

# The summer that wasn't



**TED BROWN**  
A Ted Bit

I don't know exactly when it happened, but one morning last week, I woke up and summer was gone.

Yup, with a simple stroke of flipping a page on the calendar, we were suddenly in autumn.

Exit summer (or a somewhat poor facsimile) and enter autumn.

OK, sure, it's not officially autumn- we have a few more weeks of 'summer' for what it's worth. But once we hit September, summer isn't anywhere in sight.

The Sidekick totally agrees with me - in fact she refers to this past season as 'The summer that wasn't'

And she's right, summer never really managed to arrive, or stay.

Back in the spring, we

were hit with heavy rains and unpredictable weather. For my farming colleagues, the planting was a total exercise in frustration, as they would get so close to the land being dry enough to plant, and bingo, another two-day rain.

Personally I was lucky when it came to planting. I had one field of barley, and I

managed to work it, plant it and pack it - all before any rain set in.

I felt mighty cocky as I watched it sprout and grow.

Then, when it came time to spray the weeds, the field was simply too wet. The tractor and sprayer would have gone out of sight.

It is now out there, a field of barley with ragweed growing a foot taller than the grain.

It's a writeoff.

Then there's 'the summer that wasn't' hay crop. Last year I had my hay cut and baled by June 12.

This year, I cut my first field of hay July 8, and never finished until July 15.

That was sooo frustrating. And since the hay is a month older, it is also of

poorer quality. Since immature hay carries more nutrients, and is easier for the animals to eat since it's so nice and fine, it's a big difference.

Old mature hay is much coarser and weedy, and livestock don't like it.

Enough about the farmers' challenges this past summer.

How about the challenges we faced with our yard work?

After I checked my diary over the summer, I learned that I did not have one week when I was able to mow all the lawn at once, just dribs and drabs.

It was either too heavy a dew in the morning to cut grass, or too hot to go out and get fried in the sun. Oh

yeah, or it was raining.

So The Sidekick was 100 per cent right - it really was a 'summer that wasn't.'

And now we're into September, the kids are back to school, the weekly routines are starting up again as life becomes busier.

But come to think of it, that ain't all bad.

We're starting into my favourite season, where the temperature is reasonable, not stifling with humidity.

It's a season when the nights are cool and fresh, and we can sleep with a window open a bit, and be able to hear the crickets out there in the yard, rather than listening to that irritating drone of a window mount air conditioner struggling to keep the bed-

room a somewhat tolerable sleeping temperature.

And as the season advances, the trees will change their colours, giving us that beauty of autumn.

So I woke up and fall was suddenly here. And we bid adieu to 'the summer that wasn't.'

But if we take on a positive approach, we just might be able to turn this one around.

Put on a jacket if you go out at night. Enjoy the beautiful colours when they get here, and go for a walk on a trail that isn't infested with mosquitoes.

Yup summer is gone, fall is here.

And damn, it feels mighty good.

## THEN AND NOW



Esquesing Historical Society



Alex Mior photo

The old bank on the northwest corner of Main Street and Mill Street. It is currently a real estate company and a restaurant. Date of Then photo was taken in 1949.

## LETTER

### Women deserve better

Dissatisfied with its role as Big Brother, our provincial government plays God in promoting yet another life-ending measure. First MAID, now access to RU486.

While Health Minister Eric Hoskins claims to be safeguarding women's "right to choose", the extensive work of Dr. Christopher Gacek suggests chemical abortion is neither as safe or non-invasive as the government would have us believe.

While our laws lag behind science when it comes to abortion politics, we would do well to heed Horton in that beloved children's story: "A person is a person no matter how small."

Women and their unborn babies deserve better.

**Genevieve Carson**

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