

# the painted box

By Wendy Thomson

I was told, last week, about a Rockwood woman who said she'd met me and I wasn't like I sounded in this column. I've been trying to figure that out for a week now, and decided it's not good. However, I won't apologize.

You see, I just haven't got the knack of keeping on a "public face" constantly in case somebody's watching and identifying me. Other than being able to sit down and write off a column (and even then, one that's sometimes not too good), I'm a pretty average sort of person.

I have good moods and bad moods and when irritated am sometimes (often?) quite rude, and when I'm tired, I just can't seem to keep my mind on making a good impression.

But other times I'm SURE I must be somewhat of the Wendy Thomson of the Painted Box. Now if anyone wants to meet THAT person, all they have to do is remind me who I am, and I'll tell fascinating tales of dogs, frogs, and pollywogs, instead of standing scowling because I had an argument with my daughter about wearing jeans to school, stepped on the cat's tail, and put my panli-hose on backwards.

On the other hand, that woman might have found "The Painted Box" rather scatter-brained and thought that I was much more intelligent in person. However, I just can't bring myself to believe that. Even I myself sometimes wonder at my apparent lack of brains, thought, and foresight.

**Horses in corn**  
Take Saturday morning for example. I looked out the window and there were the horses in the corn (what Gord would call MY horses in HIS corn). So I hied off to the pasture knowing that I'd surprise everybody (the family was away) getting the horses out and putting the fence back up by the time they came home.

The first bit was easy. I picked up broken corn stalks and flailed horses' bottoms till they fled. Next, how to singlehandedly (and I'd forgotten tools) put up the 480 foot two strand electric fence all strewn about the pasture.

Logically, one starts at one end and progresses. However, as soon as I moved away from the first section, or slackened the wire to unravel a bit, a horse would be right there, leaning over and undoing what I'd just done.

Okay,--something to make them a little wary of the wire. Corn husks? They ate them. Something that blew more? My scarf worked fine. The horses backed up to eye it warily, but I had only one scarf.

Then I had a great (thought) idea. I tore strips off the bottom of the old white shirt (of Gord's) I was wearing and tied them onto the wire where they fluttered out in the wind.

Of course, I had a bit of explaining to do when I met the family back at the house in a shirt consisting of two sleeves, a collar, and four inches back and front. Still, the horses stayed out of the corn.

All in all, though, I don't think I make a particularly good farm

wife. And after watching a group of rival reporters in action at a municipal "do" that same afternoon, I'm not sure I've got what it takes there, either.

I guess I just lack the vigor to rush around with such a tremendous air of self-importance, placing people here, there, and everywhere, taking bird's-eye shots and worm's-eye shots, and all.

**Quick shot**  
It was easier to let them go to all the work of getting people lined up, then sneaking a quick shot myself. I'm not that partial to the "rows of shining faces with toothpaste smiles" type of picture, but I guess it's nice to have.

And while I was busy being polite and waiting my turn to have a look at the copy of the major speech of the day, the reporter who "borrowed" it made off with it. (I must remember that stunt.)

But what intrigued me most was this one little guy who hustled about like a busy beetle, his camera slug around his neck. It seemed that every time I got something lined up with the camera, he came pushing past (in between, over the top of.) Four or five times. I moved back to avoid being stepped on, then finally held my ground.

We stood for a few seconds, eyeing each other, then he gave in and started around behind me. But just as he went past, he gave a loud "HUMPH!"—a real, honest-to-goodness "HUMPH!"

Now, I've never been humphed at before, and was delighted! And anybody who takes a reprimand like that can't be all THAT bad. Or THAT intelligent either.

So I'm right back where I started. Just WHAT did that woman in Rockwood mean?!



**WINNING NAME** is announced by Dr. Robert Steen at the Rotary steer draw Saturday. Miss Acton Fair Val Mitchell extracted the ticket from the barrel for the dentist, Dick Baker of Oshawa was winner. (Photo by K. Dillis)

## Record turnout English riders

Thirty-six horses were entered in the over 14.2 hands Road Hack class at the 1972 Acton fair on Sept. 16. Spectators crowded the fence to witness the sight of all 36 large animals cantering three abreast in the ring, tripping over each other. Judge Babs Ellis of Rockwood was forced to divide the class in half in order to attempt the job of choosing a winner.

The Green Working Hunter class also had a record number of entries. Over 30 horses went singly twice around the arena

over fences. Other classes were well-filled but the many beautiful hunters in the five jumping competitions stole the show. The final jump of the Fault and Out reached a height of 4'10" and a spread of 5'10".

