

News and views

By LORRAINE

"Well, well, Mrs. Root, and how are you today." He smiled over me with an ecstatic look on his face as if he expected an answer. "Grimph taankkkoo anhowwaweeeyou," and I tried desperately to grin back into his beaming face.

The scene is that of a dentist's sterile office and the grinning countenance is that of my friendly tooth repair man with the white coat and the big fat fingers. At this particular point I am sitting in a semi-prone position with a rubber dam on one tooth across the front expanse of my mouth, a plastic hose attachment siphoning saliva beneath the dam continually providing a merry rendition of regurgitating sounds and, at the same time, producing the unhappy effect of making my throat so dry that I feel like coughing. I don't dare however, because at this point my toothy friend, with one eye approximately two inches from my own, is looking deeply with his super-sonic-telemirror into my three foot cavity which, he has already mumbled, "should have been attended to, long ago." Mentally I told him that it would have been if he hadn't been all tied up in appointments, but he wouldn't have understood anyway because his little blond assistant-secretary does all his book work.

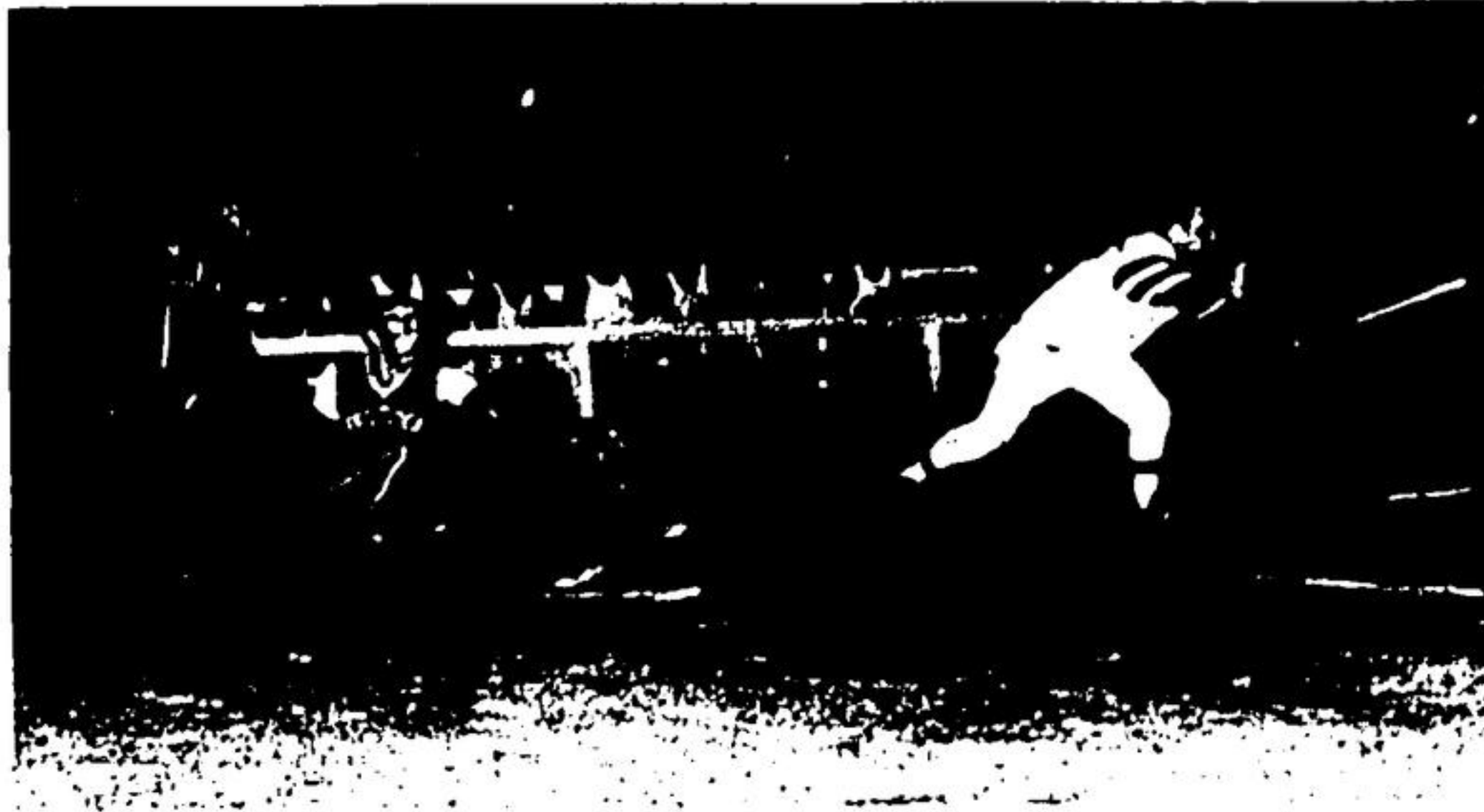
Why is it that it is always when one is in such an unhappy position that a man whose regular appointment sessions are only twice a year has to decide that this is the right time for salutations? I'm sure I could do a much better job of casual greetings before the preparations get under way. Mayhap this is his way of keeping a friendly but casual relationship with his customers. Actually the correct word is "Patient" but, after a hundred years of dental service I refer to myself as a customer who has to be patient because, for one thing, if I'm not patient I'll never get an appointment and, when I do manage to procure same, I always seem to be on the buying end of whatever takes place in my mouth because, even if it's only repairing, which happily until now is the case, it certainly costs like real estate.

