

# GRAPE VINE

## Lovely Rita ...

A lot of Acton drivers took perverse pleasure in hearing that our local meter-maid locked her keys in her car last week. The embarrassed parking cop had to get Norm from Acton Motors to open the car, which was parked legally in the Willow-Church Street municipal lot.

## Mazda mystery solved

What some feared was another Acton business going under was in fact a major spruce-up at Achilles Motors. One local councillor got several calls from people wondering what was happening at Achilles on the weekend when all the cars disappeared. Owner Les Pelitis got tired of explaining that he wasn't closing but was just black-topping the lot and installing a new car turn-table.

Pelitis spent most of yesterday moving cars out front from a back lot in an effort to allay concerns that he was leaving town. Pelitis says a lot of his stock has been moved to a hangar at Toronto Airport for a big sale later this month.

## Ladies softball tourney wants more teams

There's still time to sign up for this weekend's Acton Ladies' Recreational Softball League tourney. The mixed Three-Pitch action at Prospect Park will feature 16 teams that must field four females at all

times. For details call Debbie at 853-3697.

## OMB test case being watched by rural residents

Some rural Acton residents are closely watching an ongoing Ontario Municipal Board hearing deciding the fate of a proposed Ballinafad estate subdivision. The Beechbrook development is seen as a test case and one local politician says you can bet if Beechbrook is approved, then so will two proposed rural subdivision plans at Town Line and 17 Sideroad and Town Line at 22 Sideroad.

## Flower flattery

Kudos from Acton Councillor Gerald Rennie to the Acton Horticultural Society and the B.I.A. for the planters and hanging flower baskets that spruce up the downtown. Rennie says the downtown has never looked better and he praises the efforts of volunteers who keep the plants in tip-top shape.

## Seniors' lottery tickets — soon on sale

A major Acton and Georgetown senior citizens' fund-raising campaign gets underway within weeks. The winning lottery ticket for the first prize trip to Hawaii will be drawn during the New Year's Eve celebrations at the Acton Town Hall. Money raised from ticket sales will be used to help build seniors' centres in both towns.

## Leathertown Festival '93

Organizers are already planning the second annual Leathertown Festival. All are very pleased with the success of the recent event.

# Well — I am of sound mind!

Participation — Eeek!

There's a TV commercial extolling physical fitness that activates my innermost funny bone. Whenever I see and hear it, I want to curl up in a ball like a caterpillar and laugh weakly as I have been known to do in moments of great solemnity such as funerals. I have no control over this funny bone. From time to time, it has taken over since I was a kid. Unfortunately, it is not a kink one outgrows.

The government-sponsored ad stars a fat, lazy rabbit who never walks when he can drive and a tortoise who follows all the acceptable rules for fitness. The indolent bunny lives for sleeping and eating while the tortoise jogs faithfully, does push-ups, and eats the right calories. The climax of this drama is a race, rabbit versus turtle. Who wins? The tortoise, natch. Fade-out chorus: "Participation! Get with the action! Do it! Do it!"

I'm sure there must be thousands of red-blooded Canadians who are inspired by this commercial. It would be tragic if the government were wasting our money in a move to legislate physical fitness. However, there are contrary types like myself who act in reverse to the hard sell. While conceding the very real advantages of fitness, my sympathy is all for the fat, lazy rabbit. If you are born contrary, there isn't much you or the government can do about it.

I remember all the patriotic bally-hoo of Centennial year. I should have been busting out all over with love of country. But blame my innermost funnybone — I never felt less patriotic.

I just hankered to curl up like a caterpillar and laugh and laugh. The closest a friend and I came to getting into the spirit of our hundredth birthday celebrations was when we toyed with the idea of applying for a grant to learn how to swear in French. Alas. Nothing

came of our bilingual impulse.

Youthful experiences may explain in part my reluctance to be transformed into a perfect physical specimen. I learned early in life that God had not designed me as an athletic human. At Sunday school picnics, I won only one race — a Time race. I was never picked for school baseball teams because I ducked the ball, even rubber spheres.

Gyms were unheard of during my public school years. Physical education, known to my generation as "exercises" was not a priority item on the curriculum. We did our push-ups and knee-bends, such as they were, in the classroom where I distinguished myself as the kid who could not touch her toes. I still can't — without cheating.

