

the painted box

By Wendy Thomson

One thing I wanted to do while away on holidays was to travel across Georgian Bay on the ferry that runs between Tobermory and South Bay Mouth. For no particular reason, really—I just thought it would be a change from the usual.

On the way home from Geraldton, we weren't too keen on stopping at a motel Friday night and getting up early to take the 7 a.m. ferry. Instead, we planned to drive right to South Bay, pay our passage, take an overnight berth on the ferry, then sleep the rest of the night and all the way across without having to get up.

The best laid plans, etc., etc. We arrived at the dock at 4:30 in the morning. I was so tired I could hardly drag myself up the gang plank to see about a couple of berths, while Gord went to the ticket office.

The purser or steward or whatever was a pleasant looking sort of person who acted as though he had streams of women coming to him cross-eyed with fatigue, at that time of night, and proceeded to register us. "Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Thomson" I got that part all right. Now where were we from? And I just stood there with my mouth hanging open. I couldn't remember!

He waited with pen poised until I finally blurted out "Acton" with the unconvincing air of someone trying to pull a fast one. When Gord arrived, this chap looked him over and said "And where are you from?" Gord didn't hesitate, but there was more than one pair of eyes follow us along the passageway, convinced, I'm sure, that we were on our way to a night of illicit love.

And even if we had been, that certainly wasn't the place I would have chosen. The cabin was so tiny that when we both bent over to undo our shoes at the same time, we had instant catastrophe. Finally, I huddled in a corner while Gord got ready for bed and climbed in the top bunk, then I took my turn.

Our plan HAD been to sleep all the way across, but that was shot down before we started. I would have thought that the ticket agent knew how many tickets he'd sold, and would know how much space was left for cars and such, but apparently he didn't. Gord had to get up at 6:30 to go back down and stand in line to see if there was available space!

I crawled out of my berth and packed everything again, ready to jump off if he didn't get back. I had the terrible feeling that the ferry would take off with just me and not Gord. When the steward came up beside me, I explained that my husband was off trying to buy tickets and mentioned that our truck was gone from its parking spot, saying "I guess he's driven on board," adding as an afterthought, "Either that or he's driven off and left me." Me and my big mouth! But the dear old thing eyed me sympathetically and said "Oh, I'm SURE he wouldn't do that."

Luckily, the man in question appeared with the tickets and off we staggered for another few hours sleep—followed by even more eyes.

Unfortunately, there were two newly-met women sitting under our window who seemed bound on exchanging life histories and opinions on a variety of subjects, the whole of the three hour trip. I finally fell asleep on "Whether the ferry burned coal or not" and woke up to "Whether the astronauts were courageous or not". When they got around to "Lack of Morality in Present Times" (with appropriate gasps and chuckles), I decided it was time for a bit of fresh air and went roaming.

I think everybody on that trip made at least one visit to the bow where two youngsters, the boy with a North West Territories emblem on his jacket, had a very large husky-typedog

with a really shaggy cold-weather coat, tied to the anchor chain. He was a good old thing, ignoring both the heat and the fussing around him. He had the oddest nose—it had a real hook in it, just like Wiley E. Coyote of the cartoons.

I would have liked to have gone over and asked the father if the dog had had it broken once, but decided not to. I embarrass Gord when I do things like that. When we reached Tobermory, home didn't seem too far away on the map, but it took us from 10:30 in the morning till 7 at night to get there. Of course, we did make a few stops on the way, the first at Warton where we were shown around The Warton Echo by the editor, and secondly, at the Singbill farm south of Own Sound. There I received the crowning touch of our holiday.

While we were sitting talking over cherry pie and tea, it started to rain, then pour. With all his inborn gallantry, Gord let Laurence hold the door for me while I ran out and got soaked moving the suitcases out of the back of

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Another recipe that I picked up in Geraldton for the best peanut butter cookies I've ever tasted. The chocolate chips are my own idea.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES
Blend 1 cup margarine, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar and 1 cup peanut butter. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Cream well. Sift 3 cups flour, 2 tsp. baking soda, 1 tsp. salt. Add to sugar mixture. Mix well. Add 6 oz. pkg. chocolate chips (if you like). Roll into balls, flatten with a fork on a greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes.

Indian hospitals B.M.C.'s study

Members of the Marion Rudd Mission Circle enjoyed a pot luck supper at their September meeting held Monday night in the church basement. After a delicious repast president Marg Baillie opened the meeting with a hymn and prayer.

During the business session typed programs were distributed and plans made for the fall Thankoffering to be held in late October when Mrs. Claire Guyhet of Binbrook will be the speaker. Marj Landsborough gave a short devotional talk based on "Lead us not into temptation".

Mrs. Harrop conducted an interesting study with a map on the hospitals of India with all present participating. This study, based on the Link and Visitor missionary magazine will be a regular feature of these meetings. Norma Baillie and Frances Feltham gave prayer for missionary work and the Rudd family who will be returning to India in September.

A Kate Smith religious record was enjoyed after which the president closed with prayer.

Free Press Women's Page

W.I. makes plans for fall fair exhibit

After two months' holidays from Women's Institute activities, the Acton W.I. held their September meeting in the library board room. Miss Dorothy Simmons presided over the meeting. A prayer and two minutes silence was observed for the death of Mrs. Allen's daughter.

