

The ward system

Voters in Bonnechere Valley Township, besides choosing who they want as their councillor in three of the four wards on October 22, also have the opportunity to vote on whether or not the ward system should stay or go.

It's a pretty simple question and one that shouldn't be too difficult to answer if the facts are understood.

Some people are of the misconception each ward has its own budget and if the ward system disappears, then there is the chance money from their ward could be spent in another ward. That is a myth.

Bonnechere Valley Township is one township with one council with one budget. But because it has the ward system (based on the geographical areas of the four former municipalities that amalgamated to create BV in 2000), some people are confused. The ward system has done nothing except make some believe the four municipalities still exist.

Folks, there is no more Grattan or Sebastopol or South Algona township. There is no more Village of Eganville as such.

We are one municipality and have been for nearly two decades. The most important question ratepayers need to ask themselves is this:

Would I like to choose all five members of my council to represent me, or am I satisfied to only have the choice of who I would like to serve me as mayor and one councillor which the ward system only allows?

Questions for mayor and NAW councillors

Dear Editor:

Re: Process was flawed at NAW Candidates Meeting

David Wirth is to be commended for his letter published in the September 26, 2018 issue of the Leader. We also attended that meeting and Mr. Wirth has provided an accurate and thoughtful summation of the meeting and how the evening unfolded.

He captured all that was favourable to Mayor Farr, and everything that was unfair to the rest of the candidates present, who were gracious in the face of any bias - perceived or real - during the question and answer session.

Perhaps to bring some balance to the questions posed that evening, will Mayor Farr please answer this one: Why did she not attend the recent

training session covering harassment in the workplace?

And here is my question to all the candidates: If you could get back the estimated \$200,000 that went to cover NAW legal expenses in this past term, how would you better spend that money for the ratepayers?

Please feel free to reply to the Leader.

On a final - and positive note - we all owe Ray Bonenberg a very sincere thank you for the excellent service he provided as moderator at that meeting.

Our right to vote is a privilege. I only hope people of NAW exercise that vote wisely on 22 October.

Kate O'Hara
Island View Drive, Golden Lake

Using chemicals to deal with nature's challenge

Dear Editor:

I first met Jen Doelman at the Guelph Organic Conference over 15 years ago. We both came from this Valley and we both were farming. I enjoyed our conversations. I still do. And I still disagree with her on several key matters, such as our approach to the soil and farming.

There are microbes and mycelium in the soil that help nourish the plants that grow therein. In my approach, I like to work with the soil life forms, co-operating with nature and using nature's own methods to bring back balance and health when there is a challenge such as overgrowth of pests or weeds.

In contrast, when nature presents Jen with a challenge, it seems to me she generally reaches into her arsenal of chemicals to deal with the challenge. These chemical poisons are bought from one of the four big agri-chem corporations that now control 65 per cent of the global seed market and more than 70 per cent of the global pesticide market. Jen's approach implies she trusts these corporations. I don't.

Two weeks ago TV Ontario had a panel show discussing new biotech methods in farming. Three of the four panelists were funded by these big biotech corporations. They didn't identify their funding to the TVO audience. It took the fourth panelist, Lucy Sharratt, from cban.ca to reveal their bias. How else would the viewing public know?

A prominent spokesman for Monsanto got on television in Europe and advised all farmers, gardeners and regulatory agencies that "Roundup is safe enough to drink." When offered a taste of this product, fresh from an unopened bottle of Roundup, he retorted, "Do you think I'm crazy?"

He is telling others a product is safe and then considers it not safe enough to touch it to his own lips.

As for "separating science from dogma", new facts are now presented to Jen and the world: long-term studies reveal long-term use of glyphosate can cause cancer. The scientific facts come from Monsanto's labs. And from other independent labs in Europe and elsewhere. Will Jen "update" her facts, or will she and others still side with "confirmation bias" and only pay attention to "short term" safety studies?

I imagine Jen still attends the Guelph Organic Conference to keep up to date "to ensure her farming practices are continuously more sustainable and environmentally friendly". She likely then knows that Organic Farming has perfected a no-till method of farming, without use of herbicides like glyphosate. Stopping the use of glyphosate will not give us another "dust bowl". Repeated poisoning of the soil might well eventually do this.

The jury in California that found Monsanto guilty (of not advising consumers of the dangers of using Roundup) was made up of consumers who could go right out and buy Roundup. They were presented evidence by lawyers from both Monsanto and the dying plaintiff. In my opinion, common sense prevailed, and justice was meted out. "Confirmation bias" of only looking at certain results was swept aside in favour of science.

And yes, I do look forward to working together with Jennifer Doelman, as she suggests, to help solve so many of agriculture's under-funded challenges, especially now that Trudeau allowed himself to get Trumped in NAFTA with our farmers' supply management.

