is also a published artist – some of his paintings have been used for various publications.

Doug was inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame in 2011 and has spent many years passing on his gifts – teaching students horseback riding and bagpiping. He continues to follow the local rodeos closely.

If you have lived in the Cariboo for any length of time, you have probably come across this bagpipe-playing cowboy who always has a twinkle in his eye and a story to tell.



Back road adventures are in the blood

BY CHRISTA SMITH

Roads are the best things ever; they lead great places, and sometimes nowhere at all, but the adventure is the best part. I love to explore back roads and see where they lead. My sense of adventure has often over taken my good sense. I have an excuse though, my great great (I am not sure how many greats, seven I think) grandfather, was Alexander Mackenzie. So my excuse is always that I can't help it I have to know where the road, and often, non-road leads.

I used to collect back road map books and highlight everywhere I had been and make notes of any new and unexpected – um there is no road here – notations. I figure that it is not about the destination nearly as much as the adventure of

getting there. You never know what you will find, see or experience. Some of my favourite memories have been the back road adventures, and stories of, “remember when we didn't think we would ever get out of that?”

The other day, as my son recounted his weekend adventure off-roading with his friends and all of the herring moments in mud holes and sketchy roads. All I could think about was how worried they should have been and how many bad things might have happened. What if they broke down, got stuck in a mud bog, or gotten lost, or eaten by bears if they had to abandon the truck and walk, and what if they got lost again, and what if they starved to death, and and and. Suddenly I stopped and realized that it was in his blood too. Everything I had just been



mad about and so worried about, I myself had done all of these things probably more than once. Who did I actually think taught him to take the road less traveled, to pick the trail that looked like a good road and see where it went? As I sat and pondered what I had gotten my son into,

I started to remember my own childhood and my dad saying, “Hey, let's see where this goes, I'm sure the car can make it through that, and yep, I think we have enough gas.” The back roads are definitely in my blood and as scary as it is they are now part of who my children

are too.

The Cariboo is one of the best places for back roads. We are so lucky that in any direction just about there is somewhere to explore. I do however have to caution, if you are a semi-adventurist maybe stick to the paved back roads and take a map, GPS, and

whatever other essentials you think necessary. If you are a teenager the whole fridge is it. But most of all, let it be the experience and the journey not the destination, not matter whether it's a dirt and mad road, or a highway, it is always about the journey!



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Calling all motorcyclists: child abuse awareness ride June 18



You hear a rumble in the distance. You feel the ground trembling beneath your feet, and then you see them rolling down the road: Bikers Against Child Abuse. (B.A.C.A.)

BY RANDY SHIMELL

The B.A.C.A. Central Cariboo Temp Chapter is hosting a **Child Abuse Awareness Ride on Saturday, June 18 in Williams Lake**. Whether you'd like to ride or just watch the parade of chrome, come out and join them, and show your support in the fight against child abuse.

This ride is open to

all riders and bikes, and sign-up begins at 10:30am at the Oliver Street Bar & Grill. All riders must have a valid class 6 licence and approved DOT helmet. The entry fee is \$10.00 for rider/bike and \$5.00 for passenger. The pre-ride briefing will take place shortly before "kickstands up" at 11:30. The ride will leave Oliver's and end up at the Overlander Convention Centre for

a fun evening; a dinner and dance with live music and cash bar (\$30.00 at the door, **please RSVP to reserve your spot for dinner** by calling 778-412-9323 or e-mailing evil_dead@live.ca). **Discounted rooms are available**; please call the Ramada directly at 250-392-3321 to book with special room rates under "B.A.C.A. event."

All donations to the

group, and funds raised by the Awareness Ride will be used locally toward the B.A.C.A. mission of raising awareness and helping abused children. The following mission statement provides a clearer idea of what that entails: Bikers Against Child Abuse exists with the intent to create a safer environment for abused children. B.A.C.A. exists as an international body of bikers to empower children to not feel afraid of the world in which they live. They stand ready to lend support to their wounded friends by involving

them with an established, united organization. They work in conjunction with local and provincial officials who are already in place to protect children. They desire to send a clear message to all involved with the abused child that this child is part of their organization, and that they are prepared to lend their physical and emotional presence. B.A.C.A. stands at the ready to shield these children from further abuse. They do not condone the use of violence or physical force in any manner, however, if circumstances arise

such that they are the only obstacle preventing the child from further abuse, they stand ready to be that obstacle.

The Central Cariboo Temp Chapter holds monthly meetings which are open to the public, as well as several weekly group rides, and longer trips. If you would like more information about joining the group to take an active part in empowering abused children, please contact any member, visit www.bacaworld.org, or contact the group directly at 778-412-9323 or evil_dead@live.ca.

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do

Telecommuting: remote employees

SUBMITTED BY FLOR-
ENCE GONYER,
COMMUNITY FUTURES
CARIBOO CHILCOTIN

Being able to manage work-life balance has become priority for both current and upcoming generations of employees. Current employee dynamics have a broader spectrum of dynamics in comparison to our baby boomer generation. GEN X / Y and upcoming Z employees are balancing dual income families where both parents are choosing or having to work fulltime while raising children, some parents are working while upgrading their education and single parent households are trying to balance work and the job of two parents. These changing dynamics have created a need for flexibility and change



from the 9 to 5 work week which presents both employers and employees opportunities to think outside the box and still manage to have productive working relationships.

Current Millennials and the upcoming iGen employees come with a very different set of workplace behaviors and expectations. They are thinking outside the box while looking for em-

ployment environments that encourage their non-conventional way of thinking.

Embracing telecommuting as an alternative option for employees who live in rural and remote locations is a great way to adopt a healthy work-life balance for employees.

It's encouraging to see businesses and organizations adopting different methods for such things as measuring employee performances on results vs. hours clocked in at the office, it's a fresh change from sticking with policies and guidelines that were integrated generations ago. By creating an allowance for employees to enjoy working urban jobs while living rurally broadens the range of talented potential candi-

dates, as well boosts the businesses retention and success rate.

The 9 to 5 workday is becoming a thing of the past; thanks to advanced technology workers are able to stay connected to the workplace anytime/ anywhere. This flexibility helps for employees to manage both personal and social commitments within their telecommuting work arrangement.

If you take a service area as broad as the Cariboo Chilcotin, with employees commuting up to 100+ km round trip for work each day, the idea of telecommuting is ideal.

Having easy access to advanced technology such as video conferencing, generally allows for most work to be done from any location that has internet connectivity. A question would be, does your job qualify? Are you required on a daily basis to interact with clients and coworkers or does your job allow for the customization and freedom to balance your workday/ week by telecommuting?

If you're an employer who hasn't yet considered adopting a more mobile workforce, it's definitely worth checking into, where it might not be the right fit for all employees or all job positions, it might be the best fit for one of your employees.

Some tips for working remotely:

- Set a work schedule,

work those hours just as you would if you were clocking in at the office, remember to make sure that when your hours are over, you completely switch off and not cross over into your home time, unless absolutely necessary. Don't make overworking at home a habit.

- Stick to a daily routine, and no that doesn't mean waking up, grabbing coffee / laptop and jumping back into bed to start work. Get up and get yourself ready for work as you would for a regular job.

- Dress the part, you might not necessarily need to work remotely in a suit and tie, but be sure to change out of your PJs.

- If possible try to create a work/ office space that keeps you separate from "home" and where the door can be shut during work hours, as well at night when it's time to get "off" work.

- Stay connected to your employer and coworkers; Face to face interaction is important for communications, as it is very easy to misread tone or emotions through instant messaging or emails. Have proper technology setup for face-time, skype or video conference is priority, make sure your remote location has access to high speed internet... dial up just won't cut it!

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do

The bumpy road to happiness

The theme “country roads” instantly brings me back to my childhood on the prairies. The long drives over dusty back roads in Saskatchewan that seemed to go on forever with the ever-looming big sky. The drives in Alberta with my Grandma hauling a few horses in the trailer on the way to a summer horse show, listening to the radio.

Taking drives on back roads is still something I like to do, and so does my husband. We love getting in the car without a planned destination, picking a direction, plugging in the MP3 player, and setting out on adventures.

After all, life together has been an adventure. We met, we dated, we fell in love, we got married and those were the easy parts of the journey, looking back. Throughout our time together, there have been many a curve and fork in the road we’ve travelled together. And while some of those changes in direction have been challenging, and at times uncomfortable, we have managed as a team to keep things together and moving along.

Believe me, the time, the commitment, and the effort it takes to come together and stay on the same track sometimes can seem overwhelming even for the happiest of couples. It is not always easy to travel the same road with someone else. Often in a relationship, decisions will need to be made that can alter the course of your lives, and in ways neither one of you were expecting.

How you deal with the unexpected things that arise over the course of time in your relationship can impact the outcome of your adventure together. When everything is going smoothly it is easy to ride the road of life together. It generally won’t be the day-to-day regular life “stuff” that challenges you, it will be the things that get thrown at you or that you never saw coming that will test how well you manage to stay the course together.

Potential challenges could be job loss, death of loved ones, financial issues, health issues, fertility issues, to name just a few of the things that can arise to create issues from bumps to complete detours for you. When things do happen, it helps to have your ‘team plan’ ahead of time. Discuss how you will handle life’s frustrations and disappointments before they even happen.

