

Comin's and Goin's

Mr. and Mrs. G. Fozdick and their two daughters Barbara and Margaret, from Middlesex, England are visiting with their aunt Mrs. Dorothy Dean of Harris Street for a few days.

Miss Anne Bexton the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Don Bexton, Everton, and Tony, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Stokman of R. R. 5, Rockwood, recently completed their Grade twelve in a four year Business and Commerce course at the Bishop Macdonell High School in Guelph. Tony will be attending the Mohawk College of Applied

Arts and Technology where he will study accounting.

Friends of Bob Pauls were sorry to see him leave for Vancouver where he will be employed as a taxologist in the University there.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Hiltz visited relatives Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Affleck in Windsor over the Thanksgiving weekend and stopped off in London to visit their son Eric and his family.

Relatives and friends, from Hamilton, Kitchener, Guelph and Rockwood will be attending the Sunday graduation reception and supper for Mike Dales which will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Dales, of R.R. 1, Rockwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Henderson of Midland, Ontario, spent Thanksgiving weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ellis, Jackson Street, and family.

To honor graduate



MICHAEL DALES

A reception and supper will be held on Sunday, October 19, honoring Michael Gerrard Dales, on the occasion of his graduation from the Four Year Business and Commerce Course at the Bishop Macdonell School in Guelph.

An avid member of the Rockwood Trail Riders in which he served in an executive capacity, Mike was Assistant Cub Leader in the village for two years and was a graduate of the Rockwood Public School. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dales of R.R. 1, Rockwood, and is presently attending the Mohawk College of Applied Arts and Technology in Hamilton where he is taking a two year course in marketing.



PILED TABLES signify that autumn is here, picnickers scarce and Rockwood Conservation Park will soon be prepared for the winter. (Staff Photo)

Stratton's bowlers top team in league

The Four Corners beat out the Queen of Hearts last Tuesday night with a score of 7 to 0. Nelly Stockman of Four Corners ran up a mean score of 657 and Anne Parkinson of the same team had 648 points. The Queen of Hearts high scorer was Harvey Jestin with 767 points.

The Begoodorbegones won out against Carney's with a 5 to 2 lead and Stratton's team beat Elmer's Alleycats with a score of 7 to 0. Shirley Salmon shone with a high score of 725, with Dick Dupuis coming up with 703 points.

The Whitewashers were whitewashed by the Norton team with a 5-2 score and the high scoring Vic Davies with his 753 points was closely followed up by the same team's Fred Nightingale score of 749. The Whitewashers high scorer for the evening was Marina Mulder with 641 points.

The Neighbours then beat out the Untouchables with their 5-2 lead with their high scorer Dunc McPhedran chalking up 720 points.

Team standings to date register as Stratton's in no. 1 position with 18 points. Four Corners and Norton's in number two spot with 17 points; the Untouchables third with sixteen points and number four placement is Begoodorbegones with 15 points. No. 5 spot is held by Carney's and Neighbors with scores of 14 per team and number six position has the Queen of Hearts and Elmer's Alley Cats both holding 11 points while the Whitewashers remain in the seventh position with only seven points.

Township council sets date for nominations

Framosa township council set the date for nominations, November 3, when they met in the council chambers on October 6. There will be nominations for the offices of reeve, deputy-reeve, and three councillors. The bylaw also appointed deputy returning officers and poll clerks, and set remuneration for the officials and for polling places.

Mr. Jessop discussed with council the possibility of altering the Hill drainage bylaw. Council advised him although they were sympathetic to his complaint, no changes would be made in the by-law. Mr. Jessop then served on council his intention to appeal to the drainage referee.

By motion, the municipality approved of the application of Erin village and Erin township being included in the Guelph and Suburban Planning area.

Council decided to advise Mr. Dudnick, who had written a letter, that no action would be

taken on his request to prohibit train whistles.

The township road superintendent was authorized to act as trench inspector in the event the present trench inspector is not available, and to do the tile inspections necessary at this time.

Application will be made to the Department of Highways for the subsidy on road expenditures up to Sept. 30.

General accounts amounting to \$11,818.83 and road accounts of \$6,824.07 were passed for payment.

All members of council were present for the meeting with reeve Cameron Lush presiding.