Robbie Anderman
Killaloe

Many hands make light work

Harvest time in the Valley is no longer the backbreaking work of years gone by when the mellow days of September and October were filled with the urgency of preparing for winter for both man and beast.

It was a race against time as root cellars were filled with potatoes, beets, apples, turnips and cabbage. Any housewife worth her salt had a dozen ways to preserve the garden's bounty to minimize culinary boredom during the long winter. Pickling, drying, stewing, fermenting and salting were the main methods of keeping food in the larder through the long months until spring's first greens emerged in April or May.

In the barns, corn, grain and hay was stockpiled for the cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and chickens. Farmers took a good, long appraising look at the condition of each animal. If they didn't look fit as a fiddle, now was the time to turn them into sausage or steak or to send them off to the sales barn.

It was mostly a man's world as they finished the firewood and slaughtered hogs, looking forward to the excitement of threshing day, followed by hunting season. The women were kept busy cooking, cleaning, washing dishes, clothes and floors. There was the sociability of helping out at the church supper where one could enjoy the company of the neighbours while spending a sweltering day in a steamy kitchen.

A View from Bulger's Corners

(and Wilno and Douglas and Barcelona)



Johanna Zomers

When we were kids, we loved threshing day. Oh, the excitement as the McCormick Harvester lumbered up the narrow laneway, looking like some armour-clad prehistoric beast. It was followed by the threshing team, a collection of our neighbouring farmers who jointly owned the thresher. Everyone brought their pitchforks and some were equipped with their favourite beverage. It was a jolly crew who positioned the machine by the loaded wagons which stood tarped in readiness. The long belt had to be attached to the tractor pulley and the first sheaves were forked into

the machine. A loud increasing roar and suddenly a cloud of dust, straw and chaff huffed out of the blower. Seconds later, grain poured into the burlap bag held under the bagger and threshing had begun.

The crew went into smooth motion. Wagons were emptied, moved aside, taken back to the field to be refilled. Full grain sacks were stacked in the granary and straw forked where it was needed, while various parts of the machine had to be adjusted and regulated to keep the entire contraption functioning efficiently. One lad recalls an episode where the belt kept slipping from the pulley and a sticky coating of corn syrup saved the day. Meanwhile, in the kitchen, mother and the neighbouring women worked feverishly to prepare a full hot meal for some 10 to 20 men who expected potatoes, gravy, ham, roast beef, pickles, vegetables and pies served on the dot of noon. We kids were told to stay out of the way, but nevertheless managed to get ourselves covered in grain dust with bits of flyaway straw in our eyes and hair.

By evening, if nothing had broken down, the grain was in. There was joking over a quick cold beer, while the threshing machine was prepared for its departure and the crew dispersed to go home to milk their own cows and feed their livestock. Another autumn job done!



Under the maple tree at St. Patrick's Church, Mt. St. Patrick, at Sunday's annual church supper

Is another 1929 returning in 2019?

Remember, dear readers, you read this strange prediction first in the Eganville Leader and it is written by an ancient fellow who was born in 1929. That was the year the world stock markets crashed, causing my father to sell cattle for \$6 that he had purchased in 1928 for \$400. That was the year heavy investors ended their lives by jumping head-first from the upper floors of high buildings.

Thankfully, in those days, skyscrapers were few and far between. Today, we have millions of them. In 1929 eggs sold for 10 cents per dozen, not even worth the wear and tear on the hen's ass. Today, the price is about 35 times that much, causing shoppers to go borrow money from friendly dependable H.F.C., or go visit a pawn shop before we can buy the eggs and other necessities.

Comparing 1928 market prices with those of 2018, the same cattle that cost 400 bucks would now cost between 1,000 and 1,200, reaching a dangerous level. Low prices can flutter without causing major damage to buyer or seller, but high prices can crash without warning. If we listen to people like Donald Trump, and ignore global warming, we could be inviting a crash of major proportion. We have been told by scientists studying the Antarctic that a glacier the size of Prince Edward Island could break loose from its' bed of rocks and become an iceberg, raising the level of our oceans by several metres.

If you are wondering what the hell moral there is to this old man's column, whether or not you want to hear it, I will tell you and you would be wise to pay attention. Most of our continents

An Old Man's Opinion

Not Necessarily Ours



Al Donohue

on Planet Earth are surrounded by or touching oceans, and combined, have billions of hectares of fertile land where our food is grown. When these lands are all under water most foods do not grow. Without food our animals die. Without meat most humans die.

I suppose you are asking what the hell we can do about it. Maybe I have an answer. I stood on the deck of a cruise ship in Alaska and watched icebergs falling into the Pacific Ocean from the Hubbard Glacier. When glaciers are melting in Alaska we know that global warming is real. Likely about a million smoke stacks and a billion motor vehicles are the main cause of the overheating. Two changes have to be made, and made soon. The burning of fossil fuels has to be reduced, and the crazy pace of life has to be slowed down.