Just like you would probably never leave home on a long road trip without a map, gas in your car, and a spare tire in case of emergencies, it is a good idea to be prepared for what life may throw at you. Discuss your preferences and maintain a strong understanding of what you both might need to do to maintain your mutually desired outcomes. Most of all, discuss how you can continue to show each other love and respect during difficult times.

Love and respect are integral aspects to a solid foundation in a lasting relationship. It is re-

You, Me and We

By Gina Mawson



ally important that in the face of differences and difficulties, both parties involved still feel secure in the relationship and in the importance each plays in the other person’s big picture. A sure-fire way to ensure this happens is to openly express and communicate that the love and respect you feel for the other person is your top priority.

Without a continued emphasis on those two things, the curves and detours that get thrown at your relationship can set up complete road blocks. Those road blocks can become such an obstacle to your journey that you get

stuck at an impasse. Once you’re at an impasse, things become infinitely harder to turn around, so it is vital to maintain what you have regardless of the situations you find yourselves in.

The twists, turns, ups and downs of the journey are different for all of us, but there is no mistaking that no relationship gets a smooth ride all of the time. Enjoy the challenges, meet them head on with clear and joint purpose, show love and respect, and be committed to coming out the other side stronger than ever.

THE STEW MAGAZINE crew



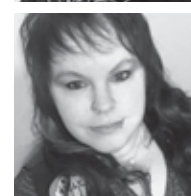
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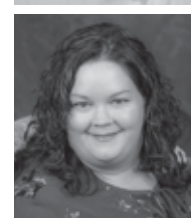
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Grad parade June 11

BY KYLIE FORSEILLE
& OWEN POWERS,
GRADUATES OF 2016

Graduation. The year, the moment, the time every grade 12 student has been patiently waiting for finally arrives. The year-end celebration marks a significant milestone in each graduate's life. Students are recognized for their years of achievements throughout school before finally sending them into adventures of their own. But before students are left to fend for themselves, they are given one last night to create some everlasting memories that they can share with friends and family forever. One of the most 'looked forward to' events each year is the grad parade.

The Williams Lake Dry Grad Parade is met with success every year.

Families and friends love gathering on the streets to celebrate with their graduates as they cruise by in a beautiful variety of dresses and suits and with huge smiles on their faces. In addition to the outfits, the choices of transportation are also quite the spectacle. In the past years there have been many creative vehicles including floats, back-hoes, boats, fancy cars, tandem bicycles and even roller blades. When it first began the parade started behind Save On Foods and ended at the arena. Now the parade begins by Sacred Heart and ends behind the arena.

The Williams lake grad parade has become a yearly tradition in our hometown. It was in the June of 2000 when people began to see grads travel down the streets. It all started 16 years ago



2012 ► Participants dressed in formal wear travel the parade route by horseback, skateboard, tractor, quad, firetruck and more, making for an annual spectacle that is not to be missed

because of a parent who joined the grad committee of her sons graduation class decided to bring forward this new event into our town. She had re-

cently seen this event take place in a different town and wanted to recreate it for her son's graduation class. The projected parade was met with a

great response from the community and students.

Over the years this event has grown from a small idea into a lavish parade that is enjoyed by

each of the graduates, and will continue for many years to come.

Join us June 11th for this year's memorable event!



is a summer-long concert series presented by the **Central Cariboo Arts & Culture Society**, with funding from the **Cariboo Regional District** & the **City of Williams Lake**. Every **Thursday at 6pm** at the **Gwen Ringwood Theatre** in **Boitanio Park**

for more information visit **facebook.com/performancesinthepark**

2016 concert schedule

July 7	Williams Lake Fiddlers with Red Monkey Black King & Nathan Lamb-Yorski
July 14	Dirty Mountain with Flannel Roots
July 21	Samson's Delilah with Weathered Arrows
July 28	Barefoot Caravan with Warless
Aug. 4	Perfect Match with Mohammed Assani
Aug. 11	Seanger & Thorne with Chicken Like Birds
Aug. 18	Lucier and Friends with Winona Wilde
Aug. 25	Wayne's Buddy Rose with Run Home Jack

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do

Some roads lead to theatre



BY KATHY MACDON-
ALD, WILLIAMS LAKE
STUDIO THEATRE

If you've lived long in the Cariboo, then you've probably spent a good amount of time exploring the local country roads. Bumping along these dusty and winding roads can lead you to some pretty interesting places. And more often than not, they'll lead you to at least one fork, requiring you to make a choice. Should you stay on the road you're becoming familiar with or venture onto a wholly new path?

After being a member of the Williams Lake Studio Theatre for 10 years, I've discovered that involvement with theatre is very much like encountering a series of forks along a road. Just deciding to get involved with theatre can feel like stepping off the main path into completely unfamiliar territory. You might start off helping to find props or assisting with hair and makeup, and you might feel content to stick with those roads. But

soon a fork in the path appears and you're given the opportunity to try something new. Should you learn how to run lights or sound? Maybe you're offered the chance to stage manage. Or chew the scenery as an actor. Perhaps you might even try your hand at directing.

These new roads can look a bit scary. Sometimes it seems as though there's too great a chance of careening off a cliff or being eaten by wolves or getting lost and having to survive on lichen... metaphorically speaking. But braving the unfamiliar paths in theatre is worth it, for the amazing journey as well as the destination. And because there are always people traveling beside you that often end up feeling like family.

Our 2015/2016 season saw the spectacular results of people coming to a fork in the road and choosing the unfamiliar path. Both *Dial M for Murder* and *Death Defying Acts* featured new actors. *Making God*



Laugh was helmed by first time director, Chris Armstrong. *Cabaret* had folks singing on stage for the first time. And the *Annoyance* cast and crew jumped in with both feet, despite facing an unusually short rehearsal time.

Our 2016/2017 season will similarly involve people traveling unfamiliar roads. *The Lodge* will bring Sophia Schneider back to the directing chair after many years and, for the first time, she'll be directing a play written by her mother, Gwen Pharis Ringwood. Sophia remembers the process of her mother writing *The Lodge* so directing the play, with its cast of 10 – the largest cast Sophia

has ever directed – promises to be a particularly meaningful and exciting experience.

Directing *Calendar Girls* will be a new road for first time director, Stacey Poirier, who fell in love with the story when she saw the movie at age 18. She also notes how transitioning into director-mode has changed her approach to scripts, saying, "I find reading a script as a director requires always seeing the whole picture. Every detail, each character's journey, the entirety of the story needs to be understood and considered. And it's gotten me completely addicted to reading scripts."

Sheryl-Lynn Lewis and Curt Sprickerhoff will be collaborating on two one-act plays. *Mary's Wedding*, with a cast of two, will involve the second smallest cast Sheryl-Lynn has ever worked with and features characters that rarely leave the stage. Curt will, for the first time, be directing a play by one of his favourite playwrights, George F Walker, whose work Curt admits he has always found a bit intimidating. *Problem Child* highlights Walker's brilliance at, as Curt puts it, "using ridiculous situations to bring out the realness beneath the surface."

Brad Lawryk had a straightforward comedy

potentially picked out for his third time in the director's chair, but couldn't shake the desire to tackle *Mindgame*, a play that's intrigued him for years. Brad knew *Mindgame* would be challenging in every aspect: a challenge to direct, to produce, to light, to design a set for. But securing an amazing supporting crew helped him commit to traveling down the more difficult path.

All roads may lead to Rome, but some lead to theatre. If you've considered starting down one of those roads, I encourage you to take that small first step. It's an unforgettable journey.

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do

Explore Ireland

BY SYLVIA RASHBROOK
OF ALL-WAYS TRAVEL

This month the “country roads” lead to Ireland. When I think of Ireland I think of the song *The Green, Green Grass of Home*, the Blarney Castle, the *River Dance* and St. Patrick, Donegal yarn, *Game of Thrones*; and the Celtic language. I’m not sure why, except the image of different shades of green pop into my head. Maybe Ireland is the “fifty shades of green” because of the lush vegetation the Island produces. That is why the world knows it as the Emerald Isle.

If anyone has seen the television series *The Game of Thrones* then one can actually see the forests, the mountains, the moor lands in Northern Ireland where the series was filmed. Not only is the Island beautiful it has a mystical, haunting, ancient intrinsic quality that makes people want to tour this magnificent Country at a slow pace.

Ireland is the third largest Island in Europe, where over four million people inhabit this spectacular Island. To the west is the Northern Atlantic Ocean and to the south is the Celtic Sea. To the northeast is the North Channel; to the east is the Irish Sea which reconnects to the ocean by

means of St. George’s Channel and the Celtic Sea.

This Island has low-lying mountains surrounded by low plains in the central area with navigable rivers flowing inland. There are many sizable lakes along the rivers. The center of the Island is part of the Shannon watershed which contains large areas of bogland used for peat (fertilizer). The highest mountain is Carrauntoohil which rises to approximately 1000 metres above sea level.

Because of the ocean currents, winters are milder, although summer is cooler with more precipitation than Continental Europe. The climate is generally insular avoiding extreme weather because of its location. It rains throughout the year, but is generally a light rain especially in the eastern regions. The western region tends to be wetter and can have severe Atlantic storms during the fall and winter months.

For the tourist the Island is an adventure throughout the many geographical based provinces – the County Galway, County Donegal in the west, southeast Ulster, southwest Longford, south to Odovician and Silurian – further south to County Wexford coastline. In the southwest around Bantry Bay and the mountains of Macgill-

duddy’s Reeks you will find Devonian-aged rocks. Cork houses the hydrocarbon exploration where natural gas exists.

