



SQUAWK!

Hay River. December 2011 Issue 7

The happiest holidays are spent with the ones you love!



Kathy Beaupre with her sled dog. By Adam Hill

INSIDE

A Hay River Wish List for Santa
Where the Hay is this? Contest
Surprising Fruitcake Recipe!
Cabin Collective Perspective Writing

Starting-over-crossing-the-country Mixtape
Kathy Beaupre Dogsled Photos
Monkman Snowboarding
Jokes that are Funny

community

Join in the **Christmas bird count December 18th!** You can participate in this nation wide event by going out on the trails and searching for our winged friends or by staying in your cozy home and feeder-watching!

Send an email to Gary Vizniowski to tell him you are planning to take part at g.vizniowski@northwestel.net

Photos by Gary



Willow Ptarmigan



Gray Jay



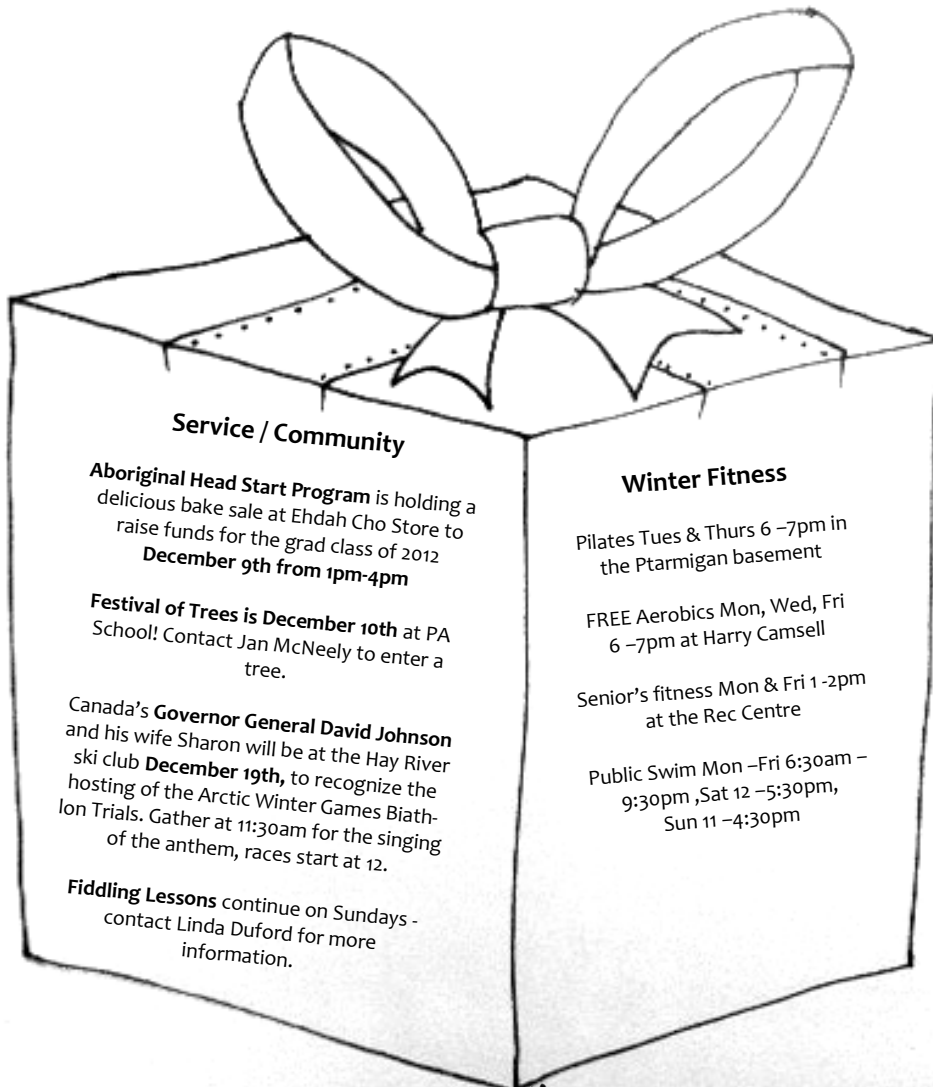
Black-billed Magpie



Boreal Chickadee



Raven



December at the Library

Join **Matthew Nimegeers** at the launching of his new book 'Squatters and Friends of the Souris Valley' **December 7th at 7pm.**

Chilly? Come out of the cold and get CHILL at the Literacy Chili Luncheon on **December 9th from 12pm - 1pm.** Bring a new kid's book if you want to eat.

