

GRAPE VINE

Bazaar bargains

It's not too soon to start thinking about Christmas shopping – especially since Churchill Church is gearing up for its annual craft, bake an garage sale.

The unique hand-made crafts are great for stocking stuffers, the baking tastes like Mom made it and the bargains are worth the drive north on Churchill Road to the corner of the Erin-Halton Hills Townline.

The Saturday, Nov. 2 event will include a raffle, kids craft centre, Puppy In My Pocket exchange and snacks will be available.

Plant now for spring!

The Acton Horticultural Society is meeting next Tuesday (Oct. 22) at 7:30 pm at Knox Presbyterian Church in Acton. Guest speaker will be Tom Cavan of Cavan's nursery in Erin, who will talk about planting bulbs now for a spectacular show of spring blooms.

The Society welcomes everyone to attend. For more information, call Max at 853-0001.

Turkey dinner

If Thanksgiving dinner wasn't enough for you, Hillcrest United

Church, on Trafalgar Road at Fifth Sideroad, south of Georgetown, invites you to do it all over again.

The Church is hosting their annual turkey supper next Wednesday (Oct. 23). There will be two sittings: 5 pm and 6:30 pm. Tickets are \$10 for adults, \$5 for children 5 to 12, and children under 5 eat for free.

For tickets or further details, contact K. Gregory, 878-3884 or M. Wilson, 878-4350.

Knox Church bazaar

It's never too early to think of Christmas as the annual Christmas bazaar at Knox Church on Main Street happens Saturday, Oct. 26 from 10 am to 2 pm. Enjoy a homemade soup and sandwich lunch during the bazaar, which will have crafts, baking, knitting and homemade candy.

Have you been naughty or nice this year?

No sooner is Thanksgiving over than our thoughts turn to Christmas. And in Acton, the season officially begins with the Acton Santa Claus Parade.

Once again the Acton Fire Fighters will organize the event, scheduled for Saturday, Nov. 16, beginning at 1 pm. This year's theme is "The Christmas Story."

If your business, service club, social group or school would like to enter a float in the parade, contact Parade Chair Wm. Spielvogel or the Acton Fire Fighters Association P.O. Box 213, Acton, L7J 2M3. Deadline for entries is Nov. 5.



HAPPY 50TH! Madeleine and George Lee celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on Saturday at St. Alban's, and all members of the original bridal party returned for the big celebration. From left, Rochelle Cunningham (flower girl), Jean Aldworth (bridesmaid), Irene Withers (matron of honour), Madeleine and George, Fred Rinehart (best man), Fred Mellor (usher) and Jack Mellor (usher). (Eve Martin photo)

Honour becomes a fairy tale

Once upon a time, in a land close, close by, there lived a benevolent emperor. No one ever said he was the sharpest knife in the drawer, but he generally stayed out of trouble with the people. He and his court didn't do too much and he had the added advantage of being almost unintelligible. You see, he didn't speak either of the two languages spoken in the kingdom. (Beingdom, for the politically correct.)

He would travel the land assuring the people that everything would turn out fine providing he stayed in the palace. He scoffed at those who dared criticize his regime. He pounded home the theme that prosperity was just around the corner, providing the people put their implicit trust in "dat liddle guy from Shawinigan."

The people were confused. The last time they changed royalty all they got was the royal shaft. The bad constabulary shipped many, many jobs to the U.S. of A. They promised to stop spending so much but instead put the empire further and further into debt. 'Thou shalt look after thy friends,' was their first commandment. "Thou shalt ignore the peasants' was the second.

The people couldn't raise their fists in anger because the constabulary changed the money to coins the size of manhole covers. If you dared rise your fist, and you had more than six bucks in your pocket, your pants would fall down. Canadians, modest throng that we are, put up with the Bullrooney for two terms before banishing the constabulary to political oblivion.

Four years ago, the emperor promised to bring back some honour to the discredited profession of courtier. The people of the land, disgusted with the excesses of the Bullrooneys, decided to "give him a go." After all, they reasoned, how bad can things get?

Now that, boys and girls, brings

The Way I See It

With Mike O'Leary



us to the events of the past few weeks. And this is where this fairy tale becomes unbelievable.

