

# ON THE MAIN STREET

with FORD MOYNES



Many times members of community service clubs reach out beyond the accustomed field of rendering service in local communities and "broaden their horizons", along other lines of endeavour.

This point was illustrated by the Lions Club of Lindsay this week when the "roaring" Lions opened their town homes and summer cottages to a group of young feminine students from various points in the State of Pennsylvania for two weeks. The visiting teen agers from across the boarder have been placed as far as possible in homes where the Lions have young daughters.

Behind this fine gesture is the idea that the visiting young ladies will return to the land of the Stars and Stripes with a greater degree of knowledge of how many fine teen agers in Lindsay (and Ontario) spend their time, the type of entertainment they enjoy and general ideas on their homes and how Canadians live. This is a great undertaking between good neighbours and it is likely that Lindsay daughters of Lions will return the visit.

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Lumbering was the major industry in Victoria and Haliburton well over a half a century ago — indeed perhaps one hundred years ago. It was not labelled an industry but

took on the fancy name many years later. A farmer in Emily township named "Big Joe" Lucas was a pioneer farmer and also a lumberman, but his young son Bert Lucas turned out to be farmer and also a woodsman. Some one told the lad Bert he was wasting his time and ability in these parts, and not taking much coaxing, one fall he found himself away up in the northern part of Northern Ontario hired by a large lumber firm. Still with a bit of wanderlust carousing through his veins, he was later employed with a lumber firm in Michigan near the U.S. Soo. The trip across the upper lakes from Sault Ste. Marie in Ontario to the city of the same name across the border was made on the old ferry boat, long since discarded. On the Michigan side of the invisible border line between the two friendly neighbours, Bert Lucas met up with a young and winsome maiden whom he married.

She was from the city but when Bert decided it was time to settle down he returned to his old farm in Emily township where he and his young city bride settled down.

This story of a young pioneer came to light several days ago when Mr. and Mrs. Bert Coulter celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at Downeyville. It was a gala

affair and eight sons were on hand, some having travelled by air, others by train and by motor car to be present at the golden anniversary event. "Are you glad you returned to the farm?" he was asked. The answer was a firm Yes. "Farming is hard, it has its ups and downs but it also has its compensations and it is an independent life", he said.

When the same question was put to Mrs. Lucas the young bride of fifty years, she smilingly agreed but with a bit of reservation. "It was a complete change for me", she said, "and at one time I tried to tell Bert he should stay in Michigan, but after all these wonderful years and on looking backwards, I think we are satisfied that we did not make a mistake. We have had fine friends and our family are all doing well so why shouldn't we be happy and satisfied?"