Read through your own personal library? Out with the old and in with the new! Check out the Used Book Sale **Saturday, December 10th & 11th 1pm - 4:30pm** and buy new books by donation!

A full moon brings out the... snowshoes? The Town and the Library join up to provide you with snowshoes, hot chocolate and a fun full moon walk **Saturday, December 10th at 7pm.** Be there, or we'll assume you have something to hide... awooooOooOoOOO

Muppet movie Tuesday, December 13th 6pm.

Have a holly jolly **Christmas concert Friday December 16th at 7pm.**

Come celebrate the **Persian Holiday of Yalda** hosted by Akbar Fariabi on **Thursday, December 22nd at 7pm.**

Enjoy a New Year's Eve movie **December 31st at 7:30pm** - the Hay River Film Club is



From the Raven's Beak:

We all want to hear what's going on in the community! If you have something you'd like everyone else to know about, send us a squawk a squawk.hayriver@gmail.com. Consider this your rooftop!

Correction from Movember Issue:

The photo of the Buffalo DC-3 had no credit on it but was taken by **Peter Magill**. Thanks Peter!

Rants and Ravens

Hay River's Christmas Wishlist:

Dear Santa:

For Christmas this year, I wish for nothing more
Than the people in my town to be happy - both rich and poor.
There are a few things I need though to make this come true
So please pass this on to your Christmas crew.

An outdoor skating pond would sparkle by day
And the schedule would be open and the people shouldn't pay.
There's a place in my waters protected and sound
Porritt landing could be the perfect place for an ice pond to be found.

When hikers and bikers want to go to the beach
There's just one little problem: the trail's been breached.
Such lovely trails on both sides of town
But braving the highway makes most pedestrians frown.

What can I do about those with no house?
Who do they call when their suffering's at its most?
A place for those out of prison or on the street
Just somewhere warm they can put up their feet.

The artists and crafters have no place to play
No room for their creations to be on display.
The library has been most generous, but,
It's time we helped these artists out of this rut.

I hope that citizens both young and old
Will take pride in my beauty and treat me like gold.
No more wrappers and butts littering my streets
And respect for the people that try to keep me neat.

Santa, you'll have a hard time fulfilling this list
If the attitudes in this town are allowed to persist.
Please give extra love to the leaders that lead
And motivation to those that plant the next seed.

From: Hay River

What's the best non-material holiday gift?

Poll of the Month!

My family home for Christmas.
- Genevieve Clarke

Getting to spend Christmas with my best friend last year and taking her out to look at the decorated trees and houses.

I will go pick up my boyfriend at the airport on December 26th this year and he will be the most expected gift ever.

We've been apart for three months now and it will be good to see each other.
- Virginie

Socks! Oh, wait those are material. A SUNTAN!
Thank you Mommy! - Kate



Cartoon by Micayla Gammon
:vice/Comm

thoughts

Franziska



Winter is here. Like it or not. [Part two]

- Rosalie Friesen -

[...] *continued from Movember...* I am just going to come out and say it. Yes, it is hard to say goodbye to summer; and yes, the cold and dark gets to me after a while. But despite its difficulties, **I like winter**. And I have decided that since I was the one who came to the North, I am going to have fun while it is here. And I am going to make a list of the things that I like about winter to remind myself when I (as we all do) lose sight of the fact. I have a long list, so here is the final part to my countdown of top winter things.

