

Places I've **Done Time**

by Clifford Francis

The sale

A few weeks ago I went to a country auction out south of Beaverton. A couple of oldtimers were giving up farming, and there were lots of good items up for grabs. These older folks were fourth or fifth generation farmers on the same farm.

Years ago everyone including the auctioneer knew everyone. Not so in this day and time.

One used to just pay with cash or a 'good' cheque. Now everyone gets a card with a number on it and you can use credit cards or Interac. Not having three pieces of identification I was having a hell of a time getting a number, even though I was paying in cash. If you don't have proper identification you don't get a number the clerk told me. A women behind me steps up and offers to let me use her number and I thanked her very much, and I wondered why. I looked at her a couple of times and she smiled and said, "you don't remember me" and I didn't.

Her name was Sarah Wilson and it was some 20 years since I had last seen her. My mind slid back in time in a hurry and I remembered this was her grandparents farm on her mother's side and she was there to get a few keepsakes from the family farm. When I knew Sarah she lived on a little farm outside of Uxbridge where she raised chickens and worked in an office in Markham. I don't remember how, when or where I met her, but I did.

Sometimes I would go out to her little farm to see her and I wouldn't know who I was, where I was or how I got there, but I had. For some unknown reason she seemed to tolerate me and my ways.

One Saturday in early spring we went into Beaverton where Sarah had ordered a few hundred baby chicks at the local feed store. When we got back to the farm I helped her put the chicks in the pens. I had a few and stepped on a few and Sarah turned ugly. She told me not to call or come around again unless I was sober, and she threw me off the farm.

The next time I called it was late fall and when she said Clifford who? I had that sinking feeling. I thought maybe if she saw me in person that would help. It didn't. When I got there I wished I hadn't went. It had been so long the chicks were laying hens and she was nearly married. I soon left with a couple of dozen eggs and never saw her again until the sale. She told me about her family and laughed about all the things I had done. I guess all is forgiven and I even forgot to ask her what her name is now.

All the problems to get a number and I got naught.

I sure wished it had been one of Charlie Reid's sales, he would have sold me something I didn't need.

Museum

Continued from front

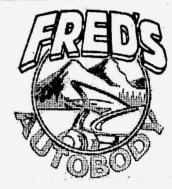
Department. "We're going to take a report to council looking for funding to build an appropriate facility," said Carruana in a phone call with the Times on Monday. One possibility is to construct a building on the outdoor courtyard at the Garnet Rickard Complex says Carruana. "We want to emulate the character of the when Brian museum owned McFarlane it," Carruana stated. While it's a little early in the process, being still in the designing of the building stage, Carruana is hoping the new facility will be open next fall.

McFarlane hopes to have the Stanley Cup here for the grand opening as he did when the exhibit first opened in Colborne.

Brian McFarlane with a Gretzky stick and Mayor John Mutton with a Bobby stick from McFarlane collection.







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