Graduating to high school (actually Continuation School in the old stone building) we were exposed to PT that involved wands, clubs, and dumbbells manipulated between rows of desks in a minimum of space. I can still envision us in baggy middies and skirts going through our paces at risk of life and limb, especially those girls in my vicinity. Despite strenuous effort, I could not master any of the drills, and thus was never chosen to perform at Commencement and the At Home. Even the most optimistic teacher dared not risk turning me loose on the Town Hall platform armed with clubs or a wand. I was a total menace, with below-average coordination.

My frustration peaked annually in the fall when we held our field days on home turf and in Georgetown. Although I practised

feverishly in our back garden, the only results were stiffness and a black mood that drove the rest of the family well-nigh bonkers. During my high school years, I won not a single miserable ribbon, although my younger sisters garnered a few triumphs.

While working as a night operator for the telephone company in a Main and Mill, corner building, I decided one summer that I would exercise nightly between calls. My motive: to lose weight as I was beginning to flap and bulge. I performed faithfully for a solid week clad only in briefs, it being a hellish hot summer. My calisthenics ended abruptly when I forgot that workers had cleaned the Venetian blinds that day and left some of the slats ajar. Answering a call from a pay phone, I heard a robust, horrible masculine voice urging me, "Put your clothes on, you expletive-deleted THING."

In a rage, I grabbed a sheet from my night cot and prepared to stomp forth to battle through the front door. At the last second, discretion prevailed and I contented myself with adjusting the slats of the Venetian blinds below which a small audience had gathered. Thus in disgrace, ended my short stint of getting fit and slimmer.

I am too old now to jog and prance about keeping trim and alert. That's for younger, more coordinated Canadians, who like the tortoise, revel in Participation. Get with the Action. "Do it! Do it!" I have an affinity with the fat, lazy rabbit, who loses every race. He looks contented and happy, a condition not to be deplored even by our governors.

## LATE SPORTS

### Kids beat parents 7-1

For their final Mini-Squirt soccer game of the year, Melina Bakery was matched up against the strong Acton Veterinary team last week, but due to inclement weather the game was called off not long after beginning.

At practice on Thursday evening the young athletes challenged their parents to a game and were the victors by a score of 7-1. Everyone had a great time and played well.

Coaches Shelagh Bailey and Phil Landriault expressed their thanks to all the parents, siblings and friends who made every minute of the Mini-Squirt soccer season enjoyable.

# HEY!

*How are you coping with the unseasonably cold weather?*

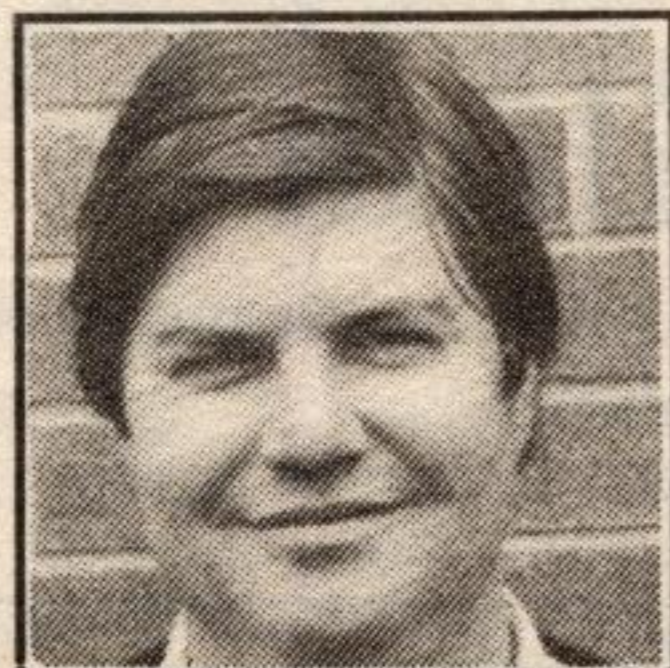


"Not very well. We all hoped this summer would be hot and warm to forget about the recession and all the bad news, but with all the trouble in the world we should appreciate what we have and know that we have another chance next year."

Dave Dautovich, R.R. 2, Acton

"I'm wearing lots of sweaters. I'm concerned about how the winter's going to be like. The only good thing about it is that it has saved a lot on air conditioning costs."

