



Photo by Evan Campbell

Allan Boswell of Calgary raises his Remington .338 win mag to scope a doe that had ran by in Bristol, Que., on Nov. 10. The hunters must only shoot bucks because they are non-residents of Quebec.

## Hunters enjoy world around them

By Evan Campbell

While stalking and waiting for a deer, alongside a hunter, you get the feeling you are the fly on the wall that gets the chance to witness an event most don't get to see.

It's the not knowing what's going to happen that gives you the chills and the adrenaline starts to pour through your body.

In that moment when you first see what you have been waiting either five minutes or, in some people's cases, many years of hunting and not seeing deer, you get this almost primal instinct to freeze up and watch the animal. It's only then that some

people can push through that feeling and fight the unsteady rifle to finish the job.

People can get this stigma that comes with being a hunter, that they just go to the bush and kill animals for fun and sport. What it really comes down to is getting into the outdoors and enjoying what the world has to offer.

In a typical deer camp, most men and women don't get the opportunity to bag their animal but they don't have a bad time when they are there. You get to sit in the wild and look at the world and observe. You can sit there for upwards of four hours and not see a single deer but still enjoy every second of it.

The actual act of bagging a deer and claiming the meat is a job in itself, and it's not just for the kill. Hunters get a satisfaction from being able to bring meat home for their families.

The Bogieman hunt camp claimed four deer the first week. "Take as much meat as you want. There is tons of it and there will be more," said Wayne Corbin partial owner of the Bogieman hunt camp in Calabogie, Ont.

A typical deer can weigh between 150 pounds to 190 pounds field-dressed and some can weigh in the upper areas of 230 pounds.

That's a lot of meat and can feed many

mouths for a long time. If you think about the amount of money and time spent on hunting and getting meat, it saves people money.

A deer seal in Ontario costs you 50 dollars to obtain and as long as you have a weapon and the proper licence to do the job. You can harvest a lot of meat considering a steak can run you in upwards of 15 dollars.

Hunters are not savages going out to kill animals. They enjoy the outdoors and what it has to offer. The fur goes to the native community to make garments out of, the meat goes to their mouths and the rest is put back into Mother Nature's ways

of disposing of animals.

If deer hunting did not exist, you would see numbers of deer populations skyrocketing and this would become a problem. Deer can start to destroy crops and start wandering into residential areas and more car accidents would occur.

Whether or not hunting is seen as a bad thing or a good thing, people will have opinions and that's not going to change.

Hunting will always be a part of Canadian heritage and will always be as long as people keep passing on their skills and love for the outdoors to generations to come.

## Artist empowered and focused by her music

*Day-to-day lifestyle of young musician a busy one but also rewarding*

By Benjamin Priebe

"I realized that music was my saviour and it kept me focused, empowered and feeling passionate about life."

It was noon on a dreary and overcast Saturday that I finally had the opportunity to meet musician and performer Maccie Paquette. As I walked down Mutual Street in downtown Toronto, toward her small apartment, I was unsure of what to expect.

Her home, although obviously a tiny and perfect example of the inexpensive student lifestyle, seemed to have a bright aura of invitation and hospitality even from the front steps. Lacking a doorbell, I rapped a quick beat upon the heavy steel with my free hand and awaited her appearance with anticipation.

Through the doorway emerged a radiant lioness from her den, towering in beaded high heels, black leggings, a leather jacket with bright yellow underneath and long, striking feathered earrings. I was struck by the sheer positive energy that she exuded and the musical tone of her simple "Hello". This was a 22-year-old young woman bursting with confidence and inspiration to spare.

The door swung wide open to reveal the small, cluttered apartment of a person with too many things and not enough space, with bare walls except for sporadic Dr. Seuss style cartoons done in permanent marker and art pieces from all around the globe.

"I am a musician, actress, model and youth advocate," says Paquette. "I go to Ryerson University for radio and television. I study audio production and more specifically music production."

