

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Senseless vandalism

Another senseless act of vandalism on the weekend has sullied Acton's reputation again. Vandals destroyed the flower garden, the new bench and ruined a tree on Mill Street beside the CN tracks. Their act follows on the heels of another senseless romp last week which destroyed a prize pumpkin the Creasey family was growing at the community gardens on Wallace Street.

There have been other bird-brain acts around town which discourages people from improving public places and even on their own property. The people who do these things are not mischievous they are vandals; every effort should be made to catch them.

Of course they're cowards. They do these things under the cover of darkness so they won't be observed or in the late hours when no one else is around.

Maybe we're going to have to institute a program such as Block Parents where everyone is keeping an eye on things around Town and reports it immediately. Call it Block Watch or some such other name.

Of course, we're not the only place where vandalism exists. Most towns of any size have the problem, some more, some less. If the perpetrators were caught and forced to do some public penance as an example to others it might well put a lid on some of the more extreme forms of vandalism.

Until we do something about it, the enthusiasm for improving the town's appearance will wane until it's negligible.

Public fed up

As of yesterday (Wednesday) parents in Halton were watching with some trepidation the talks between school boards and the teachers' unions. Unless there was some last minute agreements it looked very much like teachers in Halton would go on strike and delay the start of the school year.

The issue over Bill 160 has been simmering for months. Little has been accomplished except to agree to disagree. The effect has been disappoint to parents and students alike as well as representatives on both sides of the issue.

Monday there was a breakthrough in negotiations in northern Ontario, out of Parry Sound, which sounded like a settlement there could be in sight and a model created for the rest of Ontario.

Let's hope there is little enthusiasm for a strike among the teachers and they will grasp this opportunity to return to school on September 8. Personally, we feel the public is fed up with all the rancor over Bill 160 and its ramifications. Most want the schools to reopen on time and if further negotiations are necessary that it be done while classes continue.

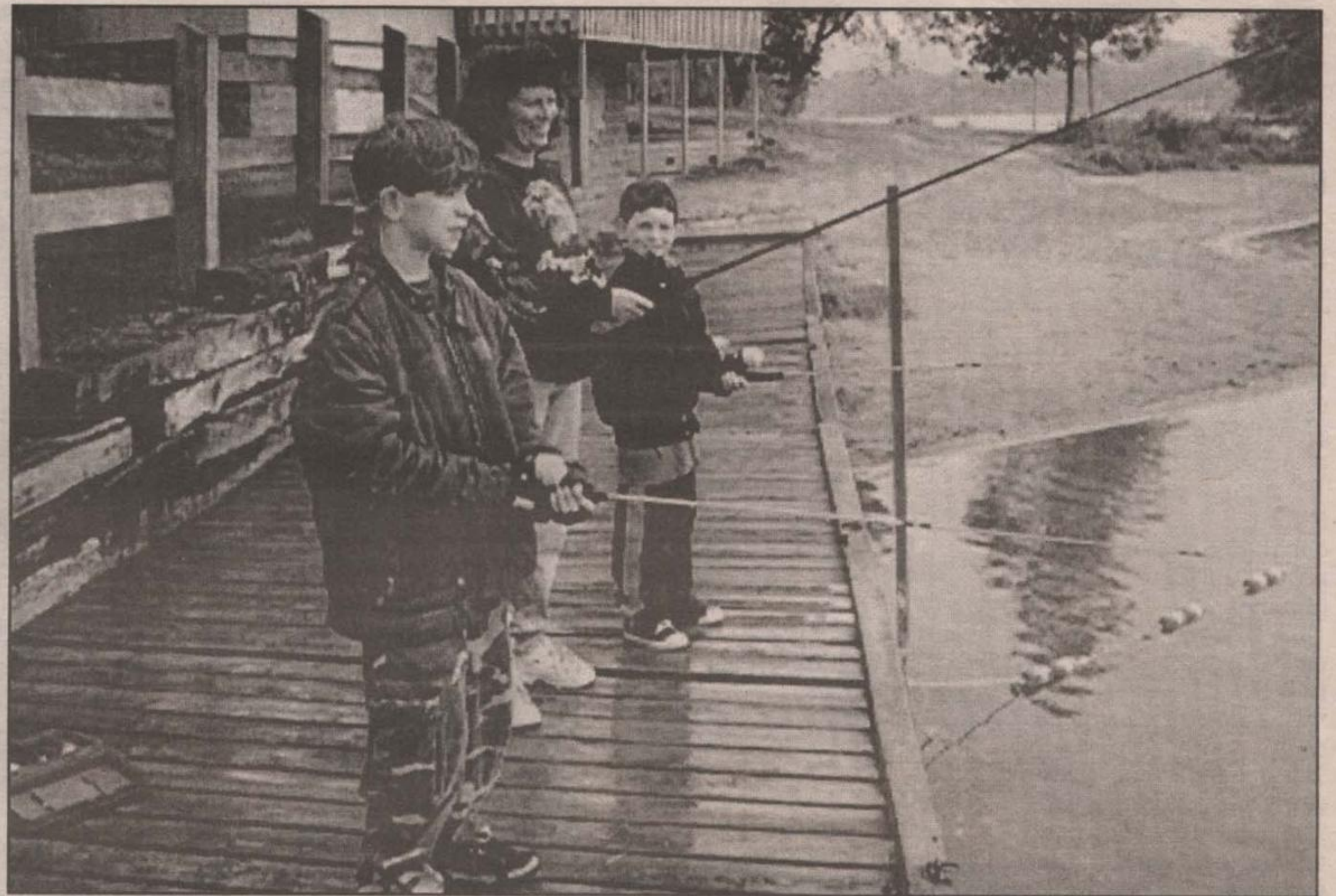
Any other way is just going to be another irritant to a public that has endured the political manoeuvring with indulgence but is now fed up to the teeth with it all.