Electric and computer-driven ve-

hicles are part of the answer and we have the rest of the answer right here in the Valley. Two new high powered Nuclear Reactors have to be built at Chalk River. The new laboratories are something to behold, a credit to the people who designed them, and to our Liberal government for making it all possible. Everything is in place for the revival of nuclear energy - except for the reactors. They would supply enough clean energy to light up God's home on earth - the Ottawa Valley.

The three bad news items will have to wait for another week, when I am in a vile mood. They are the ridiculous stock market value placed by the drug dealers on an illegal drug called pot. Number 2 is the kick in the teeth by the Anti Doping Agency to clean athletes who do not use drugs. And, number 3, the poor misguided, kind-hearted souls who think that killer whales are stupid enough to tackle huge oil tankers. I think that whales use more common sense than some people do.

Whatever happens, faithful readers, we have to look at life from the positive side. If a few killers collide with tankers, a few thousand little fish will survive. Which meal appeals most to our taste buds, stinking whale meat, or the tasty wee ones that we catch on our hooks?

I am reminded of the story about a gentleman dining in a London restaurant. In the next booth were a couple of stout ladies, speaking with an accent that he couldn't recognize. He leaned over and asked "Would you two ladies happen to be from Scotland?" One of them snarled, "Wales". He leaned over again and asked: "Would you two whales happen to be from Scotland?"

Letter The origin of dissension on NAW council

Dear Editor:

In response to Mr. Terry Hoffman's inaccurate letter of Sept. 26th, I will ignore the inaccuracies for now and agree with him that there are other questions that must be asked of the current council.

Why was there so much dissension on council over the past four years?

In my opinion, the dissension started when the mayor re-wrote the procedural by-laws that gave her powers that were never intended for her to have in accordance with the Municipal Act. The rest of council, knowing this was wrong, were obligated to take action. They did. Via a majority in a democratically conducted vote, they overturned the re-write. Farr never accepted this, even though she had taken an oath of office that required her to "come into line" with the said majority.

This was when Farr's unprecedented and unbelievable string of retaliations and harassments were strengthened and increased. From this time on, James Brose, Dave Plumb and Doug Schultz were placed in a position of defending the mandate of council, staff members and themselves, from, in my opinion and hopefully in the opinion of all people in the township, Farr's abuse.

Nothing less should ever have been expected of them.

Farr's behavior by means of indefensible micromanagement, led to multiple complaints of harassment from staff members across the board. These complaints forced council to initiate an investigation. Council played no part in the investigation beyond the compulsory under law, initiation. Huge legal costs were incurred. Including costs for a Toronto-based lawyer for Farr, which even included Farr's expenses to attend meetings with her lawyer.

This is not the only investigation caused, in my opinion, by Farr. She, on her own, initiated several investigations through the township's integrity commissioner. Again, at the cost of thousands of dollars.

Farr also attempted to use the local police as her personal force. She accused several people in the township of criminal acts, knowing full well the accusations would also prove to be groundless. Is this a criminal act in itself called public mischief? I wonder if her victims received compensation for their expenses as she did!

Farr claimed "that she feared for her safety" and would call 911 if council didn't agree to her demands.

Wouldn't most people have called the police? But you can only "cry wolf" so often.

The dissention will stop when Farr is voted out.

I hope voters do not hold the rest of council responsible for Farr's behaviour and give the incumbents the fair consideration they have earned!

Mr. Hoffman, reference to the sale of lakeshore property was never made during the "all candidates meeting".

The surveying of the land being returned to the landowners across the road was paid for by the recipients unbelievably before they even knew if they would get the land that was surveyed. Yes, that's right! Before any other agreements were in place!

Mr. Hoffman, at the all candidates meeting where you got so mixed up, it was suggested that research is a valuable skill to offer the township. Remember?

David Wirth, R.R. 1, Eganville

We welcome letters to the editor for publication in the Eganville Leader. Letters should include your home address as well as telephone number for verification purposes. Letters should not exceed 500 words in length. They can be mailed to: The Eganville Leader, P.O. Box 310, Eganville, Ontario K0J 1T0 or e-mailed to leader@nrtco.net Our fax number is 613-628-3291. The name of the author of the letter must be published.

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Subscriptions: leaderwants@nrtco.net
\$55 (\$52.38 + GST) To all addresses in Renfrew County
\$60 (\$57.14 + GST) To all addresses outside Renfrew County
150 John St. P.O. Box 310 Eganville, Ontario K0J 1T0
Ph: 613-628-2332 Fax: 613-628-3291
www.eganvilleleader.com
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# Legion woes *Is it hot enough for you?*

Letter

The Royal Canadian Legion has been an integral part of Eganville and area for nearly 75 years and most of us have been in the large hall for events ranging from Remembrance Day, election day, bingo, public speaking contests, wedding, anniversaries, memorial services or even the fun *Still Standing* evening.