One will never be bored exploring the flora and fauna of the Island – country roads – yes bring it on. Actually, because of its geographical location Ireland has fewer land animal and plant species than mainland Europe. Only 26 mammal species are native to Ireland, and only 400 bird species have been recorded as well. AND there are NO

SNAKES on the Island thanks to Saint Patrick. That’s my kind of country.

On a country road tour one will witness the Castles of Ireland which are many. Ghosts, grand dynasties, gift of the gab engulf some of the stories and myths around the Castles. You will never be bored by the stories surrounding the castles. The Blarney Castle contains the infamous Blarney Stone, the legendary stone of eloquence, found at the top of the tower of this Castle. Legend has it

that once you have kissed the Blarney Stone you will never be at a loss for words!

How fitting that the *Game of Thrones* television series would be filmed at the Castles of Northern Ireland depicting the Seven Kingdoms. It has all the fantasy landscapes because of the abundance of castles from ancient times.

There are three World heritage sites on the Island: The Brú na Bóinne in County Meath that houses the complex Neolithic chamber tombs, standing stones, henges, and other prehistoric enclosures. The site predates the Egyptian pyramids – sounds interesting.

Skellig Michael in

County Kerry houses the Gaelic monastery founded approximately 600 years ago. Also, preserved is the Giant’s Causeway in County Antrim that houses the rock formations of 40,000 basalt columns rising out of the sea. The old legend has it that Finn McCool built a path across the sea to face his Scottish rival Benandonner. Finn scared Benandonner off by pretending to be the child of a Giant making him terrifying leaving a path back to Scotland.

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June 1-30 The Station House Gallery presents: Main Gallery: Amerose George-son; Logging. Upper Gallery: Shirley Gibson-Bull; Art Next, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm

June 1,8,15,22,29 Music trivia 7pm, Karaoke 9pm, OV Pub

June 2,9,16,23,30 Cariboo Art Society Gathering, Arts Center, 2-4pm

June 2,9,16,23,30 Jam Night with Busted Remedy, 9:30pm, OV Pub

June 2,9,16,23,30 Just For Fun ladies singing group, supported by Women's Contact Society and Angelkeys Music Studio, everyone welcome, Anglican Church, 7:30-9pm

June 2,9,16,23,30 Poke-mon Thursdays, Adventure Games, 3:45pm

June 3,10,17,24 Farmers' Market, Boitanio Park 9am-2pm

June 3,10,17,24 Friday Night Magic, Adventure Games, 5pm

June 3-5 Big Lake Fishing Derby, All Day Event

June 4 Race for Kids by Boys & Girls club, 9am, www.raceforkids.ca/williamslake

June 4,11,18,25 Warhammer and Table-top Games, Adventure Games, All day event

June 4,11,18,25 Fun Darts, OV Pub,

June 5,12,19,26 Sunday Morning Magic, Adventure Games, 10am 2pm

June 5,12,19,26 Game Night, Adventure Games, 6pm

June 6, FREE Seniors Bingo & Refreshments, up-per level Boitanio mall, 1pm

June 7,14,21,28 FREE Fitness in the Park, 6-7pm, contact 250-398-7665 for info

June 9 Heart & Stroke Foundation Big Bike Ride, all day event, Cariboo Memorial Complex

June 11 Grad parade & Dry Grad sneak peek, parade starts 6pm, prom at 7pm, Cariboo Memorial Complex

June 11-12 WLIB Multicultural Gathering, Chief Will-Yum Pow Wow Arbour, admission by donation, info: wlibmulticultural.weebly.com

June 17-19 17th Annual BC Family Fishing Weekend, Biff's Pond 2710 Dog Creek Rd, 10am-4pm, info: Wayne 250-392.7460

June 18 Bikers Against Child Abuse Central Cariboo Temp Chapter, AWARENESS RIDE: all riders welcome, see article on page 11 for more info

June 18 Fan Appreciation Night, Thunder Mountain Speedway, 5-9pm

June 19 Bikers Against Child Abuse (BACA) meeting, public welcome, Big Brothers Big Sisters suite 200, 369 Oliver St. 1pm, info: 778-412-9323

June 21 Aboriginal Day Celebrations, Parade 10am followed by family activities in the park, 11am-2:30pm. Free parade & vendor both registration: 250-392-7361 or m.casey@nstq.org

June 23 Chamber of Commerce luncheon, Signal Point Gaming, 11:30am-1pm

June 30-July 3 90th Annual Stampede, info: 1-800-71-RODEO or www.williamslakestampede.com

June 30-July 3 Rotary Stampede Steakout, Thurs/Fri/Sat breakfast 7-11am & steak dinner 5-8pm, Sunday breakfast only, old Lake City Ford lot 715 Oliver Street

June 30-July 3 Knights of Columbus Pancake Breakfast, Save-On Foods parking lot 7-11:30am

July 1-3 Legion Indoor Breakfast, 385 Barnard Street 7-11am

July 1 Canada Day Farmer's Market, Boitanio Park 9am-2pm

July 2 Day Break Rotary Stampede Parade, Downtown, 10am start

July 11-14 40th Annual BC Elders Gathering www.eldersgathering.ca

QUESNEL & AREA

June 3 Gold Pan City Dance Year-End Gala, Chuck Mobley Theatre, 6:30-8pm

June 3 A love letter to Mother Nature, Arts & Recreation Center, 7-9pm

June 4 Foam Fun Run 2016, West Fraser Timber Park, 10am-12pm

June 4 Bids, Brews and a BBQ, College of New Caledonia, 5:30-7:30pm

June 4 Garage Sale, Anglican Church 9am-1pm

June 4 RCMA Open Mic, Occidental 7-10pm

June 4,11,18,25 Farmers' Market, Helen Dixon Center, 8:30am-1pm

June 6 Pro-D Camps, Bethel Church, 9am-4:30pm

June 8 The Party on high street, The Occidental, 8-10pm

June 10 Diamond Calcutta, Seniors Center, 5:30-11pm

June 10,11 BC Golden Gloves Tournament, 2 Rivers Bowling, 8am-10pm

June 10-12 BC High School Rodeo Finals, Alex Fraser Park, 9am-5pm

June 11 Live Music, The Occidental

June 11 18TH Annual Charity Motorcycle Poker run, Maple Park Mall, 10am-5pm

June 11, 2nd Annual Pride Parade, LeBourdais Park 11am-2pm

June 11 Lobster Dinner, Anglican Church, tickets \$30/person 250-747-2109

June 16 Entangados, live music at The Occidental, 8-10pm

June 17-18 Static, live music at The Occidental

June 17-18 Antiques & Uniques Sale, Anglican Church, Fri. 4-7pm, Sat. 10am-3pm, info: 250-992-5875

June 18 Theatre Royal Gala, Theatre Royal, Barkerville, 1-10pm

June 19 Father's Day Breakfast and Poker run, Friendship Ctr, 10am-2pm

June 21 National Aboriginal Day, Helen Dixon Ctr 10am-2:30pm

June 25 Lions Garage Sale, south end of Maple Park Mall

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June 25,26 Woody James Band, The Occidental, 8:30pm-12:30am

June 26 Farmers' Market, Wells, B.C. 9am-1pm

June 30 Wooden Horseman, The Occidental, 8-11pm

100 MILE HOUSE & AREA

June 3,10,17,24 Crib Night, Forest Grove Legion, 8pm

June 3,10,17,24 Farmers' Market, Community Hall, 8:30am-1:30pm

June 4 Mill Site Lodge and Fisher Place Auxiliary Yard Sale, 9am-1pm

June 4,5 Big Horn Archery Club Outdoor Shoot, 99 Mile Ski Hill, All day event

June 4,11,18,25 Meat Draw, Forest Grove Legion, 4:30-6pm

June 4,11,18,25 Alcoholics Anonymous fireside family grp, United Church 8pm, info: 250-791-1937

June 5,12,19,26 Alcoholics Anonymous 7:30pm, Health Ctr 250-791-5286

June 6,13,20,27 Bingo, doors 6pm, starts 7pm, super star 8:30pm, Community Hall

June 6,13,20,27 Alanon, 7pm Health Ctr 250-395-2532

June 6,13,20,27 Women's Drop-In Volleyball, Lone Butte Hall 9:30am

June 7,14,21,28 Alanon Drop-In, 1-2pm Community Health Ctr 250-395-7676

June 7,14,21,28 Alcoholics Anonymous, United Church 8pm

June 7,14,21,28 HUGS help us get slim, 6:30pm, 6300 N. Green Lake Rd, info: Charlotte 250-456-7504 or Pat 250-456-2491

June 7,14,21,28 Carpet Bowling Club, 1-4pm, Interlakes Hall, info: Kitty 250-593-4780

June 7,14,21,28 Co-Ed Drop-In Volleyball, 7-9pm, Peter Skene Ogden gym, info: Kersti 250-395-1353

June 7,21 Photo Group, Bridge Lake School, info: Larry 250-593-4362

June 8,15,22,29 Bingo, g-ball, loonie ball & progressive, doors 5:45pm, starts 7pm, Lac La Hache Hall

June 8 Compassionate Friends, bereaved parents support group, BJ's Donuts 7:15pm, info: 250-395-4417

June 9,16,23,30 TOPS Club, take off pounds sensibly, 6:30pm, United Church, info: Kirsteen 250-395-3344

