

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

A clean town

One of the very nice things about the beautiful Easter weekend here was the spanking clean appearance of the business section. Easter Sunday's sunshine beamed down on litter-free streets, adding much to the enjoyment of pedestrians and certainly to the appearance of the Town.

Credit must go to the Business Improvement Association (BIA) for their efforts to keep the streets downtown clean and presentable. It makes shopping more pleasant as well as presenting a good image to tourists who frequent Acton, attracted by the olde Hide House and adjacent businesses.



A new place for litter

Unfortunately, despite the efforts of the BIA and the Town, some places still have litter in alleyways, backyards that could use a good clean-up. And some dog owners who give their pets unbridled license to use the streets as a toilet never clean up after them. There's nothing so unappetizing as doggy-do around a lamp post or smack on the sidewalks. It is also a carrier of disease as well as being a nemesis for unsuspecting pedestrians.

If everyone cooperated to clean up the litter and after their pets it would make this community a more attractive place.

Let's take pride in our community. It's a pleasant place to live now and can be even more livable if we suggest those who persist in fouling their own nest clean up.

No licence bureau

Would the Province like to see Acton disappear, swallowed in the maw of Halton Hills, without its own identity? Sometimes we think so when we reflect on some of the actions, or lack of them, that happen from time to time.

Not only are the highways around town among the last to be upgraded but it looks like we are never going to have the automobile licence bureau reopened here. The bureau was closed about six months ago when the proprietor, compelled to hire another person by a government anxious to have one licence to cover all government services, ordained it. The suggestion was that business would increase to the point where a one person operation could not handle it.

The promised changes just never happened and the proprietor found she could not make ends meet as a two person operation. So she was forced to close the bureau.

A notice was posted on the window of the bureau saying the office would again be opened as soon as the government advertised and obtained a new proprietor. So far we have seen no evidence of advertising or a suggestion of a new office.

The result is those renewing or getting their first licences must go out of town to have it done, either to Georgetown or Guelph, or possibly Milton. It's another imposition on residents here accustomed to the service which has been in this community for as long as memory serves.

The lack of a licence bureau is also a slap in the face for local business, taking people out of town for essential services. Why can't this community have its own bureau? The population certainly merits it.

Perhaps it is just an oversight by the Province. If it is then it needs correction.



Springtime is the time almost everyone house cleans their home, including this furry creature who has build its home in a pond alongside Highway 7 and 22 Sideroad. It may be just mud and sticks but like the Englishman, its home is its castle. — Ted Tyler photo

I don't do gardens; I admire 'em

By MAGGIE PETRUSHEVSKY
The New Tanner

I think I've got more trouble in paradise. Father got the woodpile cut, split and piled and now he not so jokingly is muttering about what to do next.

What do I do with the man? Any minute now he's going to start talking about the garden. He did throw a couple of hints during the nice weather in February but we both knew he wasn't serious at that point. Now it's time for him to get serious. Before long he'll be out there moving stuff in the shed to get at the rototiller and the next thing I know he'll be out there digging things up.

What is there about soil and seeds that farmers can't get out of their blood?

I remember Mom doing all this sorting of seed packages and finding stakes and strings to lay out the garden when I was little. Then when I hit 12 and got suckered into 4-H, I got to do the family garden all by myself. Can you tell what a thrill that was? Not even the flowerbeds hold a lot of appeal any more.

The only part of spring and seeds I remember fondly was while I was very little and got to mix hay seeds for Dad. As a pre-schooler I got to stamp around in a huge washtub to mix clover, alfalfa and timothy seeds. I also remember the admonition not to spill a grain because one of them (clover I think) was \$20 a pound. Now I haven't a clue whether we put all three in together or whether it was two types at a time. I just remember the smooth, cool, almost silky feel of the seeds against bare skin.

I must admit I swiped my stepdaughter's flower catalogue when it came in. Now that's only

because she is living in an upstairs apartment so she can't use it anyway, but I do like to look. It's like window-shopping. I can dream. Then the darn reality sets in, I remember blisters and thistles, and the dream goes poof.

Dad, unfortunately, believes in making dreams happen. I made a huge mistake five years ago and bought them some ever-bearing raspberries. I was covering a story at the University of Guelph and they were selling them off in the fall of the year getting ready for the next season. I know Mom loves raspberries so I got a few canes for her birthday. Well, Mom doesn't want them now and I'm stuck with them. Last fall was a good season. They dried up early so it wasn't a problem. But they have two freezers here and Dad is still using up berries from three or four years ago.

