

# The Great Squash Caper

All squash are pumpkins, but not all pumpkins are squash. Pumpkins are gourds you grow that primarily wind up as jack-o-lanterns and then spend the rest of the fall and most of the winter rotting on your doorstep.

Squash on the other hand are delicious vegetables you lovingly nurture in your garden all summer, dreaming of them baked for Thanksgiving dinner. In the final ten minutes in their dish beside the turkey, they are lovingly basted with butter and then sprinkled with just a dusting of brown sugar. A double serving for everyone served up on the dinner table. And don't worry about not getting your fair share. Because at least half the people at the table will turn their nose up at this bounty of ambrosia, while the others will take one... just to be polite.

"Eeyew! What's that?" will be more than one juvenile response before they are shushed by a parent.

You might guess not everyone is as fond of squash as I am. Take Ken and Bob for example. Every fall for as long as they could remember, they were sent a half mile down the road for a big fall feed of squash at Baba's. Baba was



SQUIRREL PIE  
JACK ELLIOTT



convinced that squash would clean out your digestive system of every bad thing you had eaten over the summer and set them up for a healthy winter. Bob and Ken knew it would clean out the digestive tract and were a bit hesitant to partake, but Mother insisted they make the half mile trek down the road that very day. Baba had the annual feast waiting for them that very day after school.

Protesting vocally they reluctantly headed down the road to Baba's only a half mile away... a 10 minute walk if there was candy at the end. Today with squash expected, urgency vanished and the scorched fence posts from the recent grass fire along the road beckoned invitingly. Back then "blackface" did not have the politically negative connotations of today. And what better way to scare Baba than some spooky face decorating. The 10 minute walk took a

full hour.

When Baba opened the door their "Boo!" and blood curdling screams did not have the desired effect. Baba simply grabbed both of them by and ear, marched them to the kitchen sink and with a liberal application of homemade lye soap scrubbed off the soot... and a layer of skin. Then with a switch herded them to the table where they sat and at her insistence cleaned up every last morsel of the squash served up to them.

Protestations of, "Please Baba, no more!" fell on deaf ears, the switch held at the ready.

So, Bob and Ken, Baba may be long gone, but the squash is not. Once again Len and I managed to produce a bumper crop of both butternut and buttercup beauties. Bob, I will deliver a load over to you and you can see that it is shared with Ken.

Otherwise we'll have to expend a lot of energy storing them down in the basement... and then even more hauling them back up to the compost after the bulk of them spoil. Let's face it; there can be too much of a good thing.

# Thanksgiving weekend is here!

Thanksgiving day is Monday (October 11). One thing definitely to be thankful for is that we are able to get together much easier than last Thanksgiving, thanks to medical changes with Covid.

Here's hoping everyone enjoys their weekend, enjoying our new normal. Enjoy family, friends and a delicious meal.

Sincere sympathy to the family and friends of Ralph Scheibler. Ralph lived in the Red Lake area, he has several family members living in our district.

Your community is thinking of you at this sad time.

The 50/50 tickets are now available for the Dance Hall Project. All monies earned will



ROBIN MCCORMICK  
DEVILIN CORRESPONDENT

help to make the hall up and functioning to full capacity.

Tickets are available at Dev-Lynns's, Tompkins, Hair and Body Care, Norlunds, West Side Bait and Tackle, and Rainy Lake Sports. Also from members of the Dance Hall committee Jo-eann Hyatt, Vance Hemphill, Lisa Hammond.

A reminder that there will be a garage sale organized by Dance Hall committee and

community members. This takes place October 9th. at the Alberton rink. All donations works be appreciated call Lisa at 275-7931 or Joeann at 486-3100.

The Emo Legion (Branch 99) is having a 50/50 draw this Friday, October 8th.

Beer and burgers for \$5 also takes place this Friday. Proof of double vaccinations is required for eating in.

### Robin's two cents

Teacher: Give me a sentence using the words, Defence, De-feat and Detail.

Student: When a horse jumps over defence, defeat go first and then detail.

# A colourful adventure

Marnie and I have been travelling to visit relatives that we have not seen in the past three years. We would have travelled last year to visit her mother and brother and their children but Covid made travel feel unsafe. We enjoy travelling in late September and early October because the colours of the woods are in full bloom and traffic on highways is greatly reduced.

