



"It must be October, the trees are falling away and showing their true colors." • Charmaine J Forde



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Cover image: "Hello!" from Reptile Ridge, DI.
Photo by Dreadful Imagery



• DENMAN: 700 • HORNBY: 520 •
• E-SUBSCRIPTIONS: 102 •

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*The opinions expressed herein do not
necessarily reflect the views of the
Publisher.*

DIRCS Update

COMMUNITY INFO

By DIRCS

YOUR community hall is languishing a bit these days. Covid has taken an axe to our income as bookings are a pale imitation of the halcyon days of two years ago. Luckily and thanks to the impoverished property owners of Denman, the hall receives a modest annual stipend from the Regional District which is funded from property taxes. This allows us to keep the lights on, the doors open and make some annual repairs and improvements. This winter the hall is installing a heating and ventilation system using a heat pump in the front hall. This will dramatically improve the airflow, upgrade the heating and provide air conditioning as well.

On a more positive note, we have decided to have a Halloween Bonfire again and hand out treats on Halloween night. There may also be fireworks but this is still a work in progress. But bonfires need wood. So to make it a success the hall needs you to drop off wood, branches or construction debris (unpainted and untreated only) at the hall between now and the 31st. Thank you!

Lastly, DIRCS is holding its Annual General Meeting on November 10, at 730 pm in the back hall. We would like to broaden our board's demographics and include as directors people who do not know how to use a rotary phone.

We meet once a month, make some decisions, and have a social night out. Most of us find it fun. Remember: the fuel that powers this island is volunteering. Attend the AGM or contact de Neen Baldwin at 250-335-3027. 🍷

Memoir of a Rural Sisyphus-Redux

Introduction

By Bill Engleson
• www.engleson.ca

ARTS&LIT

For a few years, I kept a diary of my inauguration into the Denman Community. This column, recently renamed Memoir of a Rural Sisyphus-Redux, will extract several of my observations from a dozen or so years ago and share them. Hopefully, they will have some modern times currency.

Birds, Gas, and Politicians

January 8, 2007

Something is afoot in the USA. A potent smell of natural gas is clinging to the New York air. It has floated into New Jersey. Half a dozen city dwellers are carried off to the hospital.

At the same time, birds are falling dead to the waiting earth in Austin, Texas. A large part of the downtown core is closed as officials try and determine what is happening.

Yesterday we took a winter walk to town. At the top of our drive, feathers littered a wide area. "Bird wars," I suggested, perhaps frivolously.

When we returned, we spotted the carcass of a bird warrior. "There are probably others," I hypothesized. "Perhaps buried under the blow down?"

I doubt there is any real connection between the foul vapors emanating from New York, the fowl expirations in Texas, and a couple of aggravated birds engaged in their own fight club in my back yard.

At least I pray there is no connection.

Still, as much as anyone, I am becoming more attuned to oddities in the environment. How fragile is the air, the sea, the land? Does it matter if Canada is green? Will an overly

enthusiastic fanatic take a pot shot at Stephen Harper in the misguided belief that he is the only barrier to the survival of the species?

John Baird, the new Tory environment minister federally, comes across as a straight-ahead, no-nonsense guy. I believe that he is also the sort who will believe whatever he needs to believe, do whatever his job requires of him, to achieve his wayward political ends.

Like an actor in a role.

Baird is likely not a true believer, not someone who will collaborate to save the earth from our human transgressions.

If only birds could vote. 🐦

This Week in the Garden

SPECIAL INTEREST

By Maxine Rogers

Still Harvesting.

THE GARDEN is as busy as ever even though we are getting deeper into October. I am still harvesting cauliflowers and broccoli. We have the last of the tomato harvest hanging, upside down, on wires in the laundry room. The tomatoes ripen one at a time in the warmth and we use them in cooking and salads.

We still have a lot of peppers in the polytunnel in varying stages of ripeness. My habanero peppers continue to ripen in the cold but I suspect they will not be as spicy as they should be. I need to get in the polytunnel and dig up some of the best pepper plants and pot them up. I hope to overwinter them in my Annie Siegel propagator. This is a simple set of shelves with shop lights hanging from the shelf above. I find them simply wonderful for starting plants and hope for success in overwintering my peppers. I have not tried this before.

Peppers are perennial plants and if you can coax them to survive the winter and put them out in the greenhouse as early as you can, you will get a much earlier, and I hope, heavier crop than you could starting from seed each time.

Once I have got the peppers out of the polytunnel, I plan on filling it with as many mature lettuce, chard and parsley plants as I can. This will give me a very early crop of lettuce and greens and the parsley does much better with a bit of protection. In the spring, I will plant the parsley plants out in the garden and let them set a crop of seeds, parsley being a biennial. This would be a good thing to do with chard as well as it is also a biennial. Chard plants get simply huge when they go to seed so getting them in a bed in the back of the garden to do their thing is a good idea.

It is also time to think of onions. I grew three varieties of onions this year and my sister and nieces strung them on pieces of baling twine which worked really well as they are well ventilated and east to get at. I have to pick out the onions I will set aside for seed production next year. I will put the onions in labelled paper bags in my unheated closed porch. When planting time comes, I will put 8 of one variety in a well-marked bed and grow them on for seed.

This is where the Onion Union comes into play. Any gardener can grow one type of onion seed but not more than that as the little devils cross-breed freely. Last summer, I grew seeds from one variety of onion from a friend on Hornby and she grew another variety. We are getting together soon to share our harvest of onion seeds. I have asked some gardener friends on Denman if they would like to join the Onion Union. Anyone want to join should call me at 335-088 to get their 8 onions.

I have a lot of seeds still to thresh out. I need to thresh out the beet, Jerusalem broad bean and lettuce seed and have the celery, rutabagas and poppies done. I got 3/4 of a quart of poppy seeds from the bread poppy so I have lots for my baking and lots to reseed and to share. We need to go over the potato harvest and select the seed potatoes for next year.