Now he is looking at me again, smiling in a friendly way, and asking if I'd like some anesthetic. I attempt to pull all my extended mouth muscles together and smile back in compliance, wondering why he would ask. And then spiroing! The old needle is plunged into a tender area and, from that time on there is nothing to do but sit and play the game of eye averting eye as the dentist works diligently with his speedy little drill. My eyes move cautiously past his eyebrows and light on a misplaced mole near his left nostril and question why he has not considered its removal. Men are simply not the vain creatures women are I conjecture and force my mind to lapse on to more interesting facets.

I conjure up all kinds of "what I would do if I were in this office" thoughts. First thing would be to draw Mad book cartoons all over the ceiling to keep minds averted from what is going on; or maybe a modern art spectacle of a type wherein imaginary images take you deep into the labyrinths of dark dimensions thus detracting one's mind from the business at hand. A quick jerk of the drill and we're back at the old eye meet eye routine and then, pulling myself away from his thickly set eyebrow, I hold onto my seat and once again begin my mental lapse into vision conjury.

And then it is over. One by one the implements are removed from my mouth. Everything is out now, even my jaw and I know from past experience that that little bone structure won't recuperate for two days. I try wanly to smile with my plaster mouth sitting on one side of my face whilst holding tightly to the kleenex in my hot little hand and attempting to manipulate my purse into position to drop in the next week's appointment card which the cool blond secretary-assistant is pushing at me.

"Well," says my friendly dentist, "I'll look forward to seeing you next week, always like to have patients like you with good sense of humour." I emit a guttural "Thanks very much" from my frozen face, try for an insipid grin and then leave the office heading for the nearest rest room to recoupe the losses, repair the make-up, and practice drinking a cup of coffee in public from the left hand cask where my mouth now is, happy in the thought that the looming "Dental Health Week" soon won't apply to me.



CHICK MILNE takes a healthy cut at a pitch behind to win the opener of the series 6-4. (Staff Photo) during Saturday night's ORSA playoff game in Rockwood. The visiting Fenwick team came from

Queen sends congratulations for happy anniversary party

The telegram, dated Monday, September 8, 1969, written from Buckingham Palace, London, and signed by the Queen, reads: "The Queen sends warm congratulations and good wishes on your Diamond Wedding Day."