Yet, now the future of our Legion is uncertain due to not only declining membership but also most especially declining community support. With dwindling numbers at Legion events, it is no longer practical or possible to hold many of the functions most of us have enjoyed through the years.

The decline in support and attendance at Branch 353 is not unique to Eganville, but it is incredibly frustrating to the Legion volunteers who have given so much of their time and energy to this long-time institution. Legion branches are closing throughout Eastern Ontario, and in a small community like Eganville the loss would be a true blow to the community.

We all know volunteers burn out and drop off when they feel unappreciated or just become too tired trying to manage things on their own with little support. Volunteerism is also declining, it appears, especially among younger people. Even some young retirees don't appear to be keen to volunteer, but organizations like the Legion, the Rotary Club, the Eganville and Area Community Development Group, the Figure Skating Club, church councils, Scouts and Girl Guides and other groups are only possible because of volunteers.

It is very easy to be a critic, but being a volunteer and giving of your time and energy to make the community a better place is what our communities need. We can't always depend on someone else to do this, or figure it is someone's job who is being paid to do this.

Eganville is growing. There is a renewed interest in this village along the Bonnechere, and one of the things the community does have to offer is the Legion with its weekly suppers, sport activities and community focus.

A dedicated group of returned soldiers established Branch 353 of the Royal Canadian Legion following the end of World War II. Many veterans contributed hundreds of hours and their own money to build the Legion Hall here and over the years it was expanded to the facility it is today.

We couldn't begin to count the number of young couples who began their married lives together with celebrations in this hall, nor the numbers of 50th and 60th anniversaries, birthday parties and other celebrations held there.

The Legion has been good for the wider Eganville area. Many significant events in the development of the area have taken place in this esteemed building.

Can you imagine the community without the Legion Hall? Over the years, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been returned to the community to support various projects. In fact, the Legion Field, home to many sporting activities as well as the Eganville Curling Centre and the new children's splash pad, only exists because of the efforts and generosity of Legion members.

If we want to see the Legion continue to play an integral role in the community, the time to support their activities is now. Membership is open to anyone and members with enthusiasm and ideas are always welcome. Just plain ideas are welcome too as the Legion executive looks for new ways to be relevant in 2019 and to retain the important role in the community this valuable organization has had for almost 75 years.

A community can only grow and develop with the input of a strong corps of volunteers. While there are still many people who want to give freely of their time and talents, sometimes their spirit is not always appreciated, especially by people who sit in positions of authority in municipalities. That is most unfortunate.

So here's to all volunteers, those dedicated people who believe in all work and no pay.

Let's appreciate them and their efforts, because once you take away their drive and spirit, once-strong foundations will begin to crumble.

If you can, try to get behind Branch 353. If you have some ideas to help raise funds to assist the branch with its ongoing expenses, pass along your ideas or, better yet, take the lead and help out.

Let us not grow complacent. Let us keep our community strong and vibrant. And let us always respect the volunteer!

Letter

## Don't transfer feral cat problem to Ruby

Dear Editor:

It is with disbelief we heard the Bonnechere Valley Township Council is considering moving a cat problem from Eganville to our small hamlet in Ruby.

To move feral cats from one area to another is not dealing with the problem. Feral cats in cities and towns is not a new issue but one that should be taken seriously. According to the *Leader* article last week, Mayor Murphy stated the situation needed to be dealt with as people were complaining. Well, we taxpayers in Ruby area also complaining: we don't want your problem.

Google "Feral cats Ontario" and you will see solutions other cities have tried. We are not Toronto but they have a new, well-documented manual "Feral Cat Management in Canada - Lessons Learned in Toronto, 2018". This is a multi-pronged approach and relocation is rarely the answer.

As a reminder to council, the theory proposed by the by-law officer is flawed. Specifically, cats should not find rodents at the new Ruby waste site as each and every garbage dump should be covered with significant sand so as to not attract rodents. There should be no sight, sound or smell of any garbage. This is what was promised to us living within a few hundred metres of the dump.

We will be living beside the township dump (active or not) for the rest of our lives -- a forced and contentious issue that remains with Ruby residents. Do not add insult to injury by transferring another Eganville problem here.

Kathy and Kevin O'Connor,  
Ruby (R.R. 4, Killaloe)

It's hot. It's humid. It's summer in Ontario and in true Canadian fashion we are complaining about the weather. A scant three months ago we were whining about the cold.

I like heat better than cold, which may stem from enduring long, cold winters in a drafty farmhouse in our youth. It seemed easier to cool off in summer than to get warm in winter. The water in the well was always icy cold and a washtub under the apple tree made a lovely cooling off spot. Helping in the hayfield was a hot, sweaty task and not conducive to shorts or short sleeves as throwing bales is an itchy job. The temperature in the hayloft was in the high nineties, airless and full of hayseed and fine dust.

