

# the LOCAL



A quarterly newsletter  
for and about the  
people of the town  
of Niagara-on-the-Lake

SUMMER 2004 • Issue 2

## Editorial

Summertime in NOTL, and the living is easy. Unless you're a farmer, offshore labourer, organiser of one the many local festivals, landscaper for the Town, avid gardener, Shaw actor, LCBO employee or B&B owner.

These people all improve the quality of our lives, often through the sacrifice of the quality of their own. We owe them much gratitude. So some of these people are the theme of this issue of The Local: These 'local heroes' and our gratitude toward them.

Every sip of local wine, every piece of local fruit we owe first to the land, then to the farmer, then to the good men and women who pick, pack and ship them. Gardeners too give us joy, so strangely selflessly: isn't a good garden all about its being shared and witnessed?

Gratitude, then, is our theme, our motto, our joy.

I am grateful to this community that has allowed me to explore these issues and ideas, and turn them into interesting experiences—which I hope we can all share.

I am grateful too for the difficulties in putting this second issue together. Leaving one's comfort zone always results in growth, and is very rewarding. I highly recommend it, and I hope we can encourage you to do the same.

Lauren O'Malley Norris



Niagara Gothic: Rose and Ken Bartel

## Lakeshore Producers

*Rose Bartel and her husband Ken are among the produce vendors along Lakeshore Road. We talked with them, and with Carol and Adam at Willow Bend, and some nice young girls at Quiet Acres.*

ANYONE WHO'S EVER tried to grow a few tomatoes in a bucket of soil knows what a mysterious business farming is. From aphids to black rot, drought to day upon sunless day, there is nothing reliable about nature.

Farmers have it rough, no matter how you slice it. Completely vulnerable to and dependent upon the elements, they bravely commit to bringing us our daily bread. Or tomatoes. They fight disease, do battle with insects and animals, and work long hours for little reward. They clearly don't do it for the big bucks. Why do they do it then? Because they're farmers, and that's just what they do, bless them.



"We're always having to explain we don't have roses," laughs Rose Bartel. It's an easy misunderstanding: The sign on Lakeshore Road says 'Rose's plants and veggies.' The apostrophe is plenty big, but somehow it gets ignored.

continued on page 2

## YOU KNOW YOU'RE A LOCAL WHEN...



Are you a local?

by Dave Norris

You use the skinny little sidewalk attached to the curb (aka 'the passing lane') rather than play dodge-the-ice-cream on the main sidewalks of Queen Street.

You park in the middle of the road by the Cenotaph for a stealth hit on the liquor store.

The grapevine has delivered you the code to the gate of the NOTL Sailing Club.

You swear off fudge. Forever.

You put your career on hold because there's gardening to do.

You refuse to refer to restaurants you used to like by their new names.

You get invited to crew a Shark despite your heretofore exclusively landlubber status.

You can always find someone you know at the Sports Bar.

You grow to like the smell of skunk in the morning. Smells like victory. (For the skunk.)

Your dog still salivates as it approaches the Post Office.

You refer to houses not by their street address but by who used to live there.

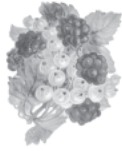
You think the word 'heritage' isn't always pretty.

*The Local is meant to be a community centre put to paper. We're not printing news, we're not exposing anything or anyone, or trying to sell anything. We're just yakking, clucking, shootin' the s\*\*t. Please don't take us seriously, or you'll ruin the whole thing. But please do join in the talkfest.*

## Crop Maturity Chart

All dates are approximate, due to unpredictable changes in weather. Thanks to Quiet Acres for this information.

- 1 Sweet cherries, 3-4 wks • Beets, 7-10 wks
- 1 Raspberries, 3-4 wks • Beans, 6-8 wks
- 1 Currants, 2-3 wks



- 10 Garlic, 5-6 wks



- 15 Sweet cherries, 2-4 wks
- 15 Pickling cucumbers, 2-3 wks
- 15 Dill, 2-3 wks • Onions, 4-5 wks

- 20 Apricots, 4-5 wks



- 23 Yellow plums, 2-3 wks
- 23 Tart cherries, 2 wks

- 26 Freestone peaches, 4-5 wks
- 26 Tomatoes, 6-8 wks



- 1 Summer apple, 4-5 wks • Zucchini, 6-8 wks
- 1 Sweet corn, 3-4 wks • Potatoes, 4-5 wks
- 3 Yellow plums, 3-4 wks • Cantaloupe, 2-3 wks
- 3 Peppers, 6-8 wks
- 5 Semi-freestone peaches, 2 wks
- 5 Blackberries (boysenberries), 5-6 wks
- 8 Tomatoes (roma, square paste), 3-4 wks

- 10 Clingstone canning peaches, 4-5 wks



- 15 Freestone peaches, 4-5 wks
- 16 Nectarines, 2-3 wks
- 17 Watermelon, 2-3 wks

- 20 Okra, 2-3 wks
- 21 Grapes, 4-6 wks



Carol and her helpers, Adam and Prince



Some of the girls at Quiet Acres

## The Producers

(continued from page 1)

Their stand is rustic, charming and witty: wares are displayed on rusted old cots, shade is provided by a structure Ken built out of logs, and their signage is as homegrown as their tomatoes. Trained in horticulture, these rustic, charming and witty locals moved to Perth for a while, but came back to their roots (pun intended) in Niagara-on-the-Lake. They live in a barn situated on the same property as the stand, and you can look past the stall to their gardens where everything they sell is grown.

"We grow all of our own stuff, and sell only our own stuff," says Ken. Although they're not certified organic, they use no pesticides, and everything is grown naturally, starting from seeds.

Rose's Plants & Veggies operates from May to Thanksgiving, Saturdays only, from 10 to 5.

Carol Hustenowich runs Willow-Bend, at 667 Lakeshore, and has done for ten years. A cheery force of a woman, she's surrounded by friends and family, and the family dog. Her stand is welcoming and bright, teems with delicious-looking things, and includes an old mail delivery wagon.

She says, "We're here for the people who are here year-round." They do not cater to tourists, preferring to attract locals to their yellow and green stand. To this end, they're working on a directory of local businesses who buy from them. So far this includes several catering companies and a number of B&B's.

All of their produce comes from local farmers, "always fresh from the tree or ground," and their jams and pickles are all home made. It even looks like Carol's granddaughter wrote some of the labels.

Willow-Bend operates from May through October, 10 a.m. to 9:30 p.m., seven days a week. That's a lot of operating.

Across Lakeshore from Willow-Bend is Quiet Acres. By far the slickest of the three, it even has a website (<http://www.csoft.net/~qacres/>). Family owned and run until recently, it's an institution on the Lakeshore landscape.

Quiet Acres, at 672 Lakeshore Road, is open from 9 a.m. till nearly dusk, seven days a week, from June to October.