This was marked the sixtieth year of a splendid and happy partnership for Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Alton Downes, of 181 Main Street, Rockwood, which was solemnized on Wednesday, September 8th, 1909, in the St. Paul's Anglican Church, in Bury, Quebec, between a young

eighteen-year-old Eastern Township of Quebec girl and her twenty-four-year-old husband. "At that time," said the fascinating Mrs. Downes, "There was hardly a French family within miles, mostly English speaking Canadians." Mrs. Lila May Downes, proudly displayed her very lovely silk high-necked white wedding dress which had simple but elegant hand embroidered set-ins in the sleeves and bodice with slight ruffles at the wrists. Around the neck, the ruching is in need of repair from many washings, but the beautifully restored wedding

dress, with its delicately embroidered lapels, is a very real reminder of an era long past.

"They really were the horse and buggy days," said Mrs. Downes, as she reminisced and talked about the wedding carriage being chased, not by modern day automobiles, but by other horse-drawn buggies. "One of the funny things I can remember," she continued, "was that, after we left the church, one of the horses almost ran away with us but Clarence ran him up a hill until he was able to get him to stop."

Memories of coal oil lamps and wash boards as there was no electricity in the village in which they lived in the early 1900's drew the comment, "We are and have been living in a day of wonderful changes."

The three sons of the feted couple, Roger from Fergus, Osborne and Milton from Guelph, their wives, and their children's husbands and wives, were the organizers for the Sunday celebration which took place at the present Downes home in Rockwood. With a background of farming for ten years in Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Downes moved to another farm in Ballinacree in 1920, and five years later, moved again and took up residence in Guelph in 1925, where Mr. Downes continued with a side issue insurance business for the Great West Life. They moved in 1948 to Rockwood and have been residents of this Village ever since.

Members of the St. John's Anglican Church, Mrs. Downes, accompanied by her brother Harold, who also lives with them in their Main Street residence, is a frequent visitor to the Parish Church. They are respected and loved members in the community and their many friends and grandchildren and great grandchildren gathered on Sunday to present gifts and floral remembrances and, with the telegrams from Messrs. Trudeau, Stanfield, and Alf Hales and the card mementos and many telephone calls from friends and relatives from Elmira, Alberta, West Palm Beach, Florida and Grimsby



SIXTY YEARS of married life were observed by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Alton Downes of Main St., Rockwood. There was a special celebration at their home.

Horse sense

by Pretty Fair



Wal, Howdy folks. Today shore is a cold brisky one an' I'm standin' here hopin' that that Art guy ain't faladerin' around with no ideas of takin' me out to run around in this weather. 'Course wat can a gal like me expect with a bunch of athletes in charge tryin' to get me in trim.

in the stretch durin' that last ball game. They were ahead four tuh two and then lost in the ninth innin' sixth to four. Felt mean like but what a choke I had over that game an' besides I kinda like the pitcher on the Fenwick team anyway.

'Got a load of the Township meeting report the other night and I shore did off at those Rockwood Village Guys. From wat I could make out it seems those darn elected-Rockwood representatives are fightin' mad, cause they say that the folks in the Village don't want the Yield sign on Main Street runnin' into No. 7 Highway changed to a Stop one. Wal, holy herry, what if one of them gets into an

accident right there as so many other guys has almost been doin'. Crazy thing about it is that they shore can't really think that's the way everybody in the Village feels. Heard a few guys say that they sure hadn't asked them and they was Village folk too.

'Was canterin' down through the Village t'other day and herd some little kids tawkin' about that Paul Waddell again. Godd, that Squirts team really thinks he's the cats pajamas. He's so good to those kids and encouragin' gawdly, he's even givin' them an outdoor barbecue this weekend and I think that's great. Seems they didn't do so good when they come up against Hillsburg but heard Paul tellin' the little guys that next year, if they get started a little fatter they'll clean up the field and come out the winners. Shore would like tuh see that happen and shore do think Paul deserves a load o' credit for the job he did fer his team.

Hey Here comes Art with some oats fer me. See yuh later. Pretty Fair.



