



The Portraits of William Wilfred Campbell



Thanks to the following donors:

Dr. Murray and Ruth Cathcart, Toronto
Mike and Val Popjoy, Wiarton
and others



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Allison Billings, Artist - Facilitator of Youth Portrait Workshop
Participation from the Bluewater District School Board
The Wiarton Propeller Club and Meeting Place

The WWC Festival Directors, Committee and Partners

Cliff Bilyea, Evelyn Newbould, Caleb Hull, Pam Crawford, Victor Last, Harriet Maconaghie, Paul Conway, and the Bruce County Library - Wiarton

"He reminds us that to have the gifts of such fire, and to voice it for worthy causes, is a noble and rare thing. Some causes may pass their time, and literary fashions come and go, but we can still remember and celebrate the voice."

- Paul Conway, Voyageur Storytelling

Introduction

The Campbells Are Coming played by Steve Wolfe

Welcome - Chair, Cliff Bilyea

Recognition of Artwork

'The Story of William Wilfred Campbell'

by Paul Conway, Voyageur Storytelling

Proclamation: Terry Bell, Town of South Bruce Peninsula

Part I

Master of Ceremonies - Harriet Maconaghie and Pam Crawford

Performance - Lauren Best, Poet Laureate

Readings by Children and Youth Winners

Presentation of Awards in Youth Categories

by ReMax Grey Bruce Realty - Amanda Older

Performance - Josh and Rob Ritchie, Songwriters

Readings by Four Adult Finalists

Intermission / refreshments - 15 minutes

Part II

Readings by Six Adult Finalists

Performance: Larry Jensen and Rob Rolfe, Poets Laureate
2015-2017

Presentation of Awards in Adult Category

by The Rotary Club of Warton

and Suzanne Shearer - Caframo

Closing remarks

*All attendees are considered WWC Society members
and are invited to a brief Annual General Meeting
immediately following the festival*

William Wilfred Campbell, 1861-1918

In his lifetime, Warton-raised Wilfred Campbell was an internationally famous poet. At his death in Ottawa where he was working as a Civil Servant, he was lauded as Canada's Unofficial Poet Laureate, Poet Laureate of the Lakes and as one of seven noted Confederation Poets.

He began writing published poetry at age 14 and went on to publish five volumes of his poetry, five historical novels, ten dramatic plays and three non-fiction books.

The University of Aberdeen, Scotland conferred upon him an honorary Doctor of Laws degree. He was a Fellow, and a president of the Royal Society of Canada, Editor of the Oxford Book of Canadian Verse and a sometime columnist for several Canadian daily newspapers.

His early poems were accepted by significant periodicals in the United States and Canada. One of them, titled *The Mother*, was read aloud in the House of Commons by Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald and later in the Senate.

Married, he and his wife, Louisa, had four children: three daughters and one son. His eldest daughter, Margery, married George Grey, a cousin of the 4th Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, who gave us the famous Grey Cup. Their son, Harry, Wilfred's grandson had two boys, Richard and Philip, who unexpectedly inherited the Earldom. In 1963, Richard became the 6th Earl Grey and when he died, his brother, Philip became the present 7th Earl Grey.

That he'd posthumously become the great-grandfather of two Earls would have greatly satisfied Wilfred. He was an ardent lover of the British and their Empire, penning many so-called rather embarrassing Imperial poems, which contributed to his early neglect in the years immediately following his death.

Today, his lake poems are being re-evaluated more favorably. Warton proudly remembered its famous son, erecting a memorial cairn to him in 1937, and a successor in 1967, which stands today in the town's Bluewater Park. In 1938, Ottawa proclaimed him A Person of National Historic Significance.

Born in Kitchener his parents were the Anglican Rev. Thomas Swainton Campbell and Matilda Wright. Wilfred, at age 11, was the second oldest of their five sons when the church posted the family to the Northern Mission of Warton, pop. 200.

