

# GRAPE VINE

## Daffodils on sale

Representatives from the Canadian Cancer Society will be selling daffodils in various locations in Acton from March 24 to 26.

Daffodil displays introduce the annual spring campaign by reminding people that April is Cancer month.

## Free coffee with fillup

Kal's XL Ultra Mar Gas Bar and Service, just south of Acton, on Hwy. 25, will mark its changeover to Esso Imperial Petroleum on March 29 by giving a free coffee with every fillup.

Kal's, a family-run business for five years, will also have a grand opening sometime in the near future.

## Country crafts

The "make it and take it" craft session will provide a lasting Easter decoration for your home or a lovely gift for someone special.

The cost is \$35, including all supplies. The session will take place on March 29 at McKenzie Smith Middle School from 7 to 10 pm.

Call Halton Hills Recreation and Parks Department at 873-2600, extension 275 for details.

## Training opportunities

The Skill Program, for Community Volunteers, is a national training program which offers a series

of workshops, each three hours in length, that focus on improving the effectiveness of non-profit organizations by enhancing the leadership managerial skills of volunteers.

The fee for the workshops is \$15 per person, per workshop. Active community volunteers are entitled reimbursement. Call the Recreation Department for more details.

## S.I.P. program

With the implementation of the Corporate Alcohol Risk Management Policy, all functions within the Town of Halton Hills will be required to have a minimum of one bartender to serve on duty at all times, who is certified in the Server Intervention Program (SIP).

The Recreation Department will be offering the program in conjunction with the Addiction Research Foundation.

The program will be held on April 7 at the Cultural Centre, 9 Church St., Georgetown, from 6 pm to 10 pm. Cost will be \$37.50, with affiliated organization members eligible for a 50 per cent rebate

The program will cover law and liability, preventing intoxication, managing intoxicated guests, establishing policies and fact about alcohol.

For more information, call 873-2600, extension 276.

## First sign of spring

You can sure tell when spring is approaching when our feathered friends make an appearance.

Margery Staley of Dublin Line telephoned *The Tanner* Monday to say she spotted a red wing blackbird and robin in her backyard.



**EGYPTIAN ENERGY:** These girls were hard at work painting their Egyptian headwear last Wednesday at one of Acton Library's March Break fun days. Other kids made Egyptian necklaces. From left, are Meghan Colvin, 8, Ashley Lima, 8, and her sister Lindsay, 10. (Doug Harrison photo)

# I need your help here . . .

Last weekend brought the first few signs of spring after this long winter. It's somewhat comforting to know that everyone feels that this winter has been the worst in memory. The radio reporters are claiming it's the worst in 60 years. Seems to me I was 19 when winter started.

Sunday, Ray and I had our first "porch beer." For us, this is as much a rite of spring as opening day for the Blue Jays, the first robin or the first crocus pushing through. It's great to be outside again (without having to shovel snow) in the warmth of the sun. Many of our neighbours were out for a stroll and stopped to chat. One little guy went tearing by on what was, obviously, a new bike. His dad proudly trailed behind. These are heart-warming images of our town. I feel fortunate to live here.

These first few days of spring are perhaps the best time of the year. It's too early for gardening or outside maintenance. It's too nice to stay inside all day. You can sit outside in relative comfort without feeling guilty (I never do) because your neighbour is busy working away. It's quiet. Time for good friends, family and good conversation. Enjoy!

Spring also means, obviously, that you've lasted another year in the unrelenting march of time. Although we're all a year older, this is good news when you consider the alternative. I experienced a strange sensation last Saturday, which rudely brought home how the years are flying by and I don't just mean the nice weather.

We were invited to a party to celebrate my little, baby, kid sister, turning the big Four-Oh! I don't for the life of me understand how this could happen.

## The Way I See It

With Mike O'Leary



Until now, Maureen had always been the youngest. I am, as you know, 39 metricsomething. Now I'm faced with the conundrum of having my baby sister be a year older than I am. Frankly, I'm not sure what I should be doing about this situation.

We're all prepared for our kids to get older. They progress through school, dating, teenage years (yuk!), bikes, cars, etc. Once they grow up, they move on. There's a payoff here, you see, which makes the passage of the years more tolerable. There's no such satisfaction when your kid sister goes traipsing "over the hill."

Until last week, I had always been several years older than Maureen. I was off and married while she was still in high school. Most of my memories of her are as a little kid. Oh sure, I noticed the wedding, her two darling daughters and her new house in Etobicoke. Because we weren't living close to each other, none of these things translated into her getting older. In my mind, she was my kid sister — always was, always will be.

You'd think my brother-in-law might have prepared me for this. Here I am at this party, everyone is yelling "Happy 40th Birthday" and I'm looking around saying "Who? Who?" Honest, I thought she was 38.

You may understand if I explain that my sister is the only girl in our family and used to be

the youngest. Our mother passed away and poor Maureen had to contend with our father and two brothers. It was a tough adolescence as we tended to be slightly over-protective. I'm the runt of the male O'Learys. I'm just a (no pun intended) hair short of six feet (567 hectometers in metric, I think!).

I'll always remember Mo's first date. This poor little bugger arrived to pick her up at our front door. Immediately, he was surrounded by me, my brother and my dad, who was about 6'3". Where are you going? Who is driving you? What time is the show over? On and on went the inquisition.

Looking back on it, I feel sorry for him, and for her. At the time one wrong answer and the guy was dogfood!

Luckily, she met David (her husband) at work and he was spared the third degree. They've had a good life and I'd hate to think we might have scared him off.

But as I said, all this happened after I left home, so I still think of her as a kid.

Maureen and her family are coming to town Saturday, for the skating carnival. We're going to have a long talk. She has to realize that the only option is for her to peg her age at 38 somethingmetric. It's either that or she has to take the responsibility of being the oldest.

Do me a favour. If you see a drop-dead gorgeous blonde with me at the carnival, with two little girls, tell her how young she looks. It might help me convince her to drop a couple of years. I kind of like being the oldest. If she agrees, you don't think she'll have to give the presents back ... do you?

# HEY!

*Has this been the longest, coldest winter of your life?*



"Yes. I hate it and I'd like the spring to come tomorrow. When I was a kid there was always more snow, but it wasn't as cold. I wish it would warm up."

*Fred Archibald, R.R.3, Acton*

"I'd say so. I lived in Elliott Lake for a long time as a kid and I don't think the winter has been as bad there as here. I just want the snow to go. I'm not a winter fan."

*Debbie Piette, Storey Drive*



"Yes, definitely. It hasn't been this bad since we had a big snowfall in April 1978 or 1979. That was a tough winter. This is probably what winters were like 30 years ago. I'm ready for spring. We've already been teased twice."

*Tom Thompson, Acton chiropractor*

"Definitely. Moved to Ontario from Nova Scotia a year-and-a-half ago, so it's almost like being at home. The winters there go until May, so I'm not shocked with this weather. It doesn't bother me because I'm not a summer person."

*Simone Ripley, Greenore Crescent*

