

The North Halton Compass

Reach then a soaring quill,
that I may write
As with a Jacob's staff
to take a height

CLEVELAND

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Best wishes for a
Happy New Year

from your three
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Ward 2 Councillors



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The Barnyard Adventures of Nassagaweya Ned & Emmy Esquering



BRASS TACKS - Editorial

A New Year - Another New Office

From the kitchen table of our publisher's home in Eden Mills, to the small hidden office in the upper level of Campbellville's Country Meadows, The Compass has expanded its readership, its size, its distribution area, its staff and, we hope our readers agree, improved as a real community paper over the last three plus years.

With the new year we have made another move. We are now located on the main level of Country Meadows in Campbellville in a bright, easily accessible office.

The Compass' goal remains

the same - be the voice of rural North Halton. We'll always strive to cover events important to a rural community - regardless of whether or not it's hard-hitting news.

The Compass welcomes its readers' ideas, events and photos. And to show you - our readers - that we are continuing that tradition, we made the move to this office for you. (Mind you I won't complain about the high ceilings, large amount of sunlight and close proximity to facilities offering delicious treats, either!)

The new office gives our audience a chance to drop in and be

heard. We want to know what you think and hear your story ideas so we can continue to provide you with a newspaper that actually gets read rather than immediately tossed into the recycling bin.

We encourage you to bring in any submissions for *Of Kith and Kin* so your entire community can celebrate along with you and your family. And of course, if there's something on your mind, we welcome signed letters to the editor.

We're looking forward to this new year in a new office where we will continue to provide a strong voice for a great community!

BLUE SPRINGS SOAPBOX

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:
The road is 300 feet away and we are surrounded by fields, brush, and the tree-lines of distant properties. Our neighbours are visible, but are not within earshot. The kids take the bus to school. We have a wonderful place to raise a family through the seasons and a great place to enjoy pets.
Wednesday was an unusually eventful day at our farmhouse. Our beagle-cross Zoie ventured out in the crisp morning for a lonesome journey. Never straying far, she always returns to my familiar high-pitched beckon, eagerly running back, tail wagging, anticipating my affection. She recently recovered from a cut paw that we lovingly looked after. The whole household grew closer from the experience. But today she was missing for hours. Later on I had to go to work for the night shift, by now quite concerned about Zoie, not knowing where she was and if she was OK. We already called three pounds to report the lost puppy. Somebody will phone, I

thought, somebody should. After all, she was micro-chipped and wears a collar ID with her name and phone number on it.
Around 4 a.m. Thursday I returned from work to really get worried, realizing that Zoie still had not come home. So then, in the predawn, I searched. This time I went along the road in front of the house, nervous and thinking of how cold it was. Finally, to my amazement, I heard a whimper in the distant darkness I nearly twisted my ankle running across the field to the sound, just knowing that it was Zoie. Then there she was, frightened, injured, and frozen.
She looked up at me with her big black eyes in sorrow and relief. She knew that now she was finally safe.
She had been hit by a car many hours ago, no doubt during the daylight. Afterwards, I believe she was struggling to get back home, encouraged by my calls, but just never had enough stamina to make it all the way. She collapsed a few feet from the

roadside ditch. She was hurt badly, yet was still so happy to see me, she painfully wagged her tail to let me know.
I carried her to the farmhouse, stopping twice because of the distance. Inside I tried to make her warm and comfortable until the veterinarian opened at 8:00 a.m. I am certainly grateful for them. It turns out that fortunately, in spite of being struck and left for dead, Zoie made it through her ordeal. We surmise the driver must have either been completely unaware, too scared, or just plain careless. For the love of life, we hope the first. We could never imagine simply abandoning an injured pet like that.
We now convey our thanks to our local animal shelter for doing such a great job and making Zoie a Happy Puppy again. We also encourage the generosity of the caring public in donating to your local Animal Services Centre. Please keep your journeys safe.
Melanie Lamb, Norval



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All the best in the New Year!

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