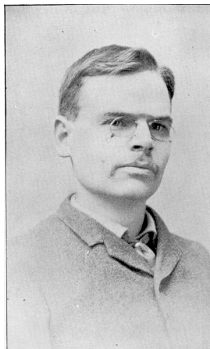
Growing up, he became a school teacher in Zion and Purple Valley to earn money to attend the University of Toronto, Wycliffe Divinity College and shortly afterwards Episcopal Theological College in Cambridge, Massachusetts. After he graduated, for five years he served parishes in New Hampshire, New Brunswick and Southampton, Ontario. In a temporary crisis of faith he left the church there and became a federal Civil Servant.

A poet's mission, he said, should be for the betterment of mankind, a duty to express high ideals, and be of value to society.

Our annual festival during his June birth month is built on the premise that William Wilfred Campbell, one of our own, needs honoring as an important historical and cultural Canadian figure.

Previous Winners

Lucy Bacon	<i>Yeats' Garden</i>
Elizabeth Bazeley	<i>LOONS and Revival</i>
Faye Annette Bender	<i>Miles of Diamonds</i>
Carol Chitovas	<i>Hope</i>
Shane Fera	<i>Quiet Corners</i>
Dieter Heinrich	<i>The Elephant in the Room</i>
Caleb Hull	<i>When I'm Gone</i>
Anne Duke Judd	<i>Night Passage – Lake Huron</i>
Taylor Legge	<i>Relieving These Secrets</i>
Anna Park	<i>The Beautiful Calm Waters</i>
Suzanne Selby	<i>The Vegetarian Vulture</i>
John Smallwood	<i>He Said/She Said</i>
Lynn Wyvill	<i>Progression and Jilted</i>
Liz Zetlin	<i>Lesson Five: Learning to Sing</i>



Performing Artist Biographies

Paul Conway - Voyageur Storytelling

He writes narrative verse and short stories for the amusement of live audiences, and occasionally books for his own. Paul has lived near Miller Lake since 2001. He was raised in Huntsville and Lake of Bays, educated at the University of Toronto, the University of Chicago, and the London School of Economics. After graduating, he lived in Edmonton, later in Yellowknife, starting out as an economic statistician and ending as a performing artist. He returned to Ontario with his wife Leslie and fifteen years they hosted Country Supper Storytelling Concerts, an unique form of dinner theatre, every summer in their home. In 2017, they toured western Canada performing stories by and about Stephen Leacock. This year Paul is conducting an on-line celebration of three important Stephen Leacock anniversaries. He is considered eccentric, but relatively harmless.

Lauren Best - Owen Sound Poet Laureate

Lauren Best is Owen Sound's Poet Laureate, an interdisciplinary artist, musician, and arts instructor, facilitator, and coach. She has been involved with local performing arts and community organizations both in her youth and as an adult through her professional arts practice. Recently, Lauren has developed and released 'Poetry Play Kits' (available at the Owen Sound Library), which encourage children and their caretakers to interact with language in various ways. Lauren runs Best Practice Arts and has an album released entitled "Sticker Collection."

Josh and Rob Ritchie - Songwriters

Josh and Rob Ritchie are well-known local songwriters who also volunteer their talents/time with local groups like the Warton Choir. Since 2012, Rob has performed with RPR (Ritchie-Parrish-Ritchie), a band comprised of former Tanglefoot colleagues Steve Ritchie and Al Parrish along with percussionist Beaker Granger. Josh is preparing to release his debut album this Fall while Rob is releasing his third novel entitled "A Song with No Words."

Larry Jensen and Rob Rolfe - Songwriters, Owen Sound Poets Laureate 2015-2017

Singer-songwriter Larry Jensen and poet Rob Rolfe have been performing together for several years, including a stint as Owen Sound Poets Laureate for 2015-2017. They have released a CD together, *Mudtown Songs and Poetry*, and are currently working on a local storytelling project titled *Late Nights on Irish Mountain*. Upon completion, this new project will consist of a CD of songs performed by Larry Jensen and local musicians, and an accompanying book of lyrics, poems and guest essays written or edited by Rob Rolfe.