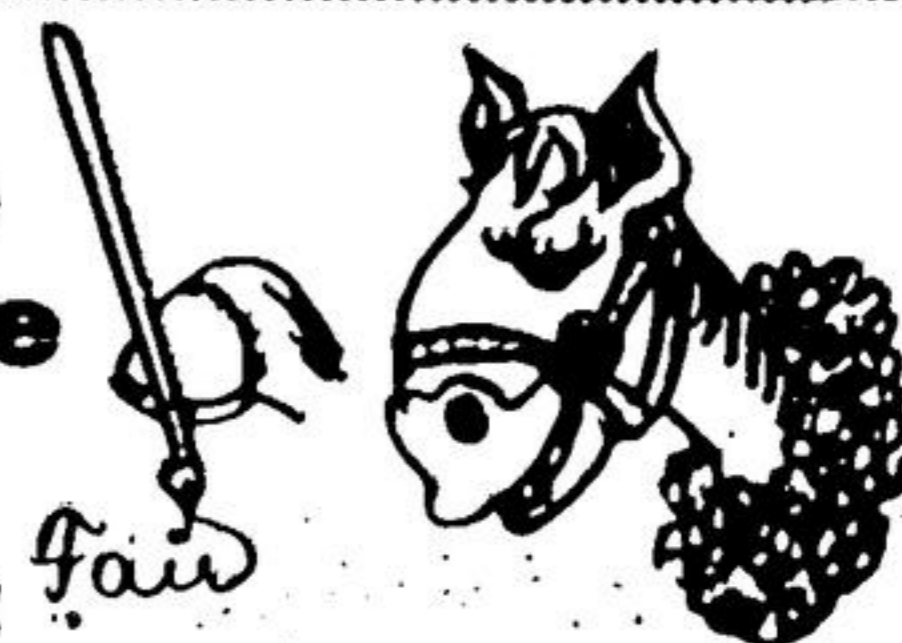
Rockwood News



NEW STEPS connect Rockwood Conservation area's park and camp grounds. (Staff Photo)

Horse sense

by Pretty Fair



Wal, howdy again, folks and please don't give me the ole lemon eye expectin' answers as 'thow I did last week 'cause I didn't even get 'r run. My name wasn't drawn so I've been stayin' around all week havin' the comforts of home with Doug's cute little wife Joan and his twin gals treatin' me real good with lotsa apples n'all that. Gee-ee, I got seven other horses sharin' my quarters here at Doug's an' it shore is sociable an' I shier aint lookin' toward to movin' away from these guys 'cause they're real respectable nags wot don't sware or nothin' like that there.

I think my racin' days is over this season accordin' to yew know hoo name of Dick sumpin' or other 'cause he's gonna try me out for Mohawk next week but he shier doesn't help my confidence nup with him tellin' 'John Salmon that he don't think I'll make it. Hm, maybe I won't even try now that he's gone around broadcastin' that kinda talk the other guys in the barn say I'd be a s-u-c-k-e-r 'try too hard fer that guy even tho' he did finally get up to see me but all he wanted was 'measure me up fer a new harness replacin' the mangy ole second-one they's been makin' me wear all summer. Dukie Ellis dropped by an' sez he thinks the Fuller Brush outfit has a seshul

on n'thats why he's gettin' me one.

After I do finish up racin' I heave I'm goin' back to Jim Thatcher's place and I suppose they'll be makin' me werk fer my keep by draggin' the kids in his dad's ole cutter around the bloomin' farm all winter. Wal, they'd better be danged careful about who they let take me out all hitched up 'cause if'n I don't like 'em and ef'n I don't get no appree-the-ashun fer workin' hard I'll just cut loose and run away on my own. 'Cant tell, maybe I'll enter myself and partake in the Kentucky Derby or sumpin' 'feel nose-worthly like that. Boy, wouldn't all that baseball gang git sore at that can o' worms.

'Had a long tawk with Tangway Swackhamer from R.R. Acton, yesterday an' he was tellin' me how he gave his owner, Don, from the Third Line, a reel rough time at Erin last Sunday. Seems Don had borreed Jack Hamilton, remember my 'old owner from Everton? Wal, he took his cart and entered it in the road race at the Fall an' somehow he got the wheels tangled up with some other guys an' there was a loud

poppin' noise! Accordin' to Tangway, Don fell outta the cart an' ole Tang he just kept runnin' and runnin' around the track until the whole dern cart went dis-integ-ratin' all over the place 'td it was nothin' 't all. They had to call Doctor Bartlett over 'h'ave a look see at Don but he was just dazed n' shook up a little maybe 'cause he was content-platin' as 't'now he was gonna cover' them 'damages 'cause it's shier thing that that fightwad Jack Hamilton aint gonna fork out no money in any re-spect.