She was clearly talented, using only her voice and a keyboard to excel in her schooling and in her own recording and



Photo by Benjamin Priebe

Maccie Paquette, a 22-year-old student, musician, model, actress and youth advocate stands in front of her home and studio on Mutual Street, Toronto.

performance career.

The day-to-day lifestyle of a musician is a busy but rewarding one.

"This week, I'll be spending about 30 hours in the studio in four sessions," says Paquette. "Tonight I will have my voice recorded and be recording violin, cello and a backup vocalist."

Currently, Paquette is working on a series of singles and music videos based off of her own live performance songs which she can pitch to producers in an effort to gain an album contract after her university program is finished.

"Not A Factor is a completed project and that was my first single. *Lioness* will be my next single. It is completely mixed and mastered and the music video is finished except for one make-up shot," says Paquette. Her next project, titled *Undertaker*, details a possessive and toxic relationship.

Describing the basis of her own music, Paquette explains that she writes songs based on her own emotions and experiences.

"*Lioness* is packaged as an empowering song. It teaches people that when they are hurt by another person, they must stand up against that and roar against the injustice in order to inspire others to follow behind you," says Paquette.

She would like to use her music as an example of therapy, putting the energy of a negative experience into something beautiful that the world can share. This was learned from her family's support of the children's musical interests.

"Our whole family was musical and we all learned our own instrument. Our parents were very supportive and we would spend hours as kids playing together and

making songs," says 19-year-old Candace Hunter, Paquette's younger sister. "I think that our childhood inspired her somewhat and sparked something in her but most of her drive comes from within."

Paquette uses her music to work with an organization called Youth Day Global. Now in its sixth year, the organization throws an annual festival in Dundas Square aimed at inspiring young people in Canada and all around the world.

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Musician Maccie Paquette

"Youth Day Global is a really excellent organization which I had the honour of being made the youngest ambassador to youth for in September," says Paquette. "I came across it two summers ago. They teach young people to put their energy into something positive and focus on good things instead of the negatives."

"The last two years I performed at the showcase on stage," says Paquette. "I perform my music, I interview and represent the youth and I speak on stage to the crowds."

"I think that what Maccie is doing is incredible and inspiring," says Hunter. "I think that she will go far in life because she is so driven with what she does and works hard at it every single day."

Asked what advice she would give to youth who are not able to attend Youth Day Global, Paquette had this to say: "The main advice for youth I help out is to stay focused and dedicated on your goals and dreams."

"If you believe in yourself, everyone else will and you gain the ability to inspire and empower others."



# Hundreds march to remember

By Jennifer Robertson

Hundreds of people marched through Bolton on Nov. 11 to join in on the Remembrance Day ceremony that took place at the Bolton Cenotaph this past Sunday.

The 91st march began at the Bolton Firehall on Anne Street at 10 a.m. Forming together with local participants, the crowd marched through the town towards the Laurel Hill Cemetery, led by Kevin Junor, chief warrant officer in the Canadian Army and marshal of the parade.

The march continued to the Bolton Cenotaph, where people were seated for the Remembrance Day service ceremony in honour of all Canadians who served their country in war. Each and every participant, young or old, bore a bright red poppy on their chest in support and respect.

The service began with Pastor Jeff Enns of the Bolton Alliance Church as speaker, acknowledging significant participants as well as reading the historical poem, *In Flanders Fields*.

“In Flanders fields the poppies blow between the crosses, row on row”

The laying of the wreaths by many community members in memory of soldiers followed the ceremony. Junor ended the ceremony by addressing the community with thanks for attending. He stated that the service was a great success. This year was the first year Bolton was able to have its Remembrance Day ceremony on Nov. 11.

“Today is an outstanding day. We’ve had this parade for a number of years, but never on the day of Nov. 11. The g\ Good Lord has blessed us today, that we got to remember this day on the exact day.

