



VACANT SHILOH POST OFFICE



OLD STONE SHILOH SCHOOL HOUSE

Bertagnolis transform old Shiloh into outdoor recreation mecca

By Lorraine Root

Sunday afternoon excursionists driving north on the Number Six Sideroad from Highway 24 towards Fergus will be pleasantly surprised when, as they draw near the old Neil Van Fleet farm they will see a new face lifting project which has literally taken place before the eyes of the farm neighbors.

Originally the old Leslie farmhouse with a cornerstone marking dated 1876, and containing some 300 acres, the entire farm is now the proudly owned and soon to be operated establishment of a charmingly delightful couple, Frank and Teresa Bertagnoli with their three small children. Hailing originally from Italy and with a "There is no place like Canada" attitude, the Bertagnolis plan on making their new undertaking a "roughing at the ritz" atmosphere for western riding enthusiasts and picnicers alike.

With the name Shilo Ranch Limited emblazoned brazenly across the roof of the barn, there is little chance of passing by the beautifully located pleasure spot. Here the Bertagnolis took me on a tour of their property whilst riding on the front seat of an overland jeep-type vehicle and pointed out some of the spots whereat will be placed some exciting projects.

Having only purchased the farm last October amazing changes have already been produced. Trails have been blazed for horse riders and hikers, with pine trees and newly built bridges giving color and atmosphere; cleared out areas to relax in and a well stocked spot for fishing with a clean fresh swimming area to dive into.

"With everything working out to schedule", said Frank

enthusiastically. "Even the beach and swimming area should be ready for picnickers by Sunday at the latest."

Every once in a while the jeep would pull to a bumpy stop and my host would point out certain "break through" areas were obvious horse trails had been blazed and then, as we continued our joggling ride, he gave a brief vocal resume of plans for wintertime snowmobiling excursions for cold weather athletes using the horseback riding trails, and family sleigh rides on old fashioned cutters with sleigh bells. "And" said Frank, with so many people wanting to invest in snowmobiles but with no place to store them, I can even answer that problem. I have enough room in my barn for people to leave them there during the weekdays and, come Sundays or weekends, just drop up to the ranch and away they go without any problems of parking areas."

He proudly showed where the main lodge which, according to plan should be completed by 1971 would be located,

encircled almost completely by rustic pine greenery. "Right now" said Frank, "I am sort of envisioning a large room with a "below floor level" Roman type fireplace which people can sit around, and the upstairs level of the building will be the dormitory section for the young western summer campers with outside cabins for the older children."

With the Bertagnolis' particular type of enterprising optimism the Shilo Ranch, equipped with councillors, sport directors, and organizers, could become one of Ontario's finest western style children's camps. On the tour around the property I passed two old buildings which, as was pointed out, turned out to be the original Shilo Village Post Office and the century old Shilo School House which someday the Bertagnolis hope to purchase and restore accordingly.

As we finally joggled back into the vicinity of the main house we drew up beside the freshly painted brown barn which, inside is clean and immaculate with its already stored first crop

of hay, neatly stacked in the big barn which is, supposedly, the

largest single one in the area. Frank and Teresa, followed

by four other little feet, took me past the whitewashed cattle area which will, eventually house beef cattle, and on to the rejuvenated stalls where the nine available riding horses are housed and, with a sharp whistle, fr the barn door, six three-quarter horses and three lovely ponies cantered from the field to munch the oats that Teresa held out for them to eat.

"At first they were terribly shy of me and frightened" said the country born girl, but now they are as friendly as kittens" Teresa had never had any dealings whatever with horses before she and her husband began their new incorporated endeavour but now she just loves them and, with their Great Dane "Tyra" and the Heintz variety farm dog, they meandre amongst them freely without fear of being stomped on. Under her husband's teaching, she is fast becoming an ardent rider herself.

With a hope of eventually keeping anywhere from 45 to 60 horses on the premises, Frank made a trip to Europe last May to look over some special riding horses about which he had heard. "They are called Haflingers," he said, "and they look so gentle that you'd think they would not run at all. But with a light touch they respond beautifully and can break immediately into a canter with a great deal of speed."

Impressed with their versatility and their possibility as a child's steed, Frank has arranged for the importation of 35 of these horses to his ranch which he plans to also sell to local potential buyers.

It is of historical note that the old stone school house presently being considered as a future

Horse sense

by Pretty Fair



Wal now, Howdy folks and a happy summer Wednesday to yew. "Guess somebody has to be friendly around here 'cause all I get from the boys these days is the old yackity, yackity, about 'how I aint been runnin' as good as they keep expectin' me to do."

I only came in third in Elmira last Friday night yuh know and I keep tryin' to tell Jim Thatcher that it was bound to happen. After all, they took me out of my old "Claiming Race Class" and put me in the regular condition races and, frankly, it's goin' to take a little practice before I cotten onto the expert runnin' techniques of this new batch of horse athletes.

Seems as 'how I've been runnin' in the Claimin' Race Class which, means that anybody 't' all coulda picked me up for as little as a Thousand bucks and taken the whole golderned purse along with me. And then ole Dick heard about a friend o'his whose horse was taken away from him for almost nawthin' at all and the pore guy was all shook up about the shock of it, 'cause he and his kids had raised him from a new born colt.

"Guess this got the boys to thinkin' an' realizin' my troo value so they up and put me in a new class so now I'm stuck with it on my conscience that I gotta live up to what the boys expect."

Actually though, if'n you wuz to ask me wot I really think, I'd say I wuz doin' pretty good. Gawly, I've never passed any one on a track before in my whole life, I usually either get to the

front and stay there or get passed by the other nags but durin' Friday's race I was in sixth position when I just upped and passed three other guys on that track and came in a mean third. 'Course that \$3.50 to show didn't do nothin' for John Salmon's empty wallet and Jim Thatcher's wife took it kinda bad 'cause they was countin' on my few extra bucks to pay their grocery bill but just the same I'm hopin' I'll make it up to them this Friday night when I'll be at it again.