25. the NAAC season
24. layering your clothing
23. bingeing out on DVD seasons of television shows
22. birds on feeders
21. snowmen
20. when all the lights in town seem to shine straight up (can anyone tell me what causes this?)
19. sundogs
18. hoarfrost (beautiful phenomenon. unfortunate name.)
17. mittens
16. toques
15. tobogganing
14. skating
13. when you find a sapling all weighted down with snow and you tap it so the snow falls and it springs back up (if you haven't tried this, you definitely should!)
12. knowing that even winter won't last forever and spring will return! (even though it is fun)
11. sitting with blankets on the couch
10. having people over for breakfast (I never seem to do this in the summer)
9. long johns
8. shovelling snow (yes. I do, at times, enjoy shovelling my driveway. But no—it doesn't mean I want to come do everyone else's! ;))
7. smoke coming out of all the chimneys in town
6. the way that our short days mean that the sun is at that golden side-light level most of the day
5. no bugs!!!
4. watching the snow swirl on the wind (when not blasting in my face)
3. knitting classes
2. snowshoe hares
1. digging the snow out of the firepit and having winter bonfires—somehow it feels like getting away with something

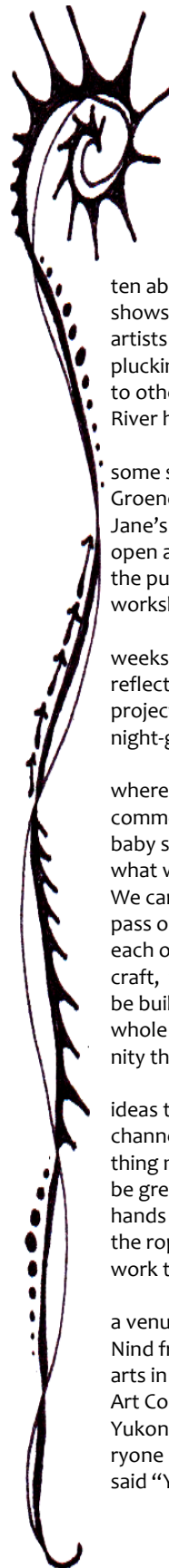
MIXTAPE BY ANGELE CANO



This is the—screw this province, screw heart-break, I'm driving across the country to do the 'start all over' thing again, and inserting songs between CBC cut-outs—MIX.
This is a miniscule selection from 50+ hours.

1. **Canadian Railroad Trilogy**- Gordon Lightfoot
Just to get a sense of how big the country really is, all the hardships and travesties behind our personal and collective histories. And Gord can rock out.
2. **Rosetta stoned**- Tool
Track 7 & 8 of 10,000 days really need to be listened to in succession. It invokes a transcendent experience nearly every time AND pumped me up for the long drive ahead. (Fact: drum track recorded in a helium filled room while drummer wore an oxygen mask.)
3. **Object** – Ween
It's delightfully creepy
4. **The way to gone**- Black Mountain
I don't know how I existed before this Vancouver band, and while this song is a little 'driving off into a gritty sunset' soundtrack-esque, it's the kind of song that makes you feel like you're on a journey.
5. **Cemeteries Downtown** –Old Man Luedecke
Banjo music can be hauntingly beautiful, not just twangy-plus I had to rep some music from east.
6. **Don't let it bring you down** –Neil Young
(from the Live from Massey Hall album)
A good one to listen to when you get into that specific brand of 'all in your head'-ness that only comes from driving for hours without a break. And you should listen to Neil- he's a fricken' bajillionaire living on a ranch.
7. **Swing life away** –Rise against
It's all about appreciating the little things in life after you get to where you're going.
8. **Dead or alive** - Bon Jovi
Driving across the country alone and picking up hitchhikers makes you feel badass, but not nearly as badass as hitchhiking. I only picked up one. He was WAY more badass than me.
9. **Magic Carpet Ride** – Steppenwolf Go Soundtrack remix
When you haven't seen a car in miles no one can see you dance-driving. I think I also played this while eating a sickening pile of 99 per cent cocoa to stay awake on the drive to GP.
10. **Change**- Blind Melon
Unfortunately this band is known for a really crappy top-40 single that made ears bleed every hour in the 90s, but so many of their songs grasp your soul and invoke mood change, mind change, or completely new outlook. You need those on road trips.
11. **Tones of Home** –Blind Melon
Because I'm still trying to find one.

arts & culture



Polls have been taken, surveys have been completed with enthusiasm, voices have been heard and it can't be denied that one of the things Hay River really needs is a community centre. A place to hang out, sing and perform, be creative, philosophize, strategize, have workshops, drink coffee and tea, show art and craft and sell it, and do whatever else needs to be done inside and as a community.