June 9,16,23,30 Parkside Indoor Farmers Market, 10am-noon, Parkside Art Gallery, vendor space available 250-395-2021

June 9,16,23,30 Royal Canadian Army Cadets, 18:30-22:30, 5530 Horse Lk Rd, info: Capt. Kevin Seal 250-395-1181

June 9,16,23,30 Alcoholics Anonymous, 7:30pm, 108 Community Centre

June 18,19 Fathers Day Fishing Derby, Kokanee Bay, 8am-9pm

June 18 Open Mic, The Lone Rock Café, 6022 Hwy 24, call 250-395-3337

June 26 Outriders Gymkhana, Call Jen for info 250-706-9410

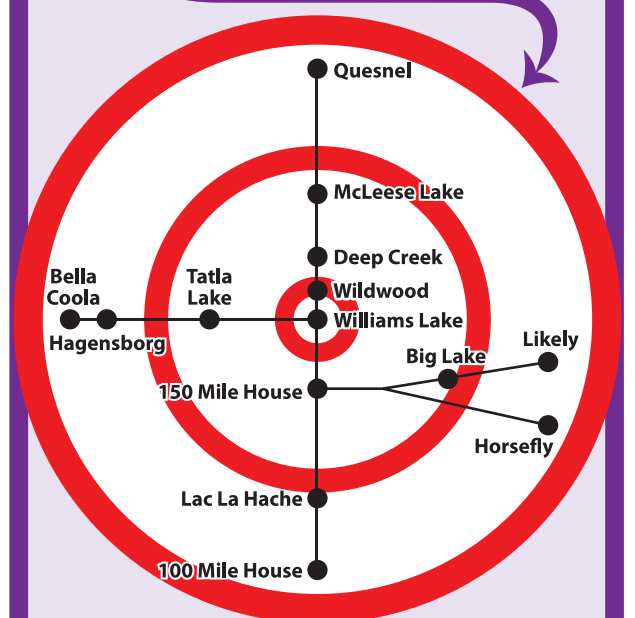
June 28 Cottage Prayer Meeting, 6715 Hwy 97, turn left at the blue travelling Workshop sign, 7:30-8:30pm, info: 250-395-3743



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40th Annual BC Elders Gathering



Williams Lake
July 11 to 14

Welcome to the 40th Annual BC Elders Gathering, hosted by the Tl'etinqox, one of six Tsilhqot'in communities, along with their united support from the Tsilhqot'in (Chilcotin), Secwepemc (Shuswap), Dene (Carrier), St'at'imc (Lillooet Nation), and Nuxalk (Bella Coola).

This Annual Gathering continues to grow each year, hosting thousands of elders from all across the Province and Country. For some of the Elders, this Gathering could be the last journey they may be physically able to take as many are well along in years. It is so important that they share the stories they have with memories going back to early childhood and stories told to them by their ancestors through their parents and grandparents who have long since passed over.

The strength and determination the Elders provide to each other through sharing with each other at the gathering is so helpful in the healing process. The Elders understand the work that needs to be done for the safety, security, health and wellbeing of their communities, and all future generations. The Gathering shows everyone who attends that by supporting each other, the future will be a better place for all of us.

Through these teachings, our children embrace their culture in honour and respect, loving and caring for elders through generations past and present. These teachings keep our culture alive, and protect our people, lands, waters, wildlife, wild plants, way of life, and most importantly our future generations.

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Chilcotin adventure

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Short Stories by
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A SHORT STORY BY SUSAN CARLSON,
WILLIAMS LAKE WRITERS GROUP

*"Adventure is just a
romantic word for trouble."*

I can't remember where I heard or read that statement, but if it's true, our family had an adventure one chilly November night back in 1981.

My husband and a hunting buddy planned to spend a few days at a back country cabin. They started out by saddle horse, with sleeping bags and traveling food tied behind their saddles. Our five kids, ages three to twelve years, my sister-in-law who was visiting, and I loaded more grub and extra blankets into our trusty 1970 blue Chev Suburban. We also threw in the requisite extra wool socks and long john's "just in case". We were supposed to meet them somewhere near the turn-off from the main road, so

they could guide us in to the cabin.

That part of the plan went well. We met up, and they trotted ahead with the horses while we bounced and jounced along behind, dodging stumps and rocks, slipping in and out of ruts. Ours were the only tracks in the thin blanket of new snow.

It was a fun family Sunday afternoon adventure—supper cooked on the wood stove in the cabin, stories, laughter. The kids wanted to spend the night, but there was school the next day so after staying longer than we should have, we started out on the drive home, leaving the spare blankets with the guys. We expected to be home

in less than two hours.

I was a little nervous about the return trip in the dark, but my husband said, "You'll do fine. There's just one big mud puddle you should watch for. It'll be a little hard to see with snow and ice over it, but as long as you follow your tracks back you shouldn't have any trouble."

Off we went. Things were going fine. The two youngest kids had fallen asleep, and the other three were close to it. We made slow progress bumping along, but Jean and I were enjoying our conversation and began to feel more confident as we followed the tracks toward home. We kept looking for the puddle, and finally came to the conclusion that it was already behind us. It wasn't.

"NO TRACKS!" flashed through my mind, too late. I should have turned instead of going straight. We crashed through the ice and came to a sloshing halt, smack dab in the middle of the mud hole.

The sleepers kept sleeping. The rest of us got out and assessed the situation. The car hunkered in mud and water past the axles. Still, it was worth a try. With the help of the jack-all we were

able to stuff branches and chunks of wood under the tires. Next we locked in the hubs, shifted to low range, let out the clutch. Ice, water and mud flew, but the car stayed put. We tried till past midnight, but nothing was working. In a last ditch effort I waded right in and pushed as hard as I could while Jean drove. We made about as much progress as a treadmill.

Finally we got back in the car, replaced what wet clothing we could with dry stuff that we had along and tried to sleep. According to survival lore, candles will keep you from freezing in a vehicle, so we broke a long candle we had and lit the two pieces (double the heat, right?), placing them on tin camp plates. We didn't notice much difference. It was still cold.

About 3:00 a.m. everyone else was sleeping, but I was still awake. I covered some of the sleeping kids with my coat, and put on an old pair of coveralls my husband kept in the vehicle in case he needed to do mechanic work. Outside in the dark I scrounged wood to start a fire. At least the candle was helpful in getting the fire going. I hung up our wet clothes nearby, then sat on a log and admired the starlit sky, listened to the coyotes yodeling and waited for daylight.

When the dark started to seep away, I left Jean in charge and struck off back toward the cabin, praying that the guys would still be there. The woods were silent except for my trudging footsteps and the occasional yip of coyotes. After an hour I finally caught a glimpse of

the cabin—hallelujah!—the guys were still there, just saddling up their horses for the day's hunt. For a moment they stared, shocked to see me there at all, but especially in those grungy coveralls, soot on my face from my fire-building efforts. When they heard my story, they postponed their plans and came to the rescue.

With ropes they had along, Jim's intrepid Morgan sorrel Cody, Jon's horse, many helping hands heaving together, and a skillful driver (not me) we got the car out. We arrived home mid-morning. The kids were delighted that they had missed the school bus, and we had another country road adventure to remember.

Had any trouble lately? It may be an adventure in disguise!



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A bull on a country road

A SHORT STORY BY
ANNE MOUTRAY,
WILLIAMS LAKE
WRITER'S GROUP

I knew that one day I would encounter the bull.

I was in my very first teaching position in a one-room country school in the very tiny community of Chu Chua. There were a few houses scattered about, an Indian Reserve half a mile down the road, the teacher-age known locally as 'the shack' and the school half a mile up the road from 'the shack'.

Oh, I had heard all about that bull. The previous teacher who was somewhat given to affectations and embellishments, had told me in all their life-threatening

details of her past encounters with this ferocious beast. As she told it, she was walking to school this particular morning, enjoying the warmth of the autumn sun, when what should she see as she rounded the corner but an enormous animal, planted firmly and menacingly, in the middle of the road. The Bull.

Of course this teacher, a highly responsible and sensible person, was not about to risk life and limb by trying to pass the monster and did the most reasonable thing that I suppose she could think of. She turned around and marched back to the safety of the teacherage. And lo and behold, there was no school that day.

Not surprisingly, there

were quite a number of days that year, when the bull managed to station itself in the middle of the road, as if guarding the schoolhouse from passing teachers. And equally unsurprising, there were the same number of days that year in which school was not in session. I would not like to speculate as to what the children did during those teacher-less days. The children from the Reserve would probably have gone home to somewhat surprised parents, magically passing the bull safely but the ranchers' children would have to wait for the school bus. Goodness knows what mischief they got into. I doubt that their parents were ever told of the bull episodes.

And now here was I, the teacher, daily trudging up the same dusty road, enjoying similar lovely leaves of the aspen trees, brilliant yellow in the warm sun of Indian summer.

On this particular day the children probably felt that it was time for a little holiday—and who could blame them. Now picture me striding purposively toward the little red, or not, I can't remember, school house, no doubt dreaming of the wonderful lessons I had prepared for that day and never expecting what lay in front of me. It had actually been at the back of my mind that one day I would meet the bull but I had rather hoped that it would just stay safely at the back of my mind.

As I rounded the corner my day dreams of teaching future prime

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Short Stories by
the Williams Lake
Writer's Group

ministers, came to a startling halt for there in all its male glory, was the bull.

