

Changing a drover into a driver

Have you seen those large lovely travel buses of Denny's Bus Line cruising down the highway, off on a fun-filled trip to watch the Blue Jays at the Sky Dome? Sure you have.

Maybe you and your wife have been on one of his terrific tours that range from beautiful Butchart's Gardens to Thos. Jefferson's Montecello in Virginia?

I'd love to go for a ride with Clarence, on one of his buses, but I'm afraid to ask. It goes back a long way. For years just me, Clarence, and a horse knew the real facts.

The horse is probably in horse heaven or hell, but Clarence and I have survived, and I thought maybe you would like to know how I helped get him started in the travel business. Let me fill you in, if you've got a minute.

Clarence used to be a drover before he became a bus driver. It was at my suggestion Clarence be called to deliver a horse for us. Unknown to me, the darn horse was a rogue. Before poor Clarence got him delivered, he had kicked the daylight out of the truck racks, broke his new rope, and cost him money. He was so discouraged he swore up and down he wasn't going to truck anymore of Steamer's old plugs period.

Although I may have put him out of the horse business, I indirectly helped him launch a new one. Clarence eased out of the trucking business into the buses.

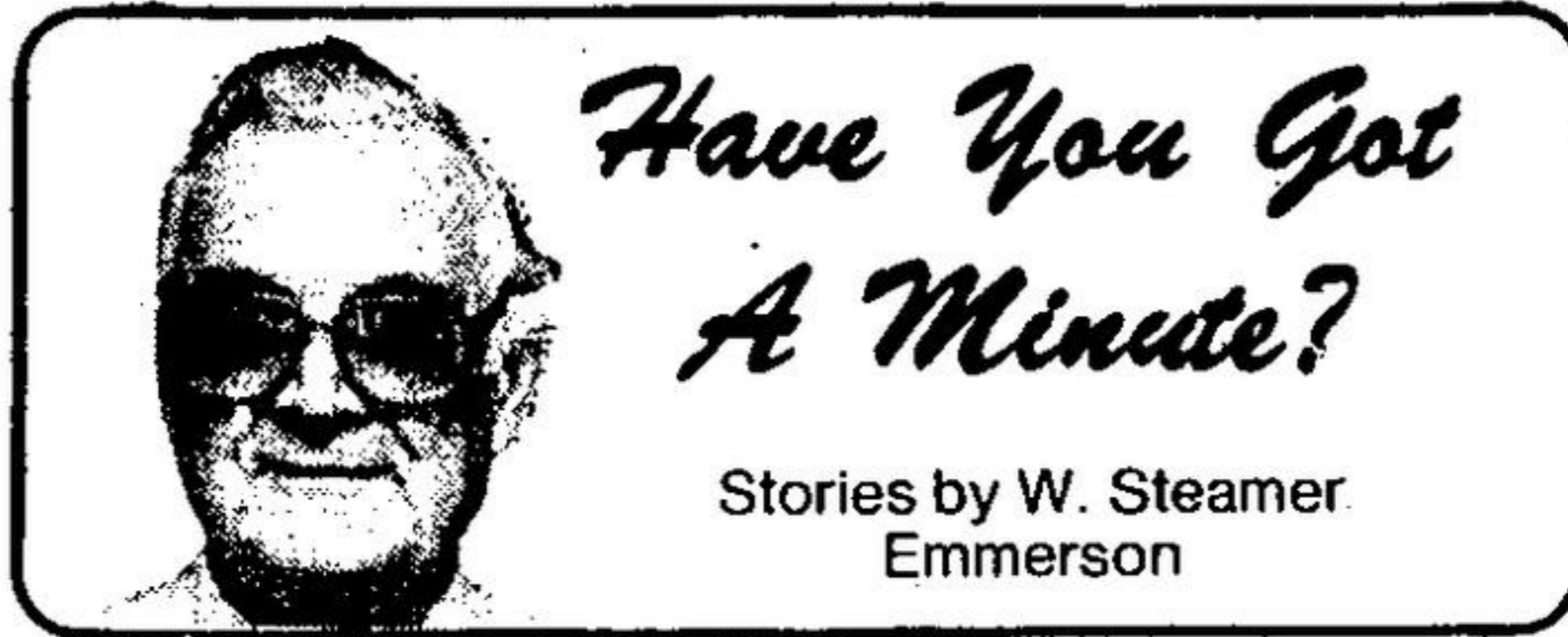
If you follow the advice of the ad, "Take the bus and leave the driving to us," make sure Clarence isn't at the wheel if you are going to tell him about this column.

