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By Wendy Thomson

Two questions that friends frequently ask now are—where do I get ideas for this column, and how do I spin the ideas out? I'd never really thought about it much, but the past week I've tried to keep track so I could answer them. Most of what is written has just happened, and I merely spelt it off. Some ideas appear in my head and whirl around in there while I get a good look at them. A few are so preposterous that I skitter them off to some dark corner in my mind and sweep them under the rug. The rest keep whirling (preferably one at a time) until they snowball into something that might fill five pages of a scribbler.

Because of my marvelous sense of routine and split-second timing, I reach this point at six a.m. of the deadline day. This means that I must scribble away until the three youngsters are moaning with hunger pangs, and when they get so loud I can't concentrate, I rush into the kitchen to make porridge to quieten them down, then back to my writing.

After a few more paragraphs, they are dancing at the door hollering that the bus is coming and where's their lunch? I drop my pencil, throw an apple and a dry crust in each lunch bag and push them out the door. By then it's time to get out the typewriter, and try to beat my scrawls into some sort of acceptable form. I hammer away all through Captain Kangaroo and Mr. Deesup, and keep going till I get a kink in my back. Then I know the column has reached its proper length.

If all goes as usual, I fly out the front door with my offering all ready to go in the mail, just in time to see the mail-truck disappear up the road.

Some of the ideas that come to mind never do snowball; they just sit there. Since none are big enough to present on their own, I thought I'd lump them together and have a column made up of fragments.

To begin with, I've often wondered what my daughter's grade 1 teacher thought of me five years ago when she heard Beth's contribution to "How animals carry things." I had passed on to Beth a little piece of whimsy I had heard when I was small—cats have those little pockets in their ears to carry letters in. And Beth, accepting it as gospel truth, passed it on to the class.

There are two mixed-up phrases that have always intrigued me. When Jim was five or so, and helping Gord in the workshop, he once said that he was big enough to carry the "goose-wrecked necking bar." Gord's grandmother, Granny Cardinell, when telling someone about our Redbone Hounds, referred to them as "Red-bag-bones."

How long is it since you've seen an ice-pick? My mother was so delighted with one of Beth's comments that she exercised her grandmother's privilege to the extreme, and I'm sure she told almost everyone she bumped into. Therefore, I wasn't really surprised to see the incident written up in a U.S. women's magazine a couple of years later.

It all happened quite a few years ago when we were visiting in Toronto. I decided to take Beth and Jim, then four and a half and three, to see my cousin Astrid and her new baby. Since she was breast-feeding him, I figured I'd better pose the way for the questions that might follow, and told them that Astrid would be bathing the baby, then giving him his breakfast of milk and orange juice.

When we arrived, Astrid was already nursing Pefe, and my two stood and watched, round-eyed. Finally Beth turned to Jim, and drawing on her superior knowledge, said "He's having his milk now—the other side is orange juice."

Have you ever thought what a satisfying sound a growling stomach is? To me, it means I've eaten less than usual and my energy is being derived off me rather than out of me. It's too bad that calories being used up don't make a noise, maybe like a metronome, fast or slow. Think of the incentive to rush around hearing a steady "tick-tick-tick" as the calories "tocked" off?

For a very quick but different lunch, heat a can of mushroom soup (undiluted), stirring constantly. Add about 1 tbs. of milk, and four sliced hard-boiled eggs, and heat thoroughly. Spoon onto toast, and feed to three or four people. There is something that won't appeal to some but David and I like it.

David has the habit of lying in the middle of the kitchen floor when I'm cooking, and asking all sorts of questions. Yesterday it was "What are all the hands on the clock for?" I answered

"Well, the thin, dainty hand tells the seconds, the big hand tells the minutes, and the little hand tells the hour." There was a long silence, then "But what tells the time?"

Did you know that a surprisingly good topping for vanilla ice-cream is a can of frozen grape juice, thawed but not diluted?

What is it about the sound and smell and feel of a new-born baby that makes anyone who has ever had one feel so odd inside? Gord came home after seeing the new baby down the road, enchanted and intrigued all over again.

One of our baby-sitters asked if I would write out the recipe for a cake she'd tasted here once, and described it as "Spicy, with raisins, expensive to make, with a whole lot of eggs, round with a little bit of icing." I think what she meant was "Clove Cake," as it comes closest to fitting the description. For those who asked for something extremely easy and very good, there is Baked Spare-ribs.