One thing though, the boys is kinda glad about some things. Heard them tawkin' the other night and they was sayin' as to how that I'm gettin' easier to handle. Humans is funny things. They couldn't come right out and just say I'm a nice filly, they have to have some long complicated explanation as 'why I'm gettin' along so good. Seems that it's because I'm gettin' used to havin' more people pettin' me and havin' the kids around and so on that that's why I'm not so uppity no more. Holy heck, do they think I'm some kind of a claud or sompin'. Nacherly, if I start kickin' my heels at the very guys who's givin' me all my little extries like my Aqua Plus and occasional red apples 't'munch on and my fancy horse shoe duds, they'd just like as not turn me in for another high falutin' filly so I'm just playin' it cool. Meantime, I'm hopin' the boys will remember

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ROCKWOOD PAGE

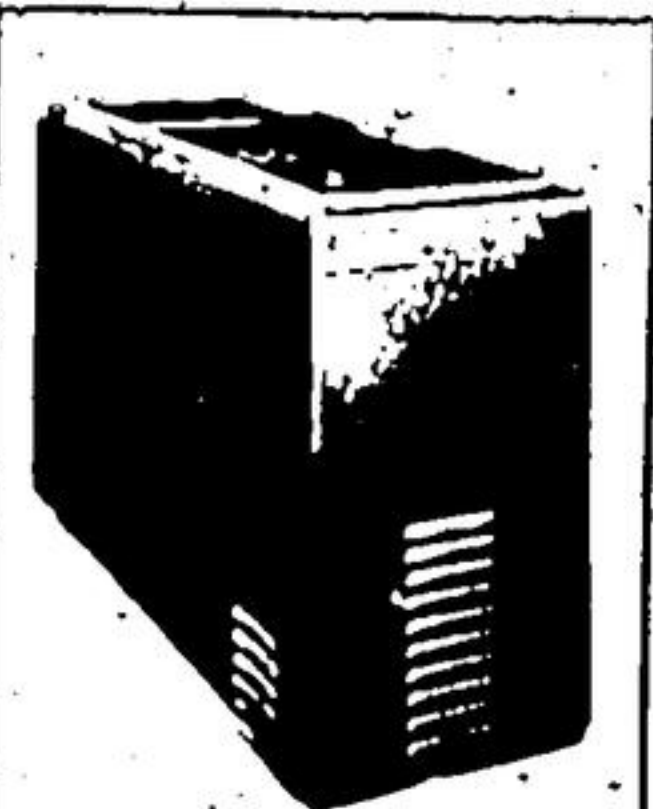
Pam Ingle recovering after fall, operation

Pam Ingle, the nine year old youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ingle, Harris Street, is in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, recuperating from an operation for a dislocated hip.

Without actual previous warning, except that of a sore leg after a minor fall from one of the Rockwood Ball Park's bleachers a few weeks ago, Pam was picking raspberries with Robin Kingscote at the Spirit Valley Farm, last Tuesday afternoon, when a slight tumble made it impossible for her to get off the ground. After a brief examination at the Guelph General Hospital she was taken by ambulance to the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital where an operation was scheduled and performed last Thursday morning.

It is expected that she will be released from Toronto after a week's stay and then will be

confined to bed at her Rockwood home for at least a month with the possibility of a wheelchair and crutches necessary for a few more months.



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Break-in nets thieves take of \$200

The Guelph Detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police and the Mt. Forest Fingerprint Department officials were on hand at Northern Stag Industries Limited last Friday morning to investigate a plant break-in of the night before.

The \$200 take of petty cash and merchandise was the final attempt of thieves who tried to break into the C.N.R. station house directly across from the main plant, but failed. They did manage to break off the handle of the station safe. The thieves then proceeded to the company's warehouse into which they could not gain access. After trying unsuccessfully to get in through the back door of the main building they finally did gain entry into the Northern Stag Plant through the front door, on which they broke the handle.

The robbery was discovered by an early morning employee on Friday and Provincial Police investigating seem to feel confident that they have a line on suspects.

Comin's and Goin's

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ward and family have been spending their two week summer vacation time at the home of relatives in their home town of Warkworth, Ont. Before leaving Rockwood the Wards had made further plans to drop in on Mr. and Mrs. Grant McRae and family who are presently camping in the municipal camping park on the outside of Ottawa where Mr. McRae is taking a six week's summer education course.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Death left Sunday for a seven day holiday in Orillia sponsored by the Historian Automobile Society of Canada. They are expected back next Saturday.

Brian Death and a Toronto friend, Bill Gray, recently returned from a five day tour through the Province of Quebec in a 1930 Plymouth. The boys found their reception was one of welcoming interest and educational as well as a great deal of fun.

A carload of friends from Glasgow, Scotland, Cookstown and Toronto, Ont., spent last Wednesday visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Oakes of Guelph Street.

Mrs. Mary Scott was one of the Rockwood tourists who took the Tyler Bus trip to Beamsville recently where they toured the newly built home for retired ministers and their wives.

Mrs. A. Duby had her daughter and son-in-law and family visiting for a few days from Peterboro recently.

Don and Winnie Hiltz returned from their trip to the Manitoulin Island where they spent their summer vacation.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Edga Barnstable have received postcards from them as they continue on their holiday trip throughout the Prince Edward Island district.

Murray McLaren and family are spending their summer vacation cottaging in South Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Monty Root have been dared to insert in this column their recent holiday of two weeks spent at their Oxtongue Lake cottage this summer. They had a wonderful time and met up with some new and interesting people.

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