

Dr. M. J. Ormerod, well and favorably known to many local citizens because of his association with a number of community organizations, might well be described as a man with many attributes. Recently he was elected for a second term as President of the Lawn Bowling Club and as a member of this sporting institution he is admired as a player but more particularly as the "dark horse" because his contribution to the Club is recognized as more than a monetary donation — his man hours in connection with building the new Club House totalled over one thousand hours.

"If you want a job to be well done, then give it to a busy man," is an old saying and this holds true in connection with Dr. Ormerod, President of the Bowling Club, Vice-President of the Historical Society, a member of the Public Library Board and a recognized naturalist or "rock hound".

By delving a bit into history the Professor discovered that at one time many prospectors literally roamed Haliburton County with its hills, mountains and rocks, particularly in a search for iron ore. Thus resulted the named Irondale and the name of Furnace Falls. Away back in history when iron ore was mined around Irondale and millionaires and optimists in the district were followed by financiers who backed the building of I. B. and O. Railroad, surveyed from Irondale to Bancroft and Ottawa. Like the ore, the railway never reached Bancroft or the Dominion Capital — it petered out.

It is of interest to readers to mention that old timers in the north country used to tell about the days when Parliamentary "powers" at Ottawa once feared an invasion by the Yankees, who were believed to have eyes on Canada, and were about to invade the capital then called By-town, and this led to the building of what is known as the old Monk Road stretching from Ottawa to Irondale with destination at Orillia.

Several years ago the railway to Irondale was dismantled and the story was authenticated at the time that these massive steel railway rails were shipped across the Atlantic to steel mills to be converted into razor blades. If by accident some reader nicks his chin and spills a bit of blood, who knows the blade might have been part of the old I. B. and O. railroad.

If at some future date, a reader looks out the cottage window and spies a good looking individual chipping and chiseling away on a boulder on the front lawn or at the lakeside there is no reason to be alarmed — it might be Dr.