There was in the land, a munchkin, who was prefect of the army. The emperor (who doesn't speak either language, remember) thought his title was "perfect for the army." But it came to pass that the prefect was anything but perfect and he appointed a klutz as his top general. This general got himself into a mess with an inquiry by playing fast and loose with the truth. When he tripped up, the munchkin prefect, rather than admit to a mistake, tried to stonewall the people. The press, however, jumped on the story faster than a junk-yard dog would grab a T-bone. And it came to pass that the munchkin prefect was in way over his head.

So he looked to the emperor for help. The emperor surveyed the scene, considered the prefect to be perfect and thought the top general was anointed, not appointed. So what can you do about dat? Everything is just fine, he assured the people. "Jus trust dat liddle guy."

But the people were restless. They had always been proud of the army and were ashamed to see their soldiers having to go to food banks. At the same time, the people wondered why the top brass had to have million dollar fishing weekends and expense account armpit waxings. (That last part is reserved for generals' wives. At least I sure hope it is.) But I digress.

At long last the emperor decided the prefect had to go. The emperor was in dismay. If he fired the prefect

he would be admitting he made a mistake. If the people discovered that he was not infallible they might not let him stay in the palace. Emperors (and Liberals) never make mistakes.

"I know," said one courtier. "Let's tell the people he fluffed in public."

"Great idea," said another. "And we'll tell the people that courtiers have strict written code that they have to live by."

"Fantastic," said a third, "but we'll never tell the people what the code is, so they'll never know when we break it."

The courtiers laughed and clapped and the emperor smiled. Because you see my dears, his problem was solved.

Finally it came to pass that the munchkin prefect got the old heave-ho. "I," he painfully announced, "have broken the code and have to resign." Then he went on to praise the emperor, to the extent that had the emperor stopped suddenly, it would have taken all the emperors horses and men to extricate the prefect from the emperors wazoo.

"Don't worry," said the emperor. "You'll be perfect again." Nudge-nudge, wink-wink.

Next to go was the klutzy general. "He did the honourable thing," said the new prefect (who is a distant cousin of the Wicked Witch of the East.)

The moral of this story is that if you believe Collenette resigned over some insignificant letter, then you're living this fairy tale. Go back to sleep now.

The P.M. doesn't want to be seen having any loose screws in his Cabinet, à la Mulrooney. That's why we still have Sheila and Marchi (Canada's first brain transplant – he was the donor) in Cabinet. And that's why Collenette will be back.

I hate to see him go. Collenette has the finest hairline of the whole bunch.

HEY!

Who is your pick to win the World Series?



"The New York Yankees should upset Atlanta this year, mostly because of outfielder Bernie Williams and their pitching staff."

Pat Banks, Peel Street



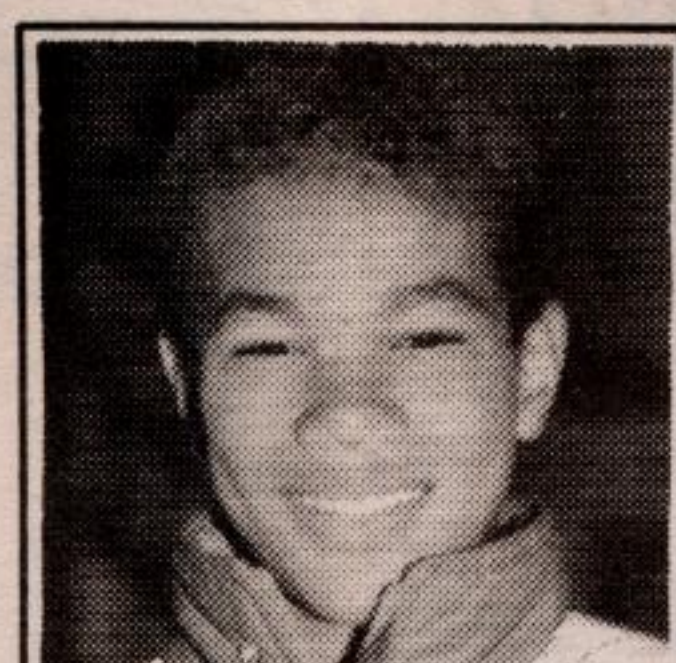
"The Yankees. I'm picking New York because they don't spit and they really look good this year."

Lorieann Mastro, Kingham Road



"I have to pick the New York Yankees because their team is just so great this year."

Carolyn Glatt, Kingham Road



"I thought the Baltimore Orioles would win the World Series, because their defence was the best."

Ryan Turpin, St. Alban's Drive