

# points of view

## Oh yes, we have no bananas

I'M NOT entirely certain we have entered the end times yet, but I do know almost all the signs are there. For instance, I went to the grocery store the other day and they were out of bananas.

This would not have been such a big deal had Jenn not specifically asked me to get some.

In response, I looked at her, winked, and said, "Don't worry Jenn. I won't let you down. I'll get you a nice bunch of bananas. You can count on me. Honestly. If there's one thing I know how to do, it's go to the grocery store and buy bananas. I'm known for it. My banana purchasing skills are strong. Trust me, I won't come back without bananas. You have my word ..."

Perhaps I should explain that bananas are a staple in our house these days because we just got a new Nutra-bullet blender, and we have been on a bit of a smoothie kick. OK,

it would be more accurate to say I have developed an addiction to smoothies, and as we all know, addicts do strange and desperate things, which also might explain this column.

Even worse, there was a banana shortage in our house. We were down to our last banana, and that wouldn't do.

This is why I nearly went into panic mode when I noticed the section that generally is filled with bananas was devoid of them. And also why I accosted a passing produce section employee and said, perhaps a bit too desperately,



steve galea

### Loon Tales

"Hey Mr. Tally Man, when is the next shipment of bananas arriving?"

To this, he had no answer.

The thought of returning home empty handed consumed me.

When I arrived there, I brought in all the groceries and, after helping me put them away, Jenn looked around and said, "You didn't get any bananas?"

"Oh, did I say I would?" I replied.

She gave me a stern look.

"Now I remember," I said. "I left them in the front seat of the car. I'll be back in a second."

The drive to the second grocery store was relatively uneventful. And other than me being a little too celebratory when I saw they were flush with a fresh shipment of bananas, I think I handled it well.

"Smoothie addiction?" The lady beside me whispered.

"Why would you think that?" I replied.

"You're way too happy to see these bananas," she mumbled.

"I need some for my pet monkey," I lied.

"I was up to three glasses a day," she uttered.

"I can quit any time I like," I replied.

"Sure," she said.

When I got home, Jenn had already used the last banana and was enjoying a wonderful looking fruit smoothie. And, just to show she wasn't hooked, she only drank half and then walked it to the fridge.

"I'll finish it later," she said. "Are you making one?"

Suddenly, I thought about what I had just done – and, despite my self-loathing, put three bunches of bananas in the fruit basket, ripped one from the bunch and then started fumbling with it nervously.

After a futile attempt, I put it down unopened and tried another, and failed. Then I failed to open two more. Finally, I said, "I think I'm done with smoothies."

Jenn looked at me sympathetically and then made me one. I guess she knew I wasn't peeling too well.



### pic of the past

The year was 1951 and as you can see by this photo of a large crowd turned out to a Red Cross dance in the Legion auditorium in Haliburton. Identified in this photo are Norm Grose, far left, and Hugh Burke, front and centre. The Haliburton Red Cross Society held an annual dance at the Legion Hall into the late 1970s. It was one of the main highlights of the year. /From the *Echo* archives

### letters to the editor

## Minden Pride - no space for hate

To the Editor,

On behalf of Minden Pride, thank you to everyone who joined our peaceful counter-protest against the 1 Million March 4 Children on Sept. 20. In under 24 hours, we assembled a large and spirited group of supporters to counter the anti-LGBTQ demonstrators.

The protestors' stated goal is to eliminate Sexual Orientation and Gender Identity (SOGI) curriculum in schools, inclusive approaches to pronouns, gender ideology and mixed bathrooms in our schools across Canada.

The protestors claim SOGI leads to the sexualization of children. Under the guise of 'parental rights', they further claim to be protecting children's innocence, and that they harbour no anti-LGBTQ sentiment.

Really? Organized messaging from their group spoke of a very different agenda. Hateful signage using language such as "grooming" and "indoctrination" proved otherwise. A protestor identified us as "pedophiles" and stated we will "burn in hell" for our 'lifestyle'. Their invoking of "family values" insults our entire commu-

nity, as though we do not have families or carry positive values.

