



# Chronicle



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**"No better value  
ever bought!"** LIVELIEST FAMILY WEEKLY

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Millbrook, Ontario.

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## ANOTHER QUESTION FOR COUNCIL:

On January 1st, 1978 you had in cash \$48,764. People owed you the sum of \$102,435. Taxes owed to you was \$33,961. In addition you had investments of \$2,000 and other current assets of \$1,933 for a total of \$189,093.

On the liability side you owed the bank \$50,000 and had other debts amounting to \$33,779.

Presumably 97% of the bank loan or \$48,764 was sitting in an interest free account while the taxpayers were paying the current interest rate of 12% or 14% or whatever it was at that time. In other words you borrow \$50,000 from the bank and then give them back 97% of it to loan again. It's small wonder the banks show multi-million profits while villages can just scrape by. To reduce this to a personal basis - if you were owed \$136,000 and your debts amounted to \$35,000 would you be borrowing from the bank or would you collect even one quarter of what was owing you and clean up your debts.

The committee is waiting the call of Arthur Thorn for a preliminary meeting to check into matters for an open "Meet the ratepayers meeting" - as announced in a previous issue. To date the members who are public-spirited enough to take an interest in civic affairs are Norman Smith, Weldon Coulter, Art Thorn, Ray Nelson and Arnold Armstrong. Three or four others will be invited and it is expected that Karl Martin will be in attendance. Anyone with a question for council (and there are many) may get in touch with any member of the committee, to ensure that advice of meeting date will not be overlooked.

Inter-office memo to Scottie - our nine year old circulation manager.

Now that the ho-ho-ho season is over we have to give this village a good news letter. I'll try and get out a saleable product and I want you to sell, sell, sell. Scottie to Arnold. Don't talk to me about selling. Could you sell pickles in a maternity ward?

## THE HOCKEY SCENE:

During the week the Millbrook Midgets defeated Annismore 3-1 and the White Warriors took a win from Fenelon Falls.

Locally, the Bantams had a lively tussle with Havelock in a game that didn't determine a winner until the final minute.

(There is a problem in reporting this game - the scorecard disappeared like the snows of yesteryear - and your reporter isn't going to sit on the players bench and write his own card. His bi-focal eyesight isn't good enough to duck an errant puck. So here's half a report.)

It was a seesaw battle with several solo rushes featuring nice stick handling efforts but most of these were stopped at, or near, the goal mouth. At 4:42 Mike Corfe had a scoring opportunity but failed to cash in on it. This slim speedster and his not-so-slim defence partner were very much in evidence. This pair, Corfe and Maracle are both rushing defencemen and when either starts out on a trip to the opposition goal they require no assistance in clearing the track. Very much at home in the heavy going. Doug Leonard and Paul Sutton toted the freight on a couple of occasions but had no one in position for a pass.

It was well into the second period before Havelock banged in a mis-directed Millbrook pass to break the scoring ice. The equalizer, came in the dying seconds of the period and we think, (no score card) it was the two highlanders - Scott Campbell and Scott Packman who registered the marker. In the third Millbrook scored a pair but then flirted with disaster by picking up penalties and allowing Havelock to cut the lead to one goal. But Havelock penalties took the pressure off and Rich Maracle found an opening in a maze of players swarming around the Havelock and socked in the insurance goal.

The line-up Dale Heard, Drew McBain Doug Leonard, Mike Corfe, Paul Sutton Shawn Matwey, Doug Page, Ian Beemer Rich Maracle, Scott Campbell, Scott Packman, Paul Burnett. Mgrs. Jim Chapman, Barry Heard.

A Week in The Life of a Villager.  
(cont'd.)

Wednesday:

When nothing happens write about the weather - and it is quite noteworthy. People can't understand it but the attitude is "enjoy it while it lasts.

Years ago in Hotel Dieu in Kingston following an operation in which spinal anaesthesia was used I was wheeled back to my room bathed in a rosy glow. I said "I don't need any help getting into bed I'll just float in". Her words "Enjoy it while it lasts. You won't do any floating to-morrow". How right she was. So my advice regarding the weather - enjoy it while it lasts.

THE OLD PROGNOSTICATOR:

In a warm-up prediction - for the Sunday card at the Downs. Stan likes True Blue Cresendo in the third.

\$250.00 raised for arena sound system.

The CHEX Chickens played a local team and while attendance "should have been bigger" turned this tidy amount into arena coffers.

In contrast, in Peterborough, a couple of weeks ago, the gate was \$3100.00, the expenses were \$2800. which left the munificent sum of \$300.00 for the Five Counties Children's Centre. This was the highly touted game - the Flying Fathers and local O.P.P. and city police.

The Junior Petes who recently returned from Finland were presented with jackets worth \$350.00 - not for the team but apiece.

Centennial year wound up with a Christmas tree burn - one young lady said she was so badly treated by Santa Claus she considered sending her artificial tree to the burn.

