

GRAPEVINE



March Break Fun!

Reach for the sun

Knox Presbyterian church is presenting the Reaching for the Sun Program for children aged 8-14 years. It's an artistic creations program designed to keep the kids busy during March Break. It only costs \$5 per child for the entire week, March 16-20 from 1pm to 3:30pm. For more information call 519-853-2360 or 519-853-853-0699.

Lego contest

The Acton Branch of Halton Hills Libraries will be hosting a Lego contest in two categories, 6 and under, and 7 and up. Bring your Lego creation in at 17 River street between March 12 and 19. The creations will be put on display and votes will be accepted between March 20 and 25. The theme is Outer Space. Size of your creation is limited to 12"x12"x12". For more info call 519-853-0301.

Free skate

Acton Rotary Club and Georgetown Optimist Club are sponsoring free skating time for the family during March Break. It will be taking place Mon., March 16 thru Fri., March 20 from 2pm to 3:20pm at Acton Arena, Mold-Masters SportsPlex, and Georgetown Arena.

Flop 'n Flip

Speaking of skating....MP Michael Chong and family are happy to invite one and all to East Wellington Community Service's first annual Flop 'n Flip at Centre 2000, Erin, on Sat., March 21 from 8:20am - 11:00am. Enjoy a yummy pancake breakfast and then head out for a fun family skate. Cost is \$5 per person or \$17 for a family of four. All proceeds support EWCS. A great way to end March Break!

More Grapevine...

Preschool programs

Beginning March 17, you can register for Halton Hills Public Library's preschool programs. Baby Tales is a one-on-one program for infants 6-23 months and their grownups. Tales for Twos features songs, stories and fun for 2-year-olds and their grownups. Library Lion Tales is for children 3-5 years old and they attend the program on their own.

The programs are offered in both Acton and Georgetown. Register online at www.hhpl.on.ca. Programs start in April. For more information call 905-873-2681 ext. 2520 or 519-853-0301.

Fond farewells

Some people will remember two of our former residents (Acton) who have recently passed on.

Betty Fudge ran a pleasant and successful book store at 56 Mill St. E. in the 1980s. Family and friends are gathering to remember her at a Kemptville restaurant later in March. Her husband

Harry died some years ago.

A death notice in The Toronto Star for Kenneth Gardner states he was born in 1942, moved to Canada as a teenager, and completed high school in Acton, winning the Governor General's award for the highest marks in Ontario. He had an accountancy practice in Toronto.

Cancer kickoff

Spring is almost here, which means it's time to turn our attention to the annual Canadian Cancer Society Campaign in April. There will be a kick off dinner at Knox Pres. Church, Tues., March 31 at 6:30pm for all canvassers, volunteers, including drivers, knitters, and daffodil sales persons.

Speaking of daffodils....keep in mind there will be sellers at So-by's, Thurs., April 2 to Sat., April 4. Proceeds from every bunch of daffodils goes to research, support services, early detection and risk reduction programs.

For more information call Cathy Gerrow at 519-853-1424

Dude, check it out!...

Continued from Page 6

on...you don't see a toaster just turning on," I told him. Word's cannot describe how I was truly speaking.

With that he got out of bed and made sure the door was locked and turned off the television.

To this day we have no idea why the TV turned on. The timer wasn't set and there is no reasonable explanation. However, the Dude still tells the dogs that

'Nellie' is here. (a.k.a. the previous owner.)

I have no idea what is going on or why, however, if all the presence does is haunt the dogs, make them feel weird, and turn on the television, I guess we are safe. At least, so far, it's not like the movies 'Poltergeist' or 'The Shining.'

Our presence just happens to want to watch the news at 11 p.m.



ONE SCOOP OR TWO? A smiling Jane McAllister is busy serving Chinese food at the Acton Seniors Centre New Members' Lunch last week. Real Tetreault is serving Betty Green. The New Members' lunches are held twice a year as a way of getting to know and welcome new members. - submitted photo

Irish Humour..

The Irish have always been known for their self-deprecating, and somewhat racy, sense of humour. I believe the ability to laugh at ourselves is a most desirable trait.