When we left our island on Rainy Lake two weeks ago, the red paint brushes along the shore stood out from the yellows of the birch leaves and the bright oranges of the ash trees. Many of the yellow leaves from the aspen had already turned to dirty brown and had left the branches barren of colour.

Often in previous years, the travel across the north shore of Lake Superior was filled with golden yellow leaves on trees. Until we reached Wawa, even those trees had lost their golden shine. Wawa was like a dividing line. The leaves were just beginning to move from green to colours. The red maples began filling the hills along with yellows, mustards, golds, oranges and reds offset with dark green conifers. The views were spec-



FROM THE PUBLISHER'S PEN  
JIM CUMMING



tacular and only became better as we left the Sault heading for Sudbury and south to Parry Sound.

We chose the backroads south of Parry Sound expecting to see even more glorious colour. The trees had barely begun to change. Stopping in Gravenhurst for coffee, we were told that the colours in the Muskokas would be at their very best on Thanksgiving weekend.

As we headed west toward Kitchener, the leaves had hardly begun to change.

Everyone expects that the colours would be spectacular in one or two weeks.

I remember back to my childhood that my parents on Thanksgiving weekend would take us for a drive-up highway 71 to Nestor Falls for lunch at Helliars resort and the treat was the palette of colours on the highway. We probably did not appreciate the colours, but

were excited to be treated to a restaurant meal. It was an annual tradition. So too are the weekend jaunts coming up this weekend to the Muskokas and Algonquin Park.

Everyone is wishing for bright sun shiny warm days that will light up the forests.

When my sons were young, the Thanksgiving weekend was often the weekend we began raking up the leaves in our yards, and the two would often dive into the mounds of leaves. It was great fun. Marnie and I watched a video of our two-year-old grand daughter doing that with her other grandfather this past week. The joy on her face and excitement of running and diving into the leaves warmed our hearts.

This fall season, being outdoors, enjoying the sun, the full palette of the colours of our forests, the freshness of the cooler air permits us to forget the pandemic, forget about our differences, and feel thankful for the goodness found in our country.

Former Publisher  
Fort Frances Times

# What Can I Do



WENDI WITH AN 'EYE'  
WENDI STEWART



The first National Day of Truth and Reconciliation has come and gone. I donned my orange t-shirt. I read from my copy of the Final Report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Summary published in 2015; something I try to do every day. I listened to speakers and admired the sea of people, from young to old, gathering locally dressed in orange, ready to listen, ready to learn, ready to identify where they might participate. Mostly, I searched for evidence that would feed my hope that we are moving in the right direction. I feared it would be just another day, marked as a holiday for some and that was the case in some municipalities/provinces, but there was a positive response for sure. We may have stumbled, the day may not have lived up to all the expectations heaped upon it, but it is a beginning, a new starting place. Murray Sinclair, of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, said it was a day "like renewing our vow that we put into the treaties." He reminded us that reconciliation includes each person in this country, regardless of our heritage, not only Indigenous people. We are all part of this process, play a role in reconciliation's success and in creating a better future as we move forward, as we create strategies to care for the most vulnerable among

us, helping to heal those suffering from the effects of intergenerational trauma and it begins with educating ourselves, of being informed, of hearing the truth. It requires us to demand of politicians who represent us, whom we elect, that they live up to their promises and responsibilities.

Each time I saw another person in an orange t-shirt I felt a bubble of hope rise in me. That may sound a bit ridiculous, bordering on the naïve, as if a particularly coloured t-shirt could ever change anything, but those individuals looked ahead, planned, and made the conscious decision to pull on their orange t-shirts when they were getting dressed that morning. It was an act of solidarity, of recognition, to honour those lost children, to acknowledge the generations of suffering, and to imagine a better future. It was a simple but meaningful act, a commitment. I wear my orange t-shirt most days. It comforts me, keeps me focused. It is my responsibility to educate myself about what was done and how I can play a role in

changing the fate of so many children who have not been treated fairly in this country, who have done without basic services and care and access to education and to potable water.

