



the painted box

by Wendy Thomson

Well, I guess it's getting time to wrap up my stories about Scotland and settle down to those of everyday living again, but there's still a bit left to tell.

In the notebook carried with me constantly, I jotted down prices, places, mileages, and any other little thing that took my fancy, like seeing a cat miles and miles from anywhere, sitting calmly on top of a fence post watching sheep graze.

And then there was the notice on the toll booth for the Ballachulish ferry, listing fares to go across the river. Cars were 40 pence, horse and cart 20 p., cows and 2 year olds 10p, stirks 8p., and sheep 2p. Curiosity got the best of me and on asking I was told (with a look of surprise that I'd even have to ask) that a stirk was a heifer. Of course—how could I have not known!

On the Hebrides, a great many bicycles were in use and I wish I could have taken pictures of some of them. My sympathy went out to one middle-aged man taking his wife to church. Her 250 pounds was perched on the bicycle seat (at least, SOME of it was) while he did the leg-work, furiously peddling up and down the hills. As long as I could see them, she yattered incessantly in his ear, spurring him on no doubt (if only to get rid of her.)

Shocker Within half a mile, I came to the church and was surprised to see the congregation outside glaring fiercely up the road. On rounding the next corner, I saw the reason. On the Isle of Harris, where the majority of people are so religious, I hear, that children aren't allowed outside on Sunday, it must have been a real shocker for the church-goers to see a very shapely young woman in a very small bikini whizz past on her 10-speed.

The last cyclist I saw was a great disappointment at first. When the motorcycle with its black helmeted, jacketed and booted rider came roaring down the Hebridean hill toward me, I thought "Oh no—not here too!" Then he got closer and I couldn't help but laugh.

Time Inside the huge white-winged helmet I could see the tiny wizened face of an old man, happily gritting his gums as he swept past.

In quite a few places, it seemed that time meant very little to people. Most clocks, whether on stores, street-corners, or mantels, were left at whatever time they ran down at (and who knows just how long ago?) To find the time, one would turn on the radio and sit down with a cup of tea till the correct time was announced.

And it's usually no good asking anybody. I tried it a few times and the people were quite puzzled what I wanted to know for. As a matter of fact, one storekeeper asked me just that, and I replied I wanted to catch the ferry.

This perplexed him even further, and he assured me "But there's another one tomorrow!"

Down the east coast in Aberdeen, civilization had taken over, and people were rushing everywhere. There were a number of comments on the vandalism to my car there, that it was a bad impression to have of that city, so I should tell the rest of the tale now.

Because the car was laid up, I took a bus to the Highland Games. That was easy enough, but getting back to the apartment was something else.

There's quite a complicated system (to me anyhow) of paying per number of stops you go past. And then I had to transfer on top of that.

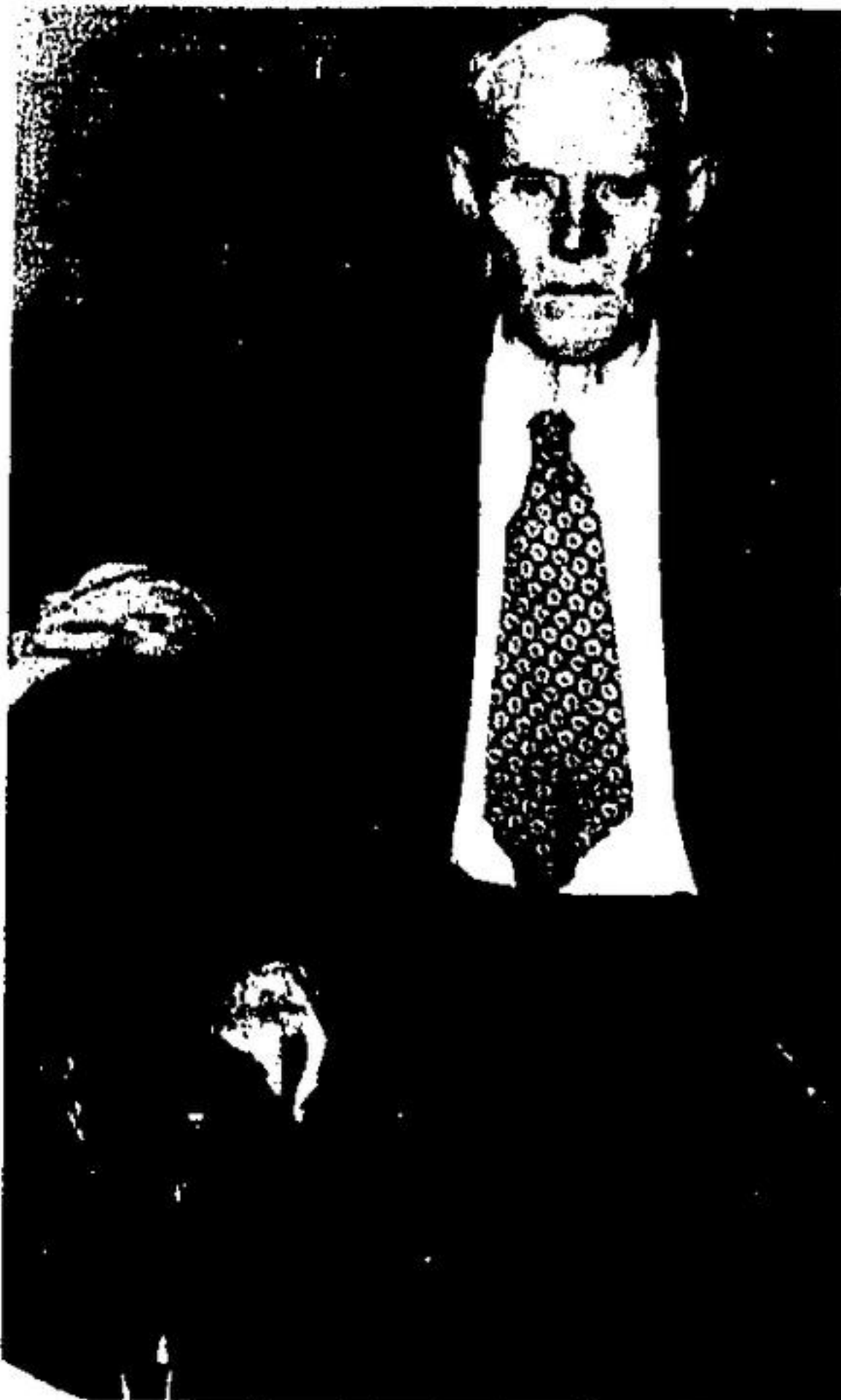
So just to be sure where I was headed, I asked the inspector at the park which bus to take to where and so on. He pointed me to the right one, but nobody had thought to tell me that the right change was almost a necessity. As all I had was a five pound note and three pence, the bus driver put me off again.