Niagara-on-the-Lake is known for its local produce. Our lush peninsula is brimming with fresh fruit and vegetables throughout the warmer months. Instead of picking over the pallid produce in the supermarket, befriend a local grower or three, and buy locally. Go say hi to Rose, Ken, Carol, Adam and all the rest of them. Tell them The Local sent you.

JULY

AUGUST

# HOW TO...



*Through consultation with local experts, The Local was able to come up with some useful advice for those who might aspire to try something new.*

## How to run a B&B in NOTL

- Leave a successful professional career: You've always fantasized about running a charming country inn.
- Find the perfect house – with three bedrooms, three bathrooms, a private suite for you, a beautiful garden, air conditioning and plenty of parking space.
- Convince the building inspector that you should get a license even if your driveway is two inches too short.
- Smuggle 36 sheets and 48 towels across the border and, if caught, be prepared to pay a lot of money.
- Invite friends and family to test breakfast recipes. (Eggs with poached figs and tomatillo salsa on a croissant with pouring cream, anyone?)
- Be prepared to give perfect strangers a key to your house and hope you are alive the next day and that the silver flatware is still on the table in the morning.
- Keep your house immaculate at all times.
- Strew common rooms with many little conversation-provoking items.
- Make certain that your steam iron doesn't drip: you will become good friends with it.
- Shower for 30 seconds, but only after 2 pm when the matinée performance has started, to preserve hot water for the guests and not be found déshabillée in the upper hall.
- Do four loads of laundry a day.
- Get up before dawn and silently make another spectacular breakfast, then entertain and beguile guests even if you're tired, hung over or just plain grumpy.
- Change linens, vacuum, dust, scrub bathtubs, remember to say hello to cats and partner, not necessarily in that order.
- Learn to lip read because the TV might disturb a sleeping guest.
- You may share a glass of wine or two with your guests, but only if they offer it to you and you know them well and it is between 5:00 and 7:00 pm. If they offer to take you out for dinner, okay, but go right home after dessert, go to bed and wake up before dawn and come up with another fresh and delightful breakfast menu. The best plan is to keep thin, live well and have many pairs of sunglasses.

*Be prepared to:*

- Pick up guests at the train, bus, airport and marina.
- Pick up guests at 2 a.m. who are out for an

- evening on the town, have had too much to drink and don't want to drive .
- Tell the kids that coming to visit next weekend is not a good idea.
- Drive real or imagined emergencies to the hospital. Wait six hours until the doctor comes.
- Make dinner reservations, spa reservations, arrange bicycle rentals, and find out when a ship is going through Lock 4.
- Give tactful advice to the client who emerges at 11 a.m. in her negligee and is sure she too wants to run a B&B.
- Read and comment on the manuscript of the guest who has just written a children's story (her grandchildren loved it).
- Train the dog not to bark when guests tiptoe in at 2 a.m.
- Train the cat not to be up on the dining room table lapping milk from the jug just as guests come down for breakfast.
- Drive a guest at 4 a.m. to Niagara because he has always wanted to see the Falls at sunrise.
- Order and pick up theatre tickets. Go back and exchange the tickets because the client has just realized Man/Superman lasts for over six hours or thought that Wedekind's Lulu is a musical.
- Share recipes, plants, sun block, sun hats, aspirin, umbrellas, raincoats, bicycles.
- Buy shares in Canada Post. Your bills for returning left items will run up quickly.
- Toss all social plans in anticipation of late-arriving guests; or just say "screw it" and leave the key under the front door mat with instructions about the location of their room and what time breakfast is served.



## How to organise a chamber music festival in NOTL

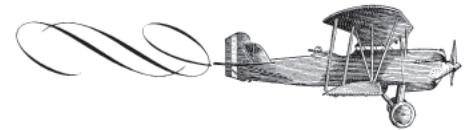
- Secure 12 locations for 36 concerts.
- Secure 53 musicians to play in Niagara-on-the-Lake for three weeks in the summer.
- Rent an office in St. Mark's rectory. Wait two weeks to get the phone installed while suffering bone-chilling hours in the office where the walls are made of stone and are about 150 years old and the dampness creeps around your ankles, then up to your knees and hips, like stage-fog.
- Buy \$5,000,000 worth of insurance in case someone trips over a sound cable or touches a wall.
- Make sure the music stands are moved to each venue for each performance.
- Move a piano into the Market Room of the Court House.
- Find a strong volunteer to move sound equipment twice a day to each venue.
- Write press releases. Hound the media to publicize the event and visit every merchant to ask for five thousand dollars to sponsor a concert.
- Lend your tuxedo to a musician who forgot his.
- Entertain Russian musicians who love vodka and think it's great to see the dawn come up... don't even let them know Niagara Falls exists.
- Visit every store in town and ask if they will put up a poster.

- Borrow a bus and take student musicians to see the Falls. Okay, so it exists, but it's nothing special.
- Hope the Buffalo Symphony is not performing on the same night as any of your concerts.



## How to organise a church festival in NOTL

- Corner the market on a tender fruit.
- Secure the indentured (not a comment on the age of the volunteers) slavery of over one hundred strong volunteers
- Find a volunteer to coordinate the making of 600 pies by thirty women over one month in one church hall (making of pies involves storage of fruit; purchasing of all ingredients; filling-making sessions (4, involving 8 women each); dough- & crust-making sessions (4, involving up to 25 women each).
- Find a volunteer to coordinate the making of hundreds of jars of jam (involves fruit storage & purchase; purchasing of all ingredients; jam-making sessions (3, involving 5 women each)).
- Find a volunteer to coordinate the receiving of two weeks- and many lifetimes-worth of 'garage sale' items; plus volunteers to set up, display, sift through, and then sell same.
- Fend off the eager pie-buyers and garage-sale-pickers who want to crash the place the day before.
- Explain to people looking for a great bargain that this isn't Goodwill, it's a fundraising event for the church.



*Also available in The Local's*

## 'HOW TO' series:

- **How to** keep out-of-town houseguests to a minimum
- **How to** get yourself conscripted to a sailing crew
- **How to** park strategically for Queen Street errands
- **How to** keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you at the corner of King & Queen
- **How to** schmooze your way onto the local A-list
- **How to** walk side-by-side on Old Town sidewalks
- **How to** grow your own
- **How to** get free press for your newsletter



Without Peter Ling's charm, support and enthusiasm, the town is a different place.

*Peter, Peter, pumpkin greeter, we miss you.*

# The Dog Days of Summer

The Local asked Dr. Jim Turpel and Dr. Angela Granacki of Upper Canada Animal Hospital for some tips on caring for our pets in the heat of summer.

## Q: Can dogs swim safely in the waters around us?

**A:** Many dogs like to swim in rivers or lakes during the summer. Most of the time this is not a problem, however it should be avoided in very dirty still-water ponds or those filled with algae. If you have any concerns about the quality of the water they've been swimming in, consider rinsing your dog off afterwards. Gentle shampoos can also be used in the more odiferous cases.