I learned more about the orange shirt campaign itself, its creator Phyllis Webstad. Her story was a traumatic one, but one she purposely rewrote by engaging in change, by being a force of growth, of being a light to others. I listened to Natasha Reimer-Okemow who was placed in "care" at the age of one, to go on to live in twelve different homes, in four different schools, in five different towns. She is pursuing a law degree after having founded a peer support group called FOSTER UP that supports youth aging out of the foster care system in Manitoba. There are countless stories of Indigenous people creating opportunities for themselves, of making a difference, of building community, of changing the future. Indigenous people aren't asking that history be rewritten, but rather that we learn from those atrocities, take responsibility for ignoring what was desperately needed, and that we all enter the conversation. I ask myself every day - What is it that I can do to create change. I don't always have an answer, but I will keep asking the question.

wendistewart@live.ca

# Eat local, support farmers

This is Ontario Agriculture Week! Though I think we should celebrate our industry all year long, things are ramped up this week! It is a special time to think about the acres that are cared for by our producers, the abundance of food produced, the employees in our industry, and the rural communities that are well supported by us. Farmers work 365 days of the year to provide us with safe, fresh, high quality food! This week and beyond fill your plates with Ontario dairy products, meats, preserves, grains and produce! With Thanksgiving quickly approaching I challenge you to serve an "all local" meal! It is a great time of the year to access some fruits of the harvest.

What a whirlwind of week I had last week. I certainly ended September with a bang! We seemed to pack in as many meetings as we possible could. The Agri-recovery Zoom session was well attended and for those who couldn't make it the session was recorded and I have sent out through my contact list. If you still have questions, please let me know and I will do my best to get you the help you may need. Wednesday night my mom and I attended the Fort Frances Chamber of Commerce Business Awards. I was honored to be recognized as "Business Women of the Year!" I never in a million



MOO'S FROM THE HERD  
KIM JO BLISS



years expected to be recognized for my work. I am not what you think of when you think of a Business Women. I spend more time in "barn clothes" than I do in dress clothes. I feel very fortunate to do the only job that I ever wanted to do, FARM. Then to top it off my off-farm job is in Agriculture and I work with the best people around, FARMERS. I am so fortunate to have grown up with such a support team with my mom, dad, and plenty of others. My brother didn't have the same interest, but I am so happy that he and my sister-in-law have allowed me to share a great way of life with my nieces. Thank you for this award, I plan to continue to work hard sharing and promoting this great place we all call home, Rainy River District!

My birthday normally falls on or near a Cattle Sales. This year the Sale was over, but I still had to celebrate at the Sales Barn as we had a board meeting. I also celebrated by baling some square bales that were a little too green and now I am nervous about putting in the barn. We have

them spread all over hoping they will dry a bit more before we put them in the barn. We finally made time to pick up the square bales of straw that I had spoken for in August. Thank you to the Krahn's for putting up with my schedule and allowing me to wait until not to pick them up. While I was in the Rainy River area, I had the pleasure of a horse tour with Jenna Jarvis (Gold Dust Equine.) Jenna has a cool business started. Jenna is a farrier, doing riding lessons, selling some feed and horse related products and breeding Rock Mountain Horses. She has 13 beautiful horses currently. It is very evident that she has spent many hours with these horses as they are calm and easy to be around. It is great to see a young person following her passion and even better it is here in our District. Sunday was another busy day at home. We finally got the sheep and goats feet trimmed. Marlee was out so we harvested all our pumpkins, (something like 72 of them.) I also moved some cattle around and we had some special guests! My mom's cousin was visiting from B.C. She spent a lot of time at my farm growing up, so she wanted to come back for a visit. I was able to take her in the barn and show her a place that she had carved her name many years ago!

## Letter to the editor

### The future of vision is unclear

Dear editor,

This email comes to you with great concern about eye care in Ontario. I was completely shocked when I called to book an appointment with an optometrist today.

I am 58 years old and have worked since I was 15 years old. I paid into a benefits program since 1996 until my health forced me to stop. My health coverage ended when I went on permanent disability so now I have OHIP or medical services to cover my health care expenses.

I called the optometrist today to see about getting my eyes tested as I am diabetic and have not had anyone look at my eyes for a few years now. I realize that COVID was a big part of the reason but I need help as my eyesight is not good.

When I called today, I was told that because

I am diabetic and have OHIP that there is no optometrist in Ontario that will see me. I even offered to pay for the appointment myself and was told that if any optometrist seen me, they could be charged and given a hefty fine.