Not so long ago farm work depended on the day of the week, the season and the weather. In summer, everything else was set aside in favour of getting the hay in and the garden bounty preserved. Daily jobs such as milking and feeding livestock were sandwiched between the bigger jobs. Working with horses and old machinery, and without hydro, everything took much longer than it does now.

In Brudenell, dad lit a fire every morning in our Renfrew cookstove so mother could boil water for coffee and

### A View from Bulger's Corners (and Wilno and Douglas and Barcelona)



Johanna Zomers

prepare food for the day ahead. There was always canning and preserving to be done as like most rural families we grew most of what we ate during winter. We were sent to pick berries, to hoe and weed the garden, to pick beans, to gather apples, to hill potatoes. Indoors, we sweltered while we sterilized Mason jars, scalded peaches and simmered applesauce.

Finally, evening came with a delicious cold supper of potato salad and sliced pork with applesauce and pickles. Then it was time for the

evening milking. A cow in summer is like a four-footed furnace and milking by hand was done outdoors in the barnyard, slapping at mosquitos and deer flies. It was often dark before the separator was washed and the milk pails turned upside down in readiness for next morning's milking. We loved those late evenings outside when we could race up and down the cowpaths in the pasture, playing cowboys or cattle raiders and hollering loud enough for the neighbours a mile away to hear.

Despite the lack of modern conveniences and the heat, mother did not cut corners. The weekly washing was done in hot water, heated on the stove. Our clothes were ironed with flatirons or that mobile potential bomb, an iron fuelled with naphtha gas. Was it any wonder that we looked forward to Sunday, when all work stopped and we could go visiting our Dutch family friends in Barry's Bay, Eganville or at the top of Hubers Road in Brudenell. It was just as hot in their houses but they had hydro and television!

My nieces and nephews groan when they hear us reminiscing about "the good old days". Yes, memory often puts a shine on the past, but I don't think we are alone in looking back fondly at the simpler joys of those Ottawa Valley farm summers.

## Questions that should be asked

Dear Editor:

This is a story of a most remarkable woman who left us unexpectedly on June 29th, 2019 after a very brief bout with abdominal cancer.

Her name was Janice Jeffrey. Her roots were in McNab Township where her mother, Doris Stevenson, was born in 1922, second daughter of the late Stanley Stevenson and Suzie Russell, who operated a family farm on the Braeside Road where they raised their children.

I first met Janice in 1957 in Toronto where my late wife, Fern Stevenson, and I had moved for job opportunities. Janice was a friendly, beautiful, engaging seven year old. It was to be the beginning of a friendship which lasted a life time. She was such a joyous person, always reaching out to somebody. She held strong views on all the important issues of life. Janice married a young American pastor who practiced his faith by working with the poor and homeless in downtown Toronto in connection with the outreach work of the Anglican Church.

Janice worked as a nurse in a Southwestern Ontario city where she was in charge of a floor. Early in her position abortion procedures were starting to be performed. Since she was morally opposed she resigned her position and found other work. Her views were strong. Throughout her lifetime Janice never wavered. She was an incredibly strong woman with high moral standards.

It was during the 2015 election that Justin Trudeau made it a requisite that all caucus members embrace his individual morality and embrace the pro choice position he so strongly upholds. This was a first in Canadian politics where members of a political party were required to embrace the views of its leader.

With an election looming, all Canadians need to ask the same question, for example.

What has Trudeau and his Liberal horde done for the betterment of Canada as a nation during the past four years? Our financial house is a mess with soaring debt.

What has this prime minister done to make us a morally strong nation? He continues to push his moral views at every opportunity.

This could very well be one of the most important elections in years. It's the democratic way of upholding what we believe to be right and oppose what we believe wrong. It's the best way to speak with a united voice and put Trudeau where he belongs.

Robert Postma,  
Renfrew

**PROBLEMS THAT WON'T FIX THEMSELVES**

**HEALTH**      **DEBT**      **CLIMATE**

## Miracles even come in bunches

The miracles I am writing about can be called half and half, half human and half super human, like Clarke Kent doing all the Superman miracles. But there is a difference.

There are real miracles that start off from a tiny seed planted in a female's womb and develop day by day into a fully fledged human being with a body and a soul. If you don't believe me, go take a look in the mirror and if you don't believe I have a soul, come and see me in my casket. What you will see lying there will be a shrivelled up old body, wearing a smile a mile wide. The reason for the smile is that a kind God took him before he became a grouchy old bastard like most of the old boys whom we knew in our childhood years. Life is what we make it, and what it makes us -- bitter or grateful.