“It’s always great to have the soldiers’ support, to come here to march with us,



Photo by Jennifer Robertson

**Kevin Junor, chief warrant officer in the Canadian Army and marshal of the parade, led the march on Nov. 11 to the Bolton Cenotaph in the Laurel Hill Cemetery. The parade began at 10 a.m. for the Bolton Remembrance Day service.**

but today, it’s truly a community parade.”      brance of his own.      that served, that gave their lives for us.      that we have today, to be able to march through the streets of Bolton.”

Junor also had a few words of remem-      “Let’s not forget the men and women      Because that’s why we have the freedom

# Portraits tell stories of our veterans

**Editor’s Note: Photojournalism student Marta Iwanek spent some time with some people who have served in the military.**



Photo by Marta Iwanek

**Russ “Red” Burrows poses for a portrait in his Picton, Ont. home on Sept. 26.**

Russ “Red” Burrows still can’t believe the puppy fox terrier he found and gave to his father before he served in the Canadian army in the Second World War remembered him when he returned over five years later.

He was sitting at the table in his parents’ Markham home after returning during the July 1 weekend of 1945. The dog was sniffing around and then all at once, he jumped on top of Burrows and licked his face. “That’s true, that’s very true. I couldn’t get over that. That dog knew me after all that time,” he says from the living room of his one-floor bungalow in Picton, Ont. Certificates and memorabilia of his veteran past line the walls and shelves of his robin egg blue walls.

Burrows, currently 91, enlisted when he was 18, and was sent overseas when he was 19. He was part of the Royal Canadian Engineers and was in the Dieppe Raid. He was taken Prisoner of War (POW) on Aug. 19, 1942 and only came home two years and eight months after that.

But for Burrows, settling down after coming home wasn’t easy. “We were almost strangers in our hometown,” he says. Being away so long, as well as the fact that those who had not served didn’t understand or wouldn’t believe what he had been through was why he felt this way. “The only ones that would believe you would be the First World War guys. They’d believe you because they knew what it was like.”

Finding community at local legions and shifting around jobs, he got married and started a life in Oshawa. He has six children, and even more grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He settled in Picton 13 years ago and recently just got married for the second time, long after his first wife passed away.

It took a long time to finally fit back in, but “I think I come out of it pretty good,” he says.

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Photo by Marta Iwanek

**Mike Slatter poses at the War Museum of Royal Canadian Legion Branch 78 in Picton, Oct. 3.**

Mike Slatter never served in a war, but serving in wartorn countries affected him just as much.

One wrong turn in the Kyrenia Mountains of Cyprus left him affected on such a deep level that it took years after he came home for good to figure out what was wrong with him.

In 1970, he was an infantryman, part of the platoon sent to infiltrate the mountainous region to see how far the group could get before being detained. As they went around a corner, they came to face to face with barrels of guns pointed at them.

They were detained for four hours in an eight-by-10 building with no windows, not knowing their fate. Finally, the Turkish Cypriots who captured them, released them, but with a warning – do not come back or else.

Slatter had a breakdown shortly after and was sent home early that year. He came back and was in the service a total 25 years, serving in places like Germany, Egypt and Lebanon throughout his time.

Homecomings were always sweet for Slatter - his wife and children would visit him at the airport - but for the longest time, he couldn’t figure out what was wrong with him. He would get mad easily and most times for no reason.

“I had taken it out on my family, on just about everybody not realizing why or what I was doing.”

Three years ago, he tried to commit suicide. This wasn’t his first time, however, this time, he decided to get help. He was finally diagnosed with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder and goes to group therapy in Trenton with seven others veterans from all walks of life. One chap, he jokes, wasn’t even born yet when Slatter left the service. The sessions have helped him immensely.

“It’s making me see things in a whole different light now,” he says. “Six months ago, we wouldn’t be having this interview.”

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Photo by Marta Iwanek

**Alicia “Kenny” Chambers poses for a portrait in her Belleville, Ont. home on Oct. 1.**

Alicia “Kenny” Chambers never went overseas during the Second World War, but was just as much part of the warfront, staying in Canada.