And never again will they say

"HEY DAD... HOW COME THE OTHER KIDS ALWAYS HAVE ALL THE FUN?" There's a lot to be said for the 1970 MOTO-SKI. But for the thrill that beats all thrills, consider this: you dive into your yard. It's wintry cold and a little after dark. The family doesn't know you're taking home a spanking new 1970 MOTO-SKI (nothing wrong with making that kind of decision on your own). You walk into the house (yawn once or twice) and say to the kids: "Hey kids! How about bagging in those bundles from the back of the car?"

A free copy of "Story of the Exclusive Track" will put you on the right track when you buy a snowmobile. Get the story from

Ed Stewart's Service Ospringe
853-2873
THE POWER-EDGE



Fenwick tops Rockwood in rain halted opener

It didn't rain long enough or hard enough Saturday night as far as Rockwood Seniors were concerned.

The Rockwood lads had a 4-2 lead over Fenwick, when a sudden shower caused a halt in the opening game of their best of three O.R.S.A. Intermediate "A" final in the bottom of 6th inning.

Unfortunately the shower lasted only 20 minutes and when play resumed, the Niagara Peninsula visitors tallied four runs in the 9th to claim a 6-3 win.

Righthander Chick Milne, starting in place of injured John Salmon had shutout Fenwick for seven straight innings, after giving up a two run homer to Ed Goulett in the first, before the roof caved in on him in the 9th.

Ed Goulett reached first base when his tricky bounce eluded Rockwood second baseman Harry Barber. Ron Barwell then tied the game up with a booming home run over the left-centre field fence.

With one out, Glen Bottomfield broke the deadlock with another home run over the left field fence. Fenwick added another run, when Terry Murray walked and scored on a triple by Bob Lees.

Jim Thatcher made a beautiful

shoestring catch in left to finally stop the rally.

Rockwood scored one run in the 2nd, on a single by Mike Kelley, a walk to Syd Durose and an error by the Fenwick catcher.

They went ahead 4-2 with three runs in the third. Dave Bacon reached first on an infield hit and Harry Barber was safe on an error. Jim Thatcher and Ted Buczek both singled and Mike Kelley doubled to produce the three runs.

Norm Beattie was robbed of an extra base hit in 7th, when the Fenwick right fielder made a brilliant catch of his high drive.

Except for the first and 9th innings, Chick Milne pitched very well for Rockwood. He struck out eight and walked four.

Winning pitcher Terry Murray fanned three. Mike Kelley led Rockwood at the plate with a single and a double. Ted Buczek singled twice, Harry Barber doubled and Jim Thatcher, Syd Durose and Dave Bacon each singled.

Ed Goulett homered and singled for Fenwick. Ron Barwell and Glen Bottomfield both homered, Bob Lees tripled and Terry Murray singled.