'Got a good look at that fancy mouse-colored letter box on 'thrive side of Number Seven highway down near the Mustang three-atre turn-off yesterday on m' travels but they wasn't no name on th'letter box still so I guess they'n aint too proud on th'job what was done in paintin'. Looks perty t'me an' I'd kinda like to in-west in ear warmers an' a muffler in the same colour this winter so, if any certain varmints is listenin' and thinkin' about wot t'buy me fer Christmas this yer I'm tellin' yew guys just think purple fer Pretty Fair.

Bye now,  
Yer friend,  
Pretty Fair.

News and views

By LORRAINE

Autumn, the time of the crisp, succulent, MacIntosh has arrived at last. After months of anticipation and the begrudging acceptance of the soft, worried remains of last year's fruit barrels, we are once again, able to stop in at our favorite vegetable mart and purchase a basket of this year's crop of produce.

With visions of apple pie, apple cider and hundreds of tasty recipes stretching my apple motivated brain, I followed a map recently printed in the Acton Free Press and visited an advertised farm.

The day was cold, crisp, but invigorating, with the pungent odour of fresh fruit permeating the orchard area. I breathed deeply, filling my lungs with healthy farm air and my mind with nostalgic memories of that same tangy odour of apples hanging in tempting array on other orchards on other farms.

Now, maybe it's because I was a Toronto born kid without the easy access to farm country that local residents in this area have, but I do possess a special appreciation and respect for natural growth and preservation. I was interested to hear from the proprietress of the farm which I visited, that school children from the City had been coming in class loads to view the growing of fruit in its indigenous surroundings, and I am delighted to know that, at a time when farm magazines and other publications are proclaiming the end of the small fruit grower, at least one courageous and un intimidated young couple are making a terrific success of their apple growing enterprise which they have developed and are conducting with efficiency and clever manipulation from the ripening and picking stage of one type of apple into the same stages of others, with bags on the spot for energetic hand pickers and vehicles to transport loads to customer's cars.

I was also amazed at the simplicity with which one could reach out and pluck the luscious fruit from its stemmed position on the tree from which it hung so heavily, dusty but red awaiting a picker's arrival to an apple monger's paradise.