PUBLIC SKATING AT ARENA

Saturdays	8.00 - 10.00 p.m.
Sundays	1.00 - 3.00 p.m.
After school	4.00 - 5.30 p.m.

Millbrook Super Bees are having a dance on Saturday January 19th in the arena.

Music Terry Higgs  
Price \$6.00 per couple

Pat Conlon whose program Conlon's Ontario was seen on Channel 12 on Saturday afternoons has purchased the thirteen room house on King St. owned, and lived in for many years by the late Dr. and Mrs. H.A. Turner.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

Our vote for this goes to Mrs. Eva Masters - for her great interest and help to the senior citizens of the village. Each Thursday, on the occasion of their weekly meeting, she provides the transportation to get them to the municipal hall. And she has been doing this for years. She told me that in the past there have been many instances where she had to use a snow shovel to open a path to her car from the older persons door. She would greatly like to see an increased number at these meetings. The space where they meet is very limited and the matter was brought up, and O.K.'ed for the use of the Legion Hall where there would be plenty of room for carpet ball. We would be happy to run a weekly report on activities.

(Also, with income tax time here again, we'd be glad to do the returns of those in receipt of the pension supplement. We could drop into the hall on Thursday afternoons and look after these. No charge, of course.)

MAN OF THE YEAR:

Being out of touch with many village matters we made several enquiries in this regard and the name that came up most often was Ken Heaton.

He is reported to be an enthusiastic supporter of minor hockey and often loads a whole team in his van for out-of-town games. In addition, he backs many other activities in the sporting scene and participates in many of these.

It is perhaps interesting to note that neither of these people live in the village. Mrs. Masters is in an area not far from Peterborough and Ken Heaton's home is west of the village.

An examination of the number of teams playing minor hockey and the area covered by their leagues indicates that many mothers and fathers and others must be engaged in transporting these teams on their out-of-town engagements.

Contrast this with the arrangements many years ago, when Keene was the opposition and travel was by team and sleigh. This called for an overnight stay at an hotel with the return trip taking a sizeable bite out of the new day.

Schoolboy howlers -  
English kid - An oboe is an American tramp.

A glacier is a man who puts glass in windows.

A caucus is a dead animal.

## A Week In The Life Of A Villager:

Friday - the rains came but the ORCA didn't until 8.30 p.m. Although warnings about possible flooding were being issued in the morning nothing was done about removing the stop logs to relieve the pressure on the dam of the Millbrook pond. In the past this was always done when flooding threatened and it was particularly important because of the patched job that had been done on the stop logs. We question, most emphatically, the statement of Mr. Merriam of ORCA that this was not the case, but only appeared to be. This was no optical illusion and if any one cares to challenge this we can round up any number of witnesses to back up this claim..

The only one to phone to see if your editor (who lives at the lowest point downstream) had been carried away by the flood was the Voice from a Farr. I assured her that the water wasn't up to my expectations. When the water receded a bit I hied to No. 2 Union Street where a broken window pane was letting in a wintry blast of air. All in all - not a good Friday.

Saturday: To the valley, Armstrong Acres, in the afternoon to assess flood damage - two beautiful red cedar trees, some possible road undermining and king size ice cubes all over the place. When we saw these huge ice chunks capable of decapitation I had a vision of my head floating down Baxter Creek singing that big hit of yesteryear "I Ain't Got No Body". Then, there was also the matter of picking a trail for cross country skiing. Since a little snake bite remedy is always indicated for these safaris - there was a spot or two available - and as neither the distaff side of the twosome or the writer is a hangover drinker the mix was water. Since the space heater was lagging I filled two tumblers (the stemware is far from adequate) one with water and the other with stove oil, part of which I dashed into the stove. Then I poured a couple of shots of rye into glasses and absently minded added a splash of stove oil. My rating as a mixologist fell below sea level when I handed my companion that concoction and she took a healthy slug of it. It was Dorothy Parker, I think, who penned those immortal words - Candy is Dandy, But Liquor is Quicker. We decided to add to the lore in this area, not with a verse but a possible song title - "Give me a stove oil cocktail and my

A Week etc. etc.

Saturday (cont'd.)

In the early evening I was in the village watering hole jousting with a cross word puzzle and getting unhorsed by even the three letter words when a nice young couple, newcomers to the village, came to the rescue. This led to an invitation to dinner but since I had tasted the delights of the Bake Shop's meat pies I was on the point of declining when it was pointed out to me that a past-time closely allied to eating was also quite enjoyable - on this point I convince easily. It ended up with some professional advice on the design of my think-tank letterhead - Flights of Fancy Unlimited - which is now, I hope, in the hands of the printers. When I get a couple of ideas operational and embalmed on these letterheads I hope to start the village on the comeback trail.