I don't know what the differences are between the government and the optometrists, but for the sake of my eyesight and the eyesight of many other people in Ontario, this needs to stop. I need my eyesight to help me through my day to day life. I need my eyesight to help me write. I need my eyesight to help enjoy the beautiful place we live. I need my eyesight. I NEED MY EYESIGHT!

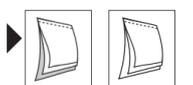
Show me and other diabetic Ontario residents that we matter and do something to change this. Please do it now while I can still see.

Regards  
Joanne Bruyere

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We welcome your letters to the editor

# Terms of endearment

Families, close friends, partners, sweethearts and children are all referred to by special terms of endearment. These terms of course are quite varied and impart special meaning onto both the sender and the recipient. There is however one phrase I often hear, and have used occasionally, delivered with heated fervor. That term is:

"I'm gonna kill him" (or her, them, that kid)

My late wife Norma, the Pearl of the Orient had a plaque on the wall stating, "I pray for wisdom to understand a man, love to give him, and patience for his moods. If I pray for strength, I'll just beat him to death."

In other words, "I'm gonna kill him!"

But what are the triggers that will elicit such a loving statement. Here are a few:

Tracking across a freshly washed floor. Grease on the good hand towels. Failing to clean out the tub. Forgetting the dinner invitation. Failing to pick up the specifically requested



SQUIRREL PIE  
JACK ELLIOTT

item from Wally World. Bringing home a new large screen TV, pontoon boat, 4-wheeler, or premium fishing rod. Inviting the whole crew from the week long hunt camp home to eat and shower up before they head back home. Farting in the elevator, the bed or at the dinner table.

"I'm gonna kill him!"

Making a U-turn while backing out of the garage and taking said garage off its foundation. Putting gasoline in the diesel tractor. Putting diesel in the gasoline lawn mower. Throwing out your most comfortable sweater or flashy trousers. Cleaning your desk. Inviting the undertaker over to pre-arrange your funeral. Hiding the TV remote or screwing up the settings/de-

leting specially selected settings on the PVR. Giving away your precious store of game. Dropping an SBD in the elevator and blaming it on you

"I'm gonna kill her!"

Dinging up the new car. Unpaid parking tickets you "forgot about." Reefers left in the car that the cops wanted explained. The bottle of Vodka that mysteriously turned to water. The pay-per-view movies charged to your cable TV. The data surcharge on your internet from online binging. The necessary upgrade to the new cool iPhone. Mysterious charges to the credit card and 'necessary' Amazon purchases. Calls in the middle of the night for your car spotted while "egging" or "toilets papering" the local cop/principal/preachers house. Skipping classes. Missing report cards. College semesters blown finding oneself

"What's the matter with that kid? I'm gonna kill him!"

All terms of endearment. Delivered fervently. Never acted upon.

## Sylvia Beadle honoured for her 90th

By Robin McCormick  
Devlin Correspondent

Sylvia Beadle will turn 90 this Friday, November 5.

Notice I didn't say "90 years old" as old is the farthest thing you would use to describe Sylvia. Ninety years young is more appropriate.

Sylvia was honoured with a nineteenth birthday party at the Devlin Hall on Saturday (October 30th.) with over a hundred people attending.

Sylvia's brother Fred made the trip (with his wife Evelyn) from Thunder Bay. Fred and Sylvia are the two remaining siblings of the eleven children born to Nobel and Annie Hyatt.

As I spoke to Sylvia Monday I could hear the happiness in her voice as she told me how much she enjoyed her birthday gathering. She (humbly said) "She certainly didn't expect so many people to be there". She also shared with me "She had told her family to not bother with a party, let's just have a family gathering."



Which also took place following the party, the family enjoyed a potluck supper Saturday evening, followed by a brunch on Sunday morning. Sylvia wears many hats, Mother, grandmother, great and great-great-grandmother, a volunteer for the Guthrie church for years, plus a caring aunt, friend and I know her bowling team (who attended her party) say "She's an amazing bowler."

Sylvia children Terry, Judy, Sandy and Colleen all know they have been blessed (as have their families) to have their

mother and her love, support and role model.

Sylvia did share with me that she was a bit tired on Monday, after a busy whirlwind weekend. I have no doubt in my mind she'll be rested and onto her full filled life by Tuesday.

When asked her secret to living a long, productive and meaningful life she immediately replied "Never be afraid to work."

Words well said for us all to take heed too!

