

the painted box

By Wendy Thomson

Anyone who knew me or spoke to me last fall must be wondering how I've managed to contain myself this long, and not have written a lengthy column on "My Horse". Last September I was wandering around about 18 inches off the ground, delightedly humming "A horse, a horse, I've got a horse, me. Me. I have a horse, a horse I have," and for those who were a little slow in picking up the fact that I had a HORSE, I would now and then steer the conversation around to a point where I could casually introduce a horse. It wasn't hard.

"Read any good books lately?" "No, I've been too busy with the horse." or "How are the kids doing at school?" "Fine, but they're keen to get home to the horse and pony." Or "How ARE you?" "The horse and I are fine." Then they'd say "Oh, do you have a horse?" and I'd be away, because I couldn't just say "Yes" and leave it at that. It got to be so bad that Gord would turn green at the first mention of "horse", and would leave to do something somewhere else.

It all began when I was small and rode the bread wagon to school in Toronto. I never got involved with horse books, and I didn't particularly care for Western movies, but there was something about the feel, and smell, and warmth of a horse, that got through to me. When we moved to Oakville, I began spending most of the weekends at Cutts' stable on the Queen E., but never developed into a particularly good rider. I suppose that's why I didn't bother thinking of a horse of my own. Then Gord entered the picture, and the smell of shaving lotion became more intriguing than the smell of horse, and that was that.

Since we moved to Acton, 10 years ago, it was always a semi-joke this horse-in-the-back-pasture-some-day. We had the land here, but the money was always somewhere else. I had pictures of our horse arriving when I was about 70, and a shaky old Gord helping a shaky old me up the shaky old ladder onto this pretty prancing thing.

Then late last summer, when the cool autumn winds began to blow through the leaves with a dry sound, I got into one of my annual restless moods and decided I didn't want to grow old gracefully. I wanted to bounce through my thirties and fly through my forties with flair! So I saved and scrounged and went horse-hunting. Gord must about had a fit when he saw some of the things I was considering buying!

Then I figured I might as well do things properly, and went to Wynfield Stock Farms at Georgetown, and told Roy Johnson of my requirements—a nice, steady horse, obedient, that wasn't too expensive—and he began saddling up all sorts of nice steady horses for me. But we just didn't click. Then one day, it happened that all the nice, steady horses were sold to likewise people, and I asked to try a boney, dejected, sorry-looking black mare that they had stashed in a stall, just

for something to do. She dragged herself out of the stable, slumped while being saddled, but when I got on! Her head went up, her tail went up, and she twirled and tippy-toed and hopped and did all sorts of fancy things. I just hung on scared stiff, and said "How much?" Unexplainably, we clicked.

Then the fun began. For three weeks I rode her in the indoor arena before she'd walk in a straight line, then we hauled around outside for another couple of weeks before my saddle arrived and I could bring her home. And we've been hawking ever since.

I've had her eight months now, and she's filled out into a really beautiful horse; sleek and shiny, the now suits her name "Black Velvet". Horse people have come up and complimented me on her appearance and her behavior, and asked what her breeding is. And to me, that is an extra-special compliment, even though I have no idea what her breeding is. Velvet isn't what you would call a "good" horse. She wants to fly, and rears sedate strolling. We went for a 25 mile jaunt recently, and while I could hardly make it home to bed, Velvet danced another two or three miles with Gord and wanted to go further.

So I'll bounce through my thirties all right, and fly through my forties (I have a feeling that Velvet won't ever slow down) but somehow I feel it will be WITHOUT FAIR.

While I was down at Lonson's, Roy stated that few women can make a decent apple pie. They fill it with cinnamon and stuff and you can't taste the apple at all! Well, I suppose it depends on the apples you use, because some seem to be absolutely flavorless to begin with, and then you must put a bit of something in or you'll end up with "Blah pie" of what Gord calls "Restaurant Pie." This recipe happens to be exceptionally good. (In MY humble opinion, that is)

APPLE PIE

Prepare a double-crust pastry. Roll out half and place it in 9" pie plate. Pare and slice 6 cups apples. Mix 3/4 cup white sugar, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 Tbsp. flour, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, 1/8 tsp. salt. Spread 1/3 of the apples in shell, sprinkle with 1/3 spice mixture. Repeat layering, till done. Pour 1/2 cup cream in centre, dot with butter, cover with top crust, cut vents in it, and bake at 400 degrees for 1 hour. Cool at least an hour on wire rack before serving.