The protestors argue teaching kids about "queer ideology" will sexualize young children.

Being gay, bisexual, transgender or anywhere on the gender and sexuality spectrum is *not* an ideology. 'Indoctrination' is not reality. To be queer is simply a biological fact.

Eliminating SOGI would leave all students, straight and queer, with no education in sexual and gender diversity nor build on principles of an inclusive society. We believe this to be highly discriminating and especially dangerous to those youth in our community who may be struggling with their own sexual or gender identity.

For the past eight years Minden Pride has proudly stood for a kinder, inclusive community. This demonstration has galvanized our resolve even further. There is no place for oppression and hate in our county. We will continue to fight to protect the rights of everyone to live an open and safe life in the Haliburton Highlands.

Allan Guinan,  
Minden

## Haliburton Rotary membership information open house

The Rotary Club of Haliburton is pleased to host a Membership Information Open House at the Haliburton Legion Hall at 719 Mountain St. on Thursday, Oct. 5 from 6 to 7:30 p.m.

Meet the local Rotarians and learn about the club's various community projects and activities. If you are looking to meet new people,

contribute to your community and have some fun at our social and fellowship activities, we encourage you to attend. Attendance is free and light refreshments will be served.

You are free to drop in but we encourage you to RSVP at haliburtonrotary@gmail.com.

# points of view

## Mountain man

**T**HE OTHER day, I shaved my excess facial hair. When I say excess, I mean all the hair except the ones that hide the fact that I do not possess an identifiable chin. That hair stays.

When I finished shaving, I walked downstairs, looked at Jenn and said, "Well, what do you think?"

"Well, you need to trim the rest of your beard a little closer," she replied.

"Why?" I said.

"It's too long," she said. "You are starting to look like a mountain man."

And it wasn't even my birthday.

"Oh stop it!" I gushed.

"It's true," she said. "Trim it down."

I walked out of the room and bee-lined to the nearest mirror. And, you know, she was right.

I am starting to look like a mountain man.

I'm not trying to brag here. I mean, I don't have a full-fledged mountain man look just yet.

At best, the look I am cultivating right now is what I would call, "Early Mountain Man." Basically, it's the look that the rookie mountain man has – the one that says, "Yes, I'm growing a beard and collecting enough road-killed skunk fur to make a cool cap, but I still live with a woman, so I must bathe regularly."

So, yeah, it's not perfect.

Even so, when I gazed in that mirror a little longer, I could envision myself snowshoeing high in some snow-covered mountain valley, tripping over a beard



steve  
galea

### Loon Tales

which had finally grown to full mountain man length of about two feet.

I know what you are thinking: mountain men never tripped over their beards. Which is true, but only because none of them had legs as short as mine. If I grow a regulation, full-length mountain man beard, it will almost certainly be a trip hazard for me. And I am OK with that.

Sure, I could grow a shorter beard, but that would mean I would have less facial hair to catch crumbs, insects, and food particles in, which would leave me at a considerable disadvantage in any survival situation.

Also, tripping here and there is a small price to pay for the privilege of being a respected member of the community – as I am sure any mountain man would be in our fair town.

Respect is only one of the advantages of mountain-maning though. There is also the cool nickname. I think we all can look fondly back on the name "Liver Eatin'" Jeremiah Johnson – one of the most famous mountain men of all time. He sounds tough but he had nothing on "Kale-Eating" Smith.

