

Sunshine club enjoys season feast

by Robina Peacock

The Eramosa Community Hall rang with laughter and gaiety at the Sunshine Club Christmas dinner. Mr. Dave Robertson was at the door to help members and guests with their coats and Mrs. Jessie Dunk with Mrs. Robina Peacock welcomed everyone.

While the group were preparing themselves for dinner, Mrs. Vera Black at the piano,

Mr. Vic Smith with his violin and Mr. Bert Davidson with his washbowl viola played Christmas carols.

After the dinner which was a lovely beef dinner with all the trimmings and dessert of lemon pie and hot mince pie, tea and coffee, we were entertained with some of the most beautiful scenery which to everyone's surprise was of our own village and the Valley Road. These were

shown by Mr. Don Hills and we thank him very much for the pleasure he gave everyone in showing such lovely pictures.

Carol singing came next with Mr. George Day acting as conductor and Mrs. Black in her usual place at the piano.

Mrs. John Post sang There's a Song in the Air, and Mrs. Nellie Merkley gave a piano recital Rustic Dance.

Miss Gladys Hanna sang two songs, The Song that Reached my Heart, and Jolly St. Nicholas. A medley of tunes played by Victor Smith on his accordion got everyone's toes tapping. Jesus is Born, the Huron Indian carol, was sung by Mrs. Post in her beautiful voice and then we had more music from the Sunshine Boys of nostalgic tunes with more toe-tapping and hand clapping.

Mrs. Mary Milne gave two recitations The Plan of Mr. Day and Santa Claus, and the entertainment was brought to an end with Mr. Bert Davidson playing on his harmonica jigs and waltzes.

Mrs. Black thanked all those who entertained and gave such pleasure and then Mr. John Post thanked Mrs. Black for her part in all the proceedings.

After singing The Queen

everyone was ready for home and the lovely favors that decorated the dinner tables made by the Brownies were taken home to remind the members of the very nice dinner and pleasant evening everyone had enjoyed.

Don't forget the next meeting is January 12, 1978 in the town hall at 2 p.m. and we hope to see you all at that meeting. A Happy New Year to everyone.

Rockwood Roundup

By Barbara Wynneck
The ballpark ice surface is in excellent condition, thanks to the cold temperatures. It is time for all villagers to don their blades and enjoy an exhilarating skate!

"Meals on Wheels" needs drivers! If you have the time to spend one morning every

other week picking up meals at St. Joseph's Hospital in Guelph, and then delivering to homes in Rockwood, please call Mary Coulter at 856-4624.

If you have any local news, please call me at 856-4854. I would like to be able to keep all villagers aware of local happenings.



THREE NEW brownies were recently enrolled into the 1st Rockwood Pack. From left to right they are Wendy Weston, Linda Finley and Kathy Nemet.

Eramosa library

Among new arrivals at the library are the following:
Adult fiction: Avalanche by John Wingate, Pot of Gold by

David Walker, Daniel Martin by John Fowles, Beggarmen, Thief by Irwin Shaw, Act of God by Charles Templeton. Juvenile fiction: Miss Pickering to the Earthquake Rescue by Ellen MacGregor, The Missing Gold Mystery by Jack Woolgar, Percy, the Playful Platypus by Jill Morris, Class Ring by Rosamond deJardin, Madame Trotte-Meme by Meatrix Potter.

Car-horse

A horse ran off after it and a car collided on Sideroad 22 Friday night.

A car driven by Henry Toebes, of Kitchener, was east bound on the road at about 11 p.m. when a horse ran across the road into the path of the car.

After the collision the horse ran away.

Damage to the Toebes vehicle amounts to about \$200, according to Halton Regional Police.



THE ICE surface is hard and smooth at the outdoor Rockwood rink. These hockey players left to right Colin Brace, Randy Coverdale and Jeff Davidson are enjoying their Christmas holiday!



GOALTENDER Charlie McLaren was ready for any action around the nets, at the Rockwood outdoor rink. Many a scrub game of hockey was played during the holidays.



Culture in our house is very hard to come by. Just before Christmas, the Nutcracker Suite was on television and, having been brought up on ballet, I settled down to watch it with relish. The children stamped downstairs in disgust to watch some terribly uncultured program on the other T.V. ignoring my poetic descriptions of Tchaikovsky's famous work.

So I was left in peace to enjoy for a whole hour until their program was over and both kids burst upon the scene once more to see the last half of the ballet. Patrick made some very inopportune remarks about the masculinity of the dancers while Erica seemed far too interested in their lights. Boredom set in remarkably quickly so Erica started to emulate the Sugar Plum Fairy with great leaps and thumps all over the living room. Pat dragged himself into the hall where he practiced hockey shots, cheering himself on with complete abandon. The pup became excited, looked for a cat to chase, found one, took off like Evel Knievel, tripping over the old dog who proceeded to chastise him thoroughly.

