

Race to the Stars Concert Series

Mega-entertainment at
Mohawk Racetrack Slots in August

Portraits of the surrounding
Countryside by Brian Darcy



"A Place of Warmth" L/E Print \$90.

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ENTERTAINERS AND DATES

"Dr. Hook"
August 9th

"The Nylons"
August 23rd

"Farmer's Daughter"
August 29th

All concerts have an opening act beginning at 8:00 p.m. Shows take place in the Entertainment Facility located upstairs from the gaming floor. The Mohawk Slots Entertainment Facility has a 400 seat capacity and a wonderful lounge-style atmosphere. Tickets are \$10.00 for Winner's Circle members (free to join) and \$15.00 General Admission. Please note: the internet addresses have changed from occ.olg.on.ca and olc.on.ca to olgc.on.ca to reflect a new corporate name - Ontario Lottery and Gaming Corporation.

Fifth Line memories of

BILL GREGG

BY LINDA SWORD
SPECIAL TO THE COMPASS

In the summer of 1994 we purchased Glencairn Farm, our new and forever home on the Nassagaweya Fifth Line, from Bill and Carol Gregg. With the house we also gained a Gregg friendship and mentorship and inheritance which have enriched our whole life here. We were not alone in this privilege and welcome. Bill and Carol enjoyed, nurtured and networked people, while promoting our natural and cultural heritages every day. Bill, the genial country gentleman, unfolded us Nassagaweyans, our Nassagaweyan pets and countless others from outside the township, into his multi-faceted world, with a knowing chuckle, and probably an apt epithet for every one of us.



BILL AND CAROL GREGG

Suddenly on Sunday, June 18, 2000, Bill Gregg's loving watch over the Fifth Line came to an end. With him we lost what we were confident was a permanent anchor in our lives here. Sure and steady and rooted, only a tidal wave could move him. In this spring of unusual and torrential rain, that unimaginable wave did come to engulf him. Fortunately, all around us are the marker buoys he identified and constructed, to remind us daily of his life, opinions, enthusiasms and humanity.

Our farm, Glencairn Farm,

was the Greggs' home for almost 30 years. Graciously they released it to us and cheered us on as we made it our own. Here we live surrounded by their legacy.

The 1896 farmhouse is our home. Saved by the Greggs from almost fatal deterioration in 1967, the house was stretched and dressed up and reinforced until it seduced us in 1994. Typically, Bill took great pleasure in pointing out the origins of the bricks or cabinets or stones which were used in its new construction. Inevitably he had saved the materials, just like the house itself, from flood or demolition.

With the house came a basket of broken crockery retrieved from the original homestead site, directions to the location of the archeological treasure trove of ancient arrowheads, and visits through photo albums of the house's history and progress. We delighted in the counters built to accommodate the family of mile-high sons, and in the barn-cats whose stay at the farm was lovingly negotiated along with the property sale.

Outside are gardens which speak to us still of the Greggs' 30 years here. Bill introduced us to the many varieties of hosta they had planted, the dramatic spring display of bulbs, and the secret hiding places of the giant puff-balls and the Jerusalem artichokes. Tranquil ponds dredged in magical places, acres of newly planted evergreens, and aisles of young maples all spoke of the evolution of Glencairn Farm from subsistence and swine farming to gracious haven. For us, inexperienced in agriculture, he provided our first guidance on the arable acres of our land, and subtly made sure we understood what grasses composed hay, so we wouldn't embarrass ourselves too much.

Around us stand Bill's follies and foundlings - the pieces and parts of older buildings in peril - the horse barn from Oakville, the gables and windows from the former Nassagaweya Town Hall, the stone silo left standing when the rambling old barn was taken away (not torn down), plank by plank, to be re-constructed north of Waterloo, the little log cabin rebuilt from two old structures once located south of Guelph, and the

larger 150-year-old house made of massive pine logs and saved from Highway 407 bulldozers with just five days to spare.

Another landmark reminds us of a different, but no less ambitious, project of Bill's. High on a post sits an army helmet, Bill's father's First World War helmet, the last piece of his significant collection of military equipment. When we first saw the farm we noticed, lost at the back of the property, a single armoured car through which grass and daisies grew. We saw it as an art sculpture, only learning later that it was part of a thorough, practical research and conservation project focussing on Canada's war industries and their role in the country's economic evolution. This was, we gradually learned, just the tip of the iceberg of the many areas of knowledge into which Bill invested great and fruitful energy.

One day, on a visit to Glencairn Farm, during which we once again tried to absorb all the information and lore he was sharing with us, he commented that people must be free to realize their dreams...to test their ideas...to live as they are driven to live. He felt blessed in his own life, in the fulfillment of so many of his dreams, in his association with vital and skilled people. After leaving Glencairn Farm he and Carol restored, across the Line, a lovely home trucked 11 hours down from Alliston years earlier, and then they moved down the Line to build a brand new home overlooking the Blue Springs ravine. That house was finished in time for the wonderful weekend-long celebration of their son, Peter's, marriage in January 2000. An amazing feat of organization, topped by extended hospitality and family warmth, it was a show-stopping event, typical of the Greggs.

On the weekend of June 18th there was a horrendous crash here at Glencairn Farm. A great, old maple, which stood guardian over the house and pond and land which had been the Greggs for so many years, snapped and fell. It had stood high among the younger trees in that wood, a home to thousands of birds and animals and insects, in full green bloom, bursting with determined life. It fell without warning, dramatically, stopping us in our tracks, reminding us to take notice. Something grand had been lost. The space left by its fall would take decades to fill. We know, in this way, that Glencairn Farm is remembering and saluting Bill Gregg with us, with a mixture of awed admiration and profound sorrow.

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