I stopped still. Bull stood still. Bull eyed me, rather disinterestedly I felt. Were the truth known, the bull didn't seem to be paying much attention to me at all. Aren't bulls supposed to snort viciously and paw the earth or something before they pounce? Well, they do in Spanish bull-fighting rings but then why wouldn't they with those wicked-looking hooks stuck into their sides. In any case, my bull just stood there, looking rather benign. I remembered a rancher once telling me that the bull that can be trusted hasn't been born yet.

"O.K. bull," I said softly. "This is it".

Bull said nothing. Never taking my eyes off him, I edged slowly off the road as far as I could go before being stopped by the barb-wire fence. Slowly, ever so slowly I

inched forward, watching the bull and at the same time trying to keep a climbable tree in sight should I feel the need to climb one in a hurry.

Bull never moved. He wasn't getting any smaller but he seemed to have a very complacent air about him and he wasn't really bothering much about me. If he noticed me at all, I expect he wondered what all the antics were about.

When I arrived at what I judged to be a safe distance past the bull, I returned to the road and back straight and head high I marched on to the school, with the victorious air of one who has encountered great peril, faced it down and won. As I turned onto the school yard I thought for just a second that I saw a window full of surprised and somewhat disappointed faces. In any case, there were classes that day and never again did I encounter a bull on the road on my way to school.

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I chose the country road

POETRY BY LINDA PURJUE,
WILLIAMS LAKE WRITERS' GROUP

I chose the country road.
I could have chosen the astronomical road.
I would have spent my days and years
Peering at the distant stars,
Searching for alien worlds;
Predicting the next passing of itinerant comets;
Dreaming of the spread of humankind
To planets far beyond our blue-green water world.
But I chose the country road.

I could have chosen the historical road.
I would have spent my days and years
Delving into dusty libraries,
Crumbling castles, and buried villages;
Crowing in the glory of finding
A minute shard of long discarded pottery;
Peopling my world with long gone shadows
of antiquity.
But I chose the country road.

I could have chosen the artistic road.
I would have spent my days and years
Painting and drawing and sculpting
Fantastical scenes and creatures and beings
To entertain and enlighten mystified viewers,
Eschewing what is for the impossible.
But I chose the country road.

I have spent my years and days
Among the trees and fields,
Surrounded by birdsong and sweet country air.
I have greeted each season with joy and familiarity,
Delighting in each new blade of spring grass,
In each freshly golden autumn leaf.
I have grown good, clean food to nourish my family,
And raised my children in freedom and independence.

I have regarded the stars at night,
Hoarded the teachings of past generations,
Planted flowers among the vegetables for
brilliant colour,
Dreamed of lives not lived,
But never desired to desert this life I do live.
I chose the country road.

A trip down memory lane

A SHORT STORY BY
LORIE WILSON,
WILLIAMS LAKE
WRITERS' GROUP

The country roads of my childhood wound to places that few people would understand. Many of the roads we followed on horseback or by wagon were originally old animal trails.

To someone who did not live a nomadic life they would have made no sense. Often, if one didn't know the life, when you got to the end of a trail or road you came out on a meadow and might exclaim "Why, there is nothing here." You might ask in puzzlement "Was someone lost?" There would be no fancy houses, or even a simply built log cabin. Often there was no visible sign of past human habitation except this crudely built road.

But one had to think beyond one's immediate perception of what one called important. This may have been a good hay meadow. Somewhere around a bend might be a tall log corral with a set of rails pulled down that had been used as a fence around a hay stack. This was then a hay meadow, even though most of it would have been wild slough grass. An Indian family would hay there in the fall and later in the year bring their cattle there to feed.

Or these roads had

been built to a lake and a yearly fishing spot. When the trout were running, big groups would congregate there to fish and then dry the fish on large open racks. They sometimes lived in their covered wagons or in the old fashioned walled canvas tents that were put up with poles that had been cut for that purpose on the spot.

I remember these roads well from when I was a few years old sitting in the back of my father's old logging wagon that we used for moving from one cabin to another. This wagon sat high off the ground with four big wooden wheels banded in metal. It was rough and uncomfortable as it bounced over rocks and stumps left in the road. I once asked my father why there were so many stumps in the road. He said the trees were only cut down as much as needed and so there was about a foot of a stump frequently left. Most wagons of that country easily passed over them. Besides this the road was often built in a rocky area so it would not become a dangerous bog in spring, therefore all the rocks that we bounced over. This was a country with terrain fashioned from the remains of the last ice age that had left behind hills of gravel and miles of large rocks and dirt.

When I was about seven my Dad decided we should

Beautiful detour

A SHORT STORY BY HEIDI ARMSTRONG

We left town about 11:30, expecting to arrive for our meeting at noon. The directions seemed clear enough to Anne and I – West Fraser Road, Fraser River Ranch turn off, first house after the winery, red gate. I even printed out Leigh's detailed instructions, so we should have no problems getting there. Anne would drive, and I'd be the navigator, after all, how difficult could it be to find the place?

It seemed to take us a while to get to Rudy Johnson's Bridge, probably because neither of us had been out that way for ages. When we finally got there, as we crossed, Anne said a thank you to Rudy. The bridge itself is bright red with a wooden deck, and only one vehicle can cross at a time. I wondered how far people travelled before the bridge was built, or rebuilt, as it were.

As we motored on, I was surprised at how much of the road was paved, and even the unpaved portions of the road seemed smooth enough. I had been on this road in the past, but it had been some time, and I had no idea there was a winery in the area.

Unfortunately, we missed the turn to Leigh's place. Well, not that we actually missed the sign – there were two signs marking the Fraser River Ranch, so we took the one we thought looked right, but we were wrong. We followed another vehicle for a while thinking it was someone we knew heading to the same meeting, but we were wrong about that too. Once we realized this and turned around, we had driven some distance out of our way.

The scenery was beautiful. We passed trees with bright yellow leaves, and one with red, reminding me of travelling back east. As we drove, we noticed the new brown and white road signs, printed with the Aboriginal names and with feathers.

Our half hour drive turned into an hour but we eventually got to our destination. This was such a great time of year to be taking this drive, and I really enjoyed my visit with Anne. I doubt, however if I'll be the navigator on our next excursion!

have a road that was passable for motor vehicles. Since we did not own a car or truck it was mainly for the purpose of allowing hunters to be able to drive into our cabins when they arrived to hunt, and then haul their trophies out to the main highway Twenty at Tatla Lake.

Highway 20 at this time in the late Fifties was still a rough road with many ruts, mud holes, and rocks. Along the edges the Indians still travelled with their big teams and covered wagons.

In my nostalgic moments I think back to these

times of travelling by horse and wagon that are gone and I miss them. Then I could listen to the sounds of the squirrels chattering, and crows cawing as we travelled. I could hear the black bird signing on the reeds in the marsh. Many different kinds of birds were singing and carrying on with their life as we slowly creaked and clunked along. At times I could watch a butterfly flit along with us for a while. Since life was much slower then I could absorb all the life that went on around me as I lazily dreamed away.



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Summer at the Salvation Army

BY TAMARA ROBINSON,
WILLIAMS LAKE SALVATION ARMY

Summer is by far my favorite time of the year. Although it goes by way to fast, I love making camping plans, and plans for relaxing trips to the lake. Sometimes you can find the best camping spot by loading up the truck and seeing where the road takes you!

At the Salvation Army, we have seen an increase of new faces and friends who are on the road, passing through our beautiful town, and some friends who have decided to call Williams Lake home for the first time. We welcome everyone who enters our building and we supply them with information, support and basic necessities as they navigate their way.

Since summer is a time to relax, we are seeing a decrease in volunteers as they too are hitting the road for a much deserved summer vacation! While we send them off with heaps of love, we are looking for volunteers to not only fill their positions in their absence, but also to join our team in our kitchen, making soup and helping to serve during lunch time; in our food bank organizing donations, making hampers and monitoring the share shelf. We are also looking for help in our drop in – not only to serve coffee, but to sit and talk with people and to build healthy relationships. If you are interested in Volunteering with us, Please contact Tamara Robinson at 250-392-2423 ext. 208

We would like to thank all of our volunteers. We couldn't do what we do without you, wishing you all a very safe and fabulous summer!



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Adventure on the streets of Hong Kong

A SHORT STORY BY LEIGH SANDERSON,
WILLIAMS LAKE WRITER'S GROUP

The banyan tree branches hung from both sides over the road creating a roof where unknown creatures were rustling above making me feel like this wasn't the best idea. The branches swayed with the warm December breeze creating shadows across the two concrete slabs they called a road. The track was about half a mile to the main road where I would catch the bus to Kowloon and do my Christmas shopping at the black markets where the streets would come alive in the late night hours.

I felt certain I wouldn't be missed as the crew of the yacht were starting their Christmas cheer. I quickened my pace when I saw the street lamp funneled out of the banyans onto the main road. I stepped out of the fortress of trees and felt exposed. There wasn't anyone waiting at the bus stop; I didn't have a clue when the next bus would be coming. I could still smell the salt from the sea, not seeing it but knowing it was only a rocks throw away from

where I stood. Being out so late was making me nervous, not actually scared. The Chinese people in Hong Kong had been governed by the British for almost a hundred years and were used to strangers amongst them.

