may help others, Mrs. E. Ludtke of R.R. 4, Rockwood, tells what it's like to raise a baby robin.

Sweety The robins were restless on that morning in June, but i didn't pay much mind. They were making a fuss lots of times and at times, when I couldn't but follow their scolding voices outside, ready to shoo a cat or a black bird, there was nothing there.

Later that morning, Yuri and Nina, our two dogs and I, went for a stroll outside the house. Nina kept going back to one particular spot and sniffing it. There, under the tall firs, lay two baby robins, one dead and one still giving of days on the backrest of one signs of life. I buried one and took the other in my hand and being well aware of what quickly walked to our drive slept in the diningroom. Sukie shed, where there was an may not go outside the entire empty robin's nest. I took it down, put some dried grass in babybirds, so she was pretty it and gently put in the bird.

In the meanwhile our dogs had gone back to the firs and Yuri and Nina made every motion, to want to climb them. I knew there must have been a squirrel up there. While I was standing there trying to quiet the dogs, I ground raw dogmeat, mixed looked at the spot where the with earth and he grew more baby robins had been and to each day. His sibling had died

Sideroad 5

Thinking her experience my great surprise-there lay another baby robin! He was the s.rongest of them all and he lay on his back flailing his wings. Gently I picked him up, went in the house and hunted for a little Easter basket I had, all the time robin in hand, who showed no fear. His sibling was still in the nest I put him in and was oh so very quiet. I found the little basket, lined it with dry grass and put Sweety in it. That was my name for him.

I put the basket on the

round picnic table under the appletree and took my crocheting and sat beside it for a while. Sweety stayed in that basket for three days and let himself be fed. At night he slept in the baywindow of our diningroom, and for a couple of the chairs, Sukie our cat, summer, as long as there are non-chalant about the whole affair; and while I'm writing this, sitting under the appletree, there's Sukie sunning herself in the window.

I fed Sweety flies, earthworms, moths, mashed blueberries, pieces of cherries,

Michael, the pseudo-Persian, has just caught a mouse. He does it quite often and is pretty good at it. He has sauntered out to the corner of the front paddock carefully picking his way through the long dewy grass. Without a break he is back travelling the same path with a mouse in his mouth. Usually this is an unremarkable happening but today Jimmy and Penny have seen him.

Puppy Jim and Michael are friends, although Michael suffers his maulings with the pattence of a kingergarten teacher. Jim is intrigued with the treasure Mike has and bounces over for closer inspection. Michael looses his cool and lets go of the mouse. Mad scramble to retrieve it without the kid finding out.

Now that he's got to negotiate legs and licks as well as wet weeds, the cat tries another tack-he hops up onto a pile of

cedar rails. Bad move. Now Penny Lamb is far too interested. The cedar rails are her special territory when she's feeling in a mountain goat mood. With incredible sure-footedness, Penny leaps, pirouettes, and twirls over the rails while poor puss is making himself very small and insinuating himself over the other side.

Jim lollops his way around the pile and grabs Mike by the scruff of the neck. Mike coughs, spits and drops his mouse. I can't see what becomes of it but by now the imbeciles have forgotten the original point of interest and are thoroughly enjoying themselves cavorting over the pile nosing Mike

Resigned to his fate, the cat has a perfunctory look around for his mouse, shrugs and goes limp. Rolling himself in a hedgehog ball allows him to roll to the ground with some semblance of dignity. Flattening his body he races full tilt to the fence with pup and sheep hot on his heels. Penny is having

so much fun she bounds on springs, all four feet together.
Will he make it? Yes, he does. Up on the fence top, just out of reach. And he sits down to wash his face the picture of the totally dignified cat just out for a stroll.

Not the least bit abashed, Penny and Jim race off for more mischief. Jim bounces off to the cedar pile hoping to find that mouse-he remembers it now. Penny pogo-sticks after him. Jim stops suddenly thinking he's found the goodie and Penny throws a cheerful bunt his way as she springs past, catching him square on his tail bone and tossing him base over apex.

The same thing will happen again tomorrow.



MRS. E. Ludtke of R.R. 4, Rockwood, thinks her experiences raising a baby robin may help others who find themselves in the same situa-

me, they were in dismay and

were making a fuss. Even

though I was glad that Sweety

had found his own, I felt a

little twinge of sadness in

parting with him. The robins

are still around, but no longer

do I hear an answer when I

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north from Sideroad 22.

call-Sweety is free.

the first night. He had refused much scolding from the older food, so I knew it would only birds. Each time he came to be a matter of time.

Sweety was getting real chipper, and he stood up in the basket and aired and stretched his wings. Nina would always want to lick him the times he sat on my finger. Sweety had found a way to tip the basket and hop out. I knew then, he would need other quarters, that he Fewer folk would no longer stay in the nest. For several days he stayed in a rabbit cage which on phone line we had fixed up for him.

One morning, there was a great commotion and as I went to see, there were four adults robins milling about the cage and Sweety was gone. I was glad that Sweety was free and maybe had found his own parents. I saw him sitting in the trees and when I called him, he would come to me. I fed him twice the day after he had left, with

No money for land

We can't afford it! say the Credit Valley Conservation Authority when offered a parcel of land just north of the Limehouse Conservation

Discussion at a recent Authority executive meeting centred around buying funds and lack of Authority money for buying land not directly connected with Credit River and branch sources.

General Manager Harry Watson described the property as, "Nice property but not real source land." "We can't afford to purchase it." he added.

"We can't afford it," Chairman Grant Clarkson, "We can only look at real source land - I have a feeling we're going to be involved in flood control (in the future)," he said.

