

the painted box



by Wendy Thomson

TRAIL RIDING IN THE ROCKIES

July 26 and last day in camp. Tomorrow Gord and I hop on horse to follow the Spray River out of the mountains. All in all, Gord has totalled about 200 miles of riding, while I'm somewhere between 130 and 140, here and in Paradise Valley.

The past two weeks have gone so fast, there is so much to see, do, talk about, and listen to. I didn't go with the riders the past four days, but spent the time with my camera out among the flowers. There are masses of them all over, dozens of different kinds, all sizes and colours, but I don't know the names of any.

Labeller gone

If the guide, Dan Heather, were here he'd be labelling them for me all right. "That's the Rocky Mountain Blue Flower, and the Rocky Mountain Red Flower, and the..." etc.

But Dan has left the ranks of Trail Rider guides, grown a moustache, and is working towards having his own fishing trips. Incidentally, his co-packer in the packing (horses) he's doing now is Dave Green from Campbellville.

However, true to the guiding tradition, little bits of misinformation are still being fed to me. On the trail, one day, I heard a bird that sounded much like a Veery and asked Steve, the nearest guide, for an identification.

Steve listened intently for a moment then replied knowledgeably "That's the Rocky Mountain Tweedie Bird." I should have known better than to ask.

Today, once the riders disappeared off toward Palliser Pass, the camp settled into a quiet; then the bushes and hummocks came alive with dozens of ground squirrels, young and old, chasing each other up and down the paths.

Two came tearing into my tent, and made a turn around the woodpile before realizing anyone was there. They stopped, stared, then scampered off, squeaking wildly.

A mule deer doe has taken to coming into camp. And "coming" is a very nondescriptive word for the way she arrives, but I can't think of a truly descriptive one. She moves so slowly, gracefully, and delicately that only a cloud would describe it as a "walk".

Gord says she brings her fawn to the horses' salt lick, but leaves it hidden as she nibbles her way through camp.

Yesterday Gord stayed in camp to go fishing, but it was really too late in the day before we got away. However, I caught one small trout, fried it and ate it for lunch, enjoying myself all the while.

Karen, the cook, (who has been frying up 10 and 12 inchers every morning) kidded me about my 8 inch "sardine". I agree it was small, but the main thing is that I caught one—and Gord didn't.

Some time I'd like to take a fishing trip with Dan Heather—maybe just six or eight of us—and ride back into the lake where we saw all those huge trout last week.

We were told that they wouldn't even look at anything, let alone bite, but Gord and I snuck over to the inlet again this Monday, even tho' it was noon, just to see if they were still there.

I couldn't help but laugh at one fish. From where I was sitting up the rocky slope, I could see the fat 14-inch swim within three feet of where Gord was standing, give his boots a good looking-over before swimming slowly out again.

Later, after Gord had given up, I emptied my pockets to see what I had that might spark a bit of interest in a granddaddy trout.

Sucker bait

I loaded up my hook with one worm, one vitamin A capsule (halibut liver oil) and a two-inch piece of crocheted yarn.

And contrary to all we'd been told, the fish were interested. I guess they just couldn't believe what they were seeing and kept coming back for a closer look! But I guess it still wasn't feeding time and we came away empty-handed again.

Karen is steaming a carrot pudding for the staff's supper tonight and I'm on the grating detail, so I'd better get with it. I'm just about at the end of my tales anyhow—ones that I can tell, that is.

There's so much more to both the country and the people here, that no amount of writing can describe. I've tried to think how I could tell of Peter, and Stevie all grown up, and Del doing "Sixteen Chickens on a Tambourine", and Lou from New Jersey as "Chief Running Bare", and of course our old friends Mike the head guide and Roy.

But after spending 20 minutes trying to figure out just how to describe Peter, and getting nowhere, I figured I'd better just leave it at this.

ARTHUR A. JOHNSON O.D. OPTOMETRIST
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Acton Wednesday and Saturday

Free Press Personals

Mrs. Gordon MacKay of Toronto visited her sister, Mrs. Anna Smith, Lake Ave., for a week.

Mr. Mervin Nessel is a patient in Guelph General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brandt and Mrs. August Harthun of Manster, Michigan, were weekend visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Stan Norton.

Roderick McGregor a cousin of Rowland and Stewart McCulloch, is visiting here for three weeks vacation from London, England, and reports having a wonderful time.

A memorial service for William Eugene B. Ford will be held in St. Alban's Anglican Church Acton, Sunday, August 12 at 2 p.m. Donations may be made to St. Alban's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Madill of North Hollywood California are holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Madill in Ballinacree.

Mr. Charles Cutts is a patient in Guelph General Hospital. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Gayle Stewart (nee Hulford), husband Barry, and sons Scott and Shaun are visiting Gayle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Hulford, R.H. I. Acton, and Barry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart of Guelph, formerly of Acton. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are living in Concord, California, near San Francisco, where Barry is employed as a senior systems analyst with the Bank of America.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin MacColl, Mr. and Mrs. Theo Papillon, Miss Jessie Coles, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Coles, Marianne and Tim, and Miss Cathy Papillon all of Acton attended the wedding of Wendy McKee and Hon Graham of St. Thecla's Church, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, Saturday, and stayed in the city over the weekend visiting Mr. and Mrs. Barry McKee and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Clark.