On hearing my predicament, the inspector not only gave me the remaining pence to get me to the junction, but he also came tearing on the bus just as it was leaving. After remembering my inquiries about transferring, he wanted to give me enough for the second bus too! And I do believe it was all because I was a Canadian!

The last incident in the book was about the time I almost drowned. No, it wasn't when the tricky tide caught me unawares, or when the huge waves just about washed me away when I was rock-hopping. It happened in the bathtub at St. Andrews.

Forgetting that I was in one of those six-footer tubs, I leaned back without thinking and fell over backwards!

That would have been a very unromantic way to end a beautiful trip.



DAVID RADCLIFF celebrated his 95th birthday August 16 and had a few friends and neighbours drop over. Nephews from Toronto and London dropped in to see him the week before and Mrs. Radcliff sent out thank you cards for the flowers the couple received.

Carrier of the Week



RONNY JACKSON is this week's carrier. This 12-year-old delivers papers in the Lakeview subdivision. He is going into grade seven at Robert Little school and plays soccer in the summer and hockey in the winter.

4-H Garden Club

Pickles to preserves displays and skits

An afternoon of skills and displays told the story of Halton's 4-H Garden Club Thursday afternoon. It was the Homemaking Club Achievement Day and 25 girls and their mothers met at Maple Leaf Mills Research Centre on Trafalgar Rd. for the program conducted by Lorraine Holding, Halton's Home Economist.

Four clubs, Ashgrove Crazy Cannors, Hornby Green Thumbs, Palermo Pickled Petunias and Dublin Happy Hoers displayed vegetables, fruits, preserves, flowers and plants.

Plants to pickles Dublin Happy Hoers presented a skit How to Plant a Vegetable Garden. Their display portrayed the garden from planting to pickling.

Palermo Pickled Petunias had all members acting in a skit on How to Store Vegetables for Winter. Jeanny Westelaken of the Palermo Club was presented with a certificate of Provincial Honors by Miss Holding.

Ashgrove Crazy Cannors' skit was entitled Vegetables in a Pickle. Marilyn McNabb and Carolyn Bird of the club received County Honors. Carolyn also presented a special exhibit Landscaping With Shrubs and Roses as a special third-year gardener project.

Karen Wickson, also a third year gardener from Ashgrove, had a display of miniature gardens in hanging pots.

Hornby Green Thumbs, with commentators Mary Stout and Marcia McPherson, gave an account of their exhibit Preserving Pointers. Comments were made on the club exhibits and skits by Mrs. Margaret Loewen of Mississauga.

Uniforms for two salesmen For the first time, uniforms are associated with the real estate business here. Jack Holmes and Chris Larsen are the two gentlemen wearing the blue-bued uniforms, designed by long-time real estate salesman Jack himself.

With the powder blue jackets the men wear checked blue trousers, white shirts and red ties. They have other co-ordinating shirts and ties, too.

On the jackets they wear a unique crest which Jack designed, a red maple leaf with a white house (what else?) and the words Jack Holmes Real Estate.

Another first It's another first, Jack explains. He held the first open house in Lakeview subdivision in 1955, when he was selling the new homes there, and this has become a popular way since of letting properties become known. He has been in business here over 20 years.

The two were wearing their new outfits for the first time Thursday when a situation arose which made them change their minds—and their attire. They doffed the powder blue coats to help opposition salesman Allan Gunding carry a big new filing cabinet into his office across the road!

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Large convention for trial lawyers

The 29th annual convention of the 25,000 member association of Trial Lawyers of America was held at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto this summer. Chairman of the week-long convention was Toronto lawyer Ted Rachlin, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Rachlin of Acton.

Ted is also a member of the board of governors of the association. His wife Merle has just retired as president of the Women's Auxiliary of the association. She was chairwoman of the interesting ladies' program of the convention.

The younger Rachlins were very pleased with the success

of the convention here, according to Mrs. Rachlin Sr. who helped look after their family during their busy days.

Color Forms have been given out for children to enter the O.P.P. coloring contest. More pictures to be colored are available at the O.P.P. office.

Holidays Some of the district correspondents are away on holidays. Their columns will resume soon.

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