One crop I am not harvesting is wild mushrooms. I had no idea how wily and sensitive they are when I first moved here from the city. I thought it was okay to take as many as I liked. Not so! Mushrooms will not grow in an area where they get too much predation. I found this out last autumn when I visited the magical garden of some friends who really take care of their mushrooms. Their garden was full to bursting with chanterelles, short-stemmed rusulas, lobster

continued on P.5...

TIDE TABLE

• Secondary Tidal Station Ford Cove •
• Source: tides.gc.ca •

2021-10-21 (Thursday)

Time PDT	Height (m)	(ft)
01:03	1.4	4.6
07:32	4.3	14.1
12:56	2.8	9.2
18:31	4.5	14.8

2021-10-22 (Friday)

Time PDT	Height (m)	(ft)
01:33	1.2	3.9
08:18	4.3	14.1
13:32	3.1	10.2
18:50	4.4	14.4

2021-10-23 (Saturday)

Time PDT	Height (m)	(ft)
02:02	1.2	3.9
09:03	4.4	14.4
14:09	3.3	10.8
19:07	4.3	14.1

2021-10-24 (Sunday)

Time PDT	Height (m)	(ft)
02:30	1.2	3.9
09:48	4.4	14.4
14:50	3.5	11.5
19:23	4.2	13.8

2021-10-25 (Monday)

Time PDT	Height (m)	(ft)
03:00	1.2	3.9
10:36	4.5	14.8
15:42	3.7	12.1
19:37	4.0	13.1

2021-10-26 (Tuesday)

Time PDT	Height (m)	(ft)
03:33	1.3	4.3
11:30	4.4	14.4
17:04	3.8	12.5
19:44	3.9	12.8

2021-10-27 (Wednesday)

Time PDT	Height (m)	(ft)
04:14	1.4	4.6
12:31	4.4	14.4

2021-10-28 (Thursday)

Time PDT	Height (m)	(ft)
05:06	1.6	5.2
13:34	4.5	14.8





ARTS&LIT

An Unpainted Portrait: Shake (on) It

By Leo Simmons

the monarch. The office itself – knee-high carpet notwithstanding – was oddly stark; apart from the photo portraits behind him, an obligatory yucca stood in each corner and one or two rather bleak pictures of classic RAF aircraft adorned pale blue walls. That was it. The desk behind which Mr Pyle sat was even more surprisingly bare. No thick case files scattered in disarray across the surface, no folders tied with silken ribbons, no walls plastered with mug shots...not even a prim assistant waiting on the Assistant Chief Constable's every whiskey-infused whim. Had this man never watched television to see what his office *should* have looked like?

I had a lot to learn about the corridors of power and their distance from the real world occupied by everyday police officers. Mr Pyle sat importantly – I guessed that he had probably had lots of practice at sitting importantly – behind his large desk which was roughly the size of an aircraft carrier's flight deck. This acreage supported – in splendid isolation from one another – a telephone, a Spitfire-shaped paperweight and a thin manila file. The latter, since it sat immediately in front of him, I presumed related to yours truly. The police, I realized with a little spasm of dread, now had a *file* about me...

The interview itself was terrifyingly banal and uneventful, almost to the point of bewilderment. This moment, after all, was the culmination of a very long emotional journey that had begun a decade earlier with the playful 'arrests' of my friends at school. Those games of cops 'n robbers had a lot to answer for. I was expecting a mild interrogation at least, maybe some supplementary questions about their favourite subject of homosexuality. During the long silences that developed while Mr Pyle scanned my file for something to ask me about, I had begun to surreptitiously check the floor beneath the chair for trap doors when it finally dawned on me that this was, in fact, a mere formality and little more than a 'rubber stamp'.

I was still answering questions automatically: "Yes, sir...yes sir...my father, yes sir... six feet one sir...my favourite aircraft? The *Spitfire*, of course, sir..." when all of a sudden, the great man fell silent and sat smiling at me. He stood, the faint yet unmistakable hiss of a re-inflating haemorrhoid cushion reaching me as he did so. Generously, he leaned a full quarter of the way across the flight deck that passed for his desk with his hand outstretched and I had to get one knee up onto the gunwale just to reach him. Wearing a faintly bemused smile, he shook my hand limply and then somewhat awkwardly offered a formal welcome to the force. I had the distinct impression that he found this sort of thing as difficult as I did, in part because after not mentioning my name throughout our conversation, he finished off with "Glad to have you aboard, Brian".

My head swam a little as I feebly shook his pale and damp hand. It was not unlike shaking a wet piece of haddock. I slid backwards over the front of the enormous desk to the floor, then muttered my embarrassed and surprised thanks. Dreamily wading through the floor coverings and out of the very important man's office, I struggled to take in what had just happened. Thinking quickly, I made my exit before he came to his senses and changed his mind. Outside the door, I was slightly disappointed not to hear a heavenly choir in full flow, or even a shaft of sunlight peeking through the clouds – and somehow also through several floors of

concrete – onto my upturned cherubic countenance.

With my/my parents' hopes, my/my father's dreams edging closer to fulfilment, outside was suddenly the best – the *only* – place to be, and within a short time, I found myself standing on a wide, windswept plaza leading up to the building and wondering what was the best way to take the news home. That doesn't make a lot of sense these days but remember that this was in a distant, almost mythical past; an era before mobile phones. I walked into the city in an effort to locate a payphone. There had been one visible in the foyer of the police station, however I didn't much fancy using that one. I assumed – correctly, as it would much later turn out – that the instrument was likely to have been soiled by the sputum of any number of life's less hygienic participants. For anyone unfamiliar with the charming British tradition of bright red telephone boxes, I should at this point reveal a national secret. While the phone in the police station foyer may indeed have been a seething mass of bacteria and viruses, a telephone box offered only a slightly lesser chance of not contracting a nasty disease. The choice was not straightforward, but I decided to take my chances in a bright red iron and glass cubicle smelling strongly of pee (the telephone box; not me).