On behalf of our community I wish Sylvia a happy birthday on Friday, November 5th.

May you continue enjoying life as you turn ninety years young!

Sylvia shared with me she never expected to live to 90 years old.

Also this gracious lady went around at her birthday party chatting and thanking everyone who came. She was kind of shy to speak in front of everyone but she took the time to share her thankfulness.



### Spooktacular!

Monsters on my Doorstep in Rainy River. Polite, adorable and saving my diabetic soul by liberating all my hoard of Halloween candy in short order. Spooktacular!

- Jack Elliott photo

## Remembrance Day services in our area

There will be Cenotaph services throughout our rural areas on November 11th.

Services will be at the following Cenotaphs Devlin at 11:00 a.m.

Emo 11:45 a.m.

RR First Nations Manitou

1:30 p.m.

Barwick 2:00 p.m.

Stratton 2:30 p.m.

The Emo Legion Branch #99 on Remembrance Day will host a luncheon bar 12:30, this is a Good Will offering. A supper will be served at the Legion that evening at 5 p.m. Advance tickets only, tickets are \$15



ROBIN MCCORMICK  
DEVLIN CORRESPONDENT

for adults and \$8 for children twelve and under. All Covid restrictions apply.

There will be take out orders available for the supper. Please call the Emo Legion at 482-2250 for more information.

A reminder that clocks turn back this Sunday (November 7). Always a good idea to turn

them back Saturday before going to bed.

Sincere sympathy to the family and friends of Neil Flatt who passed away unexpectedly on October 27. Your community is thinking of you at this sad time.

Happy 50th. anniversary to Irwin and Elaine Hughes who celebrated this milestone on October 30. May you enjoy many more years together.

There will be 50/50 tickets sold for the Dance Hall renovations. This will take place Saturday November 6 at both Canadian Tire and Cloverleaf Groceries.

## Briellmann opens new warehouse

By Jack Elliott  
Rainy River correspondent

On Friday October 29, 2021 Timo and Amos Briellmann welcomed a couple dozen visitors to their new warehouse in Pinewood. Located next to their new grain elevator Pinewood Crop Services Ltd is offering a whole range of crop production inputs including advice, hi-tech seed, and agrichemicals.

Representatives from their supplier, Manitoba based Ag Advantage were on hand to discuss what is new for 2022 and the results from this past year's local corn seed plot trials. The plots at Smart Road west of Pinewood grew eight different varieties of corn with yields ranging from 131.35 to 184.80 bushels per acre in a challenging year where spring frost, drought and insect attacks provided significant challenges to farmers.

The new warehouse is specially designed to provide safe, secure storage for crop input products including seed and agrichemicals. A spill proof floor that will contain liquid pesticides in the event of an accident as well as special ventilation and fire safety elements are built in. These regulations are required to store, sell and



Timo Briellmann(r) chats with guests at Briellmann Ag's new farm supply warehouse just opened in Pinewood.

distribute agrichemicals in Ontario.

This is an addition to Briellmann Agriculture's ongoing expansion of their own farming operation and custom farming and professional management services offered to other land owners in the District. This is an important asset to the expansion and future success of agriculture in the Rainy River District say the Briellmanns.

## Final cattle sale event this weekend

Would it even have been Halloween without a few snow flurries? At my place the flurries didn't arrive until after the Trick or Treaters were home enjoying their bag of fun! I had the most kids I have seen in many years; it was great! Sure, missed dressing up Roxee but Black Bettie was awesome! I am sure parents are wishing today wasn't a P.D. Day!

Well both my well and septic field are back together and functioning. Both require a little further work next spring, but they will be fine for the winter. I ended up with no water for only one night, but I am lucky that my mom is close, and I spent the night there. It is now time to get all the heat turned on in the water bowls and barn. I will see a bit increase in my Hydro Bill from now until April/May, but it is better than a frozen mess. For the most part, there is enough water lying around now that the animals can drink anywhere. I know I did say I wouldn't complain about rain even again but the amount we received at this time of the year



MOO'S FROM THE HERD  
KIM JO BLISS

makes a lot of things very challenging and very messy.

I have been somewhat avoiding my cows. I keep thinking if I don't make eye contact, they will be happy still eating grass. When I see the skiff of the white stuff, I was feeling guilty but so far, the are not complaining. They might be holding off as long as they can as well because they did have to eat some hay this summer during the drought that they were not that happy about.