Don't cut this out and thrust it under his nose while he's galloping down the 401. MacDonald-Cartier in cruise control. He may freeze at the wheel with horror when reminded of the past sad experience. My name attached may extract a volley of expletives unheard of in the history of his successful transportation of satisfied customers over many a Canadian and American highway.

I didn't talk him into the bus business, encourage him, loan him start-up money, or anything like that, but I'm sure if he tells you about the morning he and I tried to load a great big stubborn raw-boned "broke" to halter horse, he'll spit out my name in disgust.

After his experience with that slave of a horse and me, I am sure he decided there was a better way to make a living.

Clarence used to truck horses and cattle around the country until that morning he and I tried to



Have You Got A Minute?

Stories by W. Steamer Emmerson

load a horse at the old farm. I really think that morning of fighting, struggling, and battling to load that hard-nosed beast of burden, and dealing with me, a rank inexperienced beginner, he decided on a career change, as they say today, from drover to driver.

It was a smart move. Galloping over the miles on the way to historic Williamsburg, Carter's Grove, Gettysburg or Las Vegas, if he's at the wheel, I am sure if you coax him, and if the traffic is not too heavy, he will tell you how I helped make up his mind to switch from horses to humans.

The barn on the farm was at the corner of Ewing and Hewson Crescent, and sat approximately where houses numbered 33, 35 or possibly 37 are located on the east side of Ewing.

What a barn. Why that old barn on a Sunday morning was a horse traders haven. Admission was free. All you needed was your wits, money, and a bottle of rye for medicinal purposes. The funny horse stories of experienced traders got funnier as the whisky heated up the blood, and thickened the tongues of the traders, even Billy Graham would have been a welcomed guest at these trading sessions even if he wasn't a bonafide horse trader because he could have supplied the bible, they were all willing to swear on their horses were sound of wind and limb.

There were some mornings when only the horses were able to stand with any degree of steadiness.

Often I found myself as the ring master in the old corral just outside the barn door trying to hold or lead a horse that had arrived at our repository with every assurance they were "broke" to single or double harness, "saddle broke", "halter broke", and every other kind of broke when in reality they were the cribbers, heavers, kickers, and downtrodden misfits of the horse society.

It was not unusual to show up some morning at the barn and find a fresh face in the stalls or corral. That fella that Clarence and I tried to load was found in the corral one morning with no

halter. That made me suspicious. The neighbours told me he was delivered after dark, fairly late. Clarence and I figured whoever delivered him had the same problems as we had with him, and just opened the tailgate and let him jump off the truck and into the corral.

When the old boy was traded by my father-in-law, Clarence was asked to do the trucking.

Now as memory serves me right, when a horse trade takes place there was always the final discussion about the halter. I can't remember whether the halter was part of the trade or not, but something tells me it was, but I may be wrong.

The fun started when we tried to halter him in the corral. If by chance we got hold of his forelock, we were thrown aside by his strength. After all had failed in our attempts to halter him and lead him up the ramp, we decided to open the corral gate, the tailgate of the truck, and chase him up into the truck. Clarence had other orders to fill and like myself was becoming anxious to get him aboard, haltered and tied. Stubborn, why that old horse must have thought he was going to the glue factory, because he had no notion of being loaded.

Finally when the two of us were near exhaustion, he ran up the ramp to the truck. Clarence threw a new rope over his head, and snugged him up to the racks. All you could hear was whining, kicking and other natural noises as we took a few minutes to get our breath.

Clarence told me later, that the old horse had snapped his brand new rope and kicked the racks to smithereens before he got him delivered. The damage was greater than Clarence's charges to deliver the crusty old nag.

So, if by chance you are on one of his trips as a travelling troubadour, and you ask him how one of his new beautiful buses handles, and if he knows you are from old Georgetown, and a reader of this column, I will bet you he replies "A heck of a lot better than Steamer and his darned old horse!"

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RECYCLING WEEK '90 PROCLAMATION

Whereas the Council for the Town of Halton Hills acknowledges the need to increase the awareness of area residents of the growing problems of waste management;

And whereas, the Town of Halton Hills in the Region of Halton recognizes that reduction, re-use and recycling contributes positively toward resource and energy conservation, waste reduction and economic development;

And whereas, our Municipality participates in recycling programs and supports recycling;

Therefore, be it resolved that I, Russell Miller, of Halton Hills do hereby proclaim the week of Nov. 19 to 25, 1990 as the 6th Annual Recycling Week.

"The Future is R's"
R. Miller
Mayor

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