The property in question consists of nearly 97 acres, four lots north of Limehouse Conservation Area on Concession 6. Described as having mostly mixed and cedar bush, a branch of the Black Creek running through it, and some summer buildings, the asking price is

Ballinafad

Visitors in area, plan corn roast

by Mrs. Winifred Smith A recent visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Larson was Sister Mary Margaret of Cleveland. Sister Mary Margaret was godmother for their daughter Jenny.

Mrs. Leo Jamieson has evening sponsored by the returned home from Scotland, after spending a month with her mother and other relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Burt

and Mrs. Frank Smith attended the funeral of a relative Cliff Rossetta at St. Catharines, on Saturday. The Ballinafad Girls softball team are planning to hold

October. It will be the wind up to the season's activities. The first of the community activities for the fall season will be in the form of a corn

roast and dance on Friday

a banquet and dance early in

community centre board. brated on Saturday.

Lloyd Marshall and his sister Mrs. Lil Jackson attended the funeral of a relative in Rockwell, near London on Monday.

Free Press District Page

pool fee more flak

were once more the subject of discussion at the Credit Valley Conservation Authority parks and recreation advisory board.

Board vice-chairman Acton member Gail Maltby brought up the subject saying she'd heard a lot of complaints from people who feel they should not have to pay the additional 25 cent pool entrance fee when they've already bought a \$25 season's

"I realize you're getting a lot of flak, but look at the revenue," commented Parks chairman Frank Leavers. He went on to add the CVCA had a maintenance problem with Sturdy, Light the pool and were losing a great deal of money. "Unless 3-Piece we get it paying for itself, we might as well fill it in," he

The cable is going into the ground starting at Hills-Gail Maltby agreed saying she felt the pool was an added burgh, along the Fifth Line, attraction and should be paid

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Terra Cotta pool problems for as such.

Tut Harrison of Georgetown, owned by the Glen Lumbers.

W.I. meeting, trip We regret that Mrs. Kirk-Intended for last week patrick is in hospital again, but hope for her better health

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Patter-

son have returned from a few weeks holidays at her couwecks ago. sin's home at Orillia and her Greetings to Mrs. Wm. brother's at Geraldton.

Mrs. Ellerby in Erin last Thursday afternoon. Further Congratulations to Mr. and plans for fair displays and Mrs. Stan Curts on the occa- meetings were discussed and sion of their 25th wedding the holiday business caught anniversary which they cele- up. Mrs. Anderson convener of Citizenship and World Affairs, was in charge of the program. Holl call was "a country I would like to visit," New Zealand seeming to be the favorite. Mrs. Anderson told of her trips to the west coast of Canada and showed pictures taken then. O Canada was sung in closing and the hostess served a tasty

The W.I. met at the home of

Limehouse

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roughley left for Edmonton this week after visiting their parents here. Rob will be continuing studies towards his doctorate in Entomology. and Marsha will be teaching in the university again. Rob spent much of the summer travelling in the Yukon on an Entomology project.

"I can't understand people Starkey to the village who objecting to the cost," stated purchased the home formerly

We extend sympathy to Mrs. Douglas Scott whose father, Mr. Wm. Coleman formerly of Acton passed away in Toronto a couple of

The Arton Free Press, Wednesday, Sent. 7, 1977.

Osburn whose birthday of last week was celebrated by relatives at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lawson on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Neil Anderson have returned from a lengthy motor holiday to Victoria,

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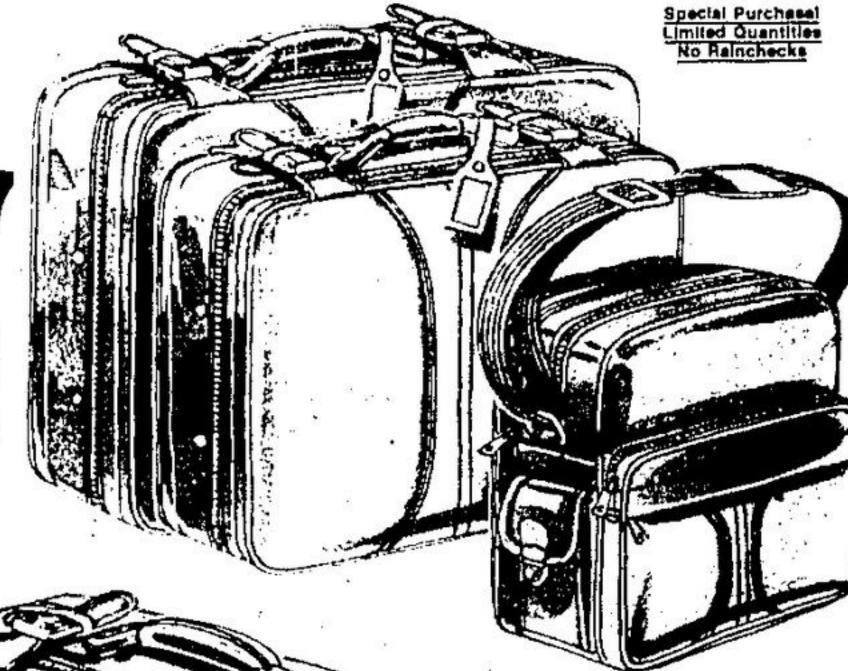
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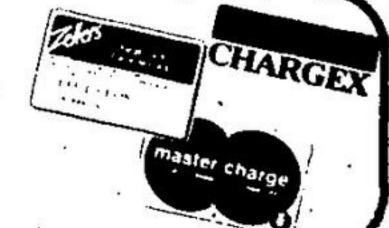
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