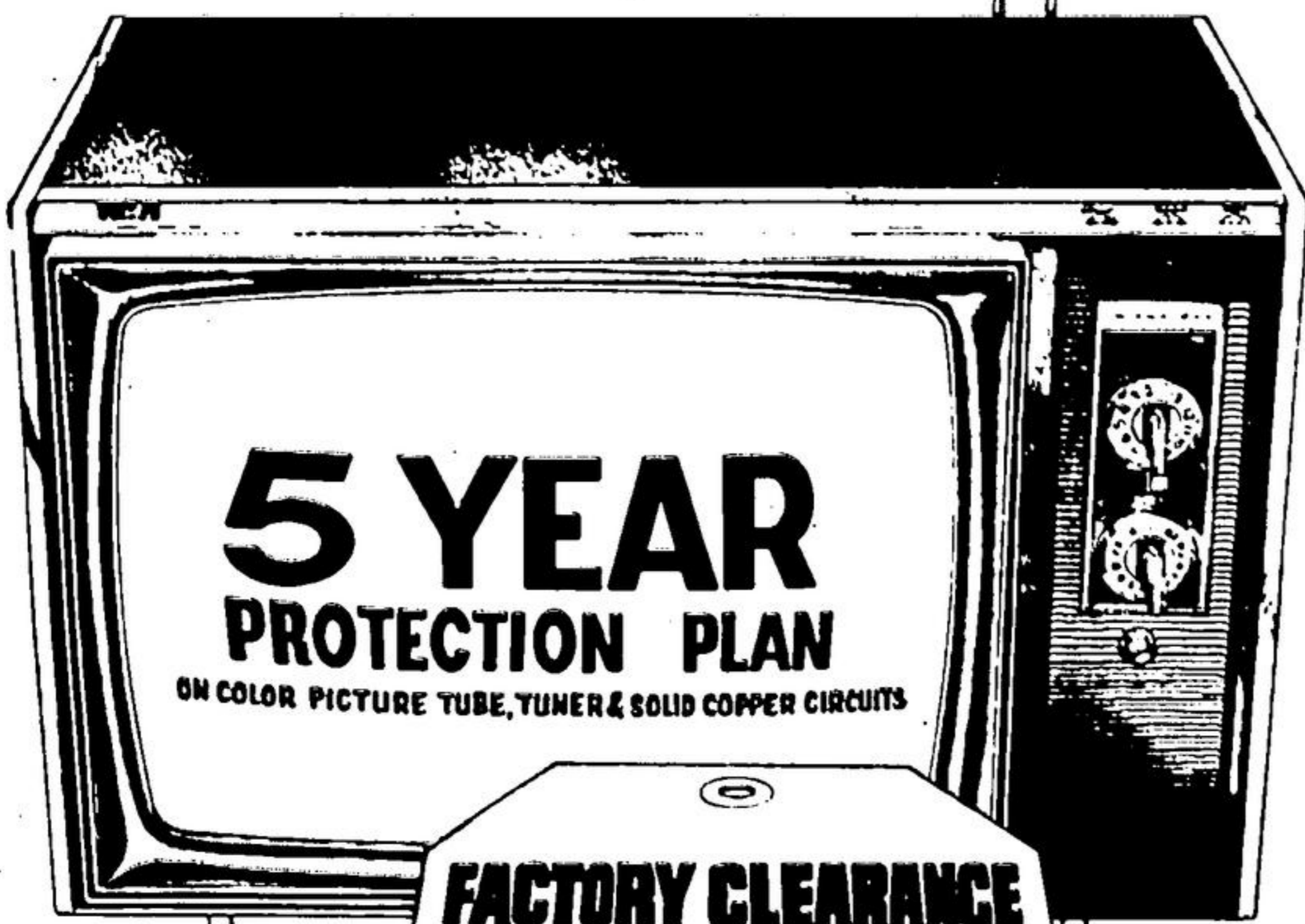
Well, it's fashionable to do things the easy way but somehow, the excitement of climbing into my uncle's apple orchard, creeping slowly along a crooked branch, clad in my oldest clothing acceptable for such occasions, and tossing apples down to expectant brothers and sisters to collect and fill their barrels, with a dripping Mac in one hand and the other rapped around a bough, is missing. I was concerned to hear that city kids had to travel so far just to see an apple growing in its natural habitat, remembering my own escapades when, with neighborhood cohorts clad in jeans and extra-large sweatshirts, we used to go apple swiping, tucking shirts into trousers and filling the oversized apparel with rosy red appendages, all the more delicious because of the conditions under which they had been procured.

The exhilarating experience of making like a tree branch when home owners fortunate or unfortunate enough to sport a fruit tree in their own backyard, would rush out into the semi-dark at the sound of noisy trespassers, wildly shouting threats of "police" to invisible culprits but passin out treats of hot chocolate to those apprehended, mingled with words of admonishments of why nice children shouldn't swipe apples. Such crushing sentiment and chastisements would usually suffice until the equally delicious scent of ripened pears would eventually be superceded by black cherries.

I'm afraid it's accepted that, with City's progressing, orchards will be pushed further into the country and I guess, that in today's pampered society everything must be always simple and instant but, somehow, not to have to work just a little to partake of a fresh apple from a tree seems to me to be doing things too much the easy way and I find it sad to realize that soon the ordinary 1945 common variety of apple trees will, in the not distant future, be considered collector's items about which our future generations of children will only hear, and those tempting red morsels, already dwarfed by expert cultivation and plucked from special trees dwarfed for easy picking, seem to identify with too many of today's requirements; easy to procure for the taking without the zest and excitement of having to reach up and work for it.

Although I consider myself to be an updated individual also enjoying all the new freedoms of modern living and looking forward to continual progress in its every facet I also firmly believe that, to enjoy the very new things one must keep some of the old, and the fun of climbing trees to what a cultivated appetite is a worthwhile childhood memory for all of us and one of which no child should be deprived.

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Octoberfest-Dance

Sat. October 18, 1969. - 8.00 P.M.

Union Hall, Pine St. - Milton. Admission: 1.25 Guests welcome.