They also planted strawberries when they came here and Dad sets out a fresh patch every fall. They

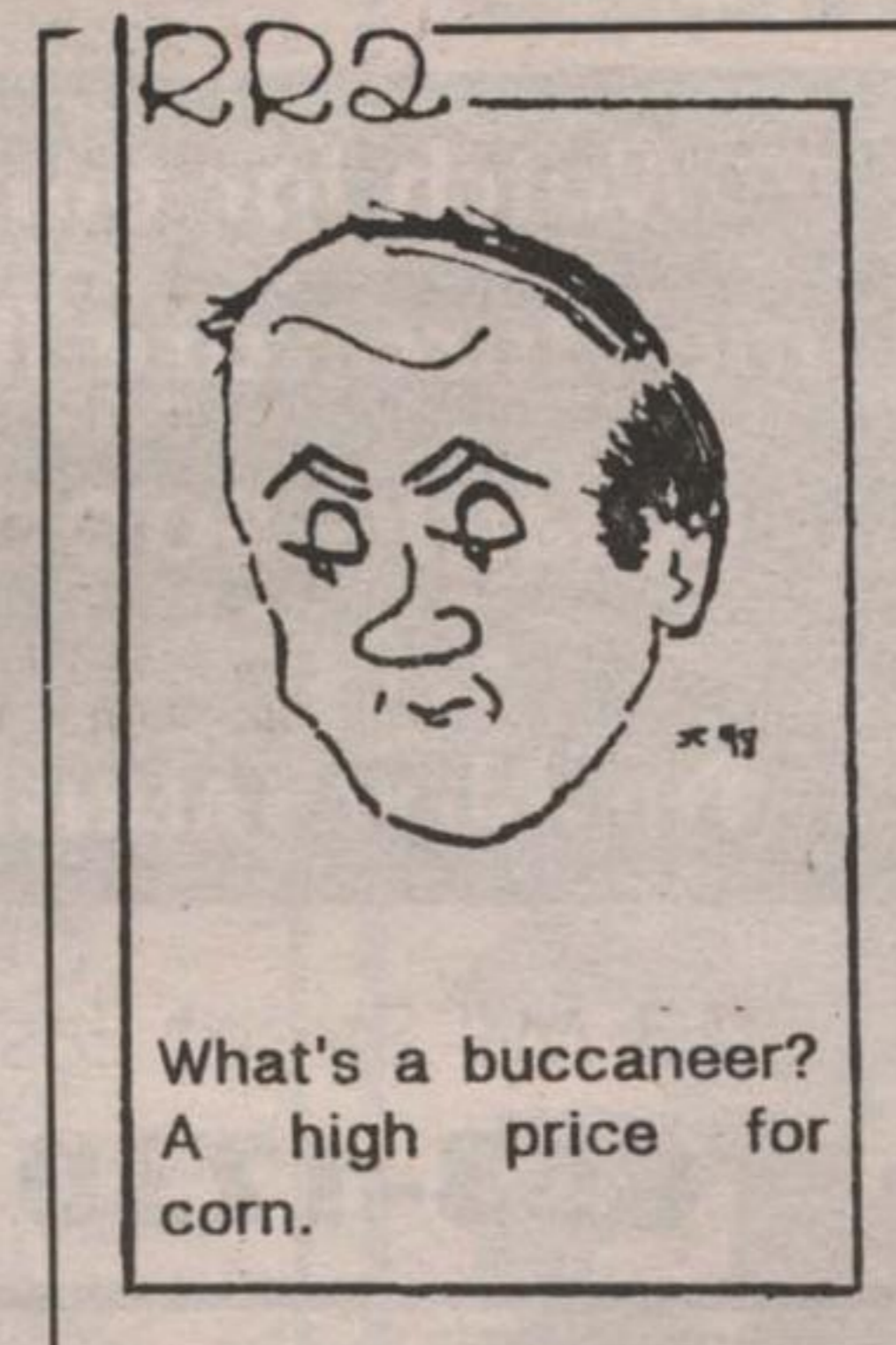
went on forever last spring so let's hope they wore out a little. One feed per season is all I ever want and Dad shouldn't be standing on his head to pick the darn things.

I suppose I shouldn't be so lazy about the garden but I really don't see any great advantage to it. My taste buds aren't sensitive enough, or something because I don't find the fresh-picked stuff all that superior to the store-bought, except for tomatoes.

The other advantage to a garden is to save money. Well, we don't. By the time you consider the time they consume and the cost of gas for the rototiller, sun screen and mosquito repellent for the operator, and electricity for either the preserving or freezing, you can buy most winter products as cheaply as you can grow and store them.

The final advantage is pleasure. Dad enjoys it. I loathe it. Mosquitoes leave him alone. With me they take the chunk, chew for an hour and come back for another. He roars around at 1 p.m. when the sun is at it's worst. I quit at 11, don't resume till three and still make boiled lobster pale by comparison to my sunburns. He putters happily down the middle of the rows with his machine and ignores the little weeds between the actual plants. I remember Mom's meticulous work on every sprout even under the edges of the cabbages and feel guilty if there's a green leaf in the place we won't eat. I adored my mother but she did a real number on my sense of obligation somehow. Of course, she was also the one who of late years always said, "I could do without the garden but your father likes it so much..."

Nope, Dad. I don't dust and I don't do gardens. I admire them. I just don't do them.



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