I walked along the street in a haze of disbelief. I'd never really expected it to happen. It had always been something which might, just possibly, happen at some undetermined point in the future, and now reality had arrived with a bang. As if by magic I suddenly had a career of thirty years stretching out before me. A career in uniform, in a disciplined profession. I'd never before faced up to the possibility of making it even this far – and now that the facts were more or less pressed up against my nose, I was a little frightened about what it all meant. Standing on the edge of an emotional precipice while shaking that very important man's limp and clammy hand, I had stuck one foot out over the void. What, I wondered, did the universe have planned for me? 🍷

...continued from P.3 mushrooms and various bolletes. This is because they only ever harvested a small portion of the mushrooms that came up in their garden. The hordes of wild mushrooms gave their garden an enchanted air and they could pick a few as the fancy took them. This is a much better relationship to be in with these wondrous beings who not only farm the forest but make nutrients available in any soil where they are not discouraged. The mycelium simply hate to have the soil disturbed so I now practice no-till gardening wherever I can.

I don't produce all the seeds I need and I get a lot of seeds from the Garden Club when we have our Seedy Saturday event. This year, i decided to shop for my seeds early as there are some seeds such as carrot and cucumber that are more advanced to produce. I went shopping at Sweet Rock Farm, seed producers from Gabriola Island. I like their products very mush and am happy with their service. I bought

a few extra seeds at Salt Spring Seeds. In both cases, I was not able to buy everything I wanted as they had already sold out of some seeds. So do not delay but make up your seed list and order soon.

If you would like to see the photos I have to go with this and other articles and read my other stories, I have a blog at <https://druidapprentice.wordpress.com>



Phoenix Riting:

ARTS&LIT

By Phoenix Bee

IVE been thinking a lot about community lately. It seems to me that local community connections used to be stronger. We had a more distinct shared identity as islanders before the internet linked our brains around the globe like chips on a board. The experience of community has changed radically with the advent of the World Wide Web. People now belong to many distinct communities and interest groups online, scattered around the world, developing relationships that can be more vital and important than their real-life connections. But what does this do to local community cohesiveness?

A physical community relies on its people to survive. Volunteerism and community spirit grow from connections that humans share in person. A community, to be healthy, encourages mutually supportive bonds between its members and allows for enough in person circulation to develop familiarity. Without strong networks and enough face to face interaction to develop and maintain connections, we risk losing the cohesion of a

strong communal identity.

Covid has exacerbated the problem, obviously. When the world shut down, a number of people moved to their Hornby retreats to shelter in place, many of them have stayed to work from home. Consequently, I think Hornby's demographic has shifted significantly. New people have moved here, but few know who they are. Most rely on Facebook to connect. So far I feel our island is doing alright; we're not in danger of civil war... yet.

continued on P.6...

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...continued from P.5 Polarization in the world is increasing all the time. These are dangerous days for communities, at local as well as national levels and beyond. The global network is impossibly vast, and paradoxically an ever shrinking goldfish bowl.

A recent poll in the States revealed that most people, Trump supporters and Biden supporters alike, would support the separation of red from blue states, divide the country in two. Oh, my. What could go wrong? How long would it be before two such ideologically polarized nation-states declared war?

I have been studying anatomy over the past few months. The insides of bodies are fascinating! A physical entity is made up of myriad disparate parts serving contradictory and oppositional functions, yet still co-operating perfectly. We can learn a lot from a body. Tension between opposites is not only okay, but is actually required to keep the engine running. It's all about maintaining balance.

What if everybody is right, from their own point of view? Every part of a body needs to commit to playing its distinct role. What if the heart tried to lord it over the intestines, and tell it how to do its job? What a mess that would make! A single message gone wrong from one part of the body to another can cascade disastrously, precipitating a crisis. Yet we manage to keep on going day after day with guts, brains, muscle and

Confessions of a Reluctant Gardener

ARTS&LIT

By Graeme Isbister

I was half-way through my least favorite gardening job when I thought, for the umpteenth time, "Why, really, am I doing this...?" And my second thought. "And not just this particular job but many (most?) of the chores associated with a vegetable garden...Do the benefits outweigh the drudgery?"

The task at hand: turning the compost pile – forking the half-rotted (sorry, "composted") slimy pile of kitchen scraps, garden chaff, autumn leaves and other miscellany out of the beehive style composter and into the nearby tumbler style composter which, with the addition of some top soil starter and, If I remember, regular rotation, will produce rich, loamy soil in time for next year's garden.

Not that the otherwise icky job of transferring the slimy mess (Why is it always the most disgusting clumps that fall through the tines of the fork and need to be picked up manually and deposited in the right bin...?)

Where was I? Oh yes, not that all this forking is without its benefits: "Aha, so that's where the missing paring knife/teaspoon/dessert fork has been hiding all these months."

And revelations: "My gosh, we seem to eat a lot of avocados..."

And questions: "What is the nuclear half-life of these avocado's pits and skins? Do they ever break down and become, you know, compost?"

But, but, I seem to suffer from some kind of seasonal affective disorder – gardening variety.

In the fall, as the days shorten and other interests beckon, I walk past my bedraggled looking plants all crying out, "Deal with me now, you sluggard!" Or words to that effect...

And, truth be told, I don't want to. The enthusiasm I felt in the early spring to shovel, bend, sift, fork, rake, measure, clip, mix, bend some more, swallow a few ibuprofen, wheelbarrow, prune, tie, bend a lot more has inexplicably waned over the summer and early fall.

Added to that, of course, have been the daily hand watering over the crazy hot, dry days of summer; re-planting all those seeds beaten by those adorable towhees

bones and co-operative 'guest' bacteria all doing their jobs without a break or argument. What a miracle!

Perhaps it's not such a miracle. Maybe balance is what happens when we centre our communal perspective between oppositions to listen to both sides and ensure all needs get met. Needs are valid. Some people need freedom. That's not a want, it's a requirement. Some people need a sense of safety and security. That's real too. How can everybody get their needs met? How do we balance this shaky boat we are all in? These are real and pressing questions.

