

Leadership continued...

cess, from Tuesday through Friday. Every day, police department, fire department, cemetery personnel were there kicking the dirt. This was obviously not where their talent lies. At the end of the day Friday or early Saturday Mr. Carr, the landlord, was told he had to get rid of the rats by Tuesday, (What law gave authority to do this and was Due Process followed?) or they would hire Rose Exterminators to fumigate the premises at a cost of \$30,000 added to Mr. Carr's taxes. (What law gave authority to do this and was Due Process followed?) Mr. Carr proceeded to build barrel traps to begin trapping. His close neighbor to the East helped also with a couple traps. It took some time to get the materials together but some traps were operational by the end of day Sunday which gave him one day to meet Brian's deadline. By Monday morning he had caught over 50 rats and at that rate it would take a couple weeks to trap them all.

On Monday I was talking to Mr. Carr in front of his home on adjoining property, and Brian drove up and told Mr. Carr that:

- 1) the rats were invading the neighborhood and the neighbors were poisoning them and killing them.
- 2) he also made the statement that 100 were being born every day and Mr. Carr was losing ground on them even though he had just barely gotten his traps operational.
- 3) he also said that Pound Buddies and some other group were pushing this and he was just trying to be helpful.
- 4) he also told Mr. Carr that if he didn't have a crew there by Wednesday to start tearing the inside of his house apart to get at the rats, he indicated he would have to call in the \$30,000 remedy. (What law gave authority to do this and was Due Process followed?) This would also destroy the house because the animals would die in the walls of the house.

In response to the #1 statement, I went to his neighbors, Mr. & Mrs. Hart on the corner of Stringer and Mt. Garfield, and they said they hadn't seen any rats. Their son-in-law lives between Mr. and Mrs. Hart and the rescue, and is the closest neighbor and Mr. Hart said that family hadn't seen any either. Mr. Carr, the next closest neighbor had not seen any either.

#2 - According to the workers that I talked to while they were doing their job of tearing the walls and ceilings out of the house said they found between 200 and 500 rats depending on who you talked to. Obviously there were not 2,000 to 3,000 increasing at 100 per day.

3 - Pound Buddies does not have authority or jurisdiction to condemn and tear apart buildings in Fruitport Township.

#4 - To expect Mr. Carr to hire people to come in and tear his house apart was a hard one, especially when it looked like he could trap them without doing that. Mr. Carr did agree to pay \$3,000 for it if Brian would find somebody to do it. Brian hired his campaign manager, Dave Farhat and some of his Texas Hold'em dealers and others to do the job to the tune of about \$5,000 and they went to work tearing Mr. Carr's building apart.

They started to put Christine's possessions in the two big dumpsters that the Carrs were also paying for, and Mrs. Carr asked if they would put Christine's stuff aside since she did not have time or the ability to remove them before she was forbidden from the property by the township.

She managed to get the message to Christine, who was now homeless, to pick up her belongings, but Christine was afraid of being thrown in jail if found on the property. Christine said that she called Assistant Police

Chief, Lt. Bruce Morningstar three times for permission, but did not get a return call. Finally Christine got a letter from the township attorney Tuesday, June 16, saying she could get her stuff if she made an appointment with Lieutenant Morningstar and was escorted while on the property. Trying to coordinate this with volunteers willing to help her was a challenge. By this time most of her pictures, papers, and other personal possessions were destroyed or stolen.

Brian and others were telling people that she had been told several times that she can pick up her stuff. Because the workers tell her through another person that its okay, does not mean it's okay with the police who threatened her with arrest. And the police seemed not in a hurry to let her retrieve her possessions. Of course, they work for Brian, and he seems more interested in completely destroying Christine. In the meantime, pictures, papers and other precious personal items were out in the yard in the rain. Also, witnesses had seen a truck loading her stuff and driving off. Brian did not seem concerned about her possessions being stolen. What effort did the township make to keep that from happening?

This is not the first time Brian has picked on someone who he figured could not defend themselves from his abusing power. I can give examples, one of which the stress he inflicted probably contributed to the man's death.

He has a habit of threatening criminal charges to add to the stress of the person he is doing in.

In regard to Christine, Brian said to Becky Vargo from the Grand Haven Tribune, that, "Once and for all her Critter Café here in Fruitport is done." This statement is very telling. It indicates that he has wanted to get rid of her for a long time and has finally succeeded. It also indicates that he expects the Zoning Board of Appeals to rubber stamp his actions by taking away the zoning.

Christine is a victim, along with Mr. and Mrs. Carr. Our local government should be protecting victims. In this case our government has added to the tragedy. A little effort to help her with the rat problem and she would still be providing her service to our community. Instead, Brian used the rat problem to do her in and he expected the Board of Appeals to support him in it, which they did.