At the age of 20, she went to Dauphin, Man. to go to contact training school where she learned to develop film and take photos for the Canadian Army. When it came to choosing a placement, she did opposite of what others might have expected.

“Well, because I was brought up in Alberta, I wanted to go to the East Coast,” she says and laughs. “So I went down to Summerside, Prince Edward Island.”

There, she developed the film during the training camp for pilot bombers who would use a camera with an intervalometer to document the target their teachers had instructed them to find.

After the war ended, she and her husband, who was also a photographer at the training camp, moved to Montreal where Chambers says it felt like starting life all over again.

Everyone was given gratuities for the length of time they served, which could be used on things like cutlery or clothing – however, permission was needed first.

“We had to start all over – buy shoes and stockings because everything was issue,” she says in her Belleville home in the east end. “We took buttons off tunics and wore them for awhile until we could get a wardrobe together.” Today she wears a water-colour blue tunic and sits beside her window which she also calls her office. She’s remained active in the many veteran community organizations.

The government also used some of the gratuity money to pay employers who would hire people like Chambers to learn a new craft. Since she already knew photography, the government wouldn’t pay her to have a job in that, so she became a seamstress for the time being. Soon after her, her husband and a friend moved to Belleville to open up a photography studio on Front Street. She later became a photographer for the Belleville Intelligencer, standing up for herself to get a higher wage and eventually becoming the first woman to have a pension.

She still lives in the same house in Belleville she has lived in since 1949. It’s where all the veteran houses are, but Chambers, 89, believes she’s one of the few left now.

The strong community of veterans in the area, always made her feel settled when she first came back.

“We came back and there was a lot of us coming back together.”



# REMEMBERING



Photo by Justin Chin

Courtney Hurlbert, centre, and 50 of her schoolmates from Laval Liberty High School commemorate Sgt. Christos Karigiannis and Capt. Matthew Dawe of 3rd Battalion Princess Patricia's Light Infantry at the National Remembrance Day Ceremony on Nov. 11 at the National War Memorial in Ottawa. Sgt. Karigiannis was a victim of a roadside bomb and Capt. Dawe died in a blast while serving in Afghanistan in 2007. Sgt. Kargiannis and Capt. Dawe were good friends.

By Sandra Kielback

Remembrance Day isn't just a day to remember those we have lost. It is also a day to remember who is here now, and what we have now because of those who have fought for us. Past, present and future.

Every year, when we were children, Remembrance Day was a time when we

wore poppies, memorized poems and were taught what Remembrance Day was really about. I think for many of us, we never really understood what it meant.

Now that we are older and we have a greater understanding of what is happening in the world around us, it gives us a new understanding on Remembrance Day. Life has truly taught

us about what Remembrance Day really means.

Either in Ottawa with thousands of people or in a small community in southern Ontario, people take two minutes on the 11<sup>th</sup> of November each year to remember.

Each day is special and each day we should be thankful for what we have and who sacrificed themselves for it.



Photo by Justin Tang

Carol Adam spends a moment with her grandson Aidan Moorhead, 7, during the City of Kingston's Civic Service of Remembrance in Kingston on Nov. 11.



Photo by Gail Paquette

Sergeant-at-Arms Jack Frost bows his head during two minutes of silence at the Madoc cenotaph during Remembrance Day services.



Photo by Sandra Kielback

Sergeant Sharpe stands as one of the honour guard at the cenotaph in Trenton Ont., during the annual candlelight vigil Nov. 10.



Photo by Sofia Rojas

To remember those who fought for our freedom in the Great World Wars, Bolton, Ont. held a parade and memorial service.



Photo by Catherine Jackman

Warrant Officer Kimberlee Jones claps during the Remembrance Day ceremony in downtown Ottawa on Nov. 11. Jones is currently in the Air Force. She paused in memory of the fallen soldiers.