I'd love to hear your ideas and perspectives on this and any other issue. Email me at phoenixhornby@gmail.com.



and their kin; fertilizing, weeding, mulching; patrolling the perimeter to ensure marauding, voracious deer find no breaches in the defenses; regular, I mean regular surveillance and detection of signs of other pests of the two, four, six (and more?) legged variety; researching antidotes to these infestations with neighbors, friends and Google; replacing yet again the carrot-covering remay cloth that acts like a sail, catching the mildest summer zephyr; etc.

All of this so my little plot will produce, among other things, two, only two, of THE BEST SWEET PEPPERS I HAVE EVER TASTED!

So there's that.

But is it enough?

Certainly my current reticence is a sign of advancing age or, perhaps "accumulated gardening age." I have had a vegetable garden, with only a couple of years off, since my School Garden days as a ten year old on Fairfield Island in Chilliwack.

And I get the whole diurnal, biorhythm thing. It's fall, right? Slow down.

And not that there aren't other benefits. I will drift off to sleep tonight, perhaps riding a couple of Extra-strength Advil, secure in knowing my compost-forking is done for another season.

And, for some reason, dreaming about doing it all over again next spring.



Crazy Clown, in a Bowl of Soup: *A Perspective*

ARTS&LIT

By Robbie Newton

MONEY FOR MARTIN, where to begin? It's now '97, I've borrowed \$15,000 from Manfred to pay off Ray and to get out from his high interest rates. I've sold the Round House and Workshop to Luc and Annie and set their interest rates at 20% lower, which I'm also paying to Manfred for his loan. Yes, it's a Crazy Clown that I am but I'm choosing a 'bowl of soup' for my mind's peace to swim in.

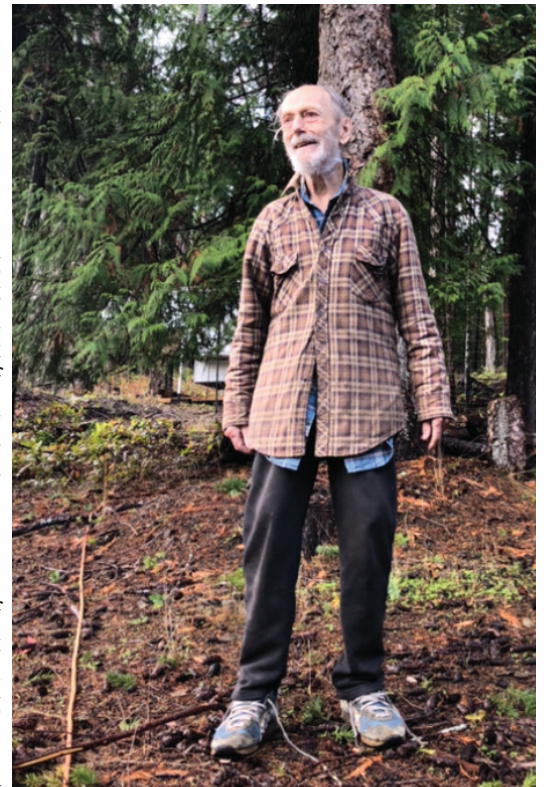
I'm left with the Mushroom Building which gives me plenty of working space and its problems. I'm over 60 now with two pensions to consider. First my Canada Pension which I only contributed to for 3 years; \$180 a month at 65, but an early value of \$150 a month; a no brainer, I take it right away. The other is an Alberta Government Employee Plan, I have 13 years in it; I choose to wait but some time in 1988, I decide to take it early too.

Sometime that year I've scraped together \$10,500 and I decide to offer that to Martin. "Yes, that would be nice but I have a mortgage to pay off",!!! of course him too. I decide to take \$500 a month from what Luc and Annie are paying me; and off I go to the Credit Union to sit down with a friendly accountant to discuss my situation: which had the added problem that Martin's Bank wouldn't deal with the Credit Union Clearing House in London. She thought about it for a while, but saying "don't worry I'll get it done". Which she did until Martin's death and I'd thanked her.

Martin's initial response was slow at first, but as his sense of security rose, and maybe his embarrassment at being 'bailed out' subsided, his mood moved closer to one of optimism. His health as chafed by his demeaning battles with the NHS, continued for 2 more years. Then finally, with his own doctor ill in hospital and Martin needing his prescriptions; the Doctor's secretary saying "she didn't have the responsibility"; Martin 'exploded again' until with his "pills"; he remarkably added "I laughed about it afterwards". Clearly a major breakthrough had occurred. He had found his way to a hospice, he had been talking to others who were also dying; he was not alone; something that I'd wished for my mother.

Two weeks before he died Martin phoned me and we had a long happy sharing with each other until, tired I think, he said "it sounds like there's someone at the door". Two days before he died he came back from that hospice to spend it with his family: his son Kevin and daughter Heather came and my eldest brother Raymond was called to join them. He drove across England to Cardiff and found all them in quiet amiable conversation while Martin, eyes closed appeared to be asleep. Raymond unsure, looked to Liz who confidently said "Oh, he knows you're here" too; and it was here with his family that he found his peace.

I couldn't have been happier for Martin; but if you think that was an "end" for him, you should have heard the endless 'intrusions' he would continue to pour into my mind. As a 'spirit' he was a free flier wanting to be part of my life still; and for many more months this new 'friendship' continued but then stopped. Briefly after that, Heather wrote saying that she was pregnant again; so teasingly I responded, saying that I thought Martin was planning on re-incarnation: Dalai Lama watch out. So when her son Edwin was born, I was sure, it was with a God-Grand Father in tow. More recently Edwin has uncovered a talent for playing a guitar, and the ambition for a band to play with. Thanks Martin, That was some life you've led, don't stop. 🍷



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Lebanon is Sinking

By Gwynne Dyer

OP/ED

• OP October 19th, 2021

scuba-dive on the stern if you are a technical diver. The ship is a bit like Lebanon, for reasons I'll explain later.

