

the painted box



By Wendy Thomson

Well, if the first few days of the new year are any indication of the rest of it, life isn't going to be as rosy as it looked early New Year's Day.

I had been looking forward to four days of holidays with Gord, sitting in front of the fire, listening to records, playing cribbage, aybe taking a short ride, or perhaps even TALKING!

As luck would have it though, a flu type bug caught up with Gord and he spent his holidays huddled under the electric blanket turned so high, I thought he'd either melt away or go up in a puff of smoke. Steady streams of tea, chicken broth, and sympathy were poured into him, and it must have all gone to his knees for when he rolled out of bed, they had pretty well turned to mush.

By Sunday, I was getting a little restless, as being a perpetual ministering angel isn't quite my line, and I applied for the afternoon off. We had been invited to Mack and Jenny Barr's to go for a jaunt on their horses. Gord, I think, was delighted at the prospect of being alone in a quiet, childless house for a few hours and rallied enough to feebly wave goodbye to us.

I had been offered the occasional use of Misty, Barr's new grulla while my own mare was "in her delicate condition", and I was all keen to try her out. She was extremely well-mannered in the stable, and we got along quite well on trial trots up and down the drive. I hadn't ridden any horse but my own for over a year, and having become so in tune to her rhythm, I was a little ragged with Misty's, but we got along.

While Jenny was digging her mounting block out of the snow, Mack on his grulla Nina, Beth on their new pony Jingles, and I trotted down the lane behind the burn to the back field, turned around to come back, and then the fun began! Nina, full of New Year's spirit and such, took off at a gallop, but Misty, instead of doing the same (which I wouldn't have minded) decided to do the bucking bronco bit, put her head down and tail down, and started sunfishing up the lane with great leaps and bounds.

By the third jar, I realized she wasn't going to stop it, by the fifth I decided to just hang on and never mind proper form; by the seventh, I knew that I was being jarred loose and was working desperately to get my feet out of the stirrups, but the last one was caught.

By the ninth, I left. It happened unbelievably fast. One second I was in the saddle trying to kick loose; the next, I

was flat on my stomach in the snow, one big angular puddle of hurt.

What I couldn't figure was how I was on the left side of the path looking at Beth, when I should have been on the right side looking at Mack.

The next thought was "You DO see stars when you get clobbered!" and I lay and watched the white sparkles spin in front of my eyes. Then because Beth was hollering to ask if I was all right, I started a conversation with myself.

"Am I alright? Yes, I'm alright. Am I broken? No, I'm not broken. Am I bleeding? No, I'm not bleeding. Am I sore? Ohhhhh!" Round about then, I decided my ears were too cold to lie in the snow any longer, and bit by bit I pieced myself back together and got up.

Then Mack came back with the explanation of my position and my soreness. He had looked back in time to see me go off, head first right under the horse, and out the other side. It must have been just as she gathered herself for another jump, because it seemed to me that just before I hit the ground, I went through a giant egg-beater. And that's how I looked when the bruises started coming out.

I have about 15 separate patches of them, all shapes and sizes, from heat to foot. There were four that puzzled me for a while, about the size of quarters spaced evenly down my front. Then I realized they were from the buckle catches on my duffle coat, when I hit the ground. All I could say was—thank heavens for that duffle coat and the snow. If it weren't for them, I'd be an awful mess.

Was my pride hurt? Not in the least. The last time I came off a horse was 14 years ago, and I was about due for another spill. And that's why my rosy future is now black and blue and green around the edges.

Every now and then I buy sour cream for a recipe and find that I have either quite a bit or just a small blob left over. Here are two recipes I use it up in.

SOUR CREAM SCONES
Sift 2 cups all purpose flour, 2 tsp.

Mrs. R. M. MacDonald town resident 90 years

Acton's oldest lifetime resident, Mrs. R. M. (Henrietta) MacDonald, celebrated her 90th birthday surrounded by all her family and many friends. Chipper and charming, she received best wishes from over 100 when a reception was held Sunday afternoon in Knox church.

With her were her son, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. MacDonald Sr., of Detroit; two daughters, Mrs. W. T. A. Bell (Helen) of Toronto and Mrs. Norman Small (Doris) of Niagara Falls with Mr. Small, five grandchildren and three great grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. Murray MacDonald, Murray and Sarah; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald and daughter Heather Anne, all of Detroit; Mrs. Garvin Tankersley of Myersville, Maryland, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Holmes of St. Catharines and Mr. Jim Small of Waterloo College. One granddaughter's husband was the only one missing in the happy family group.

Mrs. MacDonald still lives in her attractive home at 26 Willow St., looking forward to many visits and meetings as well as regular routine of housekeeping.

Guests were received in the Dr. A. C. Stewart hall of the church decorated with flowers for the occasion. Her fellow-members of the Ladies' Aid served lunch with special birthday cake. She received gifts and many cards as well as flowers and a mauve orchid corsage to match her dress.

Mrs. MacDonald is the last of the family of four sisters and two brothers, children of Mr. and Mrs. S. Laird of Acton. She attended Acton public school and then Acton high school.