CLOVE CAKE

Cream 1 cup butter, and add 2 1/2 cups sugar. Beat thoroughly. Beat eggs, add to sugar mixture. Sift 2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour, 1 tsp. cloves, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1/2 tsp. baking soda, 1/8 tsp. salt. Add dry ingredients to batter, alternately with 1 cup lemon juice added to 1 cup milk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Beat only till blended. Stir in 1 cup raisins which have been tossed with 1/2 cup flour. Bake in a lightly greased tube pan at 350 degrees for about an hour. Cool cake in pan over wire rack. Ice with slightly maple-flavored butter icing.

BUTTER ICING

Cream 1/2 cup butter till soft. Slowly add 1 cup icing sugar and 1/8 tsp salt. Add another cup sugar alternately with 3 tbs. cream or evaporated milk, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add 1/2 tsp maple flavoring and beat till creamy and smooth.

Note: for a change, when making the cake, use only 1 tsp cloves and add 1 tsp nutmeg or mace or something.

BAKED SPARE-RIBS

Cut one side of spareribs into individual ribs. (This is easiest when you've forgotten to get them out of the freezer until late, and they're only half-thawed by supper time.) Lay them out on a wire roasting rack or shallow baking dish, and bake at 325 degrees for one hour. If you remember, salt and pepper them beforehand when you set them out. (at the end of the hour), remove them from the oven and pour most of a 12 oz. bottle of Instant Spanish sauce over the top. Use the strong, dry, garlic kind, and put back in the oven for another half hour. Then serve.

If you're feeding something sticky like this to company, it's a good idea to give them something to wipe their fingers on so they won't use the corners of the tablecloth. Suck, hery, napkins, small Terry towels, or washcloths in water, and wring half-dry. Roll up, wrap with foil, and keep warm in the oven till needed, pile in a bread basket, and serve.

I'm right on time. There goes the mail-truck.

'Miss Hope' represents cancer society

Miss Ruth Ann Campbell of Toronto has been selected Miss Hope of Ontario for 1969. She was chosen from among student nurses from teaching hospitals throughout the province by the Ontario Division of the Canadian Cancer Society. She symbolized the spirit of the society in turning to youth to help bring the message of hope to citizens.

Miss Campbell will reign for a year and will represent the cancer society in all aspects of its work. She is attending St. Joseph's Hospital School of Nursing in Toronto. The first Miss Hope was one of 13 finalists who came from across the province and competed in Toronto last weekend for the title. Mrs. Ray Arble of the Acton branch of the society was among those attending the weekend convention.



CLEAN, CLEAR LINES of town churches and beauty spots stand out in the soft, fluffy flakes of snow which have blanketed the town and district for several weeks. Top is the Tudor architecture of York House on Agnes St. where maples cling tenaciously to the flakes and a cedar hedge wifts under its load. The Gothic architecture of the Baptist church and the spire are framed from this back view taken from Church St. While the bottom scene silhouettes modern Trinity United behind thaped firs on the Shoemaker funeral home.

Review news events of 1968 at Nassagaweya W.I. meeting

The Nassagaweya Women's Institute held the first meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. J. Roberts on Jan. 15, at 2:30 p.m. There were 10 members and three guests present. The president, Mrs. D. D. Blaw read a poem "Another Year is Gone" and the Ode was sung, followed by the Mary Stewart Collect. In the absence of the secretary, Mrs. J. Henry, the meeting was recorded by Mrs. Pyatt.

The president welcomed the visitors and correspondence was dealt with. Several letters of thanks were read, also correspondence relating to agricultural activities, and the music festival. A new 4-H leader, had to be appointed and Mrs. Heist was named.

Roll call was answered by "Why I married a farmer," and amusing reasons were given. Since not many of the members had married farmers, the negative reasons were given also. Mrs. D. Young gave a good report on the Convention held in Guelph, where the human rights idea was emphasized.

A "Pennies for Friendship" jar was placed for contributions and a good start was made. The main feature of the meeting was an interesting quiz on the current events of the past year. This was conducted by Miss McPhedran of Campbellville, and after hearing the questions and answers, it seems we have just completed a very eventful year. Some

outstanding headlines were two strikes—seaway and postal—the increase in letter rates, good medal from the Olympics, two assassinations in the United States, a visit to the moon by three astronauts and a great many other events. The year in review certainly proved an interesting feature of the meeting.