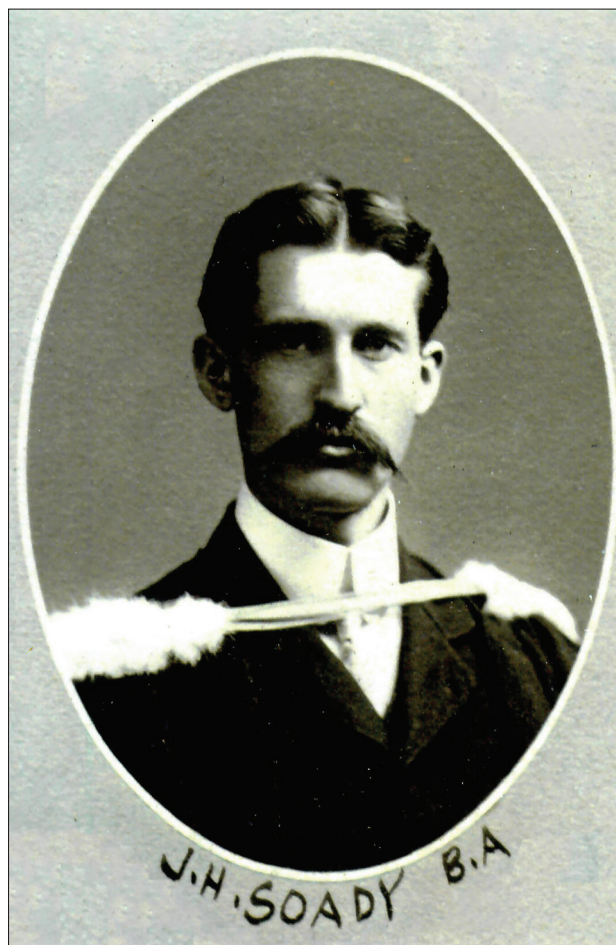
Then there is "Old Bill" Williams, renowned for his venerable age and his friends' exceptionally poor nick-naming abilities.

Nicknames aside, one of the true pleasures of mountain-manery are the stories that eventually attach themselves to you. The mountain man Seth Kinman, for instance, claimed to have hunted down and killed 800 grizzly bears. I suspect this claim was only brought forth after one of his hunting buddies claimed he had killed 799, however.

Whether this is true or not is anyone's guess. I mean, who was going to argue with a guy who just spent two years in grizzly-infested mountains with only one pair of underwear?

It is for reasons like this that I will continue upon my mountain man, beard-growing journey.

For me, all these things make the trip worthwhile.



## pic of the past

**D**r. John Hostley Soady, a Haliburton doctor, was a University of Toronto graduate in 1905. His office was a small building on Highland Street in the vicinity of where the Dawson-Gray accountants are located today (191 Highland Street). He later relocated to various other Ontario towns, finally moving to the United States, where he passed away (n.d.). The late Glenn Austin of Haliburton (1908-1999) recalled an incident in the Haliburton Public School yard when, as a child chasing a ball, he ran into the school's wire fence and cut himself badly around one of his eyes. It was a bad cut, a fraction of an inch would have cost him the eye, but Dr. Soady was able to stitch the wound shut with no repercussions. This photograph appeared in the University of Toronto yearbook "Torontonensis." /Submitted by the Haliburton Highlands Museum courtesy of the University of Toronto archives department

## letters to the editor

# The flag belongs to us all

To the Editor,

In a democracy, everyone has the right to protest. No one has the right to infringe upon the freedoms of others. In our country, everyone has the right to wave the flag, but no one has the right to appropriate it in support of their cause exclusively (and at the expense of others). The flag belongs to us all - equally. In addition, degrading the integrity of our flag by defiling it with foul language and misguided personal insults is most un-Canadian.

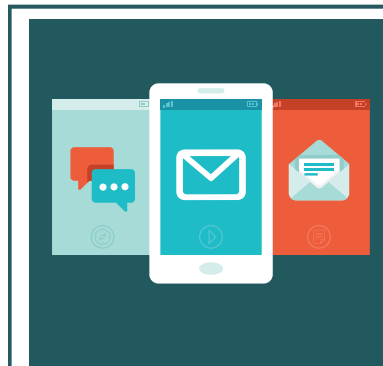
The right to freedom from masks and mandates infringes upon the right to freedom of disease and death, and vice versa. We should ideally all be more thoughtfully conscious of this, and the preservation of a just and moral balance for all. In some parts of the world, people have used face masks for generations, typi-

cally as a sign of respect and decency to help not spread their cold, flu, or infection to others. Furthermore, a number of people are immunocompromised and must wear a face covering when near others in order to minimize their chances of exposure to pathogens. As for some, even exposure to otherwise commonplace pathogens can be the difference between life and serious illness, or worse.