2019 Finalists

The Yogi (Honourable Mention)

Bronwyn Stanton	<i>Beauty of All</i>
Landon Morley	<i>Looking in the Mirror</i>
Taylor Legge	<i>The Smell of Rain</i>
Emma Schuster	<i>busher</i>
Sheila Burr	<i>THIRD OF THE GREAT LAKES</i>
Carol Chivotas	<i>Roots</i>
Jennifer Frankum	<i>Visibility Nil</i>
Anne Duke Judd	<i>Solstice Hymn</i>
Lucy Leone	<i>Autumn Gala</i>
Cindy Matthews	<i>White Things</i>
Royden McCoag	<i>Skinner's Bluff in October</i>
A. M. Seymour	<i>Spring Walk</i>
Richard - Yves Sitoski	<i>Solace</i>
Danuta Valleau	<i>Winter Walk</i>
	Honourable Mention
Donna Bain	<i>The Yogi</i>

Donna Bain - Hanover

B
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 life's breath
 healing breath
 sinking deeper
 striving for release
 freeing the inner mind
 searching for serenity
 peace
 relaxation
 I ride my Magic Carpet
 with purpose and good intention
 I stretch and strengthen,
 my reflexes sharp
 my body quivers
 as I push to reach limits
 I thought were
 unattainable
 shape shifting
 aware of my breath
 in my discovery of self
 Dolphin Pigeon
 Dog Cobra
 Cat Cow
 Warrior 1 Warrior 2
 awareness of my
 breathing inhales
 to absorb tension
 exhales sending
 energy to aching muscles
 pursuit of peace
 tranquility
 I am one
 with
 my mat
 body
 and
 mind
 Savasana
 N a m a s t e

Winter Walk

Danuta Valleau - Georgian Bluffs

Snowfield keeps no secrets
its wind formed surface
glistens

I march
on snowshoes
towards a horizon guarded by
an uncertain line of trees

Here lie the fallen
broken limbs
reaching to the sky

Tracks of coyote, a solo crossing
scurry of tiny feet that end in the sweep of a wing,
shuffle of porcupine
along the wood's edge

I stand in stillness
watch my breath dissolve on the air
look behind at my footprints
back to before

Beauty of All

Bronwyn Stanton - Lions Head

The bird's sweet song after sweet song,
Blessed with the beauty to burn through man's eyes,
The river drawing us closer
Eyes set on the falls until they must tear away
because of the chill of winter,
After standing over the edge for so long,
Teetering and tottering, tottering and teetering.

The sweet smell of fresh grass mixed with the warm air
Looking over all, we have no words to breathe
Except the air; words are made of themselves.

Looking In the Mirror

Landon Morley - Wiarnton

What can I see in the mirror?

I see a Face, a face of kindness and happiness. A face of joy and no regret.
But when I look in the mirror a second time, I see someone who needs to
have a face of kindness and happiness, a face of joy and no regret. When I
look in the mirror I see a face but why, why do I notice the second time that I
see a face that needs improvement? Is it because of our corrupt world and
we don't care about how we come across just how we look? Why do we
notice that we've caused damage to our world until we love over ourselves
again?

What can I see in the mirror?

Solace

Richard-Yves Sitoski - Owen Sound

Night does not descend
only resolves the day
stealing the world from us

and reducing everywhere
to simply *here*.
And when light

is homeopathic memory
my hand grazes yours
an electron arcing

in the spaces no-one dwells in.
So let us stay awake
waiting for the fragile dawn

for crickets to fall silent
and for the sun to practice nakedness
on our blameless torsos

till it's time to rise
and tread gingerly
leaving wet footprints

not from the critical dew
but from stepping into
the same river twice.

Spring Walk

A. M. Seymour - Owen Sound

my feet leave faint marks behind me
on sandy surfaces
where birds and bears imprint their claws,

but watermarks erase all evidence of our passing
as storm winds rage;
whip the calmness of the lake into a frenzy.

waves pound against the shore as
water surges forward relentless and powerful;
raw energy steals my breath away.

sun streams life against the darkened shore as
light dazzles and beguiles me
where stray beams escape the heavy cloud cover.