The Hay River Artists group feels the same way. As written about before there have been loosely organized events and shows in the past few years, the occasional collaboration among artists here and there and otherwise single projects, everyone plucking away for themselves and mostly exporting their product to other communities, other provinces, and other festivals as Hay River hasn't sufficiently provided a place for it.

In October an opportunity seemed to appear and stir some snow in the winter-scape around the Godwin Mall. Jane Groenewegen and Bernie Langille unfolded the idea before us of Jane's old election campaign office being a near perfect place to open a gallery in, run by artists, opened a few days per week to the public, act like a store, be possibly a studio, accommodate workshops and be funded through ...?

A bunch of very dedicated artists came out for about 3 weeks of regular meetings, great discussions, lots of self-reflecting and learning about what it might take to put such a project into action. We had lots figured out, opened for a one-night-gallery-stand and decided we're not ready for it yet.

We decided to take a couple of steps back and look at where we should start before loading the weight of a regular commercial lease onto the shoulders of our on-profit society in baby shoes. We decided to get registered, organized and busy in what we really want to do and what it is we want to be a part of. We can organize workshops, show our work, paint the town, pass our skills and knowledge on to kids and grown-ups, inspire each other and others and be inspired to create better art and craft, to progress in our work and build a confidence that can't be built if it has nowhere to go and manifest itself. We can do a whole lot of things but what we want to be part of is a community that wants to see this happen, embraces and supports it.

There are a lot of eager minds in town chiselling away on ideas to activate the community spirit and looking for ways to channel progressive thinking and the local focus toward something more concrete and solid that just the positive talk. It would be great to see these minds come together and be joined by the hands that take actions where everyone can just tie their end of the rope with everyone else's to create a good and strong network that works.

The town itself has a great interest to assist in developing a venue for arts and cultural events says Kevin Wallington. Ben Nind from NACC wants to collaborate on a place for performing arts in Hay River. The French School Board wants to partake in it. Art Cooperatives and Societies across the NWT and even the Yukon are offering advice and want to network with us. And everyone I've talked to about the idea of "adopting an art space" said "Yes, I'd do it."

So I guess that means we should do it.

- Franziska Ulbricht

>> Josh Clark and Kitty Monkman throw down some sweet boarding skills at the Caboose. Jumps made epic by the genius of Jared Monkman.

cabin collective

Friends Without Borders

It was an ordinary Tuesday morning, we were sitting in class listening to our teacher lecture us from his desk. You could hear the screech of chalk across the green board and feel the silence that hung in the room. Not one of my 69 classmates dared breath a word once class had started. Talking without having been asked a question was unheard of and showed dishonor and a lack of respect from you and onto your family. I quietly reached my hand down my leg to scratch an itchy spot, just under my knee. It wasn't Friday or Monday so we didn't have to sport our black and white uniforms, but the track pants that I had put on today weren't very comfortable. I snuck a glance at the clock, still focused on the teacher, if i didn't pay attention to every word he said I would struggle with my homework again today. I didn't want to have to bother Leelee or Wafa for help a second time this week. They were stressed enough with their own load of work as it was.

Suddenly I noticed that class was almost over, and with a rush of excitement I realized that we had planned to go out for lunch today. I had saved some money all week for this day, and was craving milk tea so badly I could almost taste it. Our cafeteria lunches weren't bad at all, in fact they were some of the best in Beh Hai considering we were at the top school in the city. Unfortunately no school lunch could compare with hot noodle soup at the place where my group of friends visited as frequently as we could afford.

The class ended and I slowly moved to put my books away. Looking around the white walled room I noticed that something seemed strange, my classmates were looking out the window and started rushing to get out of their desks and point to what was outside. I was just as curious as the rest of them so I grabbed Wafa and we rushed to the window as well. "What do you think it could be?" I asked him in

Mandarin, the language we were most comfortable with, although I knew some Cantonese and was working on my English so I could speak it at college.

