

Second Class Mail Registration Number - 0618

the painted box



By Wendy Thomson

I'd forgotten what it's like to get up at three in the morning to feed a hungry baby, but it's all come back to me again—the faint noises in the night growing to a whimpering, to a short imperative cry, then an angry howl; me shivering and stumbling down the hall to warm the milk. And here I am doing it again.

The difference this time, is that while I'm standing, blinking, bleary-eyed, in front of the stove, the month-old babies are down below, sitting one on each foot, and their Black and Tan mother is stretched out in carefree comfort on the couch, secure in the knowledge that her pups are being taken care of.

Then there's the cleaning up. Because of the length of ear, (four inches per ear brings them past the end of the pups' noses), they end up with milk and pablum all up their ears, down their chins, and in their toes after they climb back out of their dishes. So I carefully clean them all off, just to have them bounce back to have another go at the milk.

They argue, which I don't mind, unless it's with one on each end of a stray mitt that somebody's left on the floor. And they don't quite remember which cat it's safe to tackle and which is best left alone. I'm forever rushing to smooth a ruffled cat and sooth a bewildered pup who's sitting crying that she didn't hit him last time he grabbed her tail!

Lastly, there's the puddles. The never-ending, ever-flowing streams all through the house. My usual manner of walking now, seems to be with eyes always on the ground and with a bundle of old newspapers under my arm, ready to mop up a puddle. I proudly reported progress to Gord yesterday afternoon, on the pups' training program, saying that they puddle on the papers 50 per cent of the time.

Gord, looking around, pointed out that that was only logical as 50 per cent of the floor was already covered with paper. But today, quite a few times I saw a pup stop playing, look anxiously around, then make a dash for a paper. Of course, it would have been better if he got a little further on than with just his front feet, before he went, but his progress—I think.

Other than that, they are just delightful. We sit and watch them by the half-hour. They develop much the same way human babies do, only much more quickly, of course.

At first, they just sleep, and crooned whenever someone stroked them. Once their eyes were open, they studied their toes, their tails, and each other with great curiosity.

Walking didn't come quite naturally, as far as the sequence in which they moved their feet. It seemed to be quite by trial and error that they found the way with which they wouldn't fall down. I remember one spent most of one day hopping like a rabbit.

Mostly, the pups play. This is hilarious to watch. They hop, jump, paw, prance, flap their ears, growl, charge, then fall over at the crucial moment. Gord and I sat and howled one night when one became terribly ferocious and actually curled his lips back off his dinky little teeth. It was like watching a 12 month old baby trying to sneer. Often, in the heat of battle, one will let out a sharp yip, both will freeze, then look cautiously around to see who's making the awful noises.

One of the cats, Puff, has quite a thing going with the pups. She hangs by her toes over the edge of a chair and bats at them while they walk by. When challenged, she will come down and box, letting the pup bow her over flat. The funny part comes when the pup tries to imitate the cat's movements, putting his head down, tucking one shoulder in, to do a part somersault. Instead of the expected graceful roll, he goes over with a big bonk, and lies there stunned.

Up till now, I've called the pups "he" but they really are females. It's just easier to talk about our menagerie by calling all dogs "he" and the cats, "she", unless it's extremely obvious to the contrary. After a month of not being able to tell the pups apart unless they were side by side and we could compare them, it finally dawned on me that ours has black toes, and the other has brown.

We love showing them off. While some pups are just balls of fluff, unidentifiable as to breed, these are exact little miniatures of their parents. They make quite a family picture. Big old pappy Rip, all 100 pounds of him fast asleep in the middle of the floor; mama Lil on the couch trying to ignore the pups crawling all over her, one chewing her ear and one gnawing her kneecap. And all four, jet black with little tan eyebrow spots, muzzle, chest and feet.

According to the books, the Black and Tan (or "Old Glory Hound") is bred down from the Bloodhound and the Virginia Foxhound for a hunting dog with a superior nose and a carrying voice. They don't bark—they tongue, a bugling bay that carries for miles sometimes. Each hound has its own note and when they're in a pack, it's the prettiest sound.