Having worked among bears and wolves for a number of years, and carried on the back of a large black bear for a few scary metres, and crawling out from under three large trees with only broken ribs, a broken collar bone and a broken leg, I think all of these survivals are all valid reasons to be truly grateful. Having the kind of friends who salvaged me from a powerful addiction is an even more valid reason. That wonderful A.A. Program

### An Old Man's Opinion

Not Necessarily Ours



Al Donohue

has saved many wretches like me by combining human weakness and divine strength in an amazing way. Our helplessness and hopelessness make us feel humble, humble enough to need help from a Higher Power.

It is 50 years and six months since my last drink of booze, and the Serenity Prayer will be with me until I die. It has saved millions of addicted alcoholics and could be the life blood of other addicts.

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage

to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

I still treasure my One Year Medalion and the 50th is on the way. My life must have been near rock bottom when I started attending A.A. meetings. I had almost forgotten how to laugh. I think it helped seeing and hearing others in worse shape than myself. I still had family and people praying for my recovery. I had lost faith in God and in myself and total strangers helped me to find it and find a reason to hope. I remember strange things happening that must have hit my funny bone and got me laughing again. There was the story of the 8 a.m. speaker at the A.A. Assembly in the Chateau Laurier Hotel. Her day did not start off well. Her alarm didn't ring; she dressed in a hurry and forgot her dentures. A well dressed man sitting in the front row rushed onto the stage, reached in to his coat pocket and presented her with a set of dentures. They were a bit too large, and fell on the podium when she began speaking. He rushed up again, reached in another pocket and produced another set, this time a perfect fit. She thanked him and remarked that we even have denturists in the A.A. Program. The kind man told her that was true, but he was not one. He happened to be an undertaker.

**Letters to the Editor are welcome!**  
Email to [leader@nrtco.net](mailto:leader@nrtco.net)

### Music in the Parks

**Eganville Centennial Park 7 - 9 pm**  
Rain Location: Eganville Legion Clubroom

**WEDNESDAY, JULY 24**  
7 pm - Dave Souliere  
8 pm - Khloe Bertrand and Steve Agnew

**FRIDAY, JULY 26**  
7 pm - The Buzz Kills band  
8 pm - Marc Audet

**Killaloe Station Park 6 - 8 pm**  
Bring a Lawn Chair!

**FRIDAY, JULY 26**  
The History Buffs

# The Eganville Leader

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Founded in 1902  
Published every Wednesday

Editorial: [leader@nrtco.net](mailto:leader@nrtco.net)  
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*"One Father, who sits in heaven, answered by Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."*

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada.

# Damaged roads Back to school - back in our day

Letters

## Question candidates

The decision by North Algona Wilberforce council to turn a section of Grist Mill Road into a permanent gravel road has us a bit perplexed, because if the rationale of damage caused by Mennonite buggies holds true, then it is time to rip up a section of Highway 60, Stone Road, Rice Line, Fourth Chute and several others frequented by Mennonite buggies in our vicinity.

Grist Mill Road is a popular shortcut not only for the Mennonites and their buggies coming into Eganville from the Douglas area but also for commuters from this area and others travelling to Cobden, Douglas or Renfrew. The state of this road can now only be described as deplorable after the asphalt was ripped up in a long stretch, but the news it isn't going to get any better is not welcome by any members of the travelling public. According to information at North Algona Wilberforce council, the decision to rip up the pavement and turn the road into a gravel road is necessary because of ongoing damage caused by the bare steel wheels used by several Mennonite families who travel the roadway. Council was told the "thin steel wheels" are causing ruts and damage to the road which is impossible to repair.

Unbelievable. Work with the Mennonite community on a solution.

There are restrictions on people driving with studded tires or chains, so why not just bring in a new by-law if this is the issue? The rationale you can't bring in a by-law retroactively is hogwash.

Speed limits change all the time or new stop signs are brought in all the time. Just look at Pikwakanagan if you need a local example of this. The travelling public may not like the changes, but can't ignore them and just continue to retroactively use the old speed or ignore the stop signs anymore than the Mennonites could continue to use their old wheels if that is really what is destroying the roads.

However, is this really the problem? We are doubtful. This is not the only area with Mennonites living in an area with paved roads. In Southern Ontario there are still paved roads in the vast Mennonite area near Kitchener/Waterloo and in the United States in Pennsylvania Dutch country, the roads are paved by the farms. Horse and buggies trot along there and roads are not being ripped up and downgraded to gravel roads.

For downgrading is what is happening. This is a deterioration of the assets owned by North Algona Wilberforce. We know the municipality was late in bringing in their asset management plan, but the idea is to keep up assets, not destroy them. Ask anyone who lives on a gravel road if they would prefer to have their road paved. No one who has travelled on a washboard road or endured a dust storm past their house would turn down a paved road.