Wafa was the first to notice the two odd looking girls that were waiting outside of our classroom. "Americans?" he asked me, unsure of how to respond. The tan one with bushy brown hair full of beautiful curls came towards us. I didn't know what to say, but I was excited to talk to someone who clearly wasn't from here.

"Hi, I'm Marissa," the girl said excitedly, she couldn't of been more than a few years older than us, but it was hard to tell. She spoke English so well, she must have been an American, but what was she doing here?

"Hello," said Wafa loudly, a little awkward with his English. He looked excited to talk to her too, that made me feel weird inside, he was my best friend after all.

"This is my friend Eden," she said looking at the blond girl beside her who was also smiling at us. "We are here to teach English and were wondering if we could have lunch with you and your friend?" She asked nervously, and suddenly I became excited. Americans! Here to teach us english! Chinese students loved any opportunity to practice english with foreigners, and to make friends with people from different countries was a great honor. It was so exciting, maybe these two girls could be my American friends!

As we walked out of our class room, many of my classmates wanted to be included in the lunch invite as well. Finally there was about six of us who decided we would go for noodle soup another time, and take the two new girls out to one of our favorite restaurants. It would be an honor to host them and show them some of the best food Beh Hai had to offer visitors. We talked quickly and quietly in a circle just a few

steps away from them, trying to figure out who would pay and where we would go. Wafa suggested we go for a traditional meal and share the cost. We all decided we would make sure that the English speaking girls wouldn't have to pay, that would be so embarrassing if we couldn't pay for it ourselves. I had so many questions for them I felt like I was going to burst. When everything was settled we let Laura tell the girls the plan, she was the best at speaking English and we were all unsure of how to explain it.

The eight of us walked towards our bikes, deciding to gather them and travel there together. Wafa and I only have peddle



bikes, so we promised to get them and meet the other girls where they parked their electric bikes. The school was filling up now with the 700 students who were busy leaving for lunch. As they hurriedly flooded down the stairs and out the gates many of them made backwards glances as they noticed the two white girls who were with us. We felt lucky to be the first students at Beh Hai to host such honored guests. As I ran off to unlock my bike I wondered if Marissa would be able to come in to teach our class, and I wondered why her and Eden had chosen our class to go for lunch with.

After a busy ride to the restaurant, we all got settled around the circular table and I began to pour tea for the new girls and my friends. "My English name is Riccardo," I said introducing myself to the girls, excited to begin asking questions about their stay in Beh Hai and where they were from.

"Your english name?" Marissa asked sounding confused as she politely sipped at her green tea. I hope she liked it. Do they drink green tea in America? Maybe I should have ordered them Cokes.

"We all have our given names from our parents, that we use at home and with our teachers. For example mine is Kai Dan,"



Wafa said, explaining. "But some of us like to make up our own names, that sound more english and who we share with only our closest friends. For example I chose Wafa and Choi Lee chose Leelee." He explained, thinking about the right words to use. I kept forgetting that we should be trying to speak english so Marissa and Eden would understand what we were talking about. I didn't know how much Mandarin the girls knew.

"I chose Riccardo, even though I know its usually a boy's name." I said excitedly. "I just like the way it sounded, and its what I

wish my real name was." I said. I was getting hungry and looking forward to the sweet and sour pork and almond chicken we had ordered. We also ordered some deep fried dumplings for the girls to try. I hope they knew how to use chop sticks. I'm not sure how they eat in America, the only american food we have here is pizza and MacDonal'd's, and you don't need chopsticks for that.

We took turns asking the girls a few questions about their time here in China. We discovered that they weren't American's at all, but in fact were from Canada and would be at our school to teach english for a whole week. I wished that they could

stay longer, but was happy to have them teaching my class. As we finished our lunch, our bellies happily filled with noodles, dumplings and green tea, we began to walk back towards the school and asked the girls if they would like some milk tea. The girls said they wanted to eat try the food and drinks that we normally ate so they could fully experience our culture. That confused me, they were in China, not Canada, how could they experience anything but our culture. It was an honor to pay for our guests meal, and an honor to be able to talk to them in English. It was the best practice we could ask for, and it would help me to feel more confident about our examinations that were coming up.