Come spring, I'm going to enjoy the first jaunts out, but right now I'm feeling quite pleased with a small victory here. While I've been writing, there were five puddles—two on the floor, and three on the Acton Free Press, right on Bill Smiley's "we drop a pebble in a pool and the ripples made are really cool" and on Hartley Coles in his bathtub. Progress.

\$275 damage to two cars

Two cars, both travelling south on Main St. S., were in collision last Wednesday afternoon and after the accident was investigated by Cons. Nick Farion a charge was laid. One car, making a turn into a drive, cut into the path of the overtaking vehicle.

The car driven by Michael Timbers, Acton, had \$75 damage and the car driven by Jacob Kuiken, R. R. 2, \$200 damage.



ONE OF ONTARIO'S 30,000 Marching Mothers is symbolized by Globe-and-Mail cartoonist, James Reidford, on behalf of the Rehabilitation Foundation for the Disabled whose "Ability Fund" campaign will be held on Monday evening,

Feb. 2, in Acton and about 485 other municipalities in the province. The Ability Fund—new name for the March of Dimes—rehabilitates disabled adults primarily by finding them suitable work.

Free Press Personals

Mrs. Bruce Shoemaker completed her course in funeral services in Toronto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Syer of Wyoming, Ont. visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Landsborough over the weekend.

Mr. Clint Taylor is recuperating at Guelph General Hospital following an operation.

Mrs. Jim Pfaff was home from Lahr, Germany, for a brief visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Forc.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Reed Jr. and Darryl, of Essex visited Mr. and Mrs. Don Reed, Sr. on Sunday.

Mr. William Kaley of Barrie visited friends in Acton last week and her sister Mrs. Lena Emmerson returned home with her.

Mr. Frank Freeman is a patient in Guelph General Hospital where he underwent surgery last Friday. Friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Last Thursday 150 teachers in E. S. Lavender's area attended a meeting at the Robert Little

Test alarms

The fire siren sounded briefly Monday evening when the house phone alarm system was being tested.

school from 3.30 to 5.30 p.m. Senior students helped serve coffee and cookies

Mrs. Irene Mitchell has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leo Marchmont and grandchildren for the past two weeks. Nancy Marchmont will go in Guelph General Hospital on Thursday.

Heather club names officers

A pot luck supper preceded the first meeting of the year of the Heather Club of Knox church, Wednesday of last week. Mrs. Betty McIntyre chaired the meeting until the new officers were named: president Gladys Davidson, first vice-president Helen Mason, treasurer Mary Mann, secretary Meryl Kirkness, program convener Jean Leishman and membership convener Alice Waldie.

Jean Leishman read the Scripture and Mrs. Isobel McKenzie was in charge of the nominations.

Plans for a rummage sale and bake sale were made.

No changes in board

Acton Library Board members remain the same for 1970. George Lee is again the chairman, with Fred New George Henderson and Douglas Copeland as secretary-treasurer.

Barry Incoe and Don Van Fleet were guests of former Actonians Mr. and Mrs. Vic Masters in Ingersoll, while the Acton Y's Men pee wees competed in the Delhi pee wee hockey tournament on the weekend. Vic is manager of the IGA supermarket in Ingersoll. Barry and Don also paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Grant Chambers in Port Dover. The pee wees ousted Paris and Napanee before losing a 3-1 heartbreaker to Milton in the tournament finals.

4-H club leaders recently attended a group luncheon at the Caravan Restaurant, Milton, guests of the Ontario Department of Agriculture and Food, in recognition of their volunteer work. Clubs and their leaders are: Acton, Mrs. R. MacNaughton, Miss Shirley Sayers; Campbellville, Mrs. D. Inglis, Mrs. William Mahon; Dublin, Mrs. J. McCarron; Hornby North Jrs., Mrs. J. D. Cordingley, Mrs. Roy J. Wilson; Hornby North Srs., Mrs. L. King, Mrs. Jim McKay; Hornby South, Mrs. Cecil Patterson, Mrs. M. Kierman; Nassagaweya, Mrs. H. Stanley; Palermo North, Mrs. A. Ceelen, Mrs. J. Jansen; Palermo South, Miss Dianne Pell, Mrs. E. Eakins; Ashgrove, Mrs. H. Rentenaar, Mrs. P. Cox; Ballinfad I, Mrs. Leo Jamieson, Mrs. G. Brown; Ballinfad II, Mrs. W. Buchanan, Miss L. Snow; Bannockburn, Mrs. L. Cox; Limehouse-Silverwood, Mrs. M. J. Anderson, Mrs. George Henderson; Norval, Mrs. W. F. Laidlaw, Mrs. Whaley.

