COMMENT

The Way We Were



Organized hockey was played in Hornby since the early 1900s first, on the Brain Brewery pond, then on land leased on the south side of Steeles Ave., across from Hornby Public School, beside the creek. Featuring a clubhouse and wooden boards around the ice surface, a dam was constructed in the creek each fall to ensure water was available to flood the rink, with touch-ups done with a watering can at the end of each game. This photo shows the rink, clubhouse and team prior

> Photo courtesy of Equesing **Historical Society** Text courtesy of Heritage Halton Hills

From our readers



HANGING IN THE FIELD

Rein Pater of Georgetown sent in this photo of a horse.

Have a photo you want to share?

with details please to cvernon@metroland.com

The word hate is a little strong

I don t as a rule use the word hate when I talk about my feelings.

I have used words like dislike, or loath, maybe even say I have a problem with that, but not hate.

Except for one situation.

Rats.

Yup, rats, and I do hate them, with a passion.

I m sorry, but there is absolutely no other way to describe

And that hatred hit the alltime stratosphere Monday morning as I entered the barn to feed the sheep.

Always doing a pen check before I feed them, I noticed one of the water bowls was frozen.

TED BROWN As I checked further, I found the next one was also frozen. In fact, the water line feeding the entire half of the barn was frozen, and all the bowls attached.

I have all the water lines in the barn outfitted with pipe heat straps, which are attached to the pipes with electrical tape, keeping them warm, so they don t freeze.

Each heat strap is plugged into a Ground Fault Interrupter (GFI) receptacle, like the receptacle beside your bathroom sink or the kitchen counter, protecting against a shock if you touch a live wire.

I have GFIs installed in the barn so the sheep won t get zapped if they manage to touch something they shouldn t.

So the water line was frozen solid and the GFI light was out, meaning it had tripped the circuit breaker in the receptacle.

I reset it, the light came on and nothing happened. The heat strap was stone

Inspecting the heat strap from one end to the other, I finally discovered the cause.

Yup, you guessed it a rat had chewed the heat strap, breaking the circuit, making the heat strap totally useless.

And naturally, it was one of the longer

and more expensive straps a 30 footer.

Hence my statement I hate rats!

I have an ongoing war with the rats in the barn and every barn has em.

I keep four traps set out and a live trap as well. I average a couple rats every morning.

So back to the heat strap. I had to remove the water pipe from the wall and remove

> the electrical tape that holds the heat strap on the pipe, slicing it with a knife. And it was freezing cold on the hands.

> I then called Home Hardware to see if they had a 30-foot heat strap in stock.

Luck was on my side and I told the lady to hang onto it for

I was there in 30 minutes.

Back home, I cleaned off the water pipe and started taping the strap on the pipe.

An hour later, hands frozen, I was finished and plugged in the strap.

It was warm and all set to go. I silently recited to myself, I hate rats, I hate rats, and

I waited, expecting the heat would thaw the water in the line.

And it did, but still no water.

I repeatedly checked every inch of the pipe, over and over, still unable to find that frozen spot.

I finally found it, right near the water a tiny section of the pipe about an inch long, that wasn t quite touching the

Nearly seven hours had passed since I d entered the barn and discovered the frozen water pipes. And it had cost me most of a day, all because a damned rat had chewed the heat strap.

I understand rats are the major cause of electrical wiring fires, with squirrels not too far behind, and I can understand why they chew everything. But all is well now we re back to thawed water and happy sheep. But one thing remains.

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I still hate rats.