The Mary Stewart Collect and the Institute Ode were repeated by the members. The secretary and treasurer's reports were read and adopted and correspondence dealt with.

The roll call "A book and its Author" was answered by 16 ladies. A letter from the district secretary informed of a party planned in Campbellville church in honor of Dr. Ethel Chapman, who for many years edited Home and Country. Each branch was to send 35c per member, also a donation toward a gift, given in the form of a bursary.

The fall fair exhibit was discussed. The theme of each Women's Institute, is a place setting, representing birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas or Thanksgiving. Acton W.I. decided on the golden wedding plate setting.

Mrs. George Fryer and Miss M. Hall were to arrange the exhibit. The pros and cons concerning

a fall bus trip were heard. No decision was made.

The program was on citizenship and education, the convener being Mrs. Mary Graham. She gave a reading; "Education is the key to success".

Mrs. McAuley gave the motto "Education is easy to carry, and necessary to earn a living."

Mrs. Graham conducted a quiz, the winners being Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Marie Hargrave.

The singing of the Queen brought the meeting to a close, followed by lunch, served by the committee in charge. A social half hour was enjoyed over a cup of tea.

Guns fired Elmore drive

Two reports of indiscriminate shooting on Elmore Dr. on Saturday are being taken very seriously by Acton Police. They were unable to fix any blame, but commented "We are prepared to take strong action against anyone caught firing BB guns and rifles."

First meeting Lakeside IODE

Lakeside Chapter of the IODE made plans for the fair at their first meeting of the season. They will have a booth showing some of their work, preceding a membership drive in October.

Membership in the Halton Museum Association was also discussed, and further information will be obtained.

Firefighters' annual picnic

Acton Firefighters held their annual picnic Sunday afternoon at the scout hall, with a good crowd. There were races and a barbecue supper for firefighters and their families.

On duty

St. John Ambulance brigade members on duty at Caledon fair were Mr. and Mrs. George Hargrave and Mrs. Jack Carpenter. Acton brigade is on duty there each year.

On television

Miss Acton Fair contestants will likely appear on the Kitchener TV Elaine Cole show one afternoon before the final judging.

Daughters of Knox see slides

The Daughters of Knox held their September meeting in the Miss Ellen Anderson room on Monday night with 12 members and one visitor present.

The president Mrs. Tom Watson opened the meeting with a reading of the Psalm for Busy People followed by the singing of Living For Jesus and the repeating of the motto an union.

After a short business session there was a discussion on the choice of the studybook for the coming year. It was decided to order a copy for each member.

Mrs. E. A. Hansen and her group led in the devotion opening with the first verse of the hymn *Mose Love To Thee O Christ*. The scripture was read from Romans Chapter 11: 8-12.

An interesting outline on the study book recommended reconciliation in a Broken World was given by Mrs. E. A. Hansen. The remaining two verses of *Mose Love To Thee O Christ* and prayer closed the meeting.

They were entertained with two lovely piano solos Narcissus and Clair de Lune by Miss Nonene Noble of Lamhouse followed by slides shown by Mr. and Mrs. Mac Sprowl of their trip this summer travelling through the Western Provinces and Vancouver Island.

Lunch was served by the group in charge and a social time was spent.

Free Press Personals

Bill Feltham has returned after a few week's stay in England with his mother and brothers and sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Kremer and family, of R. R. 4, Acton, were visiting with relatives from Holland in Guelph over the weekend.

The annual Wansborough family picnic was held last Sunday at Rockwood park with the usual number attending. Relatives were there from Ancaster, Burlington, Don Mills, Agincourt, Willowdale, Toronto, Cookville, Acton and Rockwood.

On Sunday the family of Mrs. Mary McAuley celebrated the birthday of their mother at the home of Mrs. Robena C. Clark. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ritchie and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reigling and Craig from Lucknow, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd McAuley, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anderson and Kenneth and Mr. and Mrs. Angus McAuley and Allan from Toronto.

Mrs. Orwell Games has returned home to Florida after spending the summer here with her sister Miss Daisy Folster.

Lord Athol Layton, the wrestler and promoter and a Past Potentate of the Shrine, was a visitor at Walker Lodge Monday evening. A friend, S. A. McComb, was being initiated.

Mrs. H. W. Norton returned to Stavanger, Norway, after visiting relatives and friends here.

On Saturday thousands of Orange Lodge members from all over Ontario attended the opening of the Trillium Home for the Aged in Oshawa.

Among those there were Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fuller, Mrs. George Holmes and Muriel.

Starting classes this week at Lakeshore Teachers College are Jo Marie Marchmont, Gail McHugh, Raeleen Hotchen, Barbara McEachern and Nancy Notton.

Miss Susan Perry began her training as a nurse at Guelph General Hospital. Miss Terri Dowling is training at East General Hospital, Toronto.

Miss Nancy Rognvaldson, who receives her B. A. degree from the University of Guelph this fall, is taking the Bachelor of Education course at the University of Calgary.

Miss Jill Hurst, a graduate of Western University, will be attending Ontario College of Education at London.

Miss Joanne Landsborough, who is taking the co-operative course at the University of Waterloo, will be working in Edmonton for the next four months. She arrived in Edmonton Thursday for the work period and she will be involved in a physical education program there.

Natural Gas keeps things cooking right along, seven days a week.

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your office or factory or store or home with it? You don't need 50 different retail locations to make natural gas make sense for you. One quick chat with your gas

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