

News From:
Advocates for a Clean Lake Erie

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WE REMEMBER!
FIVE YEARS SINCE TOLEDO'S WATER CRISIS MARKED WITH
THEATER, SPEAKERS, MUSIC

Visuals: Lady Erie in a white gown getting “slimed” by an animal factory operator, the Farm Bureau, politicians, EPA, Dept. of Agriculture and a judge, who are then arrested by citizens and wrapped up in “crime scene” tape.

Live music: “[Farms and Factories](#)” (lyrics attached)

On Saturday, Aug. 3, 11:00 am, at International Park, [Advocates for a Clean Lake Erie](#) (ACLE) will mark the fifth year since Toledoans were told not to drink or touch their water due to elevated levels of microcystis toxins in Lake Erie.

The program will feature speakers Markie Miller, lead organizer for the Lake Erie Bill of Rights and Mike Ferner, ACLE coordinator, followed by a play and live music performed by local artist, Steve Masterak.

“We want to do more than hold a news conference lamenting what happened in 2014,” said Sue Carter, ACLE action committee chair. “We’re using theater as it has always been used, to dramatize truths that go unspoken. Real people made real decisions that poisoned Lake Erie. We intend to name them publicly and challenge citizens to do more.”

ACLE’s commemoration of Toledo’s water crisis continues next week, with the release of research results showing how many tax dollars Ohio politicians have wasted on failed efforts to clean up Lake Erie.

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FARMS AND FACTORIES
by THE CHICAGO FARMER

Said we were born in a barn,
the barn that Grandpa built and
every night we’d come inside and lie under Grandma’s quilts.

Been working these hands, working this land
It seems ever since birth
Hammerin’ away in the factory or outside tillin’ the earth

My family works in the factory, my family works on the farm
We work in the farms and the factories,
Never work on a factory farm.

My dad and first, my Papa Hersh healed the souls of the working folks shoes
To work day and night, to march, and fight
To stand up and stomp out the blues

Well I take the spirit so people can hear it
And put it into a song
And every part comes from the heart
And has our name put on

My family works in the factory, my family works on the farm
Take pride in the farms and the factories
There's no pride on a factory farm.

I'm Six strings a pluckin, eighteen wheels a trucking
My cousin he's makin good time
Through blood sweat and tears, coffee and beers
I'm just trying to remember the lines

From cities and caverns, a small-town tavern a sister or a mom 'n pop store
Blow a fuse or a wire, a shoulder, a tire,
Patch it up and haul back for more.

My family works in the factory, my family works on the farm,
We bleed in the farms and the factories,
bad blood on the factory farm

My wife and my Mom are both teachers, years of hard work in research
My Uncle Dan is a preacher, Aunt Judy plays the organ in church
My Grandfather served overseas, then farming became his life
He gives thanks on his two replacement knees he retired at 85.

My family works in the factory, my family works on the farm.
Thank God for the farms and the factories,
Thank the devil for the factory farm