## Q: Is it safe for dogs to drink from puddles or ponds?

**A:** Drinking out of puddles and ponds is not likely to cause a problem most of the time, however the risk of waterborne diseases such as leptosporosis (a bacteria which can affect the kidneys) and giardia (a protozoa which causes diarrhea) increase when dogs are allowed to do this. These are diseases to which people are vulnerable too, and as anyone who's ever had them can assure you, they're no fun! An excellent alternative is to bring a bottle of water for your dog and teach him/her to drink out of it. Some pet stores also carry small portable water dishes. Watch for areas which have been sprayed or treated for mosquitoes due to West Nile Virus: they should be avoided, as the chemicals used for this can be toxic to pets.

## Q: What's the best way to treat any heat-related injuries?

**A:** Prevent them in the first place! Here are some easy tips designed to help you avoid hyperthermia/heatstroke in your pets:

- Never leave your dog or cat unattended in the car in the summer. The temperature in a vehicle can reach temperatures of over 40°C within just a few minutes. Even with the windows partially open, a stationary car can overheat quickly.
- Do not exercise your dog during the day in the summer, especially on very hot days. Use the early morning or after dinner hours. Exercise time may need to be shortened even during cooler hours on very muggy days. Never force your dog to exercise during hot weather. Dogs tend to be very good at letting us



know when they've had enough. They may do this by repeatedly seeking shade, or simply lying down. The occasional high-energy dog may overexert him/herself during hot weather, in which case it is up to the owner to determine when the pet should stop exercising.

Dogs with short, round faces like pugs and bulldogs, or dogs with very thick coats may have markedly decreased tolerance to exercise during hot weather. Severe respiratory problems can develop in some of these breeds if they overexert themselves in the heat.

- Always provide free access to fresh water for your pets. Dogs left outdoors should always have shade or shelter in which to lie. It may be wise to consider clipping the coats of long- or thick-coated pets, especially if they live outdoors.

Heatstroke (hyperthermia) is a medical emergency. Signs that your dog may be too warm include: excessive salivation or panting, dark red gums, difficulty breathing, vomiting or diarrhea (especially if bloody), unresponsiveness, seizures or coma. A digital thermometer can be purchased from the drugstore to keep for cases such as this. The rectal temperature of your pet should be between 37.5 and 39.0°C. Should you suspect heatstroke, soak your pet with cold water immediately. Place him/her in the car, surrounded by ice packs if possible. Drive with the windows open or air conditioning in high to the nearest veterinary clinic. Your veterinarian will take over from there.

## The SCOOP

The news of the Common people

Congratulations to **Bullet**: He's got Tom back. Tom, who is no longer gainfully employed by our former MP, is looking forward to spending more time on the golf course and with Bullet. There might be a trip south in Tom's future. I'll keep you posted.

**DJ**, the gorgeous retriever was scheduled for THAT surgery. Don't worry Joyce: He's in good hands.

I understand that **Shier** (forgive me if I've spelled it wrong) has already had THAT surgery.



Those of you who remember Harry Steele will be saddened to know that **Scrapper** has gone to join Harry in the Great Barbershop in the sky. Harry was no doubt waiting patiently and Scrapper didn't take too long to follow him.

And speaking of sky, Janice, the head honcho at the Chamber of Commerce, reached for it and got it. The Skye in question is a baby Westie whose name is, you got it, **Skye**. A companion for Charlie and his rival for the cutest-dog-in-town stakes.

We're sending our Emily down to replace the other one in Amherst,



Massachusetts. All you literate dog walkers know I speak of Emily Dickinson, of poetic fame. Congratulations to Emily West who will begin teaching at the University of Mass in September. **Chrissie** and all her friends will miss her.

Since the season of various running races is upon us, could we ask the Powers That Be to let the dog walkers know a little in advance, when the middle, leash-free path is about to become a raceway for sweaty, bad-tempered runners? We'll be happy to get out of the way, if we know they're coming. And please

runners, watch your language. Our dogs are very sensitive.

As if the care and feeding of four Great Danes and running a Bed and Breakfast operation wasn't enough, Jill also rescues squirrels. Many of us would wonder as to why these ubiquitous rodents need rescuing, but it's not a question that even entered Jill's head. Her latest, **Peanut**, was found before his eyes opened. Gill was the first thing he saw and now she's Mummy. Plans are to release him into the wild when he's a little older. Well done Jill. 🐿️

## DINING with LE D.



**DAMN. I'M TOO LATE:** That sweet, so-honest-it-hurts Friday night Fish Fry at the Native Centre has shut down for the summer. How anything will beat eating great fish and chips at a card table in a gymnasium I don't know. Seriously. But if you get a hankering for some fish and chips this summer there are alternatives. Hey, alter-natives. That's either brilliant or a horrible pun. Discuss.

*[Write a letter!]*

### **Lawrenceville Restaurant, Virgil**

Musak. Clean. Friendly waitress. Old folks. With an English accent, someone behind me has ordered a sherry for God's sake. From a selection of sherries for God's further sake! I was tended to soon after seating myself. No waiting around for a waitress here. I let her reel off the specials even though I know it is going to be the fish and chips. Seems easier than stopping her. I'll just read my magazi..., Yikes, the food's here already. Fantastic and wicked-hot. Plate is packed with chips, fish and a hot vegetable mix. Wow, a really good solid piece of haddock. Very nice, light batter but it's almost superfluous: this fish could be eaten raw (at much greater expense at a sushi restaurant). This is a fish I'd like to have met! The fries are fine, and unbelievably I find myself digging heartily into the broccoli, cauliflower and carrot mix. Yum. No tartar sauce for this reviewer, just clouds the issue. Did I mention this is a great piece of fish? It's about raw ingredients, folks. Gotta get them right. This is fish-and-chips that goes down like a real dinner, none of that fast-food feeling of so many fish and chip meals. But the Musak. As Kenny G. said when he got off the elevator, "Smokin' band." A real meal. (\$14.00)

### **The Olde Angel Inn, Old Town**

Families everywhere. Who knew? I love this old pub, but they never should have covered up that great original floor. Nicely air conditioned on this

crazy-hot day. Lively conversations everywhere. Clearly a mix of town-pub and tourist-stop. Nothing wrong with that. A mother gives her three kids an impromptu history lesson: 'The British this... the Americans that.' Food's here: Classic. A great honking piece of fish, chips and one of those little plastic cups-o-coleslaw. Fish is hot and wonderful. Man, I could live on this stuff. Fries, just fine, and coleslaw to cleanse the palate, but it's always about the fish isn't it. Mission accomplished: It's a big, fat, nicely battered piece of flatfish, not halibut but a kissing-cousin of said bottom-dweller. I'm trying hard not to stuff it all into my mouth at once. Classy. More over-the-top English accents behind me. Are they real or Shaw? Mercifully the food has arrived at a table of a dozen middle-aged women beside me lowering the decibel level in the room considerably. If any place in town has the right to offer fish and chips it's this two-hundred-year-old piece of Britannia in Old Town. (\$11.25)