The reality is our roads are deteriorating not only in North Algona Wilberforce but across the Ottawa Valley because road maintenance, repair and rebuilding are expensive and municipalities are struggling to pay for basic upkeep. Our property tax base is overburdened and our infrastructure is deteriorating more rapidly than it needs to because municipalities just don't have the money to pay millions of dollars to repair aging roads. Our province is broke and our municipalities are rapidly heading that way too, but deciding to turn a paved road into a gravel one just doesn't make any sense. This isn't improving conditions in the municipality or for anyone who lives on that road or uses it to travel to work, school, church or recreational opportunities.

If it is true the Mennonite buggies are damaging the roads, it behoves not only NAW but also neighbouring Bonnechere Valley and Admaston/Bromley to bring in a by-law stating the thin steel wheels are no longer allowed on roads, just the same way studded tires or chains are not allowed on municipal roads. But in the meantime, just fix the road and fix it right. The travelling public, as well as those living along this stretch, should expect no less.

If NAW brings in this kind of precedent of downgrading roads by turning existing thoroughfares from paved roads into gravel roads what is to stop them from turning all their paved roads into gravel roads, or other municipalities as well?

It is time for making steps forward and improving our area infrastructure, not taking steps backward and destroying what is already there.

The first move, we would think, would be to meet with the Mennonite community.

Back to school time is always a good excuse to reminisce about how it was back 'in our day'.

My sisters and I like to recall our struggles with the old treadle Singer sewing machine, especially when we needed a new dress in a hurry. We studied Home Economics at Opeongo High School where the sewing room was equipped with electric machines, but we preferred the old belt-driven, treadle-operated cast iron contraption with its finicky little levers, bobbins and complicated threading mechanism. Mother zealously guarded its well-being and woe unto the unlucky daughter who broke the last needle or snarled the bobbin threads beyond redemption. Tempers were often frayed and tears shed before the flimsy paper of a *Simplicity* or *Butterick* or, God forbid, *Vogue* pattern morphed into a suit or a dress. Each pattern offered half a dozen variations, the idea being that the frugal seamstress could outfit herself in a complete wardrobe, plus possibly a set of curtains and some oven mitts from the fabric scraps. I still recall our creativity in altering the designs so that no one recognized, or so we hoped, that most of the clothing in our wardrobe was essentially the same outfit.

Our brothers were spared the home-sewn clothing but did share hockey equipment, bicycles and the one good baseball glove. (There were several

### A View from Bulger's Corners (and Wilno and Douglas and Barcelona)



Johanna Zomers

others known as the 'pancake' for good reason.) Back to school meant taking stock of lunchboxes, clothing, gym suits, school bags and three-ring binders. Of course, we wanted new supplies: the endless fascination of those little circle doodads to repair torn pages, the clever sliding pencil case, protractors and plastic semi-circles in serious-looking metal cases. (I dropped math after grade nine and I can't even remember what those plastic devices were used for!) Coloured pencils, fresh erasers, sometimes a new lunch box with a favourite TV character on the colourful front panel... Life was so simple then and

also so torturous in its social insecurity and unfamiliarity.

Most of the one-room school houses in the county closed their doors in the mid to late sixties, sending their country pupils into the 'horrors' of town schools. We went from our familiar rows of desks holding our neighbours and our siblings, to the echoing hallways, clanging lockers and throngs of strange kids in town. Gone was our recess with the longest ongoing softball game in history or the re-enactments of *Bonanza*, *Hogan's Heroes* and other outdoor mayhem. Instead of wandering to school through the shortcut in the pasture or stopping to pick berries or half-ripe plums, we stepped aboard the school bus full of kids we didn't know. We might as well have been raised by wolves, for all our lack of worldly sophistication. We had never been inside a movie theatre, never eaten in a restaurant, never gone trick and treating, or never played musical chairs at a birthday party.

I think of all this each year when I see the confident young students piling off the buses in September. Kids seem to be much less naive now than we were, but I can't help thinking that getting educated must still be somewhat overwhelming. Even if you don't stay up until midnight hand-basting the sleeves into the dress you plan to wear at 8 a.m. the next morning!



## Their smiles always make my day

I don't even stop to realize how our greeting might affect others. I didn't realize until I started writing columns for the Leader that smiles can be carried on our telephone lines. One of the real blessings of living in this part of the world is that laughing voices always go hand in hand with smiling faces.

In my 91st year I am about to start my 9th year of doing exactly what I am doing right now. As long as it continues to be fun, I will keep trying to give our faithful readers something to think about sometimes to please them, sometimes to provoke them. Every time I phone the Leader office I am made to feel like a member of the Leader family, and that makes my day.

Choosing topics is never easy but when life gets a bit dull I know that politics and religion will always make our readers sit up and take notice. Thumping Trump is always a labour of love. I can't think of any world leader who deserves more thumping, upside down on the concrete floor. I guess we are judged by the company we keep, or want to keep. On the home front all that is safe to say is that what will happen in October will happen in October. I guess, dear readers, we could call that a fine politically correct statement.