Steve Hess, River Street

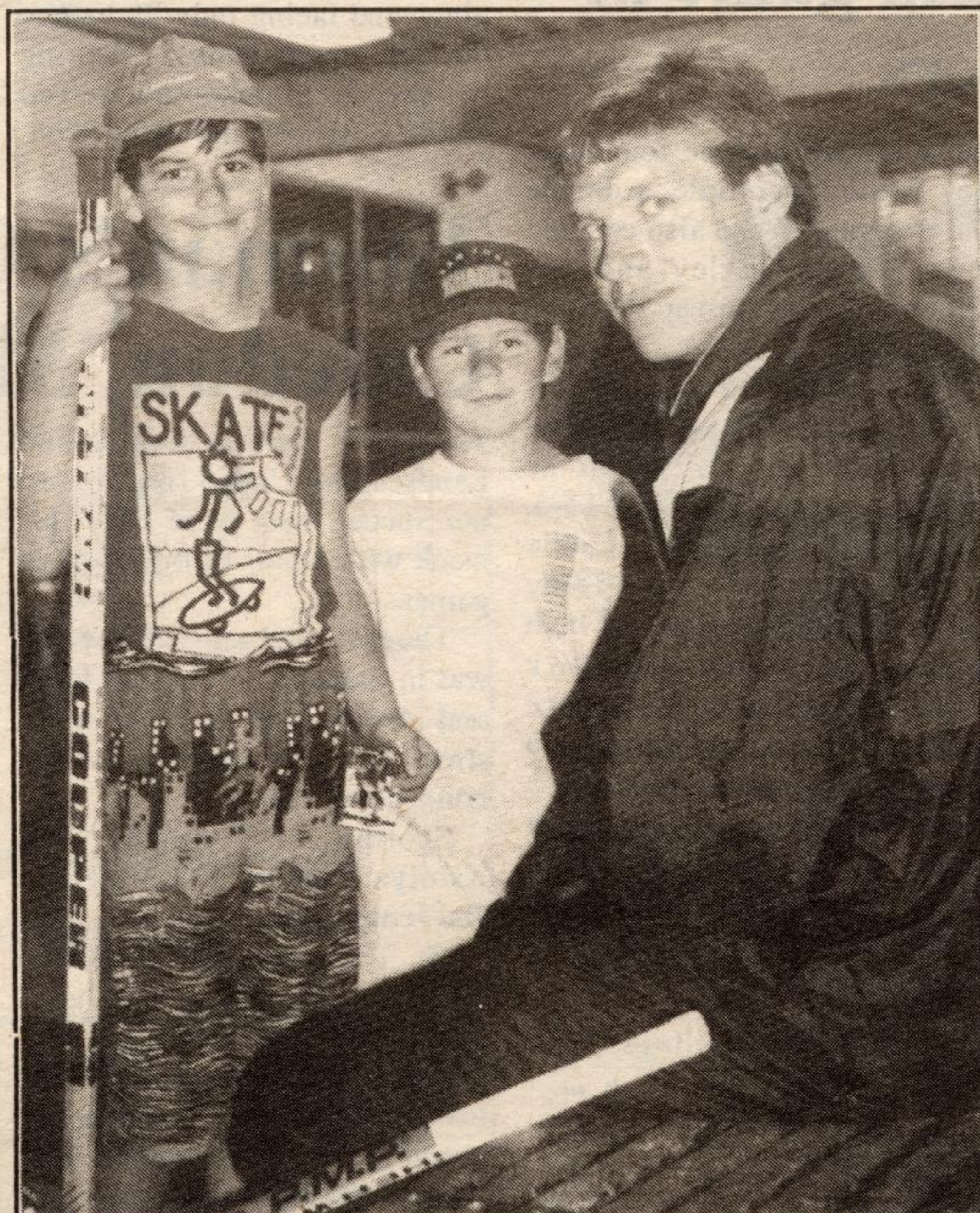


"Pretty good. This is my kind of weather. I work hard and it's not too hard to work in this weather. It's not so cold that you can't enjoy the outside and it's not so hot that you have to stay inside with the air conditioner."

Denise Clark, Sixth Line, Limehouse

"I don't mind it, except the rain. I can't go swimming and play golf as often as I usually do. Also, I have not tanned this year, so I miss the heat a little bit."

Liz Kekic, Fifth Line, Acton



Chicago Blackhawks Mike Hudson visited the Acton Novice hockey practice in Milton on Sunday. Here Mike pauses to sign autographs after the workout. The Rockwood native, known as the fastest straight-line skater in the NHL, leaves for training camp soon. (Paul Nolan photo)



A New Spirit of Giving