### **Fournò's Restaurant, NOTL**

Where is everyone? I'm tended to immediately by a friendly waitress. "Pint of Millstone and some fish and chips, please," my penchant for darker beers on summer hiatus. Soccer on the tube mixes with ambient pop music and the conversation at the table of six seniors nearby. A pleasant dining mix. It's nice down here below the sidewalk. Sort of a wood-lined Cavern Club. Wow, this is different: Batter is super crispy. I like it. Again a great piece of fish. Haddock this time. I must be going through a man-this-is-a-great-piece-of-fish phase or something. Fries are great, after my usual liberal application of salt. Very McDonald'sy. In a good way, I mean. With my mouth full, and—as at all restaurants these days—I'm asked if everything is okay. Aaargh. Yes, everything's fine but please, nobody ever ask me that again unless I'm turning blue and sliding under the table. The waiter at the table of seniors is very friendly. His response to 'separate bills, please' was the definition of magnanimity. Since my arrival two more people have come in. Come on, folks, where are you? This is a place for locals too. The waiter talks soccer with the customers as they leave for The Courthouse, all of them sporting huge smiles for him. I order a piece of cheesecake, which I certainly don't need, just to stay a little longer. (\$10.95)

The conclusion one appears to be able to draw here is that I likes me fish and chips. Well deduced, Watson. I think we've moved now from hypothesis to theory.

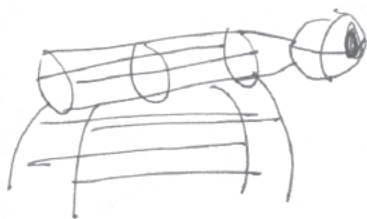
## Sound off in NOTL

Music. We all notice it, don't we? (Le D notices it the most.) Why is it so rarely appropriate to the venue? A soft rock radio station, complete with contests and commercials, at an antiques shop? A pop station—again with commercials, inane dj banter and contests—at your local pub. Surely the music is there to enhance our experience, and so should be suitable to the environment. Josh at Huey's plays mostly alternative music: it's an alternative store. Rob plays Jazz FM at Creek Road Paints: nice, mellow music with a bit of life to it. Perfect. So why do so many of our local businesses and restaurants play music that has nothing to do with their product? Don't they have CD players? Isn't satellite music pretty cheap these days? Do we need the noise at all? Don't they want us to have conversations? Just wondering.



## Try this!

The NOTL Sailing Club races every Tuesday and Wednesday night, along with the Youngstown Yacht Club. Watch the races from your favourite vantage point, like the patio at the Golf Club, the new and lovely rocks at Queen's Royal Park, or Ryerson Park. Races begin at about 6:45, so you can see the boats filing towards the starting line from about 5:30 on. Watch during the races and see the spinnakers fly! For more information, go to [www.niagarasailing.on.ca](http://www.niagarasailing.on.ca).



## Do you remember this?

See page 9 to find out.

Some ways to say thanks  
to offshore labourers

- Donate an old bike from the garage to Martin Mazza next spring.
- Offer the NOTL Community Policing Programme your help at their events.
- If you can store a large number of bicycles over the winter, please contact The Local.
- Donate clothing, shoes and hats—and anything else—to Newark Neighbours. Offshore labourers use NN as their primary resource.
- Smile and say hi.

Just as in the big cities you find cab drivers with PhDs or degrees in physics, we were told of a Mexican worker here in Niagara who left his job as a Mexico City cop because he'd seen far too many of his fellow officers killed on the mean streets of Mexican towns. Honour these guys we see all around us. Could you do what they're doing?



**Our fave** local patios for summer sipping and supping:

- The NOTL Golf Club
- The Anchorage (*aka The New Italian Place*)
- The veranda at The Pie Plate
- The veranda at The Kiely (*aka The Charles*)
- Strewn/La Cachette
- The deck of the A-Frame (*We haven't been to all the local patios, so don't be insulted if you're not included.*)

Local, page 6

# NOTL's Bike Gangs

by Lauren O'Malley Norris

THANKS TO THE migrant workers who come to the Niagara region every summer, we have affordable wine, fruit and flowers. We also have peanut punch and yerba maté, clusters of bicycles at MB Foods, and groups of smiling Jamaicans.

Thousands of offshore workers enter our neighbourhoods and our lives, many of them from March through October. They are Jamaican, Trinidadian, Mexican and Vietnamese. They are labourers and consumers, foreign and familiar, and all human.

Ask pretty much any one of these people why they are here, and they'll tell you, "To provide a better life for my children." Imagine sacrificing 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, in a foreign country, to provide a better life for the next generation. And all that for about \$8 an hour.

These people are often overlooked, pre-judged, and underappreciated. But there but for the grace of our good fortune of being born in North America go we. They are here simply out of financial necessity, and the desire to improve their lot in life. Would that we were all so determined.

As retired Niagara farmer Vince Mazza says, "They're good people. Better than you and me. They just don't have the opportunities we have here." When he once challenged some racist comments fielded at the workers, he was asked, "Are you one of them?" His response: "Yes I'm one of them. I'm a hard working man too."

Many of these people come here season after season; some for as many as twenty-five years. This influx of temporary locals has encouraged several community-minded local residents to become quite involved.

Martin Mazza, Vince's son, grew up on farms in the region, and so remains sympathetic to the

Thanks!



needs of farm labourers. He knows they need transportation to have independence. While their employers are generally very fair with them, and provide comfortable housing, the labourers simply can't afford cars in which to get around. Newark Neighbours is a great resource for bicycles, charging about \$5 per, but five dollars is more than many of these men can afford. So Martin developed a programme to collect bicycles from local residents, and pass them on to the workers for free. The Niagara-on-the-Lake Community Policing Programme then holds two workshops: one focussed on bicycle repair and maintenance, the other on bicycle safety.

Another good citizen collects the bicycles at the end of the season, and stores them over the winter. Then he sells them back to the labourers for \$2 at the beginning of the next year. He also teaches Mexican workers to speak English, a skill they are very enthusiastic to acquire.

The language barrier, the accents, and the long hours are all excuses for these people to not be more integrated into our lives. But, as another local says, "It's a pleasure to talk to them. Sometimes it's a struggle, but it's always a pleasure."

Now go say thanks to the migrant workers.



## Temporary Locals



Every year we experience an influx of temporary locals. The two primary sources of this are offshore workers and Shaw staff. Here's a brief comparison of the experiences of an actor with the Shaw and a vineyard worker.

Where are you from?	Toronto	Jamaica
How many years in NOTL?	2	18
From when to when are you here?	March-October	March-October
Do you see yourself as a local?	No	No
What do you miss about home?	Great take-out, anytime	My family
Back home, what do you miss about NOTL?	The calm	The plenty
What is your work schedule?	6 days, 4-10 hrs per	7 days, 12 hrs per
What is you pay per hour?	\$22 (approximately)	\$8 (approximately)
How do you get around town?	Bicycle	Bicycle
Have you ever spoken to an offshore labourer/Shaw actor?	No	No

# Our Good Neighbours

In each issue, we will be asking a local service ten basic questions, with the hope of edifying you, gentle resident.