The hostess and lunch committee, Mrs. B. Young and Mrs. W. Freeman served a tasty lunch. Mrs. Mullen thanked the hostess, Miss McPhedran and all those taking part in the meeting.

We once knew a successful tree surgeon who had several branch offices.

Acton's history pleasant subject for wintry evening

Winds may blow, snows may pile high, but the ladies of Dublin Women's Institute are not dismayed. They arrived in goodly numbers for the first meeting of 1969 at the home of Mrs. Norman Douglas, proving once more how good a thing it is to meet in Friendship's Circle.

Many gifts, visits reported to U.C.W.

Mrs. F. Eaton opened the first meeting of group 2 of the U.C.W. of the United Church with a poem taken from a Christmas card, "On the Wings of Prayer," followed by the Purpose in Union.

Mrs. Cleave led the devotional with a hymn and readings on the New Year, A Recipe for the New Year and a New Start for the New Year, followed by prayer and a hymn.

Mrs. Force took the study book and explained the family life of China. She stressed the importance there, too, of grandmothers.

Mrs. Little added to this by telling of her brother's trip and experiences in China. Mrs. Eaton offered wool to anyone who would knit. Mrs. Force with Mrs. Herrington as leader, offered to arrange the groups.

Miss Aikens read the minutes and Mrs. J. Lambert gave the treasurer's report.

Roll call was answered by 21 members reporting 16 calls and seven hospital visits. Mrs. Shoemaker gave an excellent report on her visits to the Manor and nursing homes. She was congratulated on her thoughtfulness to the sick and shut-ins.

There were 41 gifts sent out at Christmas time. Many thank you cards were read.

L'Arche plan program

Although the regular monthly meeting of the North Halton Retarded had to be cancelled due to the bad weather, the group had not been idle. Preparations for a dance on March 7 at the Legion are being made with Mrs. N. Price, Bowser Avenue in charge. Also a fashion show is planned for March 20 at the Robert Little School with Mrs. K. Conroy in charge.

In Dec. of 1968, the L'Arche Club of Acton donated a shop vacuum cleaner and a large push broom to the Adult Rehabilitation Centre.

The association wishes to thank all the shoppers who donate their cash register tapes at the I.C.A. store. These tapes amounted to \$66 in 1968, and with this money a gift of a tea kettle and tea pot were given to A.R.C. Industries.

Anyone interested in volunteer work at the workshop, or becoming a member, please contact Mrs. J. Kukien at 853-1175. The Association meets every second Thursday at 8 p.m. at the Library. The next meeting is Feb. 13.

Pussant

Mrs. Joanne Pfaff has flown home from Germany for a two-week visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Force.

Nieces and nephews held a family birthday party Sunday for Mr. Alan Leishman, a resident of Halton Manor. Mr. Leishman was 93 years old on January 12. The gathering was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barber, Normandy Blvd. Georgetown, and relatives included Miss Jean Barber from Acton, Miss Jean McCuaig from Mimico, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ewles and Brian of Georgetown.

Dog days

Dogs came under fire at the regular meeting of Esqueting council.

It was reported that the township came out \$700 in the red last year. Revenue collected from the sale of roughly 950 dog tags totalled \$2,000. The cost to the township for dog control and loss of livestock was \$2,800.

This is higher than in the last four years. However, Mr. French assured Council that in the long run, the township makes money on the dogs. It was agreed to leave the cost of licenses as they are for another year but hinted that it may go up in the future.

Operetta dates set

The Robert Little school operetta will be staged on Wednesday and Thursday, February 12 and 13, in the school auditorium. Practices are being held regularly and stage crews are preparing the scenery. Music supervisor Glenn Banks is in charge of the production which has a Mexican theme.

There is a double cast and large chorus, and junior classes are included with musical numbers. As a result, most of the children in the school are taking part.

The last operetta was H.M.S. Pinafore two years ago.

Teacher: John, did your father write this composition? John: No, he started it but my mother did it over again.

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 SUN. - MON. - TUES. - WED. JAN. 26 - 27 - 28 - 29
 "DEADLIER THAN THE MALE" — Color ELKE SOMMER
 Recommended as Adult Entertainment
 "FAHRENHEIT 451" — Color OSCAR WERNER JULIA CHRISTIE
 THURS. - FRI. - SAT. JAN. 30 - 31 - Feb. 1
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