My polite requests for more hush, please, rapidly turned into a fish wife bellow. I might as well have talked to myself. The ballet was over for me and it was back to the reality of home.

The most successful present under the tree was a little orange hockey ball for the pup. There's lots of balls around here for him to play with—and he's the most ball-loving pup I've ever known—but this was his own personal ball. Pat's become fed up losing his hockey balls to a black toothy muzzie so went to long lengths explaining the ownership of the orange ball to Jim.

He didn't have to bother, Jim loved his ball so much he would hardly take it out of his mouth to eat his turkey. He'd never had a ball marked "Jim" before and he was delighted. He rolled it around, pushed it the length of the living room, scabbled under chairs after it, and followed everyone around hoping they would throw it for him.

Whenever a door was opened, he dived for his ball, carried it lovingly outside, and played volleyball for a while before burying it carefully in a snowbank. He wasn't so good about bringing it in and the air rapidly became blue as ultra-patient voices were heard asking, "Where did you leave it, Jim? Come on, show me where you buried it."

If his ball wasn't found promptly, that pup would lie down, paws crossed, and cry his little heart out. It was unbearable. Drove us nuts.

Next year, he'll get some worm pills under the tree.

Job finding group set up for Rockwell

Rockwell International, the union and Manpower set up a committee to find jobs for 47 workers who were laid off from the Milton company at year's end. The committee members, however, search separately.

A three-man committee was set up to find jobs for the unemployed. Workers with seven years' seniority were laid off.

United Auto Workers Local 1067 president Bob Farrell said: "We will actually be working independently of Manpower and going out making direct contact with employers in the Milton area."

Declining sales of North American cars is blamed for the loss of work. Rockwell International makes coil and leaf springs for the big three auto manufacturers.

Company officials hope the market for car springs will make a come back in February and March.



BILL CLINT playing one of the songs he has written for his next album. He and his wife Jane rent a 100 acre farm near Ballinafad where he spends his time writing new music of working in the fields.

Bill Clint's music to cry by

by Gordon Murray

Want to have a good cry? Try listening to the music of Bill Clint, a Ballinafad area resident.

Clint, who is in his mid 20s and has lived on a rented farm near Ballinafad with his wife Jane for about two years originally hails from Streetsville.

While he is becoming well known in this area after appearing at a number of special functions such as Pioneer Days, playing at the Way Jay Club and Ballinafad talent night, to name a few, he isn't widely recognized yet in the Canadian music industry despite the fact he has one album to his credit.

Not being famous is fine with Clint anyway.

Unlike most in the rock music business he is intent on avoiding the glitter, lights and commercialism of the industry.

His first record, The Crying of a Generation, was produced and distributed two years ago and already is a

collectors item, mostly because only 1,000 copies were pressed but also because his music isn't well known, having received little radio play.

"I wanted to make a record to make people cry. When you sit down and have a great cry you feel better," he declared in an interview.

He says he has long thought that most of the people producing music today are "ripping off" the listener.

"People are selling feelings through their music but never telling it straight. They are selling fantasies. Nobody's just coming out and being straight with the listener," Clint says.

Some trends in modern music worry Clint, especially punk rock filled with hate and violence. He wants to be as far removed from groups such as Kiss as possible.

In today's society people often seek emotional wounds by buying things. He thinks this is the wrong cure. "It would be far better to

just sit down and be sad. Accept your sadness and work it out."

A good way to work out sadness is to cry; hence he has produced a product to help people cry—his album—which can be used time and again.

"I don't want to treat listeners and audiences like dummies I'm selling beer to. I just want to be straight with people and talk about feelings that everyone has."

His record is nothing more than a catalyst. The catalyst is the music and lyrics, especially the lyrics. The result of the catalyst is hopefully the production of emotions through crying.

"The whole idea of any art is to produce a response. I'm trying to bring out the response of crying in the listener. If you feel sad or down, listen to the record, cry, and the problem is solved until the next time."

While the music is soulful and lyrics filled with pity for the human experience, both

the ups and downs, he says it's not a depressing album.

The road to a recording studio date was not easy for Clint.

He came to the attention from time to time of some of the biggest promoters in the rock business and along the way rubbed shoulders with some of the top names in Canadian music including Bruce Cockburn, Murray McLaughlin and Sonny Terry and Brownie MacGee.

There were a few chances to try his hand at music professionally and lots of advice such as "work on your singing", "improve your guitar". His writing and lyrics almost always came in for praise.