This season, we decided to ask ten questions of Newark Neighbours, to find out just how they serve our community. Margo van de Laar and Brenda Shah were happy to tell us everything we wanted to know.

## Who do you serve?

We serve the region of Niagara-on-the-Lake. Our clientele is largely migrant workers (we sell bikes for as little as \$5 or \$10), as well as anyone who's been through a crisis. But anybody can shop here: We have great bargains! It's a bit like a local Value Village or Goodwill. All of our donations (food, clothing, bicycles, household goods) are provided by the residents of NOTL. We've gotten to know a lot of our regulars, and we find ourselves saying, 'Oh, So&so would like this. Let's call them and tell them to come by.'

## How? What kinds of programmes?

We can't help financially. But we do coordinate Christmas baskets, Easter donations, those kinds of things. We have no organised programmes per se; we operate on constant donations, and sales from the shop.

## How long have you been here?

Peggy Anderson started Newark Neighbours in somebody's basement about 35 years ago. Eventually she moved it to our current location, and Dr. Afrukhteh let us keep the property for 30 years at the rate of \$1 per year. John Wiens, the property's new owner, has let us stay here. He gave us the bad news: 'Sorry, I have to put the rent up to \$2.' We pay hydro and expenses with cash donations. The town is very generous: our food drives are very successful, and we're very grateful.

## How many people do you employ?

We're all volunteers, so there are no 'employees.' We're nearly all seniors, retired. We're about 7 people on and off. And we could always use more volunteers!



## What are your special events?

We have no events, other than the special food drives at Christmas and Easter. Again, we manage on donations and shop sales.

## What do you want people to know about you?

Come to the shop! There's lots of great, inexpensive stuff. Lend a hand, volunteer, donate. Our space is more nicely kept than a few years ago—come see!

It's a pleasant smoke-free environment.

Please visit and get to know us.

Also, the Advance offices take donations, which are collected every Monday and Thursday. We can't think of anyone more generous

than the Advance, between the collections, the notices in the paper, and their general support.

## What is your role in the community at large?

Mostly to help people in dire straits. We help abused mothers start a new life. People who've experienced a fire and need to replace everything. We help offshore labourers get clothed and settled.

## What can people do to get involved?

Visit. Call. Make donations: cash, household goods, clothing, food. There's a drop box outside that is open 24/7 for donations.

## How can someone find out more about you, your events, and your services?

Call! Drop by!

## What's your full address, and what are your hours?

310 John Street east (sharing a driveway with Riverbend), NOTL, ON. 905.468.3519 Mon, Tues, Thur-Sun: 10:30-2; Wed 6:30-8:30

## 10 QUESTIONS for a local service

## D. RANTS (and The Local politely concurs)

ey you, property owners, get a clue. Sidewalks are for people, not shrubbery. I appreciate the vigour of a good Afro as much as the next guy but Lord knows the sidewalks in Old Town are narrow enough without some sprawling display of your earthy fertility for me to negotiate on my way about town. And oh yeah, as on trying to single-handedly bring back the limbo but do we have to practice it on a daily basis as we duck under eyes and branches from your too-precious-to-trim little darlings? People.

## My Favourite Things

We asked some locals about their favourite things to do in NOTL.

**Libby Sutherland:** I like to swim in Memorial Park swimming pool.

**Lauren O'Malley Norris:** Crew on Aquarius!

**Valery Saunders:** Watching the fireflies in our back yard, nature-watching on the Common or the Parkway.

Tell us your favourite thing to do in NOTL: [thelocal@sympatico.ca](mailto:thelocal@sympatico.ca).



## You NEEDED this:

Everyone should have one!

Compiled by Colleen Garceau at Parks & Rec, the **Community Awareness Booklet** is even more useful than The Local. If you haven't received this resource guide to all community services, events and programs and local non-profit organisations, pick one up at the Parks & Rec office (a nice opportunity to meet Colleen); or our Town Offices, Chamber of Commerce, or Public Library.

If you want to have your service, event or organisation listed, contact Colleen at 905.468.4261, or [cgarceau@notl.org](mailto:cgarceau@notl.org).

**Another great resource** for those with access to the Web is <http://www.regional.niagara.on.ca>. This site features everything from the complex minutiae of garbage pick-up info to great cycling routes (with maps) in our region.



A GARDEN is a good indicator of the mind of its master. Roddy Heading's mind overfloweth.

An hour or two spent in the presence of Roddy's mind is a bit like navigating the Niagara River in a salad bowl: It can probably be done, but it's tricky. When I left his garden, I felt like I'd had 20 gallons of knowledge poured into my ten gallon brain. But I was buzzing.

Roddy lives and farms where Mary and Mississauga meet. An unlikely spot for such verdancy, but many things about Roddy are rather unlikely, including his long white ponytail and his sandals worn in winter. His wild, unrestrained garden attracts much attention, good and bad. To talk with Roddy, though, is to learn to sever all ties to judgment, and to be indifferent to attention. There is no good, no bad, just varying realities.

The garden, like Roddy's thoughts, is vital and alive. It has chaotic order, it grows and grows, it is generous and gracious.

Roddy began by telling me about his 'Grandma plants': plants in their original, pre-hybridised state. He has sought out and found these raw gems in graveyards, dumps, fields, irrigation ditches and abandoned lots. Going 'hunting' through these places, "I see lilacs peeking out or Canada lilies or irises or some crazy honeysuckle, like a winter robin hanging out with a bunch of sparrows." He collects clippings, rootlets, or weighs a branch down with a rock and comes back the following year for the rooted result. "Don't mess with the mama plant," he says.

"I'm a treasure hunter and I'm gathering

# RODDY'S HEADING

evidence of wonderfulness. And I'm doing phenomenally well."

Clearly these plants in their original state are his passion. Ah, but they are only one of many.

"There is so much we have to learn. There's a number of wonders out there, we won't get at them all. I just say grab the 8, 12 things you love to do and become the boss of them. Then when someone asks you, download the whole pile onto them at once."

*I alert people to joy.*

So that's what happened: I asked about the garden, and I was downloaded upon. I was given a history lesson spanning several hundred years. ("These people lived on good moods and not much else. These little pieces of colour meant a lot to them." "After a war you absorb the enemy's restaurants and gardens. not by taking them, but by knowing them. No one ate pizza until after WWII.")

I learned about seeds and soil and Sumac trees (which apparently are worshiped by the Chinese for their perfect leaves: they sway so slightly in a breeze that a summer day spent under them bring the pages of your book alive).

While we wandered around his thriving

garden, I tasted knowledge and Niagara water mint. I visited butterfly eggs and celebrated the honesty of plants. "God's prettiest things don't move around. They're stuck in one spot, they have to make it work. And I admire them. Fortitude, fertility, beauty, sense of place, dominance, indifference: They're everything we aspire to."