Dangers of drugs told Greenock W.I. members

Miss Elva Pearen was hostess for the Greenock Institute when they met for their first meeting of 1970. Mrs. George Wallace opened the meeting with good wishes to all the members and families for the New Year.

The meeting continued with the singing of opening Ode to repeating of the Mary Stewart Collect. Mrs. Gordon Leale read the scripture following which all repeated the Lord's prayer.

Twelve members answered the roll call "A thought on Temperance in every day life." Mrs. Calvin Aitken read correspondence. Thank you notes were received from the

shut-ins for baskets they received at Christmas. Greetings were read from Mrs. Zoeller, president of F.W.I.O.

It was decided the Institute would again sponsor the 441 girls in "Focus on fitness". Leaders were to attend training school to be held at Hillsburg the end of the month. They will once again collect pennies for friendship.

Mrs. Elliott Patterson and Mrs. Charles Binnie convened a splendid program on Temperance and Drugs. Mrs. Eleanor McKeown read the motto "We should resolve to

conquer the tongue, the temper, and the conduct." Mrs. C. Binnie read articles on alcohol. Even a small amount is too much, they were told.

Mrs. E. Winters read a poem on drinking drivers and the breathalyzer test.

Mrs. E. Patterson took as her topic "The modern tragedy of Drug Addiction". L.S.D. is a great threat among our young people today. Hepatitis, heart disease and artery damage will increase if marijuana is made legal.

Young people suffer from lack of communication with parents. In many cases we are too busy in the mad rush of society thus many of our young people turn elsewhere for companionship and also to taking of drugs for kicks.

Canadians, we are sorry to say, are going to have to live with it as it appears drugs are here to stay.

Miss Elva Pearen told of the Bonna Accord Farm near Elora where alcoholics can go for a rest cure of their own free will. They can work and also contribute to the up keep of this farm as they are able.

Mrs. A. Gates and Mrs. E. Winters assisted the hostess in serving a delicious lunch. Mrs. E. Patterson conducted a contest during the social half hour on "How well do you know Guelph?" It was won by Mrs. E. McKeown.

Mrs. Archie Gates will be hostess for the February meeting.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Dear Fellow Readers,

As you all know, the March of Dimes Mothers will soon be making their call on you, hoping you will all open your hearts and purses really wide for this most worthy cause.

But how many of you know that the name of this Foundation has now been changed, and is called the Ability Fund. Also how many of you think this fund is to aid small crippled children. A large number of you no doubt, and I was one of you until I was called to attend a meeting at the Robert Little School last Thursday evening, where a young lady talked to a very small number of ladies about this fund, what it is for and the people who may take advantage of the privileges it offers. We were also shown slides showing people who have been helped, young people and old alike, and in many different situations.

I found it all very enlightening as I am sure you would have done had you been there. This fund helps people from the age of 19 years upwards, supplying them with wheelchairs and suchlike equipment, should they need it but find themselves unable to buy this sort of thing

for themselves. Anybody can apply for help by phoning this fund, or rather foundation. I believe the number is in the Georgetown phone book, but of course the head office is in Toronto.

When the local Mothers of Acton find themselves calling at the houses in this district, they will be handing out information sheets to give you all the answers to your questions including phone numbers and addresses, etc.

If you have a friend or relative who is handicapped in any way, and unable to go out to work, do please contact this foundation, and I am sure they will be most willing to help you. I only wish more people could have been out to hear the talk given on this subject, and also to see the most interesting slides we were shown. I am passing on this knowledge, hoping at least some of you will read it and act accordingly.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) Margaret E. Wright,
188 Churchill Rd. S.,
Acton, Ont.

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TWO MOTHERS give loving attention to new Black and Tan pup at Wendy Thomson's home. Son David's willing to help, too.—(Staff Photo)