EVERY BLOSSOM SERIES needs a pretty girl. Jennifer Hughes of Norval poses near a child-size cherry tree on Braeside Farms.—(Staff Photo)

Free Press Personals

Mrs. Alex McIsaac is a patient in Guelph Hospital.

Miss Ruby Clark is recuperating now after an operation in the Wellesley hospital, Toronto.

Several Women's Institute representatives from this district attended the district annual at Boston church Wednesday of last week.

Friends of Mr. Harry Robinson regret that he had a bad fall at work at the end of the week, when he fractured his hip. He will be a patient in Milton and District Hospital for several weeks.

Three young Acton travellers met recently in London, England. Brenda Aherne, Susan Clark and Allan McKenzie had a short reunion many miles from home. Allan, son of the Rev. and Mrs. McKenzie, left Great Britain for Holland and Belgium and is now proceeding on to Germany and Austria.

Visiting last week with their brother Mr. Don Reed and Mrs. Reed were Mrs. Kate Trivers and Mrs. Belle Arnall of Iron Bridge and Mrs. Margaret Arnall and daughter Arlene of Sudbury. Mr. and Mrs. Art Dunn also visited their uncle and Mrs. Reed.

Mrs. Vida F. Gayne of West Palm Beach, Florida, is visiting with her sister, Miss Daisy Folster.

Mrs. William W. Ballentine, of Guelph, visited with her sister Mrs. F. McCutcheon, this week.

Mr. Charles Cutts is a patient in Guelph Hospital and many friends hope for an improvement in health for him.

Mrs. Clinton Taylor has recently returned from a three and a half weeks' visit in France with relatives in Nice, Toulouse and Paris.

Former Actonian wed in Leaside

Carmen Woodburn, son of former Actonians Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woodburn, was married in Leaside on Friday evening, April 25, to Patricia Coates. The wedding ceremony was in the Church of St. Augustine of Canterbury, Leaside.

Mr. Woodburn was manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia here before transferring, and is looking forward to retirement before long.

Son Carmen is working in the credit bureau of a Toronto company. Usher at the wedding was Acton friend Murray Smith Jr.

SHINES OWN

A foreign diplomat came in on Lincoln while he was shining his shoes.

"What, Mr. President, you shine your own shoes?" "Yes," answered Lincoln, "whose do you shine?"

A recent visitor with Mr. and Mrs. William Middleton was her niece, Miss Zina Kidd, on her third furlough from mission work in India. Miss Kidd teaches nursing to native girls in a Baptist mission hospital at Vuyuru near Madras in southern India. She will be back in Canada for about a year. She had a most interesting trip home, stopping off at Bombay, Tel Aviv, Greece, Rome, Florence, Milan and London. From here she went to Winnipeg, and she'll be visiting relatives in the west. Her home church is in Vancouver. She enjoyed touring the M. Z. Bennett school addition with Mr. Middleton, long-time school board secretary, and attended Trinity church service with them. It's the hot season now in India, and temperatures at her hospital will be as high as 115 degrees. Naturally, she felt the cold very noticeably while she was with her aunt and uncle here.

Sunday afternoon University of Guelph graduate Murray Smith Jr. received congratulations from friends and relatives at a tea at the Smith home, Mill St. Out-of-town guests included Mr. and Mrs. A. Macklin, St. Catharines; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper and Trevor, St. Catharines; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Weatherston, Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart, Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Smith and Miss Linda Smith, Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Finlay, Georgetown; Mr. and Mrs. Ken Pettie and Colleen, Rockwood; Mr. and Mrs. William Near, Kitchener; Miss Emma Robinson, Miss Olive Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Halliwell, Mount Forest; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woodburn, Willowdale.

Mother, Daughter banquet held by C.G.I.T. Monday

Over 40 attended the C.G.I.T. Mother and Daughter banquet at the United Church Monday evening. Girls of different churches belong to the group, which is led by Miss Fern Small and Miss Barbara Symon.

Two minute silence at Knox Ladies' Aid

A warm welcome was extended to some of the members of Knox Ladies' Aid who had been ill and were able to be at the meeting on Tuesday afternoon in the Mary Ellen Anderson room of the Church by Mrs. W. J. McIntyre.

A poem entitled "Fellowship" by the president, opened the meeting. A two-minute silence in loving memory of the late Miss Minnie Somerville was observed, followed by prayer. Miss Somerville had been a member of the group for many years, and while not active recently, continued her interest in all its activities and functions.