Five years ago Lebanon still looked like a middle-class country with a lot of poor people. Now it looks like a very poor country with a few rich people. If you want the numbers, the proportion of people living below the official poverty line has gone from 30% two years ago to 80% now.

Indeed, even the civil war of 1975-1990 did less damage to the economy, though it destroyed several hundred thousand lives and much of the country's infrastructure. "Even during the civil war there was money and nobody starved," as a Beirut bus driver put it.

The current disaster's roots are in that war. It drove the Lebanese back into the relative safety of their own sectarian communities, Christian, Sunni Muslim, and Shia Muslim, and warlords arose to protect those communities,

Some of the warlords were prosperous traditional leaders, other were men made powerful by the war. To finance the militias they led, they created 'taxation' systems that were little short of extortion, and it was their relatives and friends who organised and ran those systems.

By the end of the war in 1990 they were the new political and financial elite, with well-paid militias to enforce their will on their own communities – and they didn't go back to their day jobs. They became a corrupt and nepotistic club whose members always cooperate to appropriate the wealth of the Lebanese state, however much they may hate each other.

That system worked smoothly in the 1990s and the 2000s, but it was visibly coming apart by the 2010s. There simply wasn't enough money to share out among the elites (politely known as the 'political class'). Lebanon produces almost nothing, not even enough food for its own people, and its imports are paid for with remittances, foreign aid, and loans.

With not enough money coming in to sustain their immense patronage networks, the elites started taxing the poorer section of the population more heavily, and in 2019 something snapped. Suddenly Beirut's streets were full of protesters demanding fundamental change.

Lebanon is a former French colony, so French President Emmanuel Macron flew in and offered the Lebanese government £11 billion in return for structural reforms that would root out the corruption at the heart of government. But the elites who benefit from that system ARE the government, in practice, so of course they said no, thanks.

The demos continued for almost a year, for by now there were long daily cuts in electricity. Impoverished families were finding it hard to afford enough food – annual inflation is now 138% – and malnutrition was widespread.

Then came the massive explosion in Beirut's port district last year. That got the

OFF the Lebanese coast about 60 km north of Beirut a 104-metre (340-foot) battleship stands vertically, with her bow and some 30 metres of her length plunged into the mud. The seabed is 140 metres down, but you can even

International Monetary Fund involved, offering Lebanon huge loans if the corrupt system is reformed, but it's likely that the government will turn them away again. If stubborn selfishness was an Olympic event, the Lebanese political class would win gold.

It's getting close to the edge. Last Thursday Hezbollah staged a mass protest in Beirut, demanding the removal of the judge presiding over the inquiry into who was responsible for importing the 2,750 tonnes of fertiliser that caused last year's port blast. (Hezbollah is one leading candidate for the blame.)

When the march entered a Christian district at least one sniper opened up on it. Seven Shias died, and the crowd (some of whom were armed) tried to storm Christian neighbourhoods in retaliation. And still the Lebanese political class refuses to bend.

So why does that political class resemble the captain of HMS Victoria, the defunct battleship that did a nose-dive in 1893? Because the officer commanding the British Mediterranean Fleet, Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, was one of the most stubborn men in history.

He ordered a very complex manoeuvre in which two parallel lines of battleships would make simultaneous U-turns TOWARDS each other, winding up going in the opposite direction but with the parallel lines much closer together. And he got the distance wrong.

Everybody else on the bridge could see the ships were actually going to collide, and several of them spoke to Tryon about it, but he ignored their advice. The ship that was going to ram him also queried his orders, but he persevered. So they collided, and the admiral went down with his ship.

Think of Lebanon's political class as Admiral Tryon, and the country as HMS Lebanon. Technical divers only.



THE ISLANDS Grapevine
EST. 1991
 DENMAN ISLAND & DENMAN ISLAND
 COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER
 250-335-9143
 theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com

ADVERTISING SERVICES & PRICING

Prices effective as of March 1st, 2018

All prices include GST

CLASSIFIED ADS 30 words or less.

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Please contact us to find out
 how many you should print.

- or -

we can print it:

\$7/100 (letter-sized - one-side)

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Please ask about our discounts for
 ordering and prepaying for multiple
 ad placements. Refer to examples
 below for actual ad sizes. We cover
 everything from a small 1x1 to full
 page.



Notice of Annual General Meeting Thursday, Nov 25, 2021, 4 pm

Invitation to ADIMS Members and Public

Please feel welcome to join us for our AGM Zoom Meeting.

The meeting invitation details will be posted on our website and emailed to our
 members the week prior to the event.

ADIMS provides the residents of Denman Island with a strong voice in protecting our marine
 environment.

For more information: www.adims.ca or Email: adimsinfo@gmail.com

REQUEST FOR EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST – LANDS MANAGER

The Denman Conservancy Association (DCA) is seeking expressions of interest
 for the contracted part-time position of DCA Lands Manager starting no later
 than January 3, 2022. The contract will be for 8 months (which includes a two
 month training period) and may be renewed for a one-year contract after that
 following a successful performance review. Detailed information with respect to
 this position can be found at <https://www.denman-conservancy.org/2021/10/18/lands-manager-contract/>.

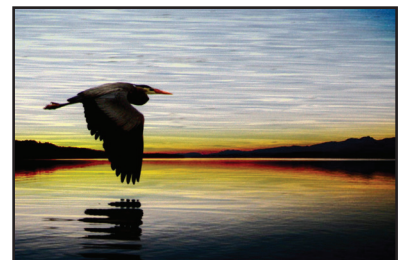
Interested parties should provide written information supporting their
 qualifications and experience by November 8, 2021 to: Denman Conservancy
 Association, Attention JoAnne Shepherd, PO Box 60 Denman Island BC
 V0R1T0 OR info@denmanconservancy.org.