Possibly the most important freedom is freedom from tyranny. Perhaps at this troubling time we should be flying the Ukrainian flag in support of their life and death struggles; because in fighting for their actual freedom they're also fighting for ours - just as my parents and ancestors did.

Fred Phipps  
Haliburton

Letters to the Editor note: Submissions are subject to editing for newspaper style and punctuation.



Have a thought, comment or opinion you'd like to share?

Send a letter to the editor to  
vivian@haliburtonpress.com

# points of view

## Hard to digest

**L**AST WEEK I was away twice – once on a duck hunting weekend and once on an end-of-season brook trout fishing canoe trip in Algonquin Park. Unfortunately, for one reason or another, I was unable to take my dog Rosie with me on either trip. Luckily, she was left under Jenn’s capable care.

But when I returned from the first excursion, something was amiss.

“Rosie moped a lot,” Jenn said. “Also, I think she got into something, because she had “digestive issues.” Then Jenn gave me a look that told me exactly what that meant.

The next day however, while shoveling up after my pup, I noticed Rosie was back to her regular self.

I didn’t think much more of this, until I returned from the second excursion. That’s when Jenn reported the same thing. Apparently, Rosie’s “digestive issues” began almost immediately after I left. And, once again, she started producing a healthier looking output shortly after I returned.

That’s when I finally realized what was going on. Rosie missed me. After all, she developed digestive issues when I was gone. And her digestion immediately got better after I returned. Which, interestingly, is the opposite of how I affect most people.

Frankly, I was flattered.

But then I started thinking that my time away might have had other unintended consequences too.

“Jenn,” I said, later that evening, “so how were you feeling when I was gone?”

“Fine,” she said nervously.

“Any digestive issues I should



steve galea

### Loon Tales

know about?” I asked.

She looked at me with a look that hinted she had, or was currently, experiencing digestive issues.

“Do not utter another word about this,” she snapped.

“Well, at least you are probably feeling better now,” I said.

She shook her head and left. Classic Jenn. She has never been one to talk about her feelings – or digestive issues, apparently.

Still, a fellow knows these things.

I couldn’t help but feel bad for both her and Rosie. I mean it couldn’t have been easy for either of them or their digestive systems, to miss me as much as they clearly had.

“Steve,” she said later, “you’re not going to write about this in your column right? Because I did not have any digestive issues when you were gone. Everything was just fine. I can’t believe I even have to clarify this.”

“No,” I said. “I will not write about it. How desperate do you think I am for column material?”

Of course, Jenn is one of the most honest people I know, so I had to take her word for it. Yet, I felt like I might have offended her by insinuating that her digestive system was vulnerable to high levels of emotional distress. I knew I had to do something to make it up to her. The situation required some grand romantic gesture that she could tell her friends about, and fondly recall as our years together grew long.

So, that night, I looked her straight in the eyes and said, “I frequently have digestive issues when you’re gone. And I’m not just saying that ... ”

Rosie chose that moment to walk into the room and looked somewhat hurt when she heard what I was telling Jenn. Which is why I repeated it to Rosie as well.

For her part, Jenn shook her head. I suppose because she is uncomfortable with over-the-top outward displays of emotion.

Between you and me, she doesn’t have the intestinal fortitude.