**Tall horse**  
One of the attractions was Dr. Scorpapad's huge chestnut gelding, Bally Murphy, who is

well over 17 hands tall. The imported Irish horse placed well in the jumping.

Mrs. Ellis commented that she had never seen such a good jumping show at a Fair before.

Other classes on the track contained few, but consistently good, entries. There were no Belgians shown this year but Percherons and Clydesdales were still in evidence.

## Storekeeper, assessor Art Benton dies at 67

The district was shocked to learn of the death of Arthur William Franklin Benton of Limehouse after a short illness on Saturday, Sept. 9. He was very well-known as assessor and a former store keeper in Limehouse.

He passed away in Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital at the age of 67.

The funeral service was Monday, Sept. 11 at Knox Presbyterian church, Georgetown, conducted by the Rev. Peter Barrow. Pallbearers were Fred Brooks, John Noble, Geoff Denny, Walter Linham and Fred J. Brown of Limehouse and area and Mark Williamson of Shelgrove.

Honorary pallbearers and flower bearers were K. C. Lindsay, A. C. Patterson, George Currie, Dick Appleyard, Mrs. J. W. Crichton, Mrs. Catherine Bouskill and Robert Beach, Burlington.

As well as many floral tributes, donations were made to the Canadian Cancer Society, Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital and the Ontario Heart Fund.

**Born at Acton**  
Mr. Benton was born at Acton Jan. 24, 1905, and was named for his father, Arthur William Franklin Benton. His mother was the former Martha Jane Lane.

He lived 12 years in Acton and at Limehouse since, attending Acton and Limehouse public school and Georgetown high school.

He graduated in a three year course in Assessment Practice and Principles from Queens University.

On Oct. 29, 1935 he and Mary Isabella Nielson were married by the Rev. H. L. Bennie.

**Two sons**  
Surviving are his wife, sons Nielson Arthur and Albert John, daughter-in-law Glenda and grandson John Arthur, and a brother John Ritchie Franklin Benton, Acton.

Originally a member of the Methodist church in Acton he transferred to Limehouse Presbyterian. He had been an elder for 23 years, treasurer for 33 years and in recent years an alternate representative elder for Limehouse and Georgetown.

A memorial service for Mr. Benton was held at the close of the service at Limehouse Presbyterian last Sunday by Mr. Barrow.

Mr. Benton was also a member of the Institute of Municipal Assessors of Ontario and a member of the Quarter Century

Club of Public Service Employees of Ontario since January, 1960.

He played local baseball and hockey when young and enjoyed sports as a spectator. He was also fond of reading and gardening.

**36 years at store**  
He had operated the general store at Limehouse for 36 years. He was employed as a quarryman, later operating his own quarry closing in 1941. He assessed in three months only in the winters from 1935 and later full-time in Esquimaux. Since January 1970 he had been with the area full time.

Mrs. Benton is the Limehouse correspondent for the Free Press.

The sympathy of many is extended to the Benton family in their sudden bereavement.

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## Make money

The Halton Region Conservation Authority made money on its skiing operations at the Glen Eden Ski Area last winter. Authority executive members learned recently.

Secretary-treasurer of the Authority, Max Hatherly reported a surplus of \$3,692.

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## Scholarship winners named

Winners of the University Women's Club scholarships this fall are Teresa Merritt of Milton, Carolyn Thompson of Acton and Mary Anne Schmidt of the School for the Deaf at Milton.

Miss Merritt, who will be awarded \$100, attends Erindale college. Miss Thompson, who attained 92 per cent, is attending Waterloo. Miss Schmidt is attending Gallaudet School for the Deaf in the States.

Awards are made to girl graduates who are continuing their education, and will be presented at commencement exercises.

**30 attend**  
Nearly 30 members and prospective members attended the first meeting at the home of Liz Frame in Esquimaux township. Wine, cheese and fruit were enjoyed as friends renewed acquaintances after the summer.

President June Andrews reported briefly on the C.F.U.W. convention she had attended in Regina, presenting a resolution from the club successfully. Small groups formed as members set up their special interest groups for the year.

**SCHOOL** holidays for the year are Thanksgiving Day October 9, Remembrance Day November 11, Christmas holidays from Dec. 23 to Jan. 2, winter holidays from March 17 to March 25, Good Friday April 20, Easter Monday April 23, Victoria Day May 21.

**LOCAL** supporters will be interested to know that the first world assembly of the United Bible Societies begins next Monday in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, opened by the Emperor. The Canadian Bible Society provides \$700,000 for work outside Canada each year.



Ivan Slessor



Bev Slessor



Ken Foster



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