Perhaps Roddy's breadth of mind is like the roots of his garden. There is more than the surface of delightfully provocative statements; there is a depth to it all, a source that is quite different, I think.

His garden is his currency, as is his knowledge. He is willing to share both, very generously, but like anything worthy, you have to earn them.

I walked away with a horseradish plant, swamp turnips, a Sumac, thornless blackberries and an elderberry tree. These things will last forever, will provide joy forever, and will always make me feel gratitude towards Roddy. I also walked away with a slightly jarred perspective, which is probably the greatest gift of all. As Roddy says, "I want people to outdo me. I don't want more peers, I want more examples."

After that brief time with Roddy I look at my own garden differently, knowing it too represents my own mind. I see that beauty is entirely subjective. And beauty is everywhere.

Go visit Roddy and his garden. Who knows what you'll learn—but I know you will learn something.

And yes, Roddy, I know you're reading this, laughing, thinking it's all crap. Maybe you're right, but maybe I am too.

## Update from the Downies



*Says one lifetime local: "I really do like that house. It's so odd!"*

**Local**, page 8

*In our spring issue, you read all about the 'colourful' local couple, the Downies. We thought you might like to keep in touch with them, so here's Aileen's update:*

Well after much blood, sweat and tears we finished the house on Rye Street—tarah!! It is called "High on Rye," as a play on a drink I particularly enjoy called Rye and Dry [*Canadian Club Rye and Canada Dry ginger ale*]. (Not as someone thought 'High on Grass'—or whatever you want to call it.) We just thought it was a nice twist with the house being at the top of Rye Street.

Those who have been through the house declare the inside surpasses their expectations, having seen it from the outside. Of course it will never be everyone's cup of tea—but then we always said that we didn't want to simply copy everything else that is about. We are delighted with the results, but now we need to see whether others love it

enough to buy it. If it sells well we would love to build another house in town. We know that people in York, England love our house designs. We have magazines and potential buyers asking us when we are doing another house there, so are torn between where to build next. Niagara-on-the-Lake is beautiful, in a very different way from York, but we need to be sure that people like our designs enough for us to invest more time and money here. I guess it's a "watch this space" kind of situation.

Other than that, we have a couple of groups of friends coming out to visit this summer and I think, after all this hard work, it's time for us to holiday and enjoy ourselves a bit.

*If you'd like to see more of High on Rye, go to <http://www.kevan.com/>, or drop by and visit your new friends Aileen and Dave! (Bring along some CC and ginger ale, and tell them The Local sent you.)*



# JOSH FRIESEN, man about the town

JOSH FRIESEN SELLS hip clothing at Huey's House of Style, but really this guy could sell anything, to anyone, anywhere. Although he insists this is his mom's skill: "She's amazing! She'll get people in here by blasting cool music just as they walk by, and then she's got them trying on sunglasses and t-shirts." Deborah Friesen helps out at the store, when she's not working at Chateau Gardens. Charles Wood, Josh's brother, also puts in time. It's a true family business.

The name comes from Josh's long-time nickname, Baby Huey. After the cartoon duck who was born bigger than his parents, Mama and Papa Duck. Theme song lyrics: "One look, that's some duck, a real cutie, Baby Huey. As big as a house, as gentle as a mouse, drinks milk by the cowful, Baby Huey." Yup, the nickname fits.

Huey's is Josh's latest enterprise, a tender 14 weeks old at press time. It's a refreshing jolt of cool compared to the mostly staid wares of downtown Old Town. The clothes have attitude. They are fun and sexy and tempting; the accessories are whimsical and cool. The store itself is bright and airy, and shopping there is comfortable and easy. The prices are competitive—Josh is adamant about that, and does whatever it takes to keep it that way.

Josh campaigned the Ling family for years before they rented him the shop next to the Angel, "Just to get me to shut up, I think." Had he known how much labour was ahead of him, he might not have

tried so hard: the ceiling was falling in, and a great deal of work had to be done to bring the small shop up to snuff. But he has no regrets. He even intends to continue to do work restoring the building to its original heritage state.

Why does Josh own a clothing store? "Because I was tired of trying to find clothes I liked. Because everything's a chain: they're buying in bulk, and there's nothing fresh out there." He has strict criteria for his merchandise: "I know what I like to wear. I know what I like to see women wear."

Young mister J has a penchant, then, for sporty, hip, surfer-style gear. The shop features clothing and accessories by Billabong, Quiksilver, Hurley, von Zipper, Roxy, Oneill, Lucy Love and Mavi. He's also sourced two local companies: the Golden Horseshoe Ride Co. in Fonhill, and Sweet Cherry Bikinis, of St. Catharines.

While he may sell clothing, Josh's real passion isn't fashion: he has a deep love and respect for the community of NOTL. Born and raised here, he says, "I want my kids to grow up in the same great town I grew up in." To that end he is trying to do everything he can to "uplift the town." He even talks about being Mayor some day. I'll buy that.



Josh Friesen: our next mayor?

*Huey's House of Style,  
42 Market Street (next to The Angel)  
Sun through Thurs 11 - 6; Fri & Sat 11 - 9  
905.468.0101*

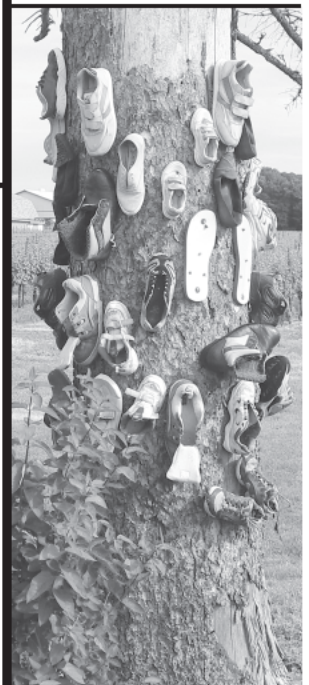
## We were just wondering...

*Why is there a disproportionate number of PT Cruisers in NOTL?*

*Why is the bandshell in Simcoe Park never used?*

*Why can't we get unexportable 'local' wine, like you can in Europe?*

Please feel free to give us answers to these questions, and to any others concerning residents of Niagara-on-the-Lake. The Local reserves the right to edit any submissions for length, and offers no remuneration whatsoever. Not a penny. Email us at [thelocal@sympatico.ca](mailto:thelocal@sympatico.ca) or send us nice cards and letters at The Local, PO Box 8000, Suite 135 (which is 3"x4"), 454 Mississauga Street, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON LOS 1J0, or call us at 905.468.3940.