It was like old home week for several transplanted Newfoundlanders now living in Acton, who returned to the island for a two week holiday recently. Mr. and

Mrs. Junior Rowsell, Mr. and Mrs. Norm Patey, Mr. and Mrs. Noah Rowsell and Bernadette, Mr. and Mrs. George Peterson and Mrs. Roy McFadden and Tina visited Hotwood, Glover's Harbor and Buchans. Botwood is the home town of Junior and Noah Rowsell, Norm Patey and George Peterson. During their stay in Newfoundland the group also met holidaying Actonians Fred and Wendy Andrews, Bill and Sandra Patey, Roy and Jeanette Stuckless, Al Rowsell, Neil Overland and Wilfred Stuckless. Mr. and Mrs. Junior Rowsell also visited Junior's sister and her husband Mr. and Mrs. Angus Head in Buchans.

Many use their religion as they would a spare tire—only for an emergency.

The C.P.R. tree planting car is in its sixth decade of promoting shelter belt planting by the Forestry Associations in the three Prairie Provinces.

Ladies plan meeting

The Nassagaweya Presbyterian W.M.S. and Ladies' Aid met Aug. 2, at the home of Mrs. M. Fraser in Moffatt.

Under the leadership of the W.M.S. president, Mrs. W. Kennedy, plans were made for the Thankoffering meeting to be held in the church in October with Mrs. Lavery as guest speaker.

Invitations will be sent out to the neighboring churches. There had been some requests for church plates and as the supply is exhausted an enquiry will be made about getting cups and saucers in place of the plates.

A donation of other quilt material, by one of the members, will provide a start for the fall work. Plans were made for the Bazaar and some material handed in.

The program consisted of an article—"Yea, Not"—taken from a plaque in an old church in Germany, read by Mrs. Henderson, a letter from Mrs. Lavery read by Mrs. Norris and an article on Self-pity by Mrs. Roberts.

The bark of Hemlock trees is rich in tannin.

Wedding Photography BY Wm. Stuckey Phone Acton 853-2269



JOHN VAN OOSTEN and Charlene Higgins were united in a double ring ceremony on July 14. (Photo by W. Stuckey)

Van Oosten-Higgins vows at St. Alban's

Baskets of white glads and satin bows decorated St. Alban's Anglican Church, on July 14, for the wedding of Charlene May Higgins and John Van Oosten.

Charlene, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Higgins and John, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Van Oosten, were united in a double ring ceremony, at 4 o'clock, by the Rev. J.L. Ball. Mrs. Betty Oakes played the organ for The Wedding March and O Perfect Love.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a floor length gown of white organza over taffeta. It had a stand-up collar with long, sheer sleeves, ruffled at the wrist. The bodice and long train were beaded with tiny pearls. Her matching beaded Juliet cap held her short veil which was trimmed with French lace.

She carried a bouquet of red roses and white stephanotis. Matron-of-honor was Mrs. Fran Gibson, sister of the bride. The bridesmaids were Karen Shortill, of Ballinacree, a friend and Jane Higgins, sister of the bride. They wore similar gowns of blue and white organza over taffeta. The bodice was checked and gave the appearance of gingham. The skirt was white with flowers of the same material as the bodice. They wore blue floppy brimmed hats and carried colonial bouquets of white and blue tinted carnations. They also wore tiny pierced earrings, gifts from the bride.

The flower girls were Holly Tocher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kent Tocher, of Hillsburgh, the bride's niece, and Lynn Wilson daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Wilson, of Burlington, the bride's second cousin. Their dresses were blue and white gingham trimmed with white eyelet sleeves and ruffled hem. They wore bonnets of white eyelet and carried nosegays of white and blue tinted carnations. They also wore gold bracelets, gifts from the bride.

Best man was Jack Gibson, the bride's brother-in-law. Ushers were Mr. Lloyd McTrash, of Georgetown, a friend of the groom, and Lee Tocher, of

Hillsburgh, also a friend of the groom. They wore dark blue tuxedos with pale blue ruffled shirts and black velvet bow ties.

Ringbearer was Master Christopher Tocher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kent Tocher, of Hillsburgh, the bride's nephew. He wore a white suit with short pants and matching bow tie. He also wore a pale blue shirt, white socks and black velvet shoes.

The wedding supper was held in the parish hall and catered to by the church ladies. Master of ceremonies was the bride's uncle, Alec Wilson of Mississauga. Ed Fottitt, of Acton, said Grace.

After the supper, the wedding party visited the bride's sister, Mrs. Catherine Tocher, of Hillsburgh, who was a patient at Guelph General Hospital and unable to attend the wedding. She was given the flowers from the church and in turn congratulated the newlywed couple.

Special guest attending the wedding was Mrs. Annie Brabbs, of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, the bride's aunt, who was staying for a three week visit in Canada. Other guests attended from Vancouver, Burlington, Mississauga, Mount Forest, Hillsburgh, Erin, Guelph, Ballinacree, Georgetown, Toronto and Acton.

The bride's mother received wearing a long, floral apricot gown with white accessories and a corsage of yellow carnations.

The couple left on a wedding trip around the Great Lakes and Northern Ontario. The bride wearing a red, white and blue pantsuit, with suede accessories and a white gardenia.

The bride was guest of honour at two showers prior to the wedding. A miscellaneous shower, hosted by the matron-of-honor and bridesmaids was held June 27 in St. Alban's Parish Hall. Mrs. F. Jones and Mrs. E. Fottitt held a personal shower on July 5 at the home of Mrs. Fottitt.

The rehearsal party was held at the bride's parents home on July 13.

Mr. and Mrs. John Van Oosten have made their new home at 14 Willow Street, North, Acton.



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