This is an example of blatant government abuse perpetrated by the township supervisor.

Ravenna Wake Up, America Wake Up, Children at Risk!

Letter To The Editor

The State Board of Education and Michigan Department of Education want to put forth guidelines for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, and questioning (LGBTQ) students. This would allow students (no age limit) to choose what gender they want to be know as in school. A boy could say, I am a girl, I want to be called a girl's name, a girl can ask to be called a boys' name, without any outside confirmation, including parents. Staff would call them by their chosen gender name. The students have the right to use boy's or girl's restrooms. Imagine a (perhaps) older boy going into the girls restroom where your young daughter is, and with all this, could cause more rapes and assaults. They (the M.D.E.) suggest locker rooms can be used according to their chosen gender, to dress as their gender, overnight accommodations according to their gender, teaching of LGBTQ rights, all curricula, who do you want to teach your children values? You or the government? It appears they think the government knows best, as much of Common Core is to brainwash our children, so does what the S.B.E. and M.D.E. want is doing the same, so our

children leave their schools thinking and acting as they want.

Please call:

John Austin—President: 517-373-3902

Brian Whiston—Superintendent: 517-241-0494

or www.everyvoicecountsmi.org

Fax: 517-373-1233

Who will pay for all these changes?

You, the tax payer.

Please, parents, grandparents, call your school board, governor Rick Snyder, 517-373-3400, your senators and representatives, state and federal. Title IX is a big part of this, to blackmail schools into going along with changes such as theses. The federal and state wants complete control of our children's lives. There is much more. God have mercy on our children! We do not have much time. Wake up America!

Billie Picklesimer, Ravenna, MI

Faith In A Friend

By Mike Simcik

At age 12, I never lacked for things to do as I became legendary in our town for fixing just about everything. These things came easy for me as it was never a problem to figure out what to do. My course of action was always clear.

One Saturday morning, my friend Freddie came over to my house, yelling his usual comical arrivals, "Can Mikey come out and play?"

Freddie was a tall, lanky, 55 year old gray-haired man who hated his wife and mother in-law, but was possibly the best fishing buddy any kid ever had, next to my dad. I mowed his lawn every week in the summer and shoveled his snow every winter.

Fredric Finedel worked as a concierge and desk clerk at the fanciest hotel in Chicago and he commuted from our little town in the Burbs to the Loop everyday. But Fred had a plan and a secret no one knew about, not even me.

Freddie was standing on our porch wearing a big floppy hat, with his waders in one hand, a spinning rod and can of worms in the other. Mother laughed at him saying, "Kids come in all sizes, small, medium and large."

Running out to the front door, I said "Give me two minutes to grab my stuff and I'll be right with you."

We only had two blocks to walk to the lake shore back then. Right behind Gene's Park Side Tavern were the kind of lake-weed beds where big fish stories and local legends were born.

My magic wand of choice was a split bamboo fly rod Dad had bought for me on one of our infamous train rides to small town USA, just to have lunch and get a haircut.

Freddie and I reached the water's edge and we rigged a night crawler harness adorned with small spinner blades and a small bobber to our rods. We waded out to our chest, and we paced about 30 feet apart. The action started in only a few minutes with Freddie hooking the first bass.

We never expected anyone to join us, but I heard splashing on the shore and I turned to see what was up. A stranger waded out to fish near by. He noticed my bamboo rod in hand and said, "I wish I knew someone who knows how to work on those kinds of rods." He explained that he had been given one from his father.

Without hesitation, the words blurted out of my mouth, "I'll fix it!"

The stranger asked, "What could a kid like you know about fixing bamboo fly rods?"

Freddie waded over saying, "If he says he can fix it, I promise he will. Why not give the boy a chance and see what he can do. If he ruins your rod, I will pay you the full price out of my own pocket," as he put his hand out to shake on it.

The stranger agreed to the deal. So, I gave him my address to bring the rod over to my house. Late that afternoon, the man brought the rod over and handed it to Dad, with an explanation of what happened. Pop took his name and phone number to call him when the rod was finished.

My other projects were put on hold as this challenge had to be met. Dad, Mother, Fred and my friends always had faith in my abilities.

First thing I did was go to the public library and I asked the lady at the desk, "Is there anything on bamboo fishing rods or how to make them?" She looked up a reference guide and found a book from the Herter's Company in Waseca, Minnesota. After reading it cover to cover several times, I learned that only basic hobby tools from a workshop were required.

The bamboo rod was a Heddon # 20, in poor condition, so I took the rod completely apart. Ferrules were removed. The cork grip, the reel seat and each of the four pieces had six segments that were coming apart and had to be re-glued. Dad ordered the proper adhesive, ferrule glue, new line