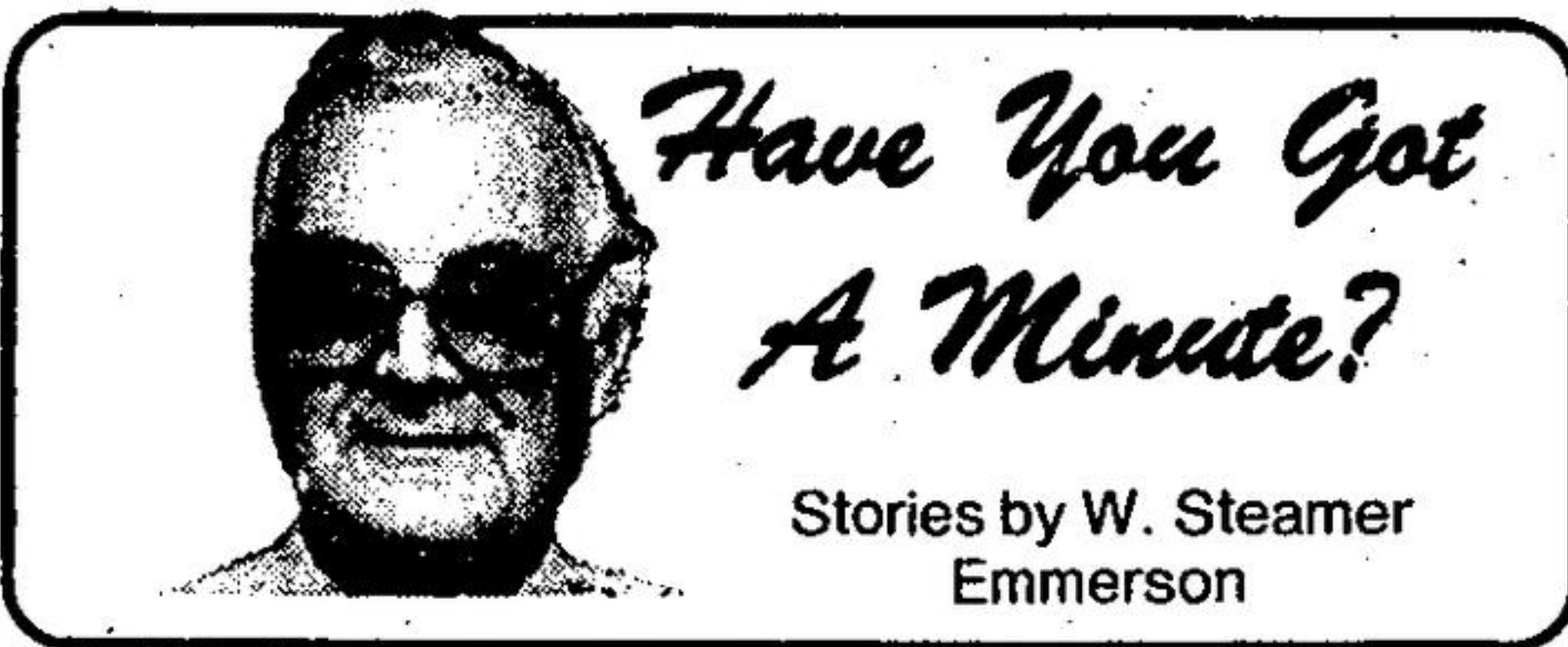


This Sheriff stood his ground in the bedroom

This is another Sheriff story. I once seized a sparkling unpaid-for diamond ring that was attached to a figure harder to ignore than a ringing telephone. When she opened her front door that lovely summer morning, I was aghast to find her morning coffee-club gathered in her living room. There were six or seven lovely neighbor friends enjoying a friendly gab-fest. Not to reveal my identity to her guests, I whispered in her ear who I was and the purpose of my

call. The neighbors would know soon enough. She was a wonderful hostess, invited me in and even introduced me around without mentioning I was the Sheriff's right-hand man. Perhaps they thought I was an insurance man, a vacuum cleaner salesman, a secret lover, but I shook everybody's hand and tried to remember Sue, Heather, and so on. You see in my line of work I might have to call on them sometime and it certainly helped



death-like silence. Maybe they had an empty tumbler against the door. I don't know but if they did have some idea what was going on, the neighborhood was going to have a lot of grist for their coffee mills at mid-mornings. At first inside her neat, clean, lovely boudoir, anger flowed, then tears. She gasped when I told her I had to show her something.

She said, "Please don't," but it was my duty to show her I had the proper documentation. I whipped out the warrant with the speed of light.

Through her sodden eyes she scanned the papers, then whispered "She would take it off."

By George, right before my eyes she gave me her most valuable possession. Needless to say, I was relieved with her cooperation.

