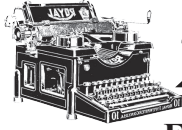


EDITORIAL



20 YEARS AGO

From *The New Tanner* - February 26, 1998

with Frances Niblock

Mixed messages

Sometimes there's no rhyme or reason to the stories in the news but this past week there were a couple that intertwined on several occasions.

One involved a tough drug message for Acton parents – one a request from drug awareness officers for money and the other, a mixed message about drugs and Olympic sports.

Mountie drug awareness officer Constable Gord Jenkins had sobering news for a handful of parents at a support group meeting at Acton High Thursday on night. Drugs, all kinds of drugs, are both plentiful and cheap in Acton and marijuana is making another comeback with highest student use in Grade 11. Halton Police later confirmed that you could buy almost any drug you were looking for, even heroin, in Acton, just like you could in the rest of Halton.

Interspersed with stories of some of his more memorable busts and armed with displays of illegal and controlled substances and drug paraphernalia, Jenkins had no simple answers for parents worried about their kids using drugs.

Jenkins, himself a father of teens, said that it's not enough to tell kids that drugs are illegal and can kill and suggested that parents check to see what kind of role models they are and take enough of an interest in their kids' lives to know who their friends are.

Jenkins also suggested that parents get their kids involved in sports at an early age because, he said, "sports and drugs don't mix."

Or do they? They sure did for Whistler snowboarder Ross Rebagliati, who kept his gold medal despite testing positive for marijuana in Nagano. Jenkins and his Mountie experts, and a lot of others, don't buy the second-hand smoke story that saved Rebagliati's medal and are worried what example the elite Olympic athlete is sending to impressionable youth.

"It's hard to get through to some kids how dangerous drugs can be when an admitted user gets a hero's welcome and a snowboarding hill named after him," Jenkins lamented.

Jenkins would be the first to applaud International Olympic Committee president Juan Antonio Samaranch, who closed the Winter Olympics on Sunday with the announcement that the Olympic movement would shortly ban soft drugs such as marijuana.

"An athlete, above all an Olympic athlete, has to be an example to youth," the Spaniard said.

While almost no one I talked to about Rebagliati defended him, more than one questioned how the Canadian Olympic Association allowed such an embarrassing incident to occur.

The drug issue surfaced again last week with a notice from Halton Police that they are asking Halton's corporate citizens to help pay for drug education for Grade 6 students.

D.A.R.E (Drug Abuse Resistance Program) is a 17-week program, taught by specially trained officers, designed to provide students with the self-esteem and willpower to refuse offers of drugs and alcohol.

Less than half the cost of the training is paid by the Halton District School Board, Halton Police and the Province, so D.A.R.E's volunteer board needs to raise \$250,000 annually and is asking for business to stage fundraising events with the proceeds going to D.A.R.E.

The cost in Ontario each year to deal with the fallout from drugs, including the cost for police, courts and treatment programs is \$2 billion - money that comes from our taxes so everyone is paying.

Rebagliati ought to apologize and make a very public contribution to a drug awareness program like D.A.R.E.

Acton business ought to dig deep to help fund the D.A.R.E. program and parents should talk about both stories with their kids.



FEEDUARY: Mayor Rick Bonnette was on hand at a local school to help serve students as part of Halton Food For Thought's 'Feeduary'. - Submitted photo

Relationship councillor required

After about two weeks of the laundry just not seeming right, I got fed up. Let me start with just around three years ago our annoying front loading washing machine—which I thought I had to have—conked out. It was going to cost more to fix than replace and quite frankly I was so happy to kick it to the curb and go back to a regular old fashioned top loading, no bells and whistles washing machine.

We popped downtown to Ron and before I knew it he was delivering a Canadian made Maytag washing machine—top loading—limited bells and whistles and a drum so enormous I had to stand on my tippy toes just to reach to the bottom when taking the clean clothes out. It is truly a lovely machine. I adore it. I adore it so much I think I've convinced about a half a dozen of my friends who were in the same predicament to get the same or similar machines. My washing machine and I have a very good relationship.

However, there were signs our relationship was in trouble. The machine wasn't doing as



By **Angela Tyler**

it was told it to do. It was being stubborn. It was doing what it wanted not what I needed it to do. So, I had to call in a relationship councillor—A.K.A. the "repairman". I suppose repairMAN is an incorrect term now, but he really was a repairman.

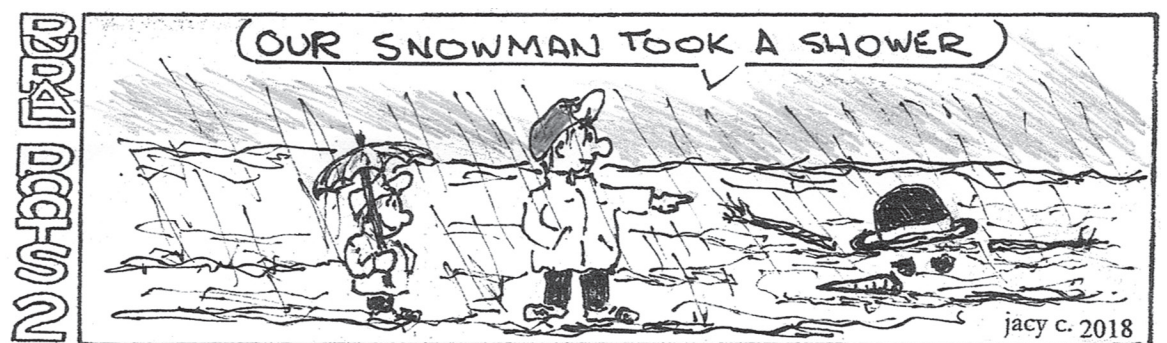
Like any good relationship councillor, he had to get into the inner workings, digging deep into the psyche to find out what was at the core of our tension. The lid came off, the drum loosened up and just like that he thought he had come to the root of the problem. It was my fault. It was my sock...stuck in the drain pipe. I was ready to blame myself. However, like any dedicated professional he kept digging to the real underlying issues, peeling back layer after layer like an onion, until he discovered that it wasn't all my fault, after all. It was a co-operative venture. Every member of the family had a sock being

pulled out from the inner circle, and our beloved machine had a malfunctioning sensor. As they say, there are two sides to every story in a disgruntled relationship and ours was no different. We each, in our own way, were a contributing factor.

The socks have been removed. The part has been ordered and we are at the crossroads of repairing our relationship. As we waited for the part, though, I found myself in a rebound relationship. I spent Saturday afternoon in the company of many other washing machines at a local laundromat.

As amazing as it was to have my entire laundry done in 90 minutes which normally takes many hours, it's also true what they say...the grass isn't greener on the other side. Even though it took longer, I missed my machine and I was ready to become a couple again.

My laundry might not be done in 90 minutes this weekend, but I'm looking forward to being back in my comfort zone and matching up all those newly-found socks. I have a bag of single socks looking for their match.



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