

# EDITORIAL

with Dawn Brown

## The more things change

Another school year is coming to a close, and with the promise of a sweltering long weekend ahead of us, summer will really feel like it's kicked in into full gear. And as the school year winds up, a new group of graduates will leave school behind them and take their first tentative steps into the big, wide world.

Some will continue with their schooling, going on to college and university, some training for jobs and trades, and others still taking time to figure out just what direction they would like to travel in the future. For young people, this can be an exciting and overwhelming time.

All too often these days, there seems to be talk about today's youth, not-so veiled criticisms using words like "entitled" and "spoiled" especially when compared to the generations who have come before. Though, these criticisms seem unfair to me. I would even venture to say that they're untrue. In my experience, today's young people—while perhaps better informed and slightly worldlier than previous generations, and how could they not be with so much more information available to them—are much the same as they've always been. And also, much the same as things have always been, are previous generations criticizing the ones to follow.

From Kerouac's Beat Generation, to the Hippie Movement and anti-war protestors, to Gen X that "slacker" MTV generation, to Generation Y sharing traits with Millennials the list goes on and the criticisms for each are remarkably similar. It would seem all too often one generation is critical of the next. And yet the world continues on much the way it always has.

Of course, young people are impacted by the world around them—just as they had been in those generations prior—but essentially, as these young people leave childhood behind and begin life as adults, they no doubt share the same dreams and hopes for the future as generations did before and as the generations to follow will. After all, the more things change, the more they stay the same—as the old saying goes.

And while this current generation sets forth into the world filled with bright-eyed idealism not yet dampened by those small compromises life demands, we wish them all the best in their future endeavours. We hope that they achieve those bright dreams and brilliant futures they imagined. After all, there is nothing in this world one can not have or achieve, provided they are willing to work for it.

## LOOKING BACK

By: Scott Brooks

Prospect Park has always been the place to be for Canada Day. Here's the Rotary Club's Dominion Day Fair, 1949. - Photo Credit: Dills Collection



## A time of reflection



By  
Angela Tyler

Once again, it's the time of year teachers love, parents are on the fence about—but happy the pressure of making lunches is off for at least the long weekend—and the children are jumping with joy for eight weeks of school-less days.

For me it's a time of reflection where I mostly reflect on how much they've grown and changed. It's been another big year for us. We've entered into another phase, moving from child to an almost tween and another one who thinks he's far older than he is. They're getting older and more mature and taking on more responsibilities.

We're finishing off grade three for Little J. Grade three was a memorable year end for me. After the last day of school, I fondly remember my grampa taking me down to Kinal's Home Hardware to buy a new bicycle. He said it was for having a good report card. Looking back, however, I think it was just something that grandparents do.

We opened the door to the store, walked down the squeaky old wooden floors that are still in the store today. As we got to the area just before the floor rose up at the back section, the bicycles hung

from the ceiling and I spotted it. There she was. She was purple with high handle bars and a banana seat. She was stunning, and before I knew it she was all mine.

I rode that bicycle all over Acton with my friends. By the time I moved onto my 10 speed ladies bicycle in grade nine, there wasn't much left to my purple beauty. She sure didn't owe us anything, as the saying goes. That purple bicycle, though, sticks in my head as one of those pivotal moments in my life. It represented me moving from one stage to another, just like our kids are doing now.

Our little guy is having one of those pivotal moments right now. He's not aware of it, but I certainly realized it the other day. Out of the blue on the soccer field I realized he had moved from little boy to boy to a budding young man.

He's been playing soccer both outdoor and indoor for a few years now. He enjoys it quite a bit and I'm turning into a moderate soccer mom, which is something I never ever thought would have

happened.

Until recently his time on the field was probably like most kids his age. He could be easily distracted and pulling clumps of grass is a great way to play soccer. He would try his best, which sometimes would be very time limited. He wasn't always sure what he was supposed to be doing or which net was the one he was supposed to aim for but he had fun and kept wanting to go.

Then, about two weeks ago I realized things were starting to "click". The game rules were starting to be followed without constant direction from the coaches. There was a co-ordination between his body and the soccer ball that hadn't been there before. And most importantly the clumps of grass weren't as much fun as they used to be. The teams that scattered across the field during practice night were now like little soccer armies doing drills of foot work, sprints, jumping jacks and more. And there it was...just like that...my little boy had left the soccer field.

This parenting thing is getting a bit easier, but the hard part is realizing that all those people who told me the years are going to fly by were right.



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