Second game of the series is scheduled for Fenwick, Monday

Fenwick	200	000	004	6	6	1
Rockwood	013	000	000	4	8	2

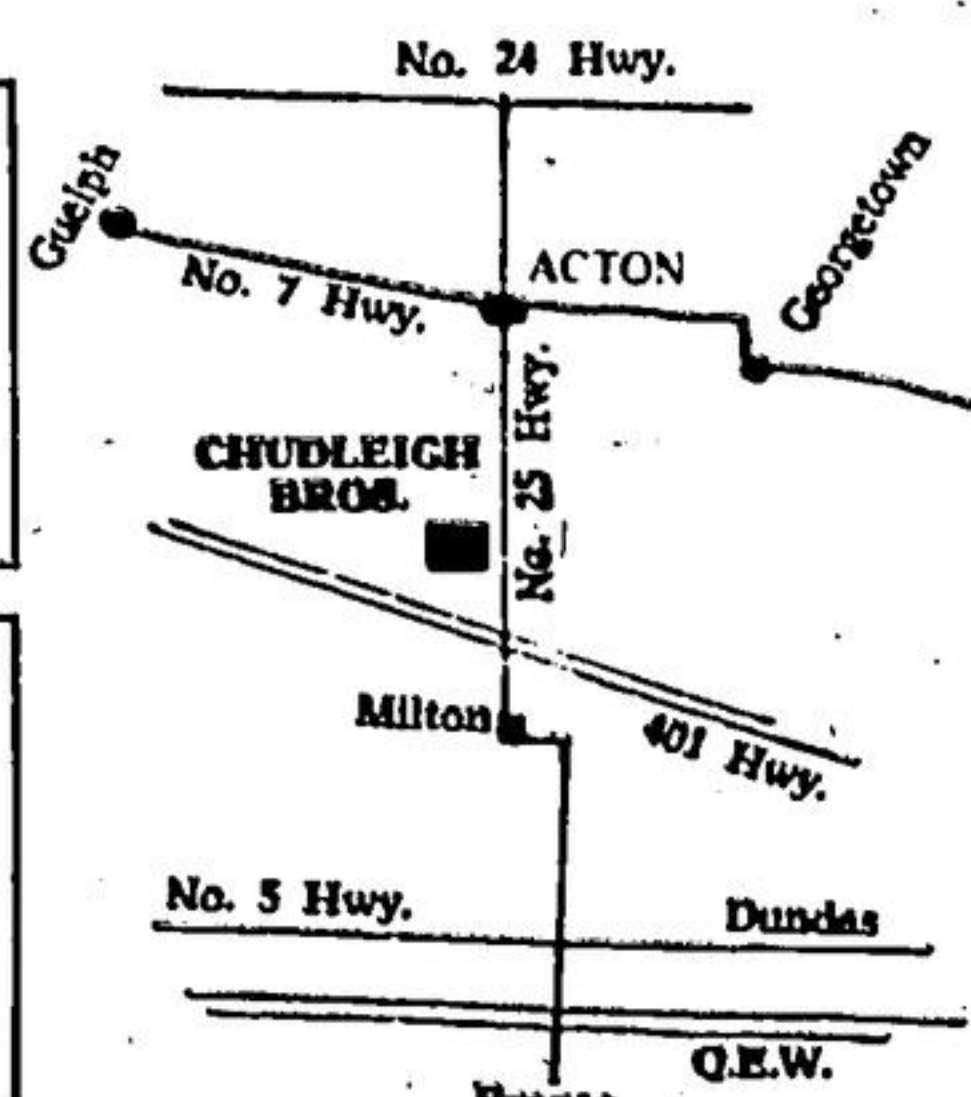
Rockwood: Harry Barber 2b, Norm Beattie vs, Jim Thatcher lf, Ted Buczek 3b, Mike Kelley c, Syd Durose cf, Chick Milne p, Brian Shipp rf, Dave Bacon lb.

TALK ABOUT "FARM FRESH" PICK - YOUR - OWN APPLES

AT CHUDLEIGH BROS. - R.R. 3, MILTON - 416-878-2725
SEPTEMBER 20 TO OCTOBER 20

FREE CONTAINERS
FREE PARKING

WEEKDAYS
1.00 p.m. to Dark
SAT. & SUN.
Dawn to Dark



DWARF APPLE TREES
NO LADDERS TO CLIMB

APPLE CIDER
POTATOES
PEARS
AND OTHER PRODUCE

- McIntosh
- Red Delicious
- Northern Spy
- Russet and Golden Delicious

ALLAN'S EXCAVATING & TRENCHING
Box 25 Rockwood
Phone Rockwood 856-9941
After 5 p.m. 856-9962
Custom Back Hoe Work
Complete Septic Systems

NOW!
YOU CAN GET A
1970 Toyota Corolla.
AT 1969 PRICES
(for a limited time only)

With 60 hp the Corolla really goes. And goes for an unbelievably low price.
The tough 60 hp engine cruises easily at 75 mph. And that puts the Corolla well ahead of any car in its class.
But that's not all.
The Corolla goes with all the extras. A big 3-speed heater, fully adjustable front seats, alternator, windshield washers, double-barrelled carburetor, padded dash and visors, and 4-speed synchromesh transmission. You also get 40 miles to the gallon and a car that never needs greasing.

ALL THAT GOES FOR \$1870
PARK MOTORS
HIGHWAY 7 - WEST OF GEORGETOWN - 877-8439