Looking back over this past week I could have never imagined how hard it would be to say goodbye to my now best friend, someone who was just a stranger and honored guest only seven days ago. As I stand here at the gate of my school, it feels more like a prison then educational center as I think about the world that waits outside of these gates, a world I never knew existed before I met her. Memories of our time together pass in my mind, I think of sharing a bike to and from the camp ground where we cooked fish over a fire. I think of how we emerged soaked from the

river after someone had pushed Wafa in and soon everyone else found themselves falling into the cold water. I think about the hours we spent playing games outside, singing Celine Dion karaoke style while sipping on milk tea. Nothing stands out in my memory though as much as when all seven of us were standing around watching fireworks light up the sky late friday night. All six of my closest friends in the world, huddled together, with our new best friend Marissa, close to us despite language and cultural barriers. I slowly pull off a necklace that has lived draped over my neck for the past three years, and pass it to her. It's time to say goodbye. "Goodbye Marissa," I say with a tear running down my cheek, "you have taught me what a true friend is, and I will never be the same."

I closed the gate slowly as I watched her run off towards her hotel, she stopped only once to turn back and wave, a sad smile spread across her face. I didn't know if I would ever see her again, but it didn't matter, I would now and forever have a Canadian friend out there in the world.

By Marissa Oteiza



Friends Without Borders by Marissa Oteiza is a product of the "Cabin Collective", a new writing group that meets once a month to encourage creative writing. The challenge for last month was to write from a perspective not your own to add interest to a story. For next month, the writing theme will be 'what would your life look like if you followed your new year resolutions?'

If you would like to get inspired, get encouragement, get creative advice and start finishing some of those writing projects you have always wanted to, join us!

Our next meeting is January 9th, 7 - 9pm at Aurora College. Bring a yourself and a notebook, that's all you need!



WHERE THE HAY IS THIS?!

It's somewhere around town and if you think you know
- send us your answer at squawk.hayriver@gmail.com

HAY RIVER CHRISTMAS GROANERS

Q: Why did Santa gas up at Edah Cho?
A: His sleigh was on reserve!

* * * * *

Q: Why are Santa's reindeer so excited to come to town?
A: Because we have a HAY River!!



* * * * *

Q: Why did the elves pack for Hawaii when they went to Hay River?

A: Santa told them they were going to Paradise!



* * *

Q: How did Santa lose 10 lbs in Hay River?

A: The elevator in the Highrise was out of service..



Dish: _____

Recipe

Serves: _____

Just in time for the holidays a REAL FRUIT CAKE recipe
- Found by Barb Low

Ingredients:

1 cup water	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar	1 cup brown sugar
4 large eggs	lemon juice
2 cup dried fruit	nuts
1 teaspoon baking soda	1 gallon whiskey

Directions:

Sample the whiskey to check for quality.
Take a large bowl.
Check the whiskey again to be sure that it is of the highest quality.
Pour 1 level cup and drink.
Repeat.
Turn on the electric mixer; beat 1 cup butter in a large fluffy bowl.
Add 1 teaspoon sugar and beat again.
Make sure the whiskey is still okay. Cry another tup.

Turn off the electric mixer.

Break two legs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit.

Mix on the turner.

If the fried fruit gets stuck in the beaters, pry it loose with a drowscriver.

Sample the whiskey to check for consistency.

Next, sift 2 cups of salt. Or something. Who cares.

Check the whiskey.

Now sift the lemon juice and strain your nuts.

Add one table. Spoon. Of sugar or something. Whatever you can find.

Grease the oven.

Turn the cake tin to 350 degrees.

Don't forget to beat off your turner.

Throw the bowl out of the window.

Check the whiskey again. Go to bed.

Who the heck likes fruitcake anyway?



We are your community newsletter here to serve you and celebrate your creativity! Got something to say? Art? Music? Writing? Send it in to squawk.hayriver@gmail.com and Like us on facebook at Squawk Hay River or visit www.squawkhayriver.wordpress.ca!