Monthly reports were given by the secretary, Mrs. G. S. Matthews and the treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Dennis.

Plans were made for a wedding on June 14.

Reports of two functions held recently were given—a banquet in the church basement, and a

graduation reception where some of the members had assisted.

The devotional period was taken by Mrs. A. M. Macpherson reading the Scripture lesson and Mrs. W. J. McLeod offering prayer. The subject "The Twenty-fourth of May Holiday Weekend" was chosen by Mrs. H. Mainprize and with considerable wit and humor, she gave a very interesting talk which was much enjoyed by the members.

An interesting contest was presented by Mrs. Macpherson which was won by Mrs. S. Morrison.

A social time over a delicious lunch gave the ladies a chance to visit.

Mrs. O. Moran was pianist for the afternoon.

the U.C.W., the girls presented a program they had arranged themselves, with skits and music. C.G.I.T. president Julie Smith welcomed the mothers and proposed the toast to the Queen; Carol Marales, the first vice-president, said Grace;

Sandra Van Fleet proposed the toast to the church responded to by clerk of session Orwell Johnson; Susan Shoemaker proposed the toast to the mothers responded to by Mrs. Reed.

Debbie and Diane Bousfield led a singing. Taking the worship service, with modern songs as hymns, were Patricia Sampson and Susan Shoemaker. Linda Perry presented flowers to Miss Small.

Tour plant

Members of Lakeview Chapter of the I.O.D.E. took a tour of the Free Press plant Wednesday evening of last week.

The newer system of offset printing and IBM typesetting were explained to the group by editor Hartley Coles.

China study U.C.W. unit

Unit 2 of U.C.W. met in the church on Wednesday, May 21, for the regular monthly meeting. Mrs. G. Johnston, evening president, chaired the meeting. Mrs. O. Johnston read the minutes.

The study of China was enacted by a panel, Mrs. Shields, Mrs. G. Turner, Mrs. H. DeLlan, Mrs. K. Allen and Mrs. G. Johnston. They presented an insight into the lives and education of the workaday Chinese families. The panel discussed how much better off the Chinese people are now that they have plenty of food, no unemployment and a chance to continue to study for their pleasure, music and poetry.

It was disturbing to the audience how content these families are now under Communistic rule. Their wants in life are so simple and they are content to have enough food and clothing and the occasional trip to the Opera.

To top the evening the lunch committee served Chinese food and green tea.

ARTY TYPE

In a ritzy gift shop, a woman looked at a picture and asked, "You don't consider this horrible thing art, do you?" "No, madam," replied the dealer. "You are looking in a mirror."



ONLY MAN at the C.G.I.T. Mother and Daughter banquet Monday was United church clerk of session Orwell Johnson, who replied to a toast. With him are Debra Bousfield, her grandmother Mrs. A. Allen, Mrs. E. Masales, vice president Carol Masales, president Julie Smith, Mrs. E. Smith, Diane Bousfield and Mrs. J. Bousfield.—(Staff Photo)

Mrs. C. Binnie hostess Greenock W.I. meeting

The Greenock branch of the Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. C. Binnie for their May meeting.

The meeting was opened by the president Mrs. C. Wallace with thoughts on Empire day, also known as Victoria day. Devotions were given by Mrs. A. Winters. Mrs. Calvin Aitken, new secretary-treasurer, read the minutes and financial report.

Correspondence was read which included a lovely letter from the foster child whom they help to support. Plans were made to hold a booth at an auction sale in the near future. Members were invited to attend the 4-H Achievement day

to be held at Erin district high school on May 24. Delegates were chosen to attend the district annual at Fergus on May 28.

Members who were able to go along with a neighboring institute group on the bus trip to Toronto reported an enjoyable day despite the wet weather.

The roll call was answered by 15 members and three visitors with "a song that was popular in our teen-age years."

The grandmothers were in charge of the meeting and gave a delightful program including

readings, sing songs, and contests.

In the candle contest Mrs. C. Allan was chosen winner and will take her candle centerpiece to the district annual to be used as table decoration for the dinner.

Institute grace was sung followed by a delicious lunch served by the hostess and committee, Mrs. W. Johnston and Mrs. A. Winters.

Mrs. G. Leslie thanked the hostess.

Mrs. Elwood Johnston will be hostess for the June 10th meeting.



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