The news today, August 23, from South America is more disturbing than we want to realize. The large-

### An Old Man's Opinion

Not Necessarily Ours



Al Donohue

est rain forest on planet earth is in Brazil and is on fire and is almost out of control. What makes this fire so disturbing is that this rain forest produces about 20 per cent of the world's oxygen. Animal and human life depends on oxygen to survive. Severe droughts, wildfires all contribute to global warming, destroying the air we breathe. Many people dread winter; perhaps we should welcome it. From when I was a child my heart has always been among the trees, but I never realized they produce the air that keeps us alive.

In my 25 years in forestry I have no idea how many trees I turned into lumber. Thankfully, some of my con-

tracts required replanting more than 700,000 pine trees. We didn't plant any oak trees. They grew wherever a squirrel forgot where he buried the acorn. The sad news about Brazil is that the president seems willing to let these wildfires spread until they destroy the whole precious forest. The other sad news is that Mr. Trump decided to increase the trade war against China on the same day that our PM is asking the leaders of all the G7 countries to plead with China to release two innocent Canadians from jail in China.

Mr. Trump's hate war with Iran seems like another move in the wrong direction at the wrong time. The news today is that Iran has started testing some new type of missile. Adding to the threat of global warming for the next couple of months we will have to deal with a lot of political hot air. From when I was old enough to understand the meaning of the word election, I found them rather strange. The voters were about 97 per cent sinners, but they expected the candidate to be a saint, or he pretended to be one. The candidate picture hasn't changed much, but the sinful voters are now up to 99 per cent.

The first South Renfrew provincial politicians I met were Jim Dempsey and Jim Maloney. I don't think either of them has been canonized. If they were, that would have gotten front page coverage in the Leader.

See Page A9

Dear Editor:  
"The Times They Are A-Changin'" sang Bob Dylan in the early 60s... and so they are...and we with them, like it or not.

The Boreal Forest in the Arctic, the lungs of the northern hemisphere, is burning at a rate never before witnessed. The Amazon Rain Forest, earth's lungs in the southern hemisphere, is being intentionally burned at an alarming rate. Hong Kong is experiencing over a million people demonstrating for democracy. White supremacy is spreading in the U.S. Modern colonialism, apartheid and military occupation is growing in Israel, with thousands of homes, communities and families being destroyed under the banner of "annexation". The cancer rates are now about one in three, while only a couple years ago they were one in four. And so much more is going on at once.

Margaret Atwood, on CBC on Monday, talked about her new book "The Testaments", a sequel to her well read speculative fiction book, "The Handmaid's Tale". Noting how through history, when things get worse for the planet, things usually get worse for women, she reports that the climate crisis is now recognized by over 75 per cent of Canadians.

Atwood pointed out how totalitarian governments always fail, no matter what their plans. Hitler's thousand year Reich only lasted nearly 13 years. Thirteen years of hell for millions of humans, including those who were complicit in helping that oppressive regime. We see the destructive "divide and conquer" acts south of the border in the U.S. and know it can't last, yet many people do and will suffer while it does.

Several whistleblowers have informed the public of the unauthorized snooping by North American governments and corporations into the private lives and information of American and Canadian citizens, through Facebook, Google and cell phone messages. These are actions of governments who wish to control the populace and thereby create totalitarian states, not democracies. The proposed "facial recognition" cameras and 5G 'internet of things' would spread this even further, ending all home privacy.

With the cancer rates rising, we can only wonder if it is caused by Roundup/Glyphosate in our food, radiation from leaking nuclear facilities, WiFi, cell phone radiation, the new 5G radiation (which the government admits has never been tested for human safety), other forms of pollution, especially of our water by mining and other pollutants, or from simply the spreading and promotion of fear in media programming?

In Brazil, the Bolsonaro government policies have increased rates of deforestation by burning the Amazon rain forests, effectively threatening the collapse of the forest. This mimics earlier mass forest burning by the US State of Maine in the 1820s. They successfully dislodged the Abenaki peoples from their lands, which the colonists wished to steal for their own, causing Maine's largest ever forest fire. Brazil is also chasing Native peoples off ancestral lands thru this burning, all to grow profits for certain corporations. When will they ever learn that one cannot harm earth without also harming earth's people?

While we can't directly change Brazil's policies, we must start questioning candidates who wish to be our next Member of Parliament as to what their vision is of the future Canada they wish to help create. We want to know what direction they wish to steer the new government, not just what promises they will make in order to get our votes. Will they support ending the "first past the post" electoral system so more people's opinions are recognized as part of the decisions of government? Even to the point of voting the opinions of their constituents, rather than just voting the party line?

Robbie Anderman, Killaloe

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Founded in 1902  
Published every Wednesday

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada.