I read the sky now, watch dark clouds hurry by, feel the chill wind
as it shifts to the north;
tomorrow will be clear and cold.

a multitude of white blooms, trilliums,
carpet the forest floor effortlessly
where trees are not yet ready to unfurl their leaves;

periwinkles, primroses, begonias, forget-me-nots,
fragile, delicate, colourful wildflowers,
scatter everywhere across the ground by my cabin;

I tread silently through this place of beauty
breathless with anticipation and wonder
as once again, Nature's magnificence overwhelms me.

The Smell of Rain

Taylor Legge - Port Elgin

The smell of rain
Rising away the drought and dust
Coursing through the divots in the dirt
Cleansing the sky of its sadness

The coil of paint
Peeling away from the weathered porch steps
That my brother and I painted one summer
When everything was pristine and simple

The relaxing of the fields
Unfolding their leaves that were spiked in anxiety
Revealing an infant ear of pale ivory corn
That waited all summer for water that never came

The sound of wind
Snaking in between the leaves of the maples
Dotted across the lawn and swaying in harmony
Much older than they were when I swung from their branches

After so long without the rain
And so long where I am lost floating among space

The smell of rain
Will always bring me home

busher

Emma Schuster - Port Elgin

busher (party in a forest clearing)

dizzily, we giggle through deep forest
not foreboding, just endless.
following starry-eyed nymphs
and red-cheeked goblins,
we walk the invisible path.

still trekking,
our eyes flicker to glimmers of light
that drip from fingertips attached to other hands.
beams briefly alight our path
but their footprints steer clear,
foraging through older passageways,
all converge where a warm glow calls us.

we enter the clearing and
the ground slides from beneath our feet,
as the cold is shooed away by the flames.
burning sparks rocket into the sky like beacons,
dancing down around us in orange flecks.
above, sprawls a cold blanket of
the brightest stars i've seen in years.
below, a congregation of swelling creatures
swirling against each other,
the fire coaxing
shared memories out of us.
the forest comes alive through us.

suddenly,
the ocean of bodies becomes rough.
waves emerge and a small section collapses.
lightless fingertips hit heavy
upon beardless faces.
a stronger hand is pulling me
away from the tumult.

then
the fire is out.

-snap-

switched off
a blown-out candle.
no one is holding me close.
silence is the only creature around me.

White Things

Cindy Matthews - Chesley

pearls of sea foam on the wharf
your grandmother's hair pinched into a bun
flags of surrender, the blink of a cease fire
strings of linguine doused in alfredo
bundles of goose down where you rest your head
balls of cotton plucked by sun-basted hands
blank sheets of paper, meaningless without words
vanilla ice cream with balsamic strawberries
hoods of persecution, brothers of the Klan
a gessoed canvas awaiting splashes of colour
a somber doctor's smock leaking gruesome news
curls of birch bark, the makings of a canoe
your wedding dress worn twice before
the smudge of oppression time and time again
a face-painted mime, a *mensch* of few words
freshly laundered sheets flapping in the wind
cow's milk mingling with Orange Pekoe
snow covered fields, pristine winter landscapes
drips of wax, soldiers on a candle's rim
your deeply lined face after frightful news
hands of a clock ticking down time

Skinner's Bluff in October

Royden McCoag - Wiaraton

Standing alone on this dolomite slab
Hanging out o'er the escarpment wall
I hear only the echo of my own voice
And a startled bald eagle's call.

The autumn tree tops are far, far below
Smearing colour over piles of scree
From broken ledges like the one I'm on
Carried down their by gravity.

The brazen forest melds into gray fields
With dull smudges of evergreen too
Leading down to the cold frothy waters
Now churning a deep cobalt blue.

But my world ends at this weathered edge
A scant pace beyond where I stand
Like Moses of old, atop of Mount Nebo,
Looking out o'er a promising land.

I cannot discern where cloud meets the earth
Or if this vale has another side
For pillows of fog are rolling in from the east
And threatening the landscape to hide.