Liberty Lost

by Thomas Provençal

*We have lost our liberty
 by giving into fear.
 By shaking our self-confidence
 authorities can steer
 us into strange behaviour
 like scrambling for a shot
 that gives dubious protection
 from a flu so few have got.
 The media spreads hysteria
 and sheeple fall in line,
 afraid to feel the consequence
 of jail or hefty fine.
 The awful thought of painful
 death
 is beat across our backs.
 The government has ceased
 control
 and stopped us in our tracks.
 In two short the world has
 changed.
 We rarely get to see
 expressions of a friendly face.
 Forced to mask ain't free!*

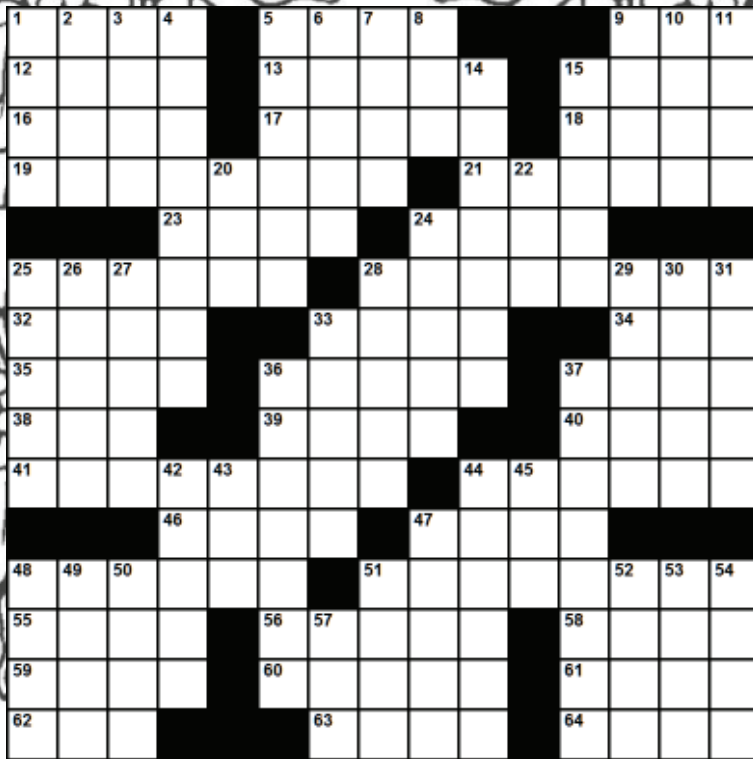
You've seen my photos right
 here in the pages of the
 Grapevine.
 Now's your chance to own a
 full-colour (or b&w) copy of
 your very own ...



Peruse my online portfolio:
[youpic.com/photographer/
 chrisfulcrum/](http://youpic.com/photographer/chrisfulcrum/)
 Prints available in various sizes and use
 archival inks and papers.
 email for more info:
chrisfulcrum@gmail.com

Please note: not all online photos are available for print.

• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• ACROSS •

1. Autumn birthstone
5. Competent
9. 1/20 of ton, abbr.
12. Genoa magistrate
13. Arms in the water
15. Fertilizer compound
16. Gumbo need
17. Army levels
18. Downtown's replacement
19. Aft, at sea
21. Limp along
23. Appoint
24. Deep mud
25. Amend
28. The Mona Lisa, e.g.
32. A Walton
33. All that's left
34. Craggy peak
35. All aflutter
36. Zodiac ram, var.
37. Greek letter
38. Encyc. binding abbr.
39. Types
40. Covered up
41. Open shelvings
44. Threat ender

46. Co-fighter

47. Bearded beasts
48. Place in a grave
51. Rural hired worker
55. Adult-to-be
56. Mix-up
58. Bible twin
59. 90-degree heading
60. Feudal workers
61. Celts' land
62. Bridal title
63. Reggae's Peter
64. A social grace
68. Original Big Bang matter

• DOWN •

1. Bouquet
2. Elbow action
3. Pearl Mosque city
4. School activity
5. Ski lodge shape
6. Strident sound
7. Act the banker
8. Cry over a mouse
9. Common crustacean
10. Hale and hardy
11. Chaucer product
14. Unisex tops
15. Brownish hue
20. Ain't no more
22. Alley cat's scrap
24. commandments recipient
25. Steal goods
26. Rye fungus
27. Cello's kin
28. Job bonuses
29. Coral structure
30. Greek letter
31. Carpentry or printing
33. Bendix role
36. Stuff
37. Floe
42. Haggard
43. Blighted tree
44. Strong flow
45. Alcoholic drink
47. Fish hooks
48. Agenda component
49. Almost proximate
50. Musical Myra
51. Las Vegas game
52. Bhutan's locale
53. DEA officer
54. Air by a pair
57. After taxes



He was spoiled for choice

Mr. Stofer
www.stofergallery.com

Grumpism



“I am so poor I cannot pay attention.”

• PREVIOUS WEEK'S ANSWERS •

H	A	Z	Y		T	O	P	A	Z		O	V	U	M
E	R	I	E		A	L	I	B	I		R	A	R	E
N	I	N	A		M	I	L	A	N		G	I	S	T
	A	C	H	I	E	V	E			N	Y	A	L	A
					A	L	E				I	O	N	
B	I	G	A	M	Y		T	S	A	R		S	R	I
A	D	L	I	B		I	R	E			E	N	T	E
S	L	I	D			T	I	T			E	R	G	O
S	E	D	E	R		C	B	S			G	R	O	A
O	R	E			A	C	H	E			T	W	O	P
					O	N	E				S	H	Y	
	T	I	L	T	S					M	E	A	N	I
T	O	D	D			I	D	I	O	M		F	A	I
U	G	L	I			U	N	D	U	E		F	I	V
P	A	Y	E			M	A	I	L	S		Y	L	E

• CLASSIFIED ADS •

• SERVICES •

HORNBY COMPACT EXCAVATION

Versatile machine and operator. Small footprint efficient for ditches, holes, levelling, brush clearing, etc. Please inquire

email: Call:
2503350770
Matthewlingle@
hotmail.ca



DO YOU NEED HELP getting rid of small amounts of rubbish from around your yard or house? Perhaps I can help you. Give me a call: Brian at 250-335-2390 or 250-650-2390(cell). Lawnmower service come springtime.

