



PADDLE TO THE PARK PROVIDES A FUN-FILLED MORNING



WENDY AND ROD Parsons of Lewes paddle their kayak to the final destination of Canalfront Park in Lewes during the Paddle to the Park Fun Fest Saturday, Sept. 11.



Miranda Perez-Rivera, left, and Erin Yost fluff up the parachute for Jenna Reinhold.

DAN COOK PHOTOS



Responsible for the fun time at the Canalfront Park Fun Fest are (l-r) Aaron Hood of Quest Kayaks, Erin Yost of Quest Fitness, Matt Carter of Quest Kayaks and Quest Fitness, Lewes Mayor Jim Ford and Reed Dibeler (aka musician Reedo).



Sue Martin of Lancaster, Pa., shows her joy at reaching her destination.



Reed "Reedo" Dibeler entertains the crowd.

Oh, the colors of fall offer something for everyone



AROUND TOWN

« Nancy Katz

Fall is one of those times of the year when Mother Nature puts on a show, regaling all her trees, bushes and grasses in vibrant colors of mustard yellows, pumpkin oranges and deep maroon reds. Paying attention to colors is hard to overlook during September and October.

For many people, especially women, it means taking those wonderful trips to places like Vermont and New England to view the foliage. The weather is crisp, just perfect to stop at

those roadside stands and buy homemade jams and pottery from Walden-like hippies. Sure, it might say Made in China on the bottom, but it's the whole ambiance that tourists seek in the fall season.

Now guys think of only one thing in the fall - football! All roads lead to that special day that honors a football game where grown men bash heads, clash bodies and basically tear up every joint in their body for a good cause, a silver trophy, cheered on by fans wearing giant Styrofoam fingers.

That doesn't mean that the men aren't aware of the seasonal colors, but colors are usually the blue and orange of the Chicago Bears, the red, white and blue of the Patriots or perhaps the green and white of the Philadelphia Eagles. From now until the cows come home, women will be dealing with armchair quarter-

backs who don't have the muscle mass to hoist themselves out of that armchair even if there was a nuclear blast destroying everything around them. As long as that wide screen flat television is still working and at least a piece of their underwear is still hanging on by a thread, then it's pass the chips and salsa. The very expression, first and goal, usually snaps them back to reality.

The only question in life will be what time kickoff takes place. Things will change dramatically around the house during the fall football season. Just take your average guy, who goes to work every day, makes intelligent decisions, tries to get along with people and would generally be considered by others as a nice person to know.

Come game time the metamorphosis begins. This same guy will be yelling horrible, disgusting names at an official who

has just called something a pass interference. The word itself will make this nice guy's face turn a shade of maroon so deep his carotid artery would be easy to chalk outline by any first-year police recruit.

His brain will double in size to the point that it will no longer be able to fit inside his skull and is in danger of exploding in shards, thereby blurring the pass interception on the next play.

Professional football is a dangerous game. The players in the huddle do not fear their own coaches, but the ones in the stands wearing faces painted in team colors and bare chests in zero-degree weather. Clearly this is some sort of alien cult that is able to withstand harsh conditions. Their DNA must be made out of Pennzoil or another kind of antifreeze. Then there is the group that comes to the stadium or even at home, suited up

waiting to get the call to replace any player on the team, including the 40 or so coaches.

With any unsuccessful pass these guys will take to the field in a murderous rage, demanding the head on a stick of the doofus who called that play.

Because of all the Cheetos and beer they have consumed, it may take a while for that guy to get down there, thereby giving the team a chance to redeem themselves on the next play that is so successful many of the players will replace the fan's wife as the beneficiary in their will.

Hey, I'm not picking on guys; I know they've been brought up to enjoy things that you throw at a young age, like refrigerators over the side of a cliff. So if you can't beat them, join them. Ladies, get out those credit cards. You too can make it first and 10 with the red and gold of a Master Card.