

## Places I've **Done Time**

by Clifford Francis

### More sadness

Over the years I've had a fine mix of friends. One such fellow showed up a little bit ago. Willard White was and is from West Virginia.

When he first came around here he worked on tobacco farms. He had friends in this area, an uncle in Castleton and some more in Tillsonburg. His dad had worked in the coal mines in West Virginia and Ohio. It's funny how people can live thousands of miles apart and have a lot in common.

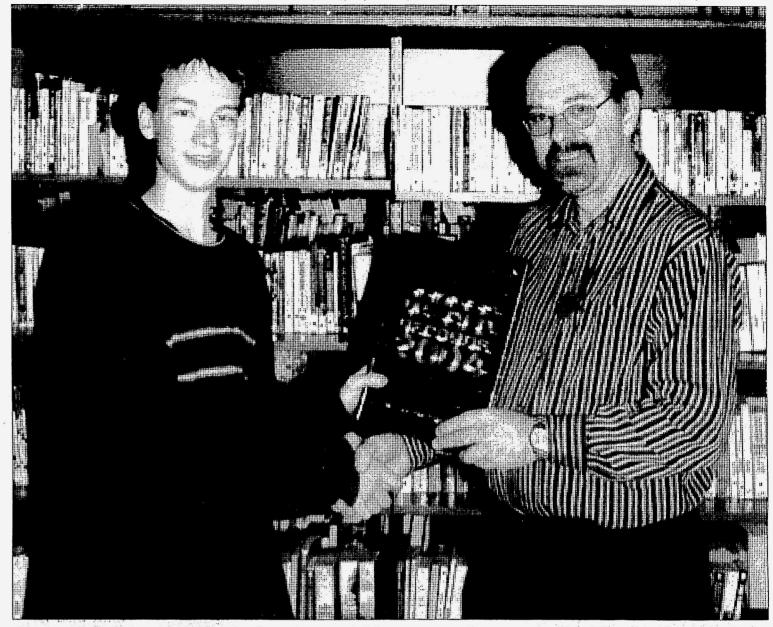
I met Willard through Gerry who was from Nova Scotia. Gerry worked on christmas tree farms around Pontypool and when Willard was finished working tobacco he had gotten a job cutting christmas trees for a few weeks. Gerry brought Willard down to the Ranch, and it was a strange mix but they had a lot in common. Willard had a drawl I barely understood and Gerry's eastern accent wasn't much better. Willard had his beloved Blue Ridge Mountains and Gerry had his pride and joy the Blue Noser. Both their dads worked in the coal mines in two different countries. Willard had his wonderful moonshine and Gerry had his down east screech shine. They both argued constantly about which was the

best. I didn't care, they both worked for me.

I would play Hank Snow songs and Gerry would get sad. Willard was no better when I played John Denver and the Blue Ridge Mountain songs.

when One summer Willard came up from West Virginia he brought his sister with him to help their aunt who had an operation. She sure was a lot prettier than Willard but just as hard to understand. When she left to go to her aunt's she said she loved me and I walked on air all week. The next weekend Willard came up by himself and I asked where his sister was. She can't stand you, he said. I told Willard what she had said, but it wasn't 'I love you', it was 'I loath you."

It took most of the summer, but I somehow took leave of my senses. I promised her the world and more, and she warmed up to me. Then in September she decided not to go home to Virginia and I was in a pretty pickle. I became sorely afraid that she would want to move in with me, but lucky for me, I was wrong. She had her eye on one of the guys priming tobacco on her uncles farm, and I was left out in the cold.



Clarke High School student Andrew Lengyel (L) was recently rewarded by Librarian Mr. Ray Saitz for being at the right place at the right time.

# Record turn in the books

By Audrey Comacho

One of Clarke High School's students has just recently discovered the value of being in the right place at the right time.

November 10th, On Andrew Lengyel, grade eleven, was the 100,000th student to pass through the turnstile in the Clarke High School Library. It has taken approximately two decades to click the counter to it's maximum count.

Andrew was about to leave the library on the Monday when Clarke's librarian, Mr. Ray Saitz announced the occasion.

As a momento of this historic turn of events, Andrew was given a copy of the 2004 Guiness Book of World Records.



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