

# GRAPEVINE



## Veggie vandals

Friday night vandals raided the Community Gardens on Wallace Street. Chief Gardener, Cliff Creasey had much of his garden stolen. Creasey was discouraged when the only pepper on all his plants that was growing was taken by the thieves. They also removed many of his beets and brussel sprouts. Creasey is also looking for information on why his zucchinis are turning yellow. He isn't sure if they've been cross-pollinated. If you have any information you can leave a message for Cliff at *The New Tanner*.

Vandals also struck the Trunk Sale yard Tuesday night, knocking over the portable washroom and removing the flags and signs.

## Community at work

Congratulations to organizers of the 2nd Annual Kelly Jupp Memorial Golf Tournament. This year's tournament was a huge success. More than 150 golfers took to greens at the Acton Golf Course (formerly Acton Meadows) to raise money for the Canadian Can-

cer Society. Last year's tournament raised approximately \$5,000 and this year early tallies estimate the donation will be in excess of \$7,200. If you want to volunteer to help organize the 3rd annual tournament contact Erin Yeatman at (905) 299-0388 or Paul Glass at 853-3871.

## Trunk Sale strikes again

The Trunk Sale volunteers have been busy in Acton again. The finishing touches for a bench at the GO bus stop near Price Check have been completed this week. Volunteer Jack Carpenter donated his time to build the bench with the assembly on site being helped out by George Hargrave. The materials and accessories for the bench cost more than \$400. Other profits from the Trunk Sale are also being donated to the Leathertown Festival. Festival organizers approached the Trunk Sale for a \$500 donation to help make up for the shortfall for the August 9th event. The money will help sponsor entertainment for the day.



June Thibssen of Hawkesville, left, and her sister Elaine Neaves of Elmira display their wares at Saturday's Trunk Sale on Mill Street. - Ted Tyler photo

## "Our Survey Says..."

What do you do to keep cool during these hot summer days?



I work too much. I'm usually inside.

Mayor Marilyn Serjeantson



I have an automatic fan.

Rebecca Buck, 9



I go swimming.

Jesse Spurrell, 5



I ride my bike and get the wind on my face.

David Harris, 13



I swim in my pool.

Randy Bond

## The call of the loons and loonies

"The Bride," "The Kid" and I have just returned from a week in the wilderness. Faithful readers may recall a column I wrote a couple of years ago chronicling our adventures at Lake Weslemkoon. This year nothing went wrong. Well, almost nothing.

My biggest source of frustration over the years during our summer holiday has been my boat - The Titanic. More specifically, the real problem is my (expletive deleted) motor. This year I finally discovered the secret to eliminating my annual outboard frustration. I left the whole shootin' match in Acton and scrounged a fishing boat up there. An added bonus was that I didn't need two boxes of tools. Plus - the little children at the lake, who would always gather around to watch me tear the motor down, didn't add any new words to their vocabulary. We actually had time to relax.

"The Bride" and "The Kid" had their noses in a book most of the time. I also indulged in my passion for reading. Between us, we knocked off over 15 books in six days. Because we were there only a week, "The Bride" didn't go through her usual withdrawal syndrome. Normally, when I take her anywhere that is more than a 30 minute drive from a major mall, she gets panicky and tends to break into tears unexpectedly. Last week, however, she relaxed a lot but when a thunderstorm knocked the phones out for over a day she started to get a little green around the gills for fear she might miss a call.

I am pleased to report that the fishing was pretty good. At least it was for everyone else in camp. For the uninitiated, bass fishing is somewhat like an art form. One I have not been able to master. In today's techno-world it's not enough to just dangle a worm off the end of a hook. Today, successful bass fishermen have enough electronic gizmos in the boat they could launch a moon mission in

### The Way I See It

with Mike O'Leary



their spare time. Not for me, though, I'm a purist. I also get most of my fish at the IGA.

Animal rights activists will be happy to know that the bass in Lake Weslemkoon are never safer than when I'm out fishing. On my second day there I helped my friend John (he and Bernadette own the marina where we stay) launch a couple of boats for one of his customers. In the boathouse, we saw a big ol' bass who looked to be about 4 1/2 to 5 lbs. I went after that old boy for four nights running. I think I had him on a couple of times but couldn't hook him. By the time we left, the dang thing must have weighed 6 lbs. The only danger to his health was coronary disease from all the rich food he had last week.

No to belabour the point, but fishing is getting downright expensive. Lake Weslemkoon bass favour frogs. This year frogs were \$6 per dozen and were very small. The result is you catch a lot of rock bass which are seldom worth cleaning. I don't want to sound cheap but when you offer a 50¢ frog and end up with a rock bass you throw back in, my Irish temper goes up a notch.

If, next year, the bait is as expensive, I've decided to ask John to pick out six or eight nice sized largemouth bass and plunk them in a tank. When I arrive I'll drive them into McDonald's in Bancroft for a Big Mac. The way I see it, the fish will be well fed, they have a nice outing and it will be cheaper for me in the long run. I'll have to convince McDonald's to take their McFish off the menu for the day, though. Listen, fish have feelings too.

Lake Weslemkoon is a beautiful

place to spend a quiet vacation. If you're interested, you can call John and Bernie Robinson at 613-474-5201. They have some cabins and limited family camping. The lake is clean and the fishing is great. I know, I've seen the fish that others have caught. But I'm not bitter. I'm a Leaf fan. We'll get 'em next year.

We got a few papers last week and I see the "Squeegee Kids" are big news. In one picture, one of these reprobates was starting a new career - shining shoes. "The Kid" observed that the girl getting her boots shined was also a "Squeegeer."

"Yeah, these jerks are poor, derelict, homeless waifs trying to make a few bucks," The Kid commented. "The boots on that Squeegee-babe cost \$250-\$300."

Toronto City Council, in its wisdom, is proposing to spend \$500,000 to give 100 of these pests a job. Anyone who believes that this bunch is poor or looking for work is a moron. One T.O. councillor refers to them as enterprising entrepreneurs. By that definition, I guess a bank robber is just an entrepreneur with a bad attitude.

The situation in Hogtown did give me an idea. Mega-Mayor Mel is always crying poor mouth. The city has no money. Here, we want to save the old arena but the Town has no money. So here's what we do. We bring in a couple of dozen squeegee kids to the Main-Mill corner. The socially conscious will pressure the Town for an employment program for these poor misunderstood little Dickensens. The Town, like Toronto, will cough up a couple of hundred thousand for these unfortunates. We scoop up the money. Then we get a few good ol' boys with a half-dozen pickups and aggressively encourage the squeegee-brats to leave town. The money is used to fix the arena and we're all happy.

It's nice to be back!



## WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?

Put it in a letter to the Editor!

Deadline is Tuesday at noon.