We have moved into another Sale Week! This Saturday we will hold our final Cattle Sale of the year. We are looking forward to another cattle sale to work in our new facility. We are pretty much at the stage of final touches and dialing things in. At some point there

will be a big sigh of relief! We are still working on replacing things from our lightning strike which was something we really didn't need. If you have cattle or are planning on working at this sale, please reach out to James. Just a reminder that we will be following COVID protocols. You need to wear a mask when you are inside the sales barn and social distance. We cannot risk a fine or being shut down. Thank you for respecting the rules; it sure makes for a friendly atmosphere.

The drone planting that was scheduled to happen at the Research Station was postponed until next spring, which in my books is much better anyway. He is planning to come early April. We are working on our last trial to clean and then it will be all data!

My last abattoir date is this week as well. I have sold a couple more heifers that will be leaving soon and then it will be crossing my fingers that I have enough hay to get me through until green grass again.

## Pet of the Week

As we begin our second year of operation, we want to take a moment to thank all those who have supported Best for Kitty. Whether you have donated financially, given such items as food or litter, adopted one of our cats or kittens, or just spread the word about our organization, we appreciate your ongoing support. The stray and abandoned cat problem in the Rainy River District is serious, and while we may not eradicate it, we are doing our best to save those that can be socialized and are suitable to be placed into homes. A very special thanks to our fosters, because without those dedicated people willing to provide care and love to an animal they know little or nothing about, we would not be able to continue. Thanks to them, we have provided new beginning for close to 80 cats or kittens in our first year.

Today's Pet (Pets) of the Week are examples of why the problem exists. Tanger and Bootsie were found IN A BOX DUMPED AT THE END OF SOMEONE'S DRIVEWAY. No living creature should be treated so cruelly. Chances are it was a pet owner who did not get their female cat spayed. Remember...if you can't afford the spay/neuter surgery, you can't really afford a cat. It is not fair to you, the animal, your neighbours, or your community.

Fortunately Tanger and Bootsie (who we believe are



both males) seem none the worse after surviving this harrowing experience. These appx. 3-4 month old kittens have proven to be a joy in their foster home. Their foster Mom says they are super playful with each other, and love to run from one end of her house to the other. They are also very affectionate cuddle bugs and love human contact. We suspect that they struggled for food in their young lives as they are very food motivated. Their foster Mom has two large dogs, and they are not at all shy around them. We

would love to see these two go together as we don't think they have ever been apart, but we will consider separate adoptions. They seem to be resilient, outgoing kittens who would adapt to almost any environment. Tanger (orange and white) is very much the leader but that does not mean that Bootsie (black and white) is shy. They are both VERY outgoing. If you are interested in either of these two, or ideally both, contact us on FB Messenger or email. bestforkitty@gmail.com.

# An electrifying morning

Things don't change much over the years. With the annual run of summer thunder storms pending, I expect Hydro None will be busy pulling downed trees off power lines. Ma Bell has promised to remove the massive dead elm tree threatening to take down the power lines on our street as well as the telephone exchange, the neighbouring house and any cars and pedestrians unlucky enough to be innocent bystanders. Here's what I remember about a scheduled power outage from a few years back.



SQUIRREL PIE  
JACK ELLIOTT



"You'll make a fine looking pair, barely able to stagger up on the stage for the walleye tournament," I observed reflecting on the sore feet and the upcoming event.

"Thore feete won't haf a thin t'doo wit t'em thaggerin," observed Moose, trying mightily, but unsuccessfully to keep his bridge in place as the overload of peanut butter sucked things loose.

The Runt gave Moose a withering glance and brought things into perspective.

"It's not the gout. I'm a prime physical specimen," he bragged as he trowelled on the peanut butter.

"The problem is crickets," he added, holding out his cup for a refill, before the Hydro None limited supply ran out.

"Crickets? How so?" I asked, priming the pump. It didn't need much priming.

"I've got one in the basement that's driving me nuts. I can't find it and it's making so much noise I can't get a decent night's sleep," explained the Runt, exhibiting the dog weary look of the truly put upon.

"Thum boyth thill need their mommies," quipped the Moose, the peanut butter, finally losing most of its grip.