WICKEDFABRICATION: Journeyman welder: Mobile welding unit: Custom gates and stairs: Heavy equipment repairs, bucket cracks, fixin tracks: Shipping container modifications: Cut and cap piles for buildings: Trailer repairs and modifications: Minimum 2hr charge PH: 250 207-6904 Email wickedfabrication0@gmail.com

THORLACIUS TRUCKING Top soil, bark mulch, gravel and sand. Call Chris & Lora, 250-650-9986. denmantruck@gmail.com

MR. FIX-IT PLUMBING & All household major and small appliances. All large and small machinery. Yard machinery, chainsaws, outboards, automotive, sharpening, welding and fabricating. Call Rick Graham 335-0954.(HI)

MAGNIFICENT TOPSOIL, (Serving Denman & Hornby since 1988) Bark Mulch, all gravels, Bison compost, Treework, site clean up, fir mill end firewood, roof tear off, demolition. High grade lumber. 30 years local Entpr. Call Dave 218-9667.(DI)

GUTTERS seamless, supply and install also repairs, for free estimate contact Kevin at 250 335 1986 or cell at 250 667 3233. Serving All Areas.

• FOR SALE •

WAGNER FIREWOOD. 2 cords to Denman, \$580 plus GST. Hornby, \$600 plus GST. Text or call Scott at 250-334-7323

APPLIANCES FOR SALE. Ranges, washers, dryers, fridges, dishwashers, gas/electric

range. All fully restored and come with a full six month warranty. Call Rick Graham 335-0954.

• COMMUNITY NOTICES •

THE DENMAN FARMERS MARKET is looking for someone to build a) two 8-foot picnic tables, and b) a small wooden hand-wash station. Email denmanmarket@gmail.com for more info if you are interested in one of both of these jobs. Proposals needed by mid-November; flexible time-line for completing the work.

TO THOSE WHO have fought the power and are not on Facebook, I wish to tell you that I, Jarrah Kirk, have started a Kickstarter for my business, The Crooked Warden Cidery. If you wish to give one of "THOSE" Denman islanders some support, my Kickstarter is <http://kck.st/3hJfqrC>. It's all or nothing. Thank you all who have supported me, it is much appreciated. Jarrah

COMMUNITY SERVICES FROM DENMAN WORKS Projector and screen: Book with Abraxas Books and Gifts 250-335-2731 abraxas9@telus.net Zoom meetings (unlimited time and free recording): See denmanworks.wordpress.com/contact/

• SEEKING WORK •

SEEKING WORK of a physical nature. Splitting and stacking firewood are specialties, gardening also. Will try any labouring job. 250-334-0675 evenings, Stephen Cooke. \$15/hr.

• EMPLOYMENT •

THE GENERAL STORE is once again looking for a person to work both as a cashier and receiver. We need someone who is self-directed, can lift up to 50 lbs, has work experience and wants at least 3 shifts per week. Call 250 335-2293 and ask for Jennifer.

LOVE PLAY? Work with local youth & adults with diverse learning needs. Internships, work experience & volunteer opportunities, PT year-round positions on Hornby Island. Training provided. Apply at www.hiplay.ca

ARE YOU RELIABLE, friendly, conscientious, collaborative and unemployed? Denman Island Chocolate needs you! We are looking for someone to join our fabulous production team. Email dichoc@telus.net

• LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS •

1	L	O	I	N	5	K	A	S	H	A	10	D	O	J	13	J	E	M	I	M	A							
19	B	O	N	Y	20	I	D	L	E	D	21	O	N	O	22	A	R	I	S	E	N							
23	J	F	K	J	24	U	N	I	O	R	M	I	N	T	S	26	C	A	N	A	R	D						
				27	E	N	G	A	G	E	I	N	28	H	E	C	K			30	A	C	E					
31	T	A	C	T	I	C				34	I	N	D	35	I	E	P	O	P	36	R	O	C	K	S			
38	A	L	L	S		39	R	O	O	S				42	S	C	H	M	O	E	S							
43	P	I	E		44	S	A	P	S		45	B	L	E	H		47	E	T	C	H	E	R	S	50			
51	I	C	A	N	52	T	B	E	L	I	E	V	E	I	T	S		55	D	E	V	I	L					
56	R	E	N	E				57	C	O	N	G	O		58	N	U	D	E		60	A	I	D	A			
				61	R	F	S				63	D	O	V	E		64		65	R	U	L	E		67	T	E	T
68	T	H	E	F	A	C	T	S	O	F		73	L	I	F	E	S	A	V	E	R	S						
76	R	E	D		77	N	O	H	O		78	F	R	E	T		80	E	R	E								
81	E	R	I	K		83	T	E	S	S	84		85	O	C	A	L	A		88	N	I	O	B	E			
92	V	O	T	E	R		93		94	N	O	T	B	U	T	T	E	R	F	I	N	G	E	R				
97	I	N	S	T	E	A	D		98		99	E	A	T	S		100	F	E	E	T			101	D	A	D	
				102	E	S	C	O	B	A	R			104	E	T	A	L			105	P	E	S	O			
106	S	P	I	L	T	M	I	L	K	D		109	U	D	S			111	T	A	I	N	T	S				
113	H	U	N				114	I	T	U	P		115	P	E	T		116	D	O	O	R	S					
118	O	L	D	P	A	L			121	F	I	R	S	T	A	I	D	K	I	T		123	K	A	T	S		
126	A	S	I	A	N	A			127	F	E	E			128	A	T	R	I	A		129	O	O	P	S		
130	L	E	A	D	I	N			131	S	S	W			132	T	E	E	N	Y		133	N	A	P	A		

• BUSINESS DIRECTORY •

• (H) Hornby • (D) Denman • (UB) Union Bay •
• (FB) Fanny Bay • (C) Courtenay/Comox •

• ACCOMMODATIONS & RENTALS •

- Denman Activity Centre (Seniors) Rentals 335-3027 (D/H)
- Denman Community Hall Rentals 335-3027 (D/H)
2 halls, commercial kitchen, new sound system
suitable for concerts, plays, meetings, weddings, etc.