Six retired Irishmen were playing poker in O'Leary's apartment when Paddy Murphy loses \$500 on a single hand, clutches his chest, and drops dead at the table. Showing respect for their fallen brother, the other five continue playing standing up.

Michael O'Conner looks around and asks, "Well, me boys, someone's got to tell Paddy's wife. Who will it be?"

They draw straws. Paul Gallagher picks the short one. They tell him to be discreet, gentle; don't make a bad situation any worse.

"Discreet? I'm the most discreet Irishman you'll ever meet. Discretion is me middle name. Leave it to me," says Gallagher.

He goes over to Murphy's house and knocks on the door. Mrs. Murphy answers, and asks what he wants. Gallagher declares, "Your husband just lost \$500, and is afraid to come home."

"Tell him to drop dead!" says Murphy's wife.

"I'll go tell him," says Gallagher.

Into a Belfast pub comes Paddy Murphy, looking like he'd just been run over by a train. His arm is in a sling, his nose is broken, his face is cut, and bruised, and he's walking with a limp.

"What happened to you?" asks Sean, the bartender.

"Jamie O'Conner and me had a fight," says Paddy.

"That little O'Conner," says Sean, "He couldn't do that to you, he must have had something in his hand."

"That he did," says Paddy, "a shovel is what he had, and a terrible lickin' he gave me with it!"

"Well," says Sean, "you should have defended yourself. Didn't you have something in your hand?"

"That I did," said Paddy, "Mrs. O'Conner's chest and a thing of beauty it was; but useless in a

The Way I See It



with Mike O'Leary

fight."

An Irishman who had a little too much to drink is driving home from the city one night and, of course, his car is weaving violently all over the road. A cop pulls him over.

"So," says the cop to the driver, "where have ya been?"

Why, I've been to the pub of course," slurs the drunk.

"Well," says the cop, "it looks like you've had a few to drink this evening."

"I did all right," the drunk says with a smile.

"Did you know," says the cop, standing straight, and folding his arms across his chest, "that a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?"

"Oh, thank heavens," sighs the drunk. "For a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf."

Brenda O'Malley is home making dinner, as usual, when Tim Finnegan arrives at her door.

"Brenda, may I come in?" he asks, "I've somethin' to tell ya."

"Of course you can come in, you're always welcome, Tim. But where's my husband?"

"That's what I'm here to be telling ya, Brenda. There was an accident down at the brewery."

"Oh, God no!" cries Brenda. "Please don't tell me."

"I must, Brenda. Your husband Shamus is dead and gone. I'm sorry."

Finally, she looked up at Tim. "How did it happen, Tim?"

"It was terrible, Brenda. He fell into a vat of stout, and drowned."

"Oh my dear Jesus! But you must tell me true, Tim, did he at least go quickly?"

"Well, Brenda, no. In fact, he got out three times to pee."

Mary Clancy goes up to Father O'Grady after his Sunday morning service, and she's in tears.

He said, "So what's bothering you, Mary my dear?"

She says, "Oh, Father, I've got terrible news. My husband passed away last night."

The priest says, "Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, Mary, did he have any last requests?"

She says, "That he did, Father."

The priest says, "What did he ask, Mary?"

She says, "He said, Please Mary, put down that damn gun...."

A drunk staggers into a Catholic Church, enters a confessional booth, sits down, but says nothing.

The Priest coughs a few times to get his attention, but the drunk continues to sit there.

Finally, the Priest pounds three times on the wall.

The drunk mumbles, "Ain't no use knockin, there's no paper on this side either."

Paddy staggered into a hospital with a concussion, multiple bruises, two black eyes, and a five iron wrapped tightly around his throat.

Naturally, the doctor asked him, "What happened to you?"

"Well, I was having a quiet round of golf with my wife, Bridget, when at a difficult hole, we both sliced our golf balls into a field of cattle.

We went to look for them and while I was looking around I noticed one of the cows had something white at its rear end. I walked over, lifted its tail, and sure enough, there was a golf ball with my wife's monogram on it - stuck right in the middle of the cow's fanny.

Still holding the cow's tail up, I yelled to my wife, Hey, Bridget, this looks like yours!"

"I don't remember much after that."

A glorious St. Patrick's Day to you all. May you be in heaven an hour before the Devil knows you're dead.