## pic of the past

**T**he Walling’s family of patriarch, Sam, far left, with children Ruby, Stephen, Lester, Evelyne, Sidney and matriarch, Alice sit for a portrait. The Walling’s farm is now subdivision (Halbiem Crescent, etc.). Sam 1865 to 1949 married in 1903 to Alice Dummitt (1878 to 1921). We do not have much information on the children, other than Lester lived from 1907 to 1989 and Stephen lived from 1911 to 2004. Sam had a successful farm and was the founder of Walling’s Dairy around 1925. In his old age, he divided his assets. Lester took over the dairy and Stephen took over the farm. Stephen sold the farm to Curry Bishop and Bill Emmer-son in 1966. At this time Walling’s Dairy ceased processing milk and chose to franchise with Silverwood’s Dairy in Peterborough, thus ending a long-time Haliburton tradition.

/Submitted by Stephen Hill of the Haliburton Highlands Museum

## An update 15 years in the making

In November 2007 the *Echo* published an article on my work in Honduras. Due to current Haliburton interest in my memoir, *I’ve Worn Many Hats*, I thought readers might be interested in an update on our programs in 2022! Wow, 15 years later, so much more has been accomplished. The Healthy Living Education Program phase two established by Dr. Bill Kerr of Minden is now in its 14th year and continues to provide free dental care to the children of Grades 3 to 6. Two teams led by Dr. Kerr and Dr. Michael Cusato, along with their talented hygienists, have been providing annual care to the children of El Porvenir and surrounding area. This is care that these children would not have otherwise received.

Although *I’ve Worn Many Hats* second half is devoted to stories about my Honduran adventures and programs, I will mention here projects that we established and are still running.

- PEP (Porvenir English Program) began by providing free English lessons to El Porvenir’s children and later to the adults. It has now expanded to teach computer skills, reading comprehension, art and so much more.

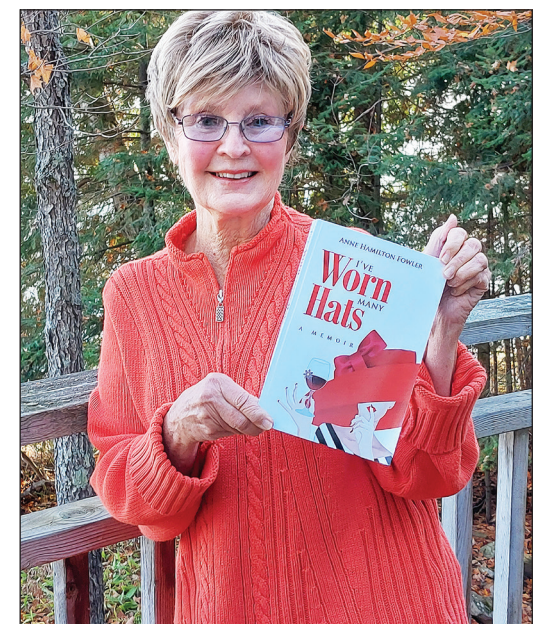
- The Anne Fowler Bilingual School is a government approved private school for kindergarten through Grade 6 that is highly regarded for its academic excellence

- We built two school libraries. One for the high school and the other in an elementary school.

- These are the two new projects that will start this year.

- A mobile library, the Bookmobile. El Porvenir has no public library or book stores. It’s a hole that limits the amount of recreational reading anyone can do, both children and adults. This is a joint project with the organization who has supplied our PEP international volunteer teachers over the years. We are hoping to get it going by February, although that may be optimistic! We HAVE purchased the vehicle, which is being adapted and modified for our purposes. See enclosed picture.

- Stories from our volunteers: I so enjoyed writing my memoir that when asked if I



Anne Fowler provides an update after 15 years. / Submitted by Michael Norris

would put together an account of our international volunteer’s tales of adventure, I agreed to tackle the project. I am compiling a book with some of those adventures; memorable exploits that our volunteers experienced during their time in Honduras as written in their own words. Recollections that are humorous, tragic, inspirational, maybe slightly X-rated/outrageous or perhaps a little of each?! Since I was there for many of these stories, my lips are sealed if they choose to use a pseudonym! This will be a fund raiser to assist in getting the Bookmobile on the road.

So as you can see 2022/2023 will be a busy six months!

Submitted by Anne Hamilton Fowler  
anne.honduranhope.net