• REAL ESTATE • INSURANCE • FINANCIAL SERVICES •

- Bente Pilgaard, RE/MAX The Islands 335-2510 (H/D)
- Cloutier Matthews LLP, Chartered Professional Accountants 338-7367 (All)
- Donna & Jenessa Tuele • Royal LePage Hornby 335-1720 (D/H)
- Sylvie Schroeder • Royal LePage Denman Island 335-2551 (D/U)
- Katarina Meglic • Pemberton Holmes Realty 778-557-7429 (D/H)

• BUILDING • CONSTRUCTION •

- Aquarian Systems • Water Cisterns • Ed Hoeppner 335-2037 (D/H)
- Ray Ulovec • Backhoe/Excavator, Septic Installation 335-3145 (D/H)
- Bobcat & Compact Excavator • Steve Isaak 335-1853 (D/H)
- Cal's Bobcat Services • Auger, Grapple, Rake 613-447-8873 (D/H)
- Denman Electric, Licensed, Fully Insured & Bonded 335-3122 (D/H)
- DB clearing & excavations • call or text 250-465-1889 (D)
- Excavator/Backhoe/Tandem Gravel Truck • Kenny Mather 703-6512 (All)
• John Isbister 335-2565 (D)
- Roc-Isle Drywall, Harvey Hodgins • 35 yrs exp. 'certified' 334-4776 (D/H)
- Seaside Electric • Licenced, Bonded & Insured 702-0570 (D/H)
- Tandem gravel truck & transfer trailer • Grant Morrison 335-0702 (D/H)
- Water Tanks & Cisterns • Steve Isaak 335-1853 (All)

• SERVICES •

- Acupuncture • Margot Davey, R.Ac • 778-992-0165 (D/H)
- Acupuncturist, Herbalist, Physiotherapist • Carmen B-G, RPT, RTCMP
335-2260 (D/H)
- Chiropractic Care on Fridays • Dr. Dawn Armstrong, DC 465-8482 (D)
- Massage Clinic • 2796 Northwest Rd. • Leyah Kelly 335-2584 (D)
- Denman Works! • Tony Gregson 250-335-0287 denmanresource@gmail.com (D)
- Peter T. Mason • Land Surveying 757-8788 (All)
- Tree Service • Darian Chase • Arborist 218-0404 (All)
- Trueview Treecare, seniors' discount • Wildbill 898-7246 (D/H)
- Music Lessons & Piano Tuning • Scott Knight 604-779-9335 (D/H)
- Landscaping & Home Services • Beech & Cedar Home Maintenance
(Kane) • 335-0745 (D/H)
- Able & Ready Septic Pumping Service • 250-338-8822 (D/H)
- Home Town Shredders • Document Shredding • 334-7111 (D/H)

EVERYTHING WAS FINE AND DANDY UNTIL...
RASTAFARIAN SEAWEED DUDE AND BUD BUDDY ARRIVED



NOW EVERYTHING WAS REALLY, REALLY, REALLY
FINE AND DANDY

FORTNIGHT EVENTS

THURSDAY 21

- RECYCLING CENTRE 2-6pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-6pm
- CAP SITE 4-7pm
- FOOD BANK 4-7pm

FRIDAY 22

- AA Meeting DI United Church 7pm

SATURDAY 23

- RECYCLING CENTRE 9-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 9-5pm
- FREE STORE 9am-2pm
- FARMERS MARKET Old School 9:30am

SUNDAY 24

- ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH 10:30am

MONDAY 25

TUESDAY 26

- CAP SITE 11-2pm

WEDNESDAY 27

- RECYCLING CENTRE 2-6pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-6pm
- CAP SITE 4-7pm

THURSDAY 28

- RECYCLING CENTRE 2-6pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-6pm
- CAP SITE 3-7pm
- FOOD BANK 4-7pm

FRIDAY 29

- AA Meeting DI United Church 7pm

SATURDAY 30

- RECYCLING CENTRE 9-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 9-5pm
- FREE STORE 9am-2pm
- FARMERS MARKET Old School 9:30am

SUNDAY 31

MONDAY 1

TUESDAY 2

- CAP SITE 11-2pm

WEDNESDAY 3

- RECYCLING CENTRE 2-6pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-6pm
- CAP SITE 4-7pm



THURSDAY 4

- RECYCLING CENTRE 2-6pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-6pm
- CAP SITE 3-7pm
- FOOD BANK 4-7pm

*The Monthly Calendar is on
hold for now.*

Instead we offer a 2 week summary of
upcoming events on the Back Page.
Email us with your event to be listed
in "Fortnight Events".
theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com



What if ...

You called 911 but no one answered your call

Fortunately, on Denman Island, that's not the case but Denman Island Fire Rescue does need a few more volunteers to train as front-line firefighters. This will ensure that we will be able to continue to provide high quality essential services to the community.

We offer:

- Training to professional standards
- Potential for moving on to a career in firefighting
- First-class gear and equipment
- A one-on-one mentoring program
- Diverse challenges and experiences
- The opportunity to serve and protect our community
- The Island's best fundraising & social programs
- Income Tax benefits

... and much more.

If you are up to the challenge and interested in learning about becoming a front-line firefighter, contact Fire Chief Don Lockett by email at "rluckett@telus.net".

Denman Island Fire Rescue

"Proudly serving the community with professional service by volunteers"