As singing and guitar work improved he kept writing but his ideas about music with real feelings were viewed as unbelievable, impossible or unrealistic.

By the time he was ready to do that first album he couldn't find anyone in

Canada interested in the project. Like so many he went to the United States.

Clint ended up doing the album at a studio in San Francisco where the crew and owners were enthusiastic about his concept. The studio's help enabled Clint to eventually be able to cover the expenses of making the album.

"There is a lot of talk these days about feelings in music but most of it is plastic rock. Really, only Harry Chapin is dealing with feelings."

The Crying of a Generation is just one of three Clint plans to do. The next two will also deal with feelings but in different ways.

While his voice is good and guitar work adequate, what really stands out is the lyrics, especially those dealing with children's and babies' feelings. Actual crying and sound effects like a waterfall help the listener fall under the music's power.

Some cry and some don't

but the person who isn't moved by what Clint predicts could become "an important force in music" is rare.

"It's the only album of its kind. The closest one I guess would be John Lennon's Imagine" he says.

The poster and jacket have intriguing little messages.

One is "I am no longer afraid to admit I am an insane animal." According to Clint this points up the fact that people are insane because they won't express their feelings. If the listener lets the album work as a catalyst to let feelings out then he's admitted he's insane.

Another message is "Time has come to decide whether we want to stay alive, whether we want to wait for death or help each other survive. Time has come to change." Clint's message is clear.

"The most important thing is listening and then expressing feelings."



NEW WATER TOWER rises atop one of the village's highest hills. The new water system is not yet in operation. The tower, constructed of concrete by Ontario Silo Company, is 70 feet high and 30 feet in diameter. It holds 300,000 gallons, to serve a population of 1,700. There's a red warning light on top.

Osprige

Holiday visitors

by Doris Fines
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leslie, Lou Anne Lealie and Dave Murray, were guests on Boxing day with Mr. Leslie's brother and sister-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Leslie at Milton.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Heyden entertained Mr. Heyden's father and brothers on Christmas day. Mr. William Heyden of Rockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Heyden and family of Acton, Mr. and Mrs. John Heyden and family, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Heyden and family, and Adrian Heyden, all of Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hurren had as Christmas day guests, Mrs. John Kirkwood and Gordon Kirkwood, 10th line, Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Sinclair, Lorne and Lynne of Ballinafad, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Kirkwood, Ron and Gwen of Limehouse, Dr. and Mrs. Ron Green and Karen of Hillsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Warren, Jeffrey and Jennifer of Fergus, and Elmer Hurren of Hillsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grundy and David spent Christmas day with Mrs. Grundy's parents Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clarkson at Erin. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Don Cullen and family of Munster, and Helen Clarkson of Brampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Hutchison, Steven, Jeffrey and Susan, of Elgin, Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock Aitken and baby daughter of Ottawa, and Miss Nellie Aitken of Erin, visited over the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Aitken.

Mr. Gordon Howes was able to return home from Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto, in time for Christmas when all the family were there. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howes, Scott and Peter of Grand Valley, Dr. and Mrs. James Pettit, Robbie and Ricky of Ottawa, Dr. and Mrs. David Greyson and Amy, of Toronto.

Mrs. Robert A. Craig of London visited with her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Howard, during Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barr, Clarke and Kevin of Woodstock spent New Year's day with Barry's parents Mr. and Mrs. Barry Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leslie entertained Mr. Leslie's brother and sister Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Leslie of Milton, and Mr. and Mrs. Sid Dale of Toronto, on New Year's Eve.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grundy and David, Helen Clarkson of Brampton, Mr.

and Mrs. Robert Slater and Grant of Salem, Nancy Grundy and Mrs. Betty McKelrick and family of Guelph, spent New Years day with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bilton and family at Rockwood.

Mrs. Nellie McMillan passed away from a heart attack at her home in Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, on Dec. 24, 1977. She was a daughter of the late William and Agnes Russell. She was born in Caledon, Ontario, March 3, 1896, and attended Peacock and Brisbane Public schools.

She married Clarence McMillan in 1919, and they went west to his homestead near Scotsguard, Sask. She was a member of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Royal Canadian Legion, and a member of Shaunavon United Church.

She leaves to mourn her loss, a son Lawrence of Scotsguard, a daughter Jean (Mrs. Bruce Island) of Shaunavon, and a nephew Ross Ferguson of Erin Township, whom they raised from the age of 5 years after his mother died. She will be sadly missed also by eleven grandchildren and one great granddaughter, two sisters Mrs. Thomas Fines of Osprige, Mrs. William Anderson of Sun City, Arizona, and a brother William Russell of Detroit.