The three sentry islands still shadow through
Whitecloud and Griffith and Hay
But, if I stay where I am, I'm bound to get wet
For rain's streaking down o'er the bay.

Yet I'll tarry a moment transfixed by the view
That will never be quite the same
For my discomfort is a small price to pay
And the view is the reason I came.

THIRD OF THE GREAT LAKES

Autumn Gala

Sheila Burr - Kincardine

THIRD OF THE GREAT LAKES
CRUCIAL TO INTERNATIONAL TRADE
REVERED IN LEGEND AND LORE
VISIBLE FROM SPACE
RECEPTACLE OF INDUSTRIAL TOXINS

I have watched
in awe
the Atlantic
crash
against
Ireland's majestic Cliffs of Moher

I have surfed
the Pacific waves
on Maui's magical island shore

I have strolled the unending sandy strands of the Caribbean

But O, Lake Huron,
You
of February's icy pyramids,
November's terrifying gales,
May's placid ripples,
August's rollicking rollers,

You
are the Lake of my heart!

Lucy Leone - Durham

I am lured by the
sensational seasonal foliage
of a nearby forest.
She shows her Autumn apparel
in shades of red, and yellow.

Maple and Birch trees toss
charms of scarlet and crimson;
decorations that delight
the grateful green cedar
whose perfume blends with
the aroma of toasted leaves.

Beech dons a fashionable boa
of saffron vines
wrapped snug along her trunk.
In the cool September air,
she shivers loose flaxen and
caramel coloured leaves that
gather on her mossy skirt.
Blistery wounds hide
behind her fly-away shawl;
bumps as badges of age.
Today she wears them like a
cherished brooch to celebrate
a vibrant new season.

Solstice Hymn

Anne Duke Judd - Port Elgin

Sing to the sun,
all the blossoms and bees.
Bless the light,
all grasses and trees.

Dance in the warmth,
all mammals and snakes.
Laugh in your freedom,
all rivers and lakes.

Short lie the shadows,
long stretch the days;
lingering twilight
touches dawn's haze.

Dream into memory
June all a-gold
open this treasure
when year turns to cold.

Celebrate summer,
beaches and forests,
bird, beasts, and humans--
Earth's creatures in chorus.

Roots

Carol Chitovas - Colpoy's Bay

Orphaned and uprooted I fluttered aimlessly
migrating hope tarnished by magnetizing lights
that scorched an innocent soul
naively bewitched by seductive cons
beckoning amongst the noisy crushing crowd
nests but fleeting semblances of stability
ruptured by deception's icy claws
a spirited song smothered by despair's descending blanket
hoarse and virtually extinguished
abandoned in the ashes of desolation

Yet hope flickered

A refusal to yield propelled me to escape
and soar from the cage of urban stench
towards the wafting fragrance of the forest
where I found you in the silence
neither the tall, brash specimen, branches bursting above
nor the slight one leaning, dwarfed by others
but the solid one
exuding unmeasurable strength, depth, and dignity
your limbs, as mine, uplifted
slightly ruffled by the winds of time
but unbreakable

You enveloped me in chartreuse glory
I nested in your warmth and sang again
You rooted me

Visibility Nil

Jennifer Frankum - Port Elgin

On the first day of the new year
my beloved drove us through sideways snow.
At times we could not see
beyond the swirling whirl of white
which mesmerized,
though he dared not stop
in the midst of nothingness.
Suspended in the winter abyss,
our eyes unblinking.

I held my breath
for an infinite moment
until miracles appeared:
a glimpse of tire track,
a line of trees,
a spot of yellow paint.

We have driven
on invisible roads
for twenty-five years--
and still I am beside him
trusting him through the squalls.

As he turns in the driveway
my breathing eases.

My luck appears infinite.

Safe within our home's embrace
we gaze through the window.
The snow still flies
yet seems benign--
a landscape gif,
serene

Tonight, when sleeping
we dream we are driving blind
in a Bruce County winter,
and for moments at a time,
our breath is held
and we hold onto hope
as if hope is all we have
in this ferocious world.