The bus finally arrived; the driver took my coin and I sat. It was empty but for two others gazing out the windows at the dark landscape. They hardly noticed me. I sat and stared at my reflection in the window, butterflies were developing in my stomach. Reviewing my list I hoped to find something suitable for each, in as short a time as possible. The bus lurched throwing my mind back to reality; I was sixteen and about to embark into the bustling streets of one of the biggest cities in the world – on my own. I jumped off the bus and was swallowed up by the crowd.

I felt harried, thinking fast and looking around for the appropriate gifts. I found a beautiful silk down quilt that would keep the winter chill off

Writers' Showcase

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my dad and mom. My Cantonese limited the negotiations, but I felt pleased with my purchases. I found black market music to keep the crew from singing the same old songs, and a few unique items for those I hadn't thought of.

I was anxious to get back to the boat. The smell of meat hanging mingled with the open air cooking was making me feel ill.

It wasn't until I was trying to get out of the market to the bus that I realized the bulk of the quilt wasn't easy to handle. I couldn't see in front of me and kept bumping into people. "Baoqian" I kept saying (sorry) and continued walking.

I found the bus stop. My head was clearing somewhat as I wondered if anyone missed me these few hours and what the consequences would be if they did.

The swaying of the bus rocked me to sleep. It was obvious the bus driver knew where I belonged because the pressure of the brakes (a little too much) startled me. I gathered my goods and floundered off the bus.

"Baishou" I said to the driver "xiexi" and headed down the dark road. This time there was no funnel of light through the banyan trees.

The moon had disappeared. It took a long time for my eyes to adjust to the total darkness. The concrete slabs were difficult to follow and several times I stepped off, almost falling over. Having this bulky quilt didn't help my situation. The rustling in the trees was invading my concentration and my imagination was running wild. Was it the Tokay Gecko that was hanging over my head? I knew some lizards dropped from trees onto the ground, occasionally falling on people. I quickened my pace. Was I almost there? The black void seemed endless. The trees sounded alive! I was now scared and wanted to scream out! Tears were welling up in my eyes.

And there it was. The sound of the rigging clanging against the masts from yachts moored in the bay. I came out of the trees and "Oh no!" There stood my father.

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THE STEW MAGAZINE'S Monthly MIX

HOLIDAYS OF THE MONTH

June 2 National Rocky Road Day

National Rocky Road Day is all about eating ice cream... specifically Rocky Road ice cream.

Want to make your own Rocky Road ice cream? Just add nuts (almonds and/or pecans), mini marshmallows, and chunks of semisweet chocolate to your favorite ice cream recipe. Today would be the perfect day to make, and certainly eat, a batch of Rocky Road ice cream.

If you aren't into making ice cream, or just don't have the time, you can buy Rocky Road ice cream at any grocery store.

June 25 Log Cabin Day

Log Cabin Day brings you back to a quieter, simpler, more rugged era.

Life was rustic and simple. Heat was provided by an open fireplace, where they also cooked their meals. Need air conditioning in the summer? Just open the window (there wasn't any glass or screening). There was no electricity (no television, stereos or boom boxes blasting, or computers). And plumbing? Just look back in the woods to the outhouse. The path to it is well worn.

Life is NOT a highway

Out of the Fridge

By Brice O'Neill

There are some rules to life in my kitchen. When people work with me I make the rules very clear 1) Do not get hurt. 2) Do it right, do it with pride or don't do it at all. 3) Clean, always with the cleaning. And 4) and NO *Life Is A Highway*. If that song comes on the radio, turn it off. If you start humming or whistling it, or if I have a feeling that you are thinking about that song, we are not going to get along.

Why such disdain for a song? Because life is not a highway, it is a long bumpy gravel road full of holes that leaves a storm of dust behind. When you travel down life's bumpy road you also begin to realize there are no clear signs to show you the way, no delineated lanes for others to stay on their path and not collide with you. Stop signs are merely suggestions and yield holds little or no value on these roads. Looks good up ahead right? The road is clear, you can see for many kilometers. So you start to let your thoughts drift and suddenly you find yourself behind a

massive truck full of hay bales. How did that get here? It doesn't matter because it's here now and you are stuck behind it going 20 km an hour until you can find someplace that seems reasonably safe to pass. Finding your spot you pull out and damn it a car is coming the other way, so back behind the truck and wait patiently for an opportunity. Once you are able to pass and move forward you realize that you missed the side road you were supposed to go down because there are side roads that appear out of nowhere and somebody shot the sign so many times that you couldn't read it.

We pick up a few passengers along the way, some for a short distance, others for much longer, but that guy on the side of the road holding a sign that says, "Will kill you for a ride" maybe just leave him there. At some point in our lives we realize that maybe driving down this bumpy dusty, dangerous road isn't all that bad. If we take the time to look around we can see things that are



pretty cool. Pull over every once in a while, stretch your legs and just breath for a few moments. Take your time going down life's country road, enjoy the scenery, maybe roll down the window and let some of the dust come in your car and appreciate it, because let's face it in this case the journey is much better than the destination.

The recipe I'm going to share with you today takes a long time to make but is definitely worth the effort. Let's make some bacon. Go to your butcher and ask for a pork belly. Take it home and remove the skin just above the fat, being careful to only remove the skin. Take your time this is tricky, go slow. This is my **Sweet Maple Bacon Brine**. There are many different

brines and rubs but I like this one. Mix 6 cups of cold water with 1.5 cups salt, 1 cup white sugar, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 tablespoons black pepper and 1 cup pure maple syrup. Mix until all salt and sugar have dissolved. Cut the pork in two or three pieces and place in Ziploc bags, dump the brine in and squeeze the air out. Place in the fridge for 7, yes 7 days. Rinse the pork well and pat it with a towel to dry it a little before putting it your smoker at around 200 F for 3ish hours. I like apple wood because hey, maple and apple and pork. Once it's cooled slice off strips and fry it up and you have the most amazing bacon ever. Easy eh? No, not really but it is a reward for traveling this road.

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Time's run out

A SHORT STORY

Tommy's face breaks the surface of the water and he looks up at the gorgeous waterfall that he has just jumped from. He wasn't sure what got into him, and with his fear of heights he suddenly decided to take the chance and jump.

The feeling is exhilarating, and he begins to look around the pool of water for his father. After a few seconds Tommy spots Jack at the edge of the pool, talking to Joan. Tommy smiles, he is happy that his dad looks happy.

As Tommy begins to swim over to the pair, a spine tingling sensation creeps through his entire body causing him to stop. As he kicks his feet in place, he looks over at his father and Joan. Something is off, and he can't seem to place it but the longer he looks at Joan, the odder she seems to appear. The slight wrinkles that caress her face, giving

away her age are smoothed out, and to Tommy, she no longer looks like a woman in her fifties.

Tommy furrows his eyebrows and continues to swim in place. Then a feeling of dread envelops him. He pushes forward and begins to swim towards them again when he's sucked down beneath the surface. Tommy is unable to scream out for help as water fills his lungs.

Tommy takes what he thinks is his last, deep breath, and instead of water he is met with a mouthful of dust. Gravel is digging into his arm and his hands. He opens his eyes and he is no longer under water. Instead, Tommy finds himself on a long, desert road with nothing ahead of him. Tommy sits up, the dirt and gravel biting into his bare skin on his legs, and through the thin material of his boxer shorts. He breathes in a sigh of relief to find that he is wearing his T-shirt.

He gets up, the road

rough and bare underneath his feet. He wipes sweat off of his forehead and looks to the empty road in front of him, and then behind him. There is nothing but an empty country road no matter which way that Tommy looks.

"Where the hell am I?" Tommy says to the empty air. "Dad!" He calls out, but he is met with nothing but silence. "Dad!"

Tommy turns in both directions again, and decides to just start walking, he is sure that something will come up. As Tommy begins to walk, the rocks start digging into his feet and he suddenly wishes he was wearing shoes. The wind picks up and pushes Tommy forward along the dirt road.

Several minutes of walking down the road, and nothing is coming into view. Tommy feels the wind forcing him down the road and he tries not to panic. A few dry trees start to spot the landscape, yet the grass seems dead. Everywhere that Tommy looks, there seems to be no

life anywhere around him.

He begins to run. Running down the desolate, dirt road that seems to have nothing to offer him. No life, no purpose, just nothing. The wind picks up around him, pushing him farther and faster down the dirt road. Rocks cutting into his bare feet, leaving little trails of blood behind him on the road.

"Dad!" He yells again. "Dad, where are you?"

The wind pushes him farther, and then with such force, spins him around so he faces the opposite direction in which he was running from in the first place. As the wind whips around his body, Tommy catches a glimpse of something in the distance. He can't make it out in the dirt that swirls around him, but the shadow sends shivers up his spine, and his skin crawls. He doesn't know what it is, but he knows that as it inches closer, he does not want to be in the same place when it gets to him.

Tommy whips around and begins to run again, far away from whatever

Tasty Tidbits

By Paige Knights-Smith



seems to be after him. But the faster that he ran, the slower he seems to go.

"Dad!" Tommy cried out, "Help!" His feet take him a few feet forward, before tripping and causing him to land on his arms and chest, knocking the wind out of him. "Ah!" he screamed.

As he tries to catch his breath, he can hear the creature shuffling closer and its breathing is ragged. Tommy closes his eyes, and tries to lift himself up, but his body becomes heavier, making it feel almost impossible to move.

The creature creeps closer and Tommy feels himself cower, pulling his body into the fetal position and squeezing his eyes shut. The shadow is over top of him now, blocking the sun from his hot, dry skin, and Tommy begins to shake from the instant cold on his skin.