Gently, I shook her ringless hand and departed faster than a speeding bullet.

Within the 15 day period her husband showed up with the money to reclaim the ring.

He was amazed that she submitted to my demands. How did I do it? "On my job," I replied, you had to know when to apply the muscle and when to apply the soft soap. I told him it was the soft-soap that made her slip.

He invited me out for coffee. I declined. One coffee break in that family was enough for me.

Martin-Brooks wedding

The marriage of Lorna Marie Martin to Barry David Brooks, which was officiated by Rev. Doug Norris, took place Friday, May 10, 1991 at Stone United Church Eramosa.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clint Martin of R.R. 3 Rockwood and the groom is the son of Mrs. Winnifred Brooks and the late Albert Brooks of R.R. 1 Limehouse.

Lorna's longtime friend Margaret Donnell of Rockwood was the bridesmaid. Neil Taylor of Cambridge, Barry's brother-

in-law was the best man. The bride's eldest brother Brad Martin of Guelph was the Usher. The organist was Elizabeth Guthrie. A lovely dinner was served by the Church ladies to the families and friends from Rockwood, Limehouse, Guelph, Acton, Georgetown, Milton, Waterford, Toronto and as far away as Moncton, New Brunswick, Great Vallage, Truro and Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. The couple are making their new home at R. R. 1 Limehouse on the groom's dairy farm.



in tough situations if you were on a first name basis.

Before I stopped shaking the last hand she served me half-and-half coffee, half in the cup and half in the saucer. The cup rattled in the saucer as she poured. That tipped me off she knew what was coming.

Some wag once said, "The best way to get into trouble is to be right at the wrong time." I had all the right documents but I had certainly arrived at the wrong time.

Two choices awaited me: Wait out the neighbors, or, Attack.

I decided boldly to attack, seize the sparkler and get out P.D.Q.

The closest room to me was the bedroom. By this time, the old adrenalin was flowing. My nerves tingled. As soon as she came close enough I asked her point blank to slip into the bedroom with me. She did. Goodness, the coffee was being splurped by the members back into the cups, saucers, ash-trays, when my positive approach sunk in.

Maybe some of them thought they were going to receive the same invitation, but there were two that left in a hurry. From inside the bedroom I heard the front door slam twice.

Have you ever been in a bedroom with a very attractive woman? I have. The moment of decision was at hand, and I must

admit she was excited. So was I. Surely we all know in a situation like this that it's not uncommon to breathe heavy. In the excitement of the moment I could feel and hear the deep sounds from our chests.

Lord I was hoping the coffee clutch in the living room couldn't detect what seemed to me the sound of a volcanic eruption within our breathing apparatus.

Now if you think sheriffing isn't exciting at times you are dead wrong. This was as exciting as it gets.

Perspiration broke out over my upper lip, my mouth was desert dry, as I whispered there was something she had to take off. It seemed like an eternity before she quietly asked "If this was my first time at doing this?" I croaked a mumbled "yes". She said "It was the first time for her too," and she hoped it was the last.

From the living room was a

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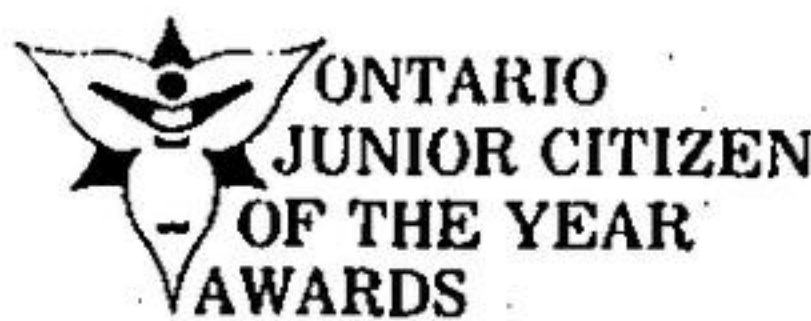
Do you know a young person, aged 6 to 18 years, who is involved in worthwhile community service or a special person who is contributing, while coping with a physical or psychological limitation? Do you know a youth who has performed an act of heroism?

The Ontario Community Newspapers Association with Canadian Airlines International as the patron, are looking to recognize these "good kids", the young people of our province who show a commitment to making life better for others.

To nominate an individual or a group of young people, for the Ontario Junior Citizen of the Year Award, please contact your newspaper or the O.C.N.A. at (416) 844-0184. Nominations, for this year's awards, will be accepted until October 31, 1991.

Every nominee will receive a certificate and up to 12 individuals and one group will be the recipients of a plaque presented by the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, an Ontario Junior Citizen of the Year lapel pin, \$200.00 and a family portrait with the Lieutenant Governor.

NOMINATION FORMS - are available by contacting The Herald, 877-2201 or O.C.N.A. (416) 844-0184.



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