At an early age she was engaged on the post office staff when the post office was located in a small building where the Bank of Nova Scotia is now. While with the post office she learned the art of telegraphy, but the telegraph office was later moved to the Grand Trunk

baking powder, 1/8 tsp. baking soda, 1 tsp. salt, 1 Tbsp. sugar. Cut in 1/2 cup shortening. Stir in 1/2 cup raisins. Beat 1 egg till thick and light. Add 1/2 cup sour cream. Add to flour mixture. Pat into oblong 6" x 8". Cut in squares, then diagonally. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 450 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

SOUR CREAM COOKIES
Cream 1/2 cup butter, and 1 1/2 cups brown sugar. Mix in 2 eggs. Blend in 1 tsp. vanilla and 1 cup sour cream. Sift 2 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon, 1/2 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. baking soda, and combine with creamed mixture. Add 1 cup chopped walnuts and 1 1/2 cups currants or raisins. Chill until firm. Drop from tsp. about 2 inches apart, and bake at 400 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes or until golden brown.

with anniversary cake. There were cards, flowers and gifts. The Acton group had brought down the traditional gold tea set the gift of the town, which had been brought to their Knox Ave. home that morning by Mayor Les Duby and clerk Joe Hurst.

Mrs. Smith wore a corsage and Mr. Smith a boutonniere. A table centrepiece was later placed in the chapel of the hospital where it would be cooler, and it was still lovely on Sunday. Visitors came from Acton, Guelph, Clarkson and Toronto, and included the maid of honor of 50 years before, Miss Madeleine Gibbons and the widow of the groomsmen, Mrs. Mary Benton.

A cable was received from their other daughter Mary, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lewcock, in London, England. They have one grandson, John Lesley, 11, in London.

Mrs. Smith is in hospital following corrective surgery and isn't sure how many weeks it will be before she's home again. Mr. Smith was a railroad man, worked in the Wool Combing and at one time had his own butcher shop in town. Except for 14 years in Orillia, they have lived all their married life in Acton. Mr. Smith retired from butchering at the I.G.A. store two years ago.

Ability Fund volunteer effort

The annual January campaign of the Ability Fund, new name for the March of Dimes, is more than ever a volunteer effort on behalf of disabled adults, according to the organization's new campaign chairman, J. J. McGill.

"Naturally, we have staff people to carry on the day-to-day business of the Rehabilitation Foundation for the Disabled, which is the corporate title for the Ability Fund," said Mr. McGill, "but the campaign is primarily a volunteer show. And there are more volunteers becoming involved than ever before."

The Ability Fund is campaigning for a total of \$875,000 throughout Ontario. It hopes to raise this amount in two ways: in about 485 communities including Acton by a campaign of "Marching Mothers" and through United Appeals.

Acton's goal is set at \$700. Captains are being lined up now by chairman Mrs. S. Cripps.

Seeks water

Ontario Water Resources Commission has awarded a contract to G. Hart and Sons of Fenelon Falls. The job includes clearing out and test drilling in the Glen Williams area of Esquew and investigating water availability. Halton East MP Jim Snow announced yesterday.



SEATED BY HER 90th birthday cake, Mrs. R. M. MacDonald was joined on the special occasion by her two daughters, Mrs. Norman Small of Niagara Falls and Mrs. W. T. A. Bell of Toronto (above) and son Laird MacDonald of Detroit, five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. (Staff Photo)

Briefs on religion to February hearing

Briefs on religious education in Halton schools will be considered during February by the Halton Board of Education's Committee on Religious Education, board members learned Thursday.

Trustee L. D. Palmer, chairman of the committee, reported on current studies of the Mackay Report on the subject and plans to hear briefs in February and prepare conclusions in March.

Two briefs have already been received by the committee and it was understood others were in preparation, Mr. Palmer noted. Briefs have been invited from teachers, student councils and interested citizens.

GEORGETOWN DECORATING CENTRE

January SALE

NOW ON!

the sale of the year you've been waiting for

SAVINGS UP TO 1/2 off ON ROOM LOTS

Wallpaper

Sale Glidden Paint

Alkyd Semi-Gloss Enamel \$6.95 (\$11.80 VALUE)

High Gloss Enamel \$5.95 (AVAILABLE IN LIGHT PASTELS CHOICE OF APPROXIMATELY 100 COLORS)

Interior Latex \$4.95 (ALL AVAILABLE IN GALLONS ONLY)

Georgetown Decorating CENTRE

27 MILL STREET GEORGETOWN 877-4193

For the finest in wall coverings

Free Press briefs

LOCAL POLICE have a New Year's wish for everyone—make every week of 1970 a Safe Driving Week.

NEW DUSTING of snow every day or so keeps it sparkling, while the driving isn't too bad.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY needs is someone who knows what this country needs.

SNOW FLOWS were up and down the streets of town but no cars had to be removed this week.

WOULD YOU believe—the average Canadian walks 250,000 miles in a lifetime? Sit down and have a little rest!

THE HIGH SCHOOL'S winter carnival should be interesting for everybody, especially the torchlight parade. Mary Ann Freuler writes about it in her column this week.

GRADE EIGHT students are spending a half day at the high school, to see the routines there. They are sitting in on regular classes.

IT'S ALWAYS a wrench to see a big tree cut down, even if there seems to be a good reason. Many householders are mourning them following the tree cutting crews' program the past week.

POLLOCK and CAMPBELL

Manufacturers of HIGH GRADE MEMORIALS MEMORIAL ENGRAVING

Telephone 631-7340

415 Water St. North

JANUARY CLEARANCE

COMPLETE STOCK

WINTER COATS

FOR MEN, BOYS, GIRLS AND CHILDREN

ALSO INFANTS & CHILDREN'S SNOW SUITS

NOW 25% OFF

HINTON'S 5¢ TO \$1 STORE