*The mystery continues: We were unable to find an answer to our own question. We did learn that the residents of the neighbouring houses, along with everyone else, are very curious about it.*

## I remember...

Two young entrepreneurial students approached Town Council about horse & buggy rides in Old Town. They were turned down after much discussion. The main concern was that the horses would leave poop in the street. The students had the solution: pooper scoopers. Guys with shovels would follow the horses and pick up whatever they dropped. Someone on Council thought they should diaper the horses. PETA then got involved, saying that diaper rash was cruel to horses. A concerned resident said, 'I'd rather have poop scooped onto my roses than breathe in those damn diesel fumes from all the buses in town.' Council poo-pooed the horses. That time. *Carol Hepburn*

Don Campbell and his whistling. As the milkman he always whistled, and he whistled at Campbell's Dairy, and he whistled at the Avondale. I just loved the sound of it. *Jen Roberts*

The big wheel of cheddar at McClelland's on Queen Street. *Terry O'Malley*

I remember the highlight of every local teen's summer was jumping into the river off the 30-foot tower at the foot of Melville. *Margo van de Laar*

I remember people diving for money when the Cayuga came in to dock. Tourists would throw coins off the

boat, and the local kids would dive down to fish them out. It was actually quite dangerous, but it was fun!

*Arlene Dolynski*

I remember that I swam across the river. We started at Navy Hall, and wound up at Fort Niagara. It was the US, of course, so they wouldn't let us rest: we had to swim right back, and we wound up past Fort Mississauga. If my kids tried this now, I'd shoot them!

*Margo van de Laar*

Bing Raven's Sing-along in Queen's Royal Park. We'd all park our cars diagonally to the park, and sit on the hoods. Then, almost magically, these big white curtains would drop from the sky, with the song lyrics projected on them. Bing and his daughters would lead us, and we'd all sing. It was great! *Beverly Lees*

The spaceship in Simcoe Park. It would be thick with kids all trying to muscle each other to get to the steering wheel, which didn't even move. *Josh Friesen*

*From many:*

Swimming lessons at Queen's Royal Beach.

Picking fruit at Greaves.

Watching the dances in the park. The dance pavilion was always swinging, and it cost 25¢ for the night.

Street dances.

# Stories that almost were

You tell us what you want to hear, and we try to reward you. But sometimes it just doesn't work out. Some examples:

## Local Heroes

(This idea fell through twice.)

1. We wanted to tell you all about **the guy who operates the Homer bridge**. Maybe if you knew who was responsible, the long waits while the bridge is up might not be so frustrating. Our intrepid reporter approached the hard-working fellow with a few questions, and was thwarted: he was unable to answer any questions without the permission of his superiors. Eight phone calls later, we were still being given the runaround, so we gave up. Sorry.

2. We also wanted to tell you all about **Ken Petrunick**. If you live in Old Town, Ken has more than likely had something to do with your house. Whether it was a period-perfect addition, a deck or balcony, a stone wall or a shed; a repair of almost any kind, or a helping-out (with screens/storms, wood-piles, maintenance, or care of your property while you were away), Ken's mark has been made throughout the lives in town. But Ken, being Ken, was too modest to talk. We cajoled, we threatened, we even offered beer. But the man was just too darn noble to tell us anything. All we can do, any of us, is lift a glass to the good man. Thanks, Ken!

MEL BARLOW

## A Perennial Problem



OKAY, I ADMIT IT, I have a problem: My nan Mel, and I'm an obsessive-compulsive gardener

I moved to Niagara-on-the-Lake because I wanted a friendlier climate. You know, the longer summers, shorter, milder winters. Mostly I moved here because I could have fruit trees; real fruit trees, not just apples and pears but peaches, cherries and apricots. The thought of it made my heart sing and my hands tremble.

We bought just over an acre of land with an old house and about thirty fruit trees. There was a vegetable garden of sorts and a flowerbed or two. I'd soon have those whipped into shape! After all, had my grandfather and his father before him not been market gardeners? Was I not from a gardening obsessed family? Yes, yes and yes. The first thing I did, in my typical "type A", just-retired sort of way was to make a list of all the things I wanted to grow in my gardens; things that had proven somewhat difficult in more northerly climes. Then I heard through the local grape vine that the Niagara Garden Club was fundraising by selling tulip bulbs that had been pulled up by the Niagara Parks Commission.

Off I went to the sale and out the window went the list. I left the sale with sixty dozen-tulip bulbs. I must say that got me a bit of a reputation around town. It even got me invited to the Garden Club's annual luncheon. Later in the summer if I mentioned my folly, people would say "Oh, you're the one who bought 60 dozen tulips."

Now of course I had the problem of what to do with 60 dozen bulbs: I had not nearly enough space to plant them in the existing beds. New beds were required. Soil had to be trucked in. Funny how husbands tend to be absent went a truckload of dirt arrives.

Later on in the summer I made a few wonderful discoveries. Within spitting distance of us is Olde Towne Gardens. With not enough to do, I wanted to start a shade garden and Bruce, the rather extraordinary owner, has a fabulous array of hostas,

, heuchera and perennials of s. He tends to specialize in obscure types of hostas and collects prize-winners from all over the world. I think it was his obsession with hostas that immediately attracted me to his business.

I also discovered Seaway Gardens and their penchant for selling perennials very cheaply by the flat. Once again, the list was completely abandoned and I was like a small child in a candy store. One of these, two of those, I simply couldn't contain myself. More beds would be required. More soil, manure, mulch, the list went on. The husband went out.

I started to garden on Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. Plants that could hold their own against the confusion of my beds got to stay. Those that couldn't fend for themselves self-selected out of my garden. My first try with foxgloves produced plants over seven feet tall. No, they weren't on drugs and neither am I. They just happened to love the place they were in.

I find I have to speak rather sternly to some of my plants. I can get quite cross if something is under- or over-performing. I find some species respond well to threats. I often have to point out to an under-performer that it is taking up very valuable real-estate and if it doesn't start producing the desired effect soon, it could be pulled up and replaced by another trip to the garden centre.

My list of desired plants and my grand plans for well thought-out garden spaces have long since been relegated to the compost heap. I suppose a kind gardener would call my flowerbeds "eclectic." Things that were to grow one foot grew to be three; things that were to be three feet are dwarfed by giant foxgloves. In short, it's all a bit of a mish-mash but it's my mish-mash.

My ancestors must be shaking their heads in garden heaven. Come to think of it, I'm more than a little annoyed with them for not passing along a few more Green Genes. 🌱

# Ask a local: *Are there too many 'festivals' in town?*

A LOCAL ANSWERS: But you see, the thing is, I like all those festivals. I go to all those soft fruity festivals. I can't wait 'til next week and the Strawberry Festival. I go over early, check out the sale table, buy my strawberry shortcake and my jam and my whatever and come home. I really love the Cherry Festival. I go check out the sale table, buy my cherries and a cherry pie baked by little old church ladies, check out the good stuff inside and come home. The Peach Festival is a hoot. I go and watch the choosing of the Peach Queen and listen to their speeches and how they all want world peace and good weather, buy some peach stuff,

catch the big parade, pick up a pie and a t-shirt, although I have them all, listen to some funny music, talk to friends I meet, check out the sidewalk peach of a sale stuff that everybody has, and come home. I love the Shaw Festival. We go to the theatre. The George or the Courthouse or the FESTIVAL theatre. We see all the plays. Then we come home. I like festivals. They're part of what makes NOTL NOTL. And they're part of why I love this place. Festivals, fruit, friends and fespian...er...thespian. Whatever. La la la la, happy happy happy. I like festivals. Happy. And merry. Mmmmm tender fruit. Yum.