"Anyways, I just stubbed my toe, looking for the little beast in the dark," explained the Runt ignoring Moose's comment.

"Why the dark? Hydro None have an outage at your place too?" I inquired once again wanting to get all the facts straight.

"No! Because when you turn the lights on it stops chirping and I can't find it! And I told the missus not to move any of the furniture. It was a domestic trap," emphasized the Runt, clearly peeved by the lack of sympathy his case was eliciting.

"Why not leave the lights on all the time?" I asked. What good is a reporter if you don't dig for all the facts?

"You simply have no environmental sensitivity! Think of our grandchildren. Save the planet! Leave the lights on? Really!" the Runt's response was withering.

Properly chastised, I put my tail between my legs and left. At home I discover power at our house was not out after all, so that two hour coffee break wasn't really all that necessary.

The phone rang. It was a recording. "This is Hydro None. There will be a scheduled power outage from..."

I headed for the bakery in Rainy River early in the morning as Hydro None had notified us of a scheduled three-hour outage from 9 'til noon, and I wanted to make sure I got my morning fix of caffeine and calories. The debating table was already pretty well occupied as the early risers that had not yet departed for work and some of the regular crew, also noting the scheduled outage, had wandered in early as well.

These scheduled-outage notifications from Hydro None are greatly appreciated so we can arrange our important schedules. My only request is could they please give us advance notice of they unscheduled ones also.

Moose sauntered in, followed shortly by the Runt, who was sporting a heavy limp.

"You got foot rot?" I observed using good agricultural terms a farm boy like the Runt could understand.

"No, he's got the gout," snorted Moose downing his first half-cup of coffee, and chortling at his own early morning wit.

The conversation halted briefly as orders of toast and peanut butter were placed in a rush to avoid the impending outage, with the last stragglers just barely making it in under the wire, including Pickle who was also limping. With all the orders filled and the table now fully occupied conversation resumed.

"So Pickle, the Runt has the gout, what's your excuse for being up limping around so early in the morning?" I asked taking up a pen and paper to keep the facts fresh and straight.

"My physical later this morning. Had to get my blood work in first thing, and the foot's pretty good. Thanks for asking," quipped Pickle.

"How's the doc gonna do a rectal exam in the dark? Use a flashlight?" I shot back. Pickle's approaching that age when the golden digit gets applied annually.

Pickle paused, his toast halfway to his mouth. The question seemed to have taken the starch out of his shorts.

# Can't take the heat?

Wow - summer has arrived in a big way! We went from sweatshirts on Saturday to as little outerwear as possible on Sunday. We shall not complain - we need this!



MOO'S FROM THE HERD  
KIM JO BLISS



and far joined them to celebrate their special occasion. Shirley and Allan were really touched about the event. Finally, I was off to celebrate a special couple! My cousin, Darren married his best friend, Jodi. It is so nice to see two happy people that enjoy each others company. I wish Darren, Jodi, Gavin and Tucker many happy years.

The abattoir board will meet this week to elect our executive. We also have submitted another application in hopes we will be approved to match the funds that we were approved for earlier this year with NOHFC. We need to add on another freezer so that the flow of animals can increase. Cross your fingers!

I hope to see everyone at our Sales Barn Auction this weekend! We have a lot of good stuff to sell. If you would like to see the Auction Sheet ahead of time, please get in touch with me and I will be glad to send you an email copy.

Lexi had to stay alone a few times this weekend. It was the longest time she stayed alone, and she did some misbehaving. Don't ask when you see me why I am wearing two different coloured sandals....

Stay safe on a warm week ahead but please no complaints.... it is already the end of June and our days will start getting shorter!



Year-end events have been in full swing at District schools, including a fish fry at Crossroads last Thursday, while Donald Young held a burger day. Both schools enjoyed games and prizes and plenty of fun to finish off the school year. - Submitted photos



# School year comes to an end



ROBIN MCCORMICK  
DEVLIN CORRESPONDENT

Schools in the Rainy River District last day of school was June 24.

Schools held end-of-year events last week.

Crossroads held a fish fry last Thursday evening (June 16). The food was delicious with fish, french fries, baked beans, and all the fixings making up the menu. There were all types of draws and special events to make a fun evening. The band Legacy played music for all the dancers and listeners of fine music.

Hats off to all teachers, students and participants. A great way to end the school year.

