

EDITORIAL

with Frances Learment

New 'attitudes and latitudes'

This is good bye. After almost five years as editor, and 12 as a reporter, I have left *The New Tanner* to embrace the fun, challenges and excitement of a new job as editor of a weekly newspaper on Lake Huron.

The Chinese curse/saying - may you live interesting times - sure proved true repeatedly over the years at *The New Tanner*, as we tried mightily to bring the news of the community to our readers in an informative, entertaining way.

In most instances, people have been kind, helpful and grateful that their issue/event/story was covered, giving them publicity. To be entrusted to tell their stories is an incredible gift - one that must be respected, appreciated and acknowledged.

To all those who patiently explained complicated issues, allowed their tales to be told, suggested story ideas and helped celebrate Acton - thank you for your help, interest and (mostly) kind words.



PAST PAGES



TEN YEARS AGO

- More than 1,000 Scouts from around the world attended the first ever Ontario Dragon Jamboree at the Blue Springs Scout Reserve on the Sixth Line, west of Acton.
- A dead crow found south of Acton tested positive for West Nile Virus - the fifth confirmed cases in Halton Region. Although there have been no human cases reported, health officials advise avoiding mosquitoes which carry the virus.

FIVE YEARS AGO

- Six mewling malnourished kittens left for dead in a green garbage bag found loving homes - thanks to the people who found them and staff at the Upper Credit Humane Society.
- Upgrades at Acton's historic flour mill - including construction of a new milling unit - provided job security to 27 non-union staff at the Mill Street plant which was recently purchased by Parrish & Heimbrecker Ltd.



CARD SHARKS? The play was friendly between Doreen McIntyre, Marg Britton, Shirley Hunter and Ann McArron last Thursday during the regular monthly Euchre night at Limehouse Memorial Hall. - Ted Tyler photo

A house for your home

From the day I came home from the hospital until my early 20's I lived on the same street, in the same house, in the same room. It's really a different experience especially now when people move so readily and don't build the memories of growing old with your spouse in the family home.



By **Angela Tyler**

Some may think to live like that is boring. I don't. I think I was incredibly fortunate. Our home/ neighbourhood/street provided an amazing foundation for my life. It provided me with friends I still have today over four decades later. It provided me with a safe environment to play and to explore, and the best part was being able to walk to school and even come home for lunch.

The other day our kids were riding their bicycles in our driveway which living in "the country" means a gravel driveway. They were challenged trying to push the pedals on rocks with their little legs so I decided it was time for a road trip. I wanted to take them to a place that I knew would be perfect for little kids to ride their bicycles. I packed them, their bicycles and helmets, and

headed into town to Gramma's house.

As I unloaded my mom came to their door and I gave her a wave telling her we were going for a walk/bike ride. An indescribable feeling came over me. I never in my life thought that one day I would be watching my own kids ride their bikes down the exact same paths I did. I watched the two of them with extreme pride, and looked back to see my mom with a smile so big, and I swear she had a couple tears streaming down her cheeks.

We took the same route I took probably a million times to either friends' homes or to school. We went by the two giant cracks in the pavement that had been there since I was about ten. One is in front of our neighbour's. The other at my grade school best friend's place. We used the cracks to mark the tennis court that we made up on the road. Yes, we played on the road - back then

we could safely do that. I walked and the kids pedaled all the way to the playground of my alma mater where they wanted to play on the playground. Long gone was the wooden structure which included a railway tie pyramid shaped climber. It was there my BFF's brother got stuck in when he was about three years old, and we had to run back to her house to get her dad to get him out. Every step of the adventure gave me another memory, some good, some not so good, some funny and some amazing.

After a while we headed back to my homestead. We went by Mr. Greifeneder's, the Turkosz's, Mrs. Mason's, Brownie's place and Mr. Pistachio's, to name a few. His name really wasn't Pistachio. We could never pronounce it and that was as close as we could get. Of course, those people aren't there anymore. Yet, those houses will always be those people's homes because they were of the generation that when you bought a house, you made it your home for the rest of your life. Those houses will always be those peoples' homes, to me.



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