Sunday - Coffee in The Country Corner: In a lull in the conversation and an effort to perk it up I tossed in a couple of remarks that may have been interpreted as bigoted. I later regretted this foot-in-mouth episode but since explaining or apologizing carries about as much weight as that old bleat "I was quoted out of context" I decided to keep my mouth shut, and since silence is golden - with gold at \$723.00 U.S. per ounce - I'll be able to hire a full time "mouthpiece" to keep me out of verbal jams.

Monday Day time - at the Cross Roads - where I have picked up the formula which the Chronicle will publish some day - the secret of curing and equatorial rotundity (or big belly) if you prefer, painlessly. In the evening - to the arena. The Peewees lost a 5-1 game to Havelock. After the game, one of the players, Robert Taylor, suggested it might be just as well to omit any mention of this game - we didn't go for this but agreed to his claim that they were defeated by the best team in the league. The shots on goal statistics would likely confirm this. The boys play a robust energetic style of hockey but their passes to their teammates resemble slapshots while their shots on goal are of the slithery type. But give 'em credit - there is no conservation of energy in their efforts. Blair was the lone goal-getter for Millbrook with assists to Jeff Sanderson and Eric Vowles.

Tuesday - the telephone hucksters are at it again. \$300.00 free groceries. At that point I told her that I was down to 180 from 210 with another 20 to go and I wanted 10 kisses will turn to fire."

*Sandra*

*Miss Tish - Arbour - 1206 Edmiston Dr. 745-9215-*

LITTLE MEN FROM OUTER SPACE:

FROM THE CHRONICLE OF DEC. 11/75

As a landing spot for UFOs has been established south and west of the village it might be well to keep in mind this description - because they are not all little green men. An Italian security guard who has been abducted four times gives this detail. (Ed. note - give me a slug of that vino.) And you had better believe it for he's been under hypnosis and pumped full of truth serum and still tells the same story. They pick him up in the Genoa Hills (another vial of vino, please) and take him aloft. The aliens are egg-shaped, bald headed, wear checkered suits and shirts made of steel. They have hoarse sounding voices (a bit more of those tramped grapes, please). The National Investigative Committee on Aerial Phenomenon thinks this man is the official contact on earth. And if they want another contact in our region there is an excellent candidate right on their doorstep. It's Earl Collins.

The awesome power of propane gas was demonstrated at 4.00 a.m. on Thursday morning when an explosion in the Distillery Street home of Mrs. Muriel Steenburgh literally "blew it to smithereens". A plate glass window was a rarity on downtown King Street and house windows and doors were blown out as far as a point east of Bank St. South and as far west as George Street. Harry Freelove was the only reported casualty - with a cut on the forehead which required six stitches to close. A couple of other citizens were sedated for shock. The explosion, which wakened all but the deepest sleepers and left people speculating if the cause was (1) thunder, (2) earthquake, (3) plane crash, (4) plane breaking sound barrier, (5) thieves blowing the safe in the Toronto-Dominion Bank, (6) boiler explosion at Correctional Institute and (7) and this one we like - a UFO having a "go" at us. (More next week)

This is my story on UFO's and I'll stick to even if I'm truth serumed to the gills and put under hypnosis. There were UFO's in large numbers in this area - I saw them - talked to them and dated their daughters. As a matter of fact there were enough of them to elect Sammy Staples as their provincial member in the government of the United Farmers of Ontario. Never called anything but the UFO.

A few tips on wood burning stoves - from a bulletin provided by George Sheppard.

Burning wood may produce a higher temperature than oil and gas. So it's important to keep anything that could catch fire at least four feet away from the charging side of the appliance. Wood burning units also shouldn't be connected to any chimneys that aren't capable of handling the higher heat levels. Other hazards include sparks escaping from the stove and buildups of creosote, a highly combustible tar-like deposit from condensed wood gases.

Next week we hope to resume the OPP weekly report - so we'll get this one out of the way. A policeman stopped a young lady on the highway - looked at her driver's license and said "You should be wearing glasses". She said "I have contacts". He said "I don't care who you know, I'm going to pull you in". She said "It won't do any good, I'll only bulge out in some other place".

Use wood chips, kindling, shavings or newspapers to light your fire. Never use flammable liquids such as gasoline, kerosene or charcoal lighter fluid.

Chimney fires are commonly caused by creosote, a tar like deposit from condensed wood gases, which can be ignited by heat in the chimney. Minimize the buildup of creosote by avoiding the use of green wood. Slow burning fires such as those in stoves with tightly-controlled drafts also increase creosote deposits. Raising the flue temperature will reduce the amount of creosote buildup.

There are five subscribers to the previous Chronicle who have partly expired subscriptions -, we haven't forgotten. As my friend Cec. McMahon used to say - "if I ever get a spare moment I'll look after it."

Some of these weeks we'll have a column headed "How It Occurs". This will be the Chronicles answer to the CBC's incomparable Barbara Frum's "As It Happens".

See you next week.

A.H. Armstrong.

The feminine of bachelor is lady-in-waiting.

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