## JULY

### Niagara International Chamber Music Festival

July 26 to August 8

31 concerts in churches, wineries and Court House

1-877-687-3378

## AUGUST

### Niagara Symphony Courtyard Concert

August 5

Fort George

Tickets \$20

905.468.1950.

### Hillebrand Blues

August 14

Hillebrand Estate Winery

\$25 admission

1.800.585.8412

### Niagara Peach Celebrations

August 14th

Queen Street.

905-468-1950

### Shaw Show of Artists and Artisans

August 14 & 15,

10 am to 5 pm

In front of Fort George

\$3 admission



### Fife and Drum Muster and Soldier's Field Day

August 14 & 15

Fort George

905-468-6614

### St. Vincent de Paul Parish Peach Festival

August 15th

12 noon to 5 p.m.

905-468-7272

### Horticultural Society Flower and Vegetable Show

Saturday August 21

Court House, Market Room

905-262-0930

### Wings and Wheels Niagara

August 28 & 29

9 a.m. till 6 p.m.

Niagara District Airport

905-684-5440

### Niagara Regional Native Centre

#### Annual Community Picnic

August 15, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

905.688.6484

## SEPTEMBER

### Local Farmers' Market

With pancake breakfast and bazaar

September 4

Grace United Church, 905.468.2649

### 3rd Annual Dixieland Jazz Festival

September 12

1 pm - 7 pm, rain or shine

On the grounds of the Willowbank Estate

\$35.00

905.262.1239

### Niagara Grape and Wine/

#### Niagara Wine Festival

September 17 - 26,

More than 100 events

905-688-0212

<http://www.niagarawinefestival.com>

# Dive in? K

Is it safe to swim in the river and lake around us? Indeed it is, according to the Regional Niagara Public Health Department. Weekly water samples are taken from 3 beach locations in NOTL from June to the end of August. When water tests show high amounts of E. Coli bacteria at a particular beach, Public Health officials will advise swimmers not to enter these waters by posting notices at that location.

For weekly updated information on the quality of the water around us call the Beach Hotline at 905-688-8248 ex. 7789 or go to [www.regional.niagara.on.ca/beaches](http://www.regional.niagara.on.ca/beaches).

As for the undertow, the rumors are wild but apparently the water isn't. According to all officials we contacted, the river is safe for swimming. But do be smart, and keep the currents in mind. Now **go jump in the lake!**



The Local would like to bring outdoor live music sing-alongs back to NOTL! If you're interested in being involved (organisation, sponsorship, or simply signing a statement saying you'd approve of or even enjoy this), please contact us at [thelocal@sympatico.ca](mailto:thelocal@sympatico.ca). "We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when..."



**IF**

**you like what you see and read in The Local, please consider contacting LAUREN O'Malley Norris about your ADVERTISING and COMMUNICATIONS requirements.**

advertising  
graphic design

writing

logos

signage

menus

flyers

business cards

and so much more



**905.468.3940**  
lpomalley@sympatico.ca

*The listings in this page are random, purely functional, and not in the least bit promotional. We asked ourselves and our friends what we'd like to know, and this is what we came up with. If you send us your info, we may or may not list it, depending on what our friends think. So be our friend!*

**The Local** is edited,  
designed and produced by  
Lauren O'Malley Norris  
with glee.

# LISTINGS

*of some often-used local services/businesses*



Service/business	Summer Hours	tel/web
Avondale	Daily 6am-11pm	NOTL 905.468.3113 Virgil 905.468.4425
Harvest Barn	Daily 9:30-6:30	905.468.3224
Creek Road Paints	M-F 8:30-5:30, Sat 9-4:30	905.468.2412 creekroadpaints.com
LCBO	M-W + Sat 9-6, TF 9-8, Sun 12-5	905.468.3321 lcbo.com
MB Foods	M-W 8:30-7, TF 8:30-9, Sat 8:30-6	905.468.3286
NOTL Municipal Offices	M-F 8:30-4:30	905.468.3266 notl.org
NOTL Public Library	Tu-F 10-9, Sat 9-5, Sun 2-5	905.468.2023
Parks & Recreation	M-F 8:30-12, 1-4:30	905.468.4261 parkscanada.ca
Penner Building Centre	M-W 7:30-6, TF 7:30-9, Sat 8-5	905.468.3242
Post Office	M-F 8:15-5:15, S 9-5	905.468.3208 canadapost.ca
Pumphouse Visual Arts Centre	M-Sun 1-4pm	905.468.5455 pumphouse.on.ca
Queenston Community Library	Tuesday, 1-4pm	905.262.5173
Regional Niagara Public Health Department	M-F 8:30-4:30	905.688.8248 regional.niagara.on.ca
Shoppers Drug Mart	M-F 9-9, Sat 9-6, Sun 11-5	905.468.0332
Sunoco	M-F 7-9, Sat 8-9, Sun 8-8	905.468.2635
Virgil Clinic (Niagara Med. Centre)	M-W 9-12/2-5/6-8, T+F 9-12/2-5, Sat 9-12	905.468.3275
ValuMart	M-Th 8-7, F 8-9, Sat 8-6, Sun 9-6	905.468.7731
Weather	24/7 recording	905.227.3393 weathernet.com
Welland Canal		905.984.8880 wellandcanal.ca

Local clubs & activities	Summer Hours	Contact info
Tennis Courts	24/7	Parks & Rec: 905.468.42
NOTL Golf Club	7-7 weekdays; 6:30-y weekends	905.468.3424
NOTL Pool (Memorial Park)	M-F 1-7:30; SS 1-8 (call for details)	905.468.2804
NOTL Tennis Association		905.468.2488
NOTL Sailing Club	Office hours 9-5 Mon-Fri	905.468.3966
St. David's Pool	M-F 1-7:30; SS 1-8 (call for details)	905.262.5120



### Important numbers

Ambulance Service	905.688.2191
Canine Control Officers	289.213.3148
Fudge Overdose Centre	555.555.5555
Lincoln County Humane Society	905.682.0767
Niagara Hydro	905.468.4235
Niagara Regional Police	905.688.4111
Poison Control Centre	905.684.7271



*Thorny and relevant language history:*  
From a review, in Printing News, of Graphic Design & reading, edited by Gunnar Swanson: "Most people think Ye Old Bookstore is a quaint and curious version of 'ye,' when in fact it was [spelled] 'thorn-e' with the [letter] thorn pronounced as 'th.' Swanson tells us that the introduction of typefaces cast in France, missing the thorn character, contributed to the abandonment of the very useful [Old English] letter." *Now can someone tell us why 'Ye' is always followed by 'Olde'?*