There is a hand on Tommy's arm, shaking him.

"Please no!" He yells, trying not to open his eyes. "Get away!"

"Tommy?" A voice

in his ear. "Son, are you alright?"

Tommy opens his eyes, and looks into his father's face. He looks frantically around, the gravel that was cutting into his skin is no longer there, and instead he is lying on the grass, next to the waterfall pool. He sits up and looks into the faces of his dad and a younger looking Joan.

"What happened?" Tommy asked, wrapping his arms around his damp skin.

"You were swimming towards us, and you passed out or something," Joan said. "Your dad jumped in and saved you from drowning."

"You sure you're okay, kid?" Jack asks his son.

Tommy rocks back and forth and moves one hand down, touching the grass, grasping onto the realness of it. He nods at Jack after several seconds, but Tommy cannot look either one of them in the eye.

"What happened?" Jack asked.

"I wish I knew," Tommy whispered.

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Hidden horse trails

BY DR. STEPHANIE KRUM
SIEK, WILLIAMS LAKE
VETERINARY HOSPITAL

Animals follow their paths and they have a unique sense of orientation that one can only wish for. No matter how big a pasture is, cows, horses, sheep or pigs will develop a trail system on the land they are using and they will continue to use those trails for generations.

One time a few years ago I realized how well these trail systems work even if you can't see them anymore, only the horse you are riding knows where to go.

I was asked by my father in law to help him look for cows in the bush. I wanted to go for a ride anyway so there we went, he dropped me off at the horse pasture and after briefly discussing where

and how, he took off with the ATV and I started my journey with Diddi, one of the geldings that just recently had gotten back from the trainer after spending almost a year away from the ranch.

As the horse, the dog and I rode along the perimeter fence we got deeper and deeper into the forest. An area of the 2000 acre ranch that I haven't been in before. I vaguely knew which way to go and I could still hear the ATV roaring from far away. As the three of us continued to look for cows (there weren't any) I started to hear thunder and it seemed to have a tendency to come our way. I had been out in this thick, dark bush for an hour by then and had not seen the tail of a single animal, not even the slightest hint of pat-ties on the ground. In my

opinion it was time to get home. So thought Diddi. As I was trying to convince him to turn around and go uphill again back onto the trail I knew, he wound and wormed himself around and wanted to continue to go downhill through thick brush.

I think I made him mad and he lost his patience with me and my persistence of wanting to go back the way we came. What a waste of time and energy, he must have thought. I sure had some scratches on my face and my glasses might have looked a little bit deranged but after a short fast gallop along a ridge and some (or maybe a few) corners cut between the trees we were at the bottom of one of the big hayfields and from there it was only a fifteen minute ride to get back to the barn.



Diddi had known all the time where we were and which way he had to go. Some of the trails had not been used for years. At least not by humans.

After that ride Diddi

would literally avoid me on the pasture, maybe thinking 'oh no, not her again!!!' I still have to smile when I think back to that afternoon in the forest. Diddi taught me

something that day: to follow your path, no matter how rocky and difficult it may appear. If it feels right, just keep going and you will get to your goal. Or the barn.

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CURATOR'S CORNER Cariboo legend: Cyclone Smith

BY WILLIAM ADAMS,
BA, PBD, BBA, EXECUTIVE
DIRECTOR & CURA-
TOR, MUSEUM OF THE
CARIBOO CHILCOTIN

Lloyd "Cyclone" Smith
was born near Davenport,
Washington in 1895. When

he came to the Cariboo
in 1919, he was already
an experienced cowboy
and rodeo rider. Smith
worked on ranches in the
Cariboo cowboying and
breaking horses. He gained
the nickname "Cyclone"
because his bronc busting

corresponded to the whirl
of a cyclonic storm. Besides
gaining the reputation as a
daredevil rider on the ro-
deo circuit, he also rode in
Williams Lake's infamous
death defying Mountain
Race, straight down the
mountainside.

He became a close
friend and business partner
of Countess Beatrice Calo-
nna di Montecchio. They
owned the ranch and lodge
at Timothy Lake. In 1932,
he was the Area Manager
at the Williams Lake Stam-
pede, and on June 29th
while he was working as a

pick-up man, Smith rushed
to try to head off a bronc
that had thrown its rider
which was heading for a
hole in the fence. His own
horse and the bronc col-
lided. Smith's foot caught
in the stirrup. His horse
went down upon him and
Smith was crushed by
his saddle horn, causing
massive internal injuries. A
few hours later Smith died
having not regained con-
sciousness with Countess
Beatrice at his side. When
Smith's body was laid out
in an old shed behind the
hospital, Countess Beatrice
realized that this shed was
not the place for his body
to rest until the funeral,
so she donated money to
build a small morgue and
chapel in his memory. This
chapel, located where the
current Williams Lake
City Hall stands today
fell into disrepair and was
torn down in 1962. It may
only be a legend, but as a
tribute to Smith, Count-
ess Beatrice is said to have
directed Cyclone Smith's
black horse be shot so it
could accompany him to
the "Great Roundup in the
Sky". Cyclone Smith was
buried in the Williams
Lake Cemetery. Lloyd "Cy-
clone" Smith was inducted
into the BC Cowboy Hall
of Fame in 2007.

The Museum of the
Cariboo Chilcotin is lo-
cated at 113 Fourth Avenue
North in Williams Lake,
B.C. and is open Sunday
through Saturday, 10:00
am to 4:00 pm. To contact
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Museum of the Cariboo Chilcotin

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Repetition: the path to learning

BY DAWN WALL,
WOMEN'S CONTACT
CENTRE

A country road;
there is no better place
to be now that spring
has come back to the
Cariboo. Life is there
"blowing in the breeze",
a place for young and
old alike to be one with
the ebb and flow of life.

Walking down a quiet
country road takes you
back home, to a place of
belonging, of familiarity
and security. Children
do not have the experi-
ences that we have to fall
back on to feel secure
and safe. They are busy
creating their own safe
road through repetition
and consistency. Many
bedtimes have been
spent reading the same
favourite book over and
over again. The reader
chastised for changing a
word or forgetting a de-
tail from previous times.
And what parent has not
been exasperated by the
seemingly endless ques-
tions. This is not just a
way to drive parents cra-
zy but an intricate part
of their development.

The consistent read-
ing of the same book,
playing the same game
and answering the same
questions may be boring
and senseless to us but
for the child, these are
the first steps to making
a world that has some
order, some consistency,
some reliability, a world
that fits comfortably like
a familiar road.

So help your child
create a secure world by
embracing your child's
need to be boring, to
play the same games, to
ask the same questions,
to read the same book,
to have the same break-
fast cereal for breakfast,
lunch and dinner.

I also encourage you
to walk down a coun-
try road this spring.
Go out with your child
(ren), grandchild (ren)
to create new fresh
memories, go out
with your parent(s),
grandparent(s), and
great grandparent to
reminisce and remem-
ber.

Let "country roads
take you home to a place
you belong."

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do

The rapidly changing technology of Dentistry

BY DR. RUDY WASSENAAR,
DMD, MAGD, DICOI, DABIOI/ID

If you are driving your car on the road where you might be going 100 km per hour, the country around you is zooming by. Yet, the other traffic on that same road that are also going 100km per hour are standing still relative to you. If you are standing still, the world around will continue turning. The only thing that will not change is that this will never change...

Dentistry is going through a complete makeover as we speak. As people are living longer, they need and also even demand teeth that are functional, good looking and comfortable. About a generation and a half ago it was quite common to expect to have no more natural teeth when approaching middle age. In our current times we will see a significant percentage of people in very advanced age groups who still have a respectable level of dental health. And any of these will have

advanced dental procedures done to improve their quality of life as part of their overall philosophies.

The reasons people of all ages try to avoid going to the dentist are usually related to fear and financial concerns. Over the years Dentistry has developed a lot of strategies that make it possible to get better results within a shorter time frame, to increase levels of comfort during and after treatment, and to significantly reduce complications of dental treatment.

Dentistry has fully entered the digital age where we can now better diagnose disease at an earlier stage and offer conservative, and well timed solutions. The usage of CT-scanners has become common place and allows us to do thorough analyses with no distortion. We now have the capability to take a video of someone's teeth and turn this into a 3D model. These files can be emailed to a production facility where artificial teeth can be made using milling machines and 3D

printing technologies. These milling machines are actually like robots, improving the accuracy of dental restorations to a level that almost surpasses the ability of the human eye to see.

We use this same technology to fabricate surgical guides when placing dental implants. It used to take more than an hour or more of trial and error when placing an implant with only mixed results. Now we can be finished within 15 minutes while enjoying amazing levels of accuracy and safety that were unheard of not that long ago.

With the planning of orthodontics it is no different. In more and more situations the need for traditional metal brackets and wires is replaced by clear plastic retainers that will move teeth in small steps. There is 3D animation available that will visualize the direction the teeth are going to move to so surprises are kept to a minimum.

You might say "well that sounds great, but I am still scared!" If you ask your dentist a lot



Dentistry has fully entered the digital age where we can now better diagnose disease at an earlier stage and offer conservative, and well timed solutions. The usage of CT-scanners has become common place and allows us to do thorough analyses with no distortion. We now have the capability to take a video of someone's teeth and turn this into a 3D model...

of questions, and if you are well informed why your teeth are in the shape they're in, and if you understand the pros

and cons of the available options, usually the fear will be more manageable. What we fear most in our lives is the

unknown. That holds true for everything in life and Dentistry is no exception.