Donald Young School also celebrated the year's end on Thursday (June 16) with a meal of burgers, salads, and beverages. There were a lot of draws and games to be enjoyed. A big thanks to all those who made fun memories for all who attended.

Congratulations to all students progressing a grade, from JK through Grade 12.

May your next year be filled with new goals and dreams come true!

The 2022/2023 school year begins September 6. Here's hoping all students have a great summer vacation!

A happy 80th birthday to Arlene Rea. Arlene turned 80 on June 17. Arlene enjoyed a surprise birthday party hosted by Mark and Glenna Rea. Arlene arrived at the party on her four wheeler, thinking she was attending a family birthday

supper. The party was well attended by family and friends. May you enjoy your 80th year Arlene, and many more.

A happy 30th birthday to Nicole Beadle on June 15. Nicole enjoyed a birthday party attended by family and friends. All the best of as you enter your 30s.

Congratulations to Jodi Caul and Darren Angus who were wed at an absolutely beautiful wedding on Saturday (June 18). Sons Gavin and Tucker looked dapper in their navy suits as they shared the special day.

The day was perfect right from the wedding service held in a quaint church in Barwick, to a delicious meal and a robust wedding reception held at the Barwick Hall. Proud parents are Ellie and Allen Caul and Carol and Bob Angus.

The district wishes you all many years of happiness!

A happy belated 50th anniversary to Cheryl and Eldon Mose. They celebrated this milestone April 28. May you enjoy many more happy years.

Rose Mose and her daughters recently flew to British Columbia. Rose and her daughters attended a wedding for Rose's nephew. Rose shared with me that it was such a special trip celebrating with fun times together. A number of family members reacquainted after five years of not seeing each other.

### Robin's 2 cents

A couple was celebrating their anniversary. He lovingly looked at his wife and said "If you could change one thing about our wedding day, what would it be?"

She immediately replied "The groom!"

# They serve

By Jack Elliott  
Special to the Times

Lions Clubs. We've all seen them. But if you are like many, you may have wondered, "What do they do?", "What do they stand for?", "Why should I care or help out?"

In the simplest terms, the Lions mission statement is "We Serve."

Lions Clubs serve the many needs they have identified in their communities. Everything from helping fund disaster relief, assisting families dealing with catastrophic medical expenses in getting treatment for childhood cancer victims, supporting diabetes research, supplying guide dogs, funding education bursaries and scholarships, identifying vision problems in school kids before they become irreversible, supporting youth activities, food banks, supporting our health care facilities with equipment ....the list goes on and on.

Local Lions Clubs through their members identify, organize, and fundraise through their myriad of project items that positively impact life in our communities... be it a major fund raiser, a community cleanup or a local festival. It is all done without a sliver of personal gain. It is your friends and neighbours donating their time, effort, and talents towards making



At the WRRD Lions Club annual meeting in Rainy River earlier this spring, eight new members were inducted into the club by Lions 5M10 District Governor Susan Winner. They are (l to r) Governor Susan Winner, Archie & Eleanor Wiersema, Ashley King, Gary & Elsie Shuck, Mike Mosher, Melanie & Vaughn Murray. -Submitted photo

your community better places to live and raise your families.

So when someone like the West Rainy River District Lions Club asks you to lend a hand on some project or buy a ticket on their annual Pontoon Boat raffle you know that the funds raised go to a worthy charitable cause... it

is responsible, trusted, funding of local needs. Projects and needs that will not get done unless you and other community members step up to the table.

And when we all step up to the table "To Serve", our collective efforts will make it better for everyone in our communities. Earlier this

year another eight community members were inducted into the local WRRD Lions. The WRRD have a full slate of exciting projects, all aimed at bettering our collective life in our communities. It's not very complicated. It's just folks putting their shoulder to the wheel "To serve." Please join us.

# 4-H press report: knots

By Bryce Rudolph

We all started off with the reading of the minutes from the last meeting from the secretary, Addison Brown.

Then we did our pledge as usual. After the 4-H pledge, we took our steer and heifer food like beef and dairy ration, oats, corn and pellets. We put them in

clear bags to show them.

We then did our work sheets after that we started on a new booklet. At the end of the meeting we practiced tying a slip knot. Slip knots are useful for easy release of the animal in the stall.

To make a slip knot: Make a loop in the rope then put the end through and that was it.

