



Bill Lake

Newcastle

*Actively farming at nearly 90, owns
legendary shed filled with local treasures*

Remember Old George Butler? When we were kids we used to go down there to play hockey. There was no rink uptown here, so we'd go down there. It was about 20 below, Fahrenheit, and that ice was just like glass.

We were all up near where the boats were playing hockey, and somebody shot the puck way down to the bottom. We had a hound dog then, who used to go with us in my '53 Ford pickup. When I got down to the bottom the dog was barking and going crazy. Old George had walked across the ice and fell through.

There he was, his one arm caught in

between the pylons, just his head out of the water. He had on one of those coats you used to call a bomber jacket, big silver one. He was on his last legs.

There was an old boathouse there, and we got a bunch of kids and tore some old boards off it. We slid them over the ice and got old George out of the hole. We put him in my truck and by the time we did that he was snow-white. That's how cold he was.

I drove him straight to his brother, the doctor. He never even got a cold.

That hound should have got a citation. But it didn't even make the paper.