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do



Dungeons & Dragons: history of a gaming staple

SUBMITTED BY
ADVENTURE GAMES

Dungeons & Dragons is a fantasy role-playing game, created by American game designers Gary Gygax and David Arneson in 1974. The game was acquired in 1997 by Wizards of the Coast, a subsidiary of Hasbro, Inc. The game's soaring popularity led to D&D-themed miniature figurines, books, TV and movies.

D&D has gone through multiple editions, with various changes to the rules and nomenclature. The game is set in several medieval fantasy worlds in which multiple players form a group that is led through an adventure by one player who assumes the role of the storyteller, or Dungeon Master. The Dungeon Master makes up story events or chooses them from one of the pre-constructed adventures, to which the players may respond in different manners to create a unique gaming experience. The other players each choose a race (human, elf, dwarf, halfling, etc.), a class (e.g., Fighter, Rogue, Wizard), and skills for their character, and they apportion a small number of points to

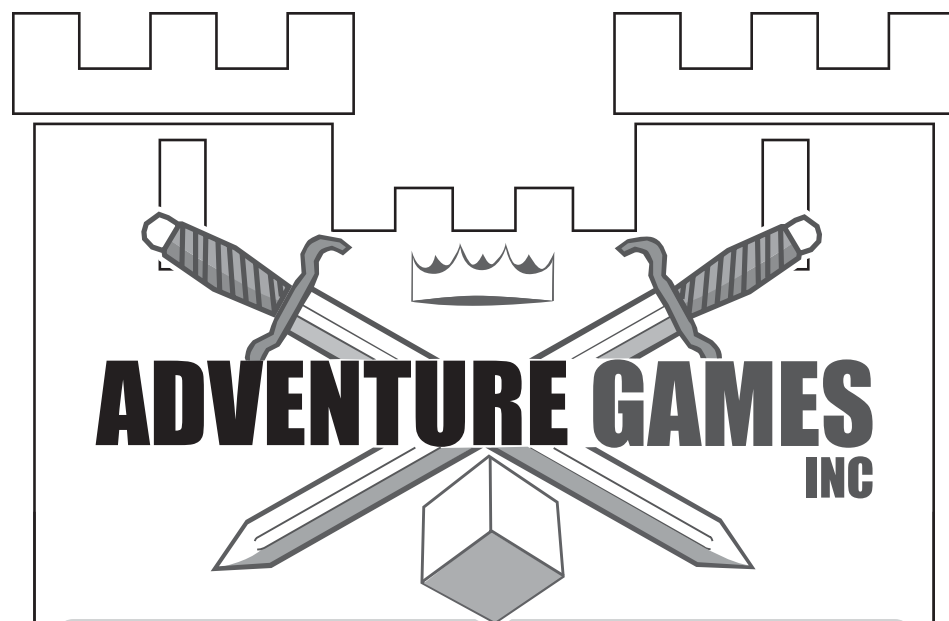
“Dungeons & Dragons has had a massive impact on ‘Nerd Culture’ since its creation. Using the classic descriptions of fantasy races made by J.R.R. Tolkien, it fully cemented what the western cultures define as ‘Elvin’ or ‘Orcish.’”

different attributes (Constitution, Strength, Dexterity, Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma) that determine how effective a character is in performing various actions. Most complex actions have some probability of failing, which is determined by rolling one or more of the game's polygonal dice (4-, 6-, 8-, 10-, 12-, and 20-sided). Often players use a sheet marked with a grid and miniature figurines to represent their characters' movements.

Dungeons & Dragons has had a massive impact on “Nerd Culture” since its creation. Using the classic descriptions of fantasy races made by J.R.R. Tolkien, it fully cemented what the western cultures define as “Elvin” or “Orcish.” Though it had some misconceptions made

about it in the 1980's, it has since become a unanimous staple of modern gaming. In every town you will find gamers dedicated to playing D&D and its successors. As we moved into the 21st century, D&D became the inspiration for other tabletop role-playing games such as Shadowrun, Star Wars RPG's, and EverQuest. Building on this momentum, role-playing games have rocketed into the spotlight once again, becoming more popular than ever before.

Through this game, many hours of epic adventures have been played out over the years, all over the world. We invite you to join us at Adventure Games – we play tabletop role playing games with a variety of rule sets and story settings.



GAMING CENTRE & TOY STORE

JUNE 10 Eternal Masters Magic Set (MTG)

JUNE 29 War Machine & Hordes MK3 Release

SPECIAL EVENTS

Pokemon Thursdays at 3:45pm

Friday Night Magic at 5pm

Warhammer/Tabletop Games,
Saturdays

Sunday Morning Magic at 10am

Sunday Game Night at 6pm



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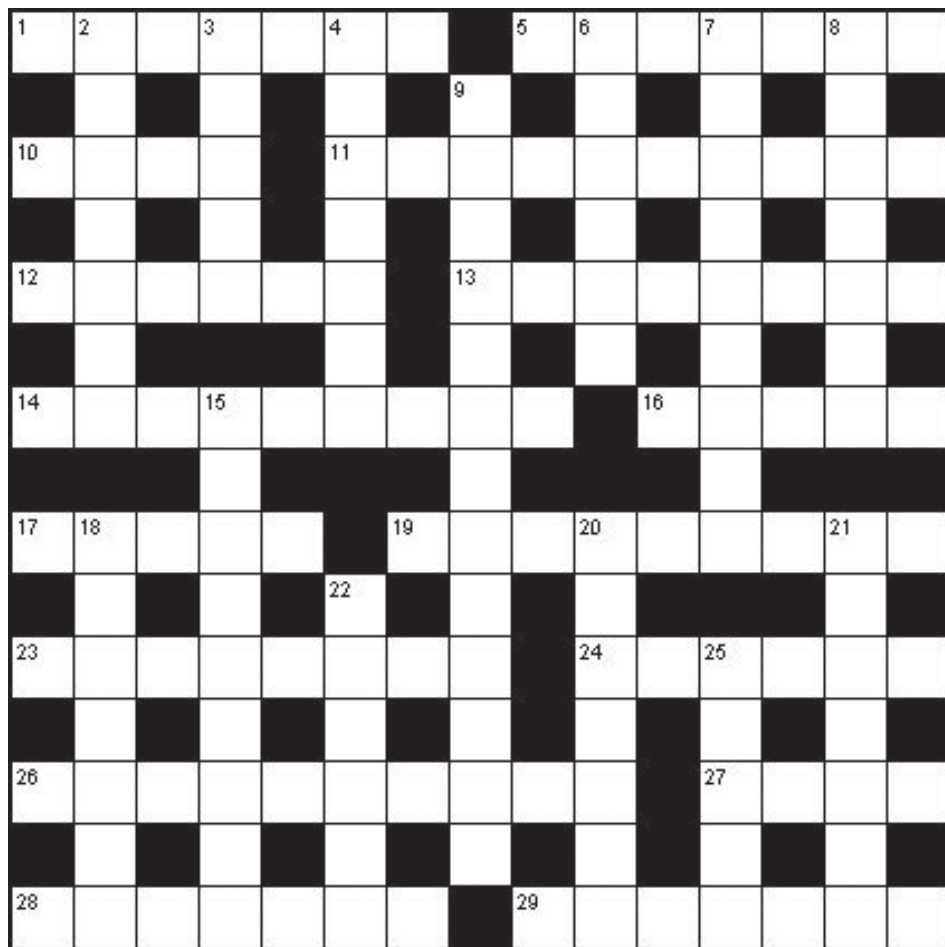
do

This month's crossword is brought to you by the fine people at Bob Paterson Homes.

X-Word Puzzle

ACROSS

- 1 Sunday saint keeps Swedish singers in hospital (7)
 5 Worried waverers with a Six Counties come-back (2,1,4)
 10 Touch and go at the chessboard (4)
 11 Founder of the RUC or benefactor concealing leak! (6,4)
 12 Simpleton spoilt the beginning of Lorna Doone (6)
 13 Limerick man, after dubious call, is okay (3,5)
 14 Herein County Mayo Conservative gets nothing (9)
 16 Like a German keep-



- ing warm (5)
 17 Joker's first doubtful moment (5)
 19 And Trotsky almost wrecked this Russian port (9)
 23 Musical performance suits peer to a T (8)
 24 Change the state of

- Atlanta in a flight of fancy (6)
 26 Maladjusted worker half isolated American agents in this (10)
 27 Is one right to go before Murdoch? (4)
 28 Readable French articles about Little Rock (7)
 29 The old garda struggling in American footballers' territory (7)

DOWN

- 2 Lover boy causes a second run out thus (7)
 3 About to get into bed and multiply (5)
 4 Essayist provides article about gold and its symbolic form (7)
 6 Minor problem: Greece's beginning to break her marbles up (6)
 7 Beggar abused a pupil's trust (9)
 8 Promote a drug Tol-

- stoy consumed (7)
 9 Stuff Raphael in a rap composition (13)
 15 Her Pharaonic Majesty lifted two objects on a Norfolk bog (9)
 18 One's fuel consumption including fashionable English drive (7)
 20 Story concerning rising against Fitzgerald (7)
 21 Love struck LA 25 (7)
 22 So turn on Lily, oddly, and go for a walk (6)
 25 King George I bearing Germany's drudgery (5)



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