Retirement

The most wonderful thing about retirement is time. No time clocks to punch, no office or factory to report to, no routine to follow, just plain, ordinary, luxurious time. Time to relax and stand at the window with your cup or tea in your hand and drink in the beauty of the scenery outside. To gaze at the horizon with the glorious colours of early morning, to listen to the birds greeting the new day and to give thanks for a restful night. Time, with children grown and on their own, to indulge in hobbies that you've wanted to do for years. So your plunge right in with whatever you vacancy, raising, chickens, cattle, reading, writing, knitting, whatever your heart desires. And the days just fly; every moment is precious. Sometimes you feel a bit guilty taking things easy until you realize you have worked hard all your life and are entitled to enjoy each comfort which comes your way. The secret of retirement is to keep busy, live one day at a time and enjoy life.

Granny

Granny was Marion Jean Patterson who published her philosophy for her children and grandchildren in a booklet called "Meditations from an Old Rocking Chair."



HISTORY REPEATING: Connie Craig of Brampton returned to Fairy Lake to show her sons Brandon (left) and Garrett where she used to swim when she was a teenager living in Lakeview. — Ted Tyler photo

Small Town Quirks — by Angela Tyler

Butter tarts, rum and crown roast

I've never been much for pies and tarts and consequently never noticed how many people *really* like butter tarts. A few weeks ago my father and I stopped at a Farmers' Market. One of the vendors had homemade butter tarts. A mere six were going for almost \$5. By the time we wandered around, all but three were gone. My dad couldn't resist the temptation of the remaining trio...sold! Not long after we left the market he was enjoying the overpriced treat and mentioned that my mom makes great butter tarts. I was in shock. I knew my mom is an excellent cook, but I had no idea she made butter tarts. He told me how not only did my mom make great tarts but apparently it was a long tradition dating back to my great-grandmother.

For a week, it seemed every where I went I noticed these things. I asked some people at work if they liked them. Many quite enjoy them and one said they loved them when they were on the runny side. Ugh. They were in the grocery store, at the coffee shop, in the mall, etc., etc. Then the ultimate butter tart experience happened. My cousins from Phoenix called wanting to know if I knew when a friend of theirs was leaving to go there. They were trying to call them and there was no answer. The reason they were trying to contact their friend...butter tart smuggling.

My life had become some sort of weird Twilight Zone/Butter Tart episode.

I decided I would make my dad some tarts, but I needed a good recipe and a lot of luck. I remembered a few Christmases ago, my sister gave me a book of my grandmother's recipes. Her butter tart recipe was there.

I don't think this recipe has one thing even remotely healthy in it. I'm

sure you could use the corn syrup to paste up wallpaper. Also in this book were many recipes from Acton ladies. It was like turning a page in Acton's history, or should I say baking/cooking history. It should be called "Recipes My Grandmother Never Told Me She Had". It was a who's who of Acton.

We have *Salmon and Egg Casse-rolle* by Mrs. F. C. Cook; *Delicious Potted Meat* by Mrs. Frank Oakes; *Dinner Rolls* by Mrs. W.C. Waller; *Lemon Snacks* from Mrs. Lester H. MacSwain (which by the way, for best results you can't eat until the next day); *Date Muffins* by Ruth Leatherland; *Chocolate Cake* by Mrs. Mackie; *Rice Krispies Meringue* by Mrs. A. Bishop; *Ena Gibson's Ripe Cucumber Relish*; *Mrs. McCutcheon's Fruit Chili Sauce*; *My Favourite Cookies* by Mrs. George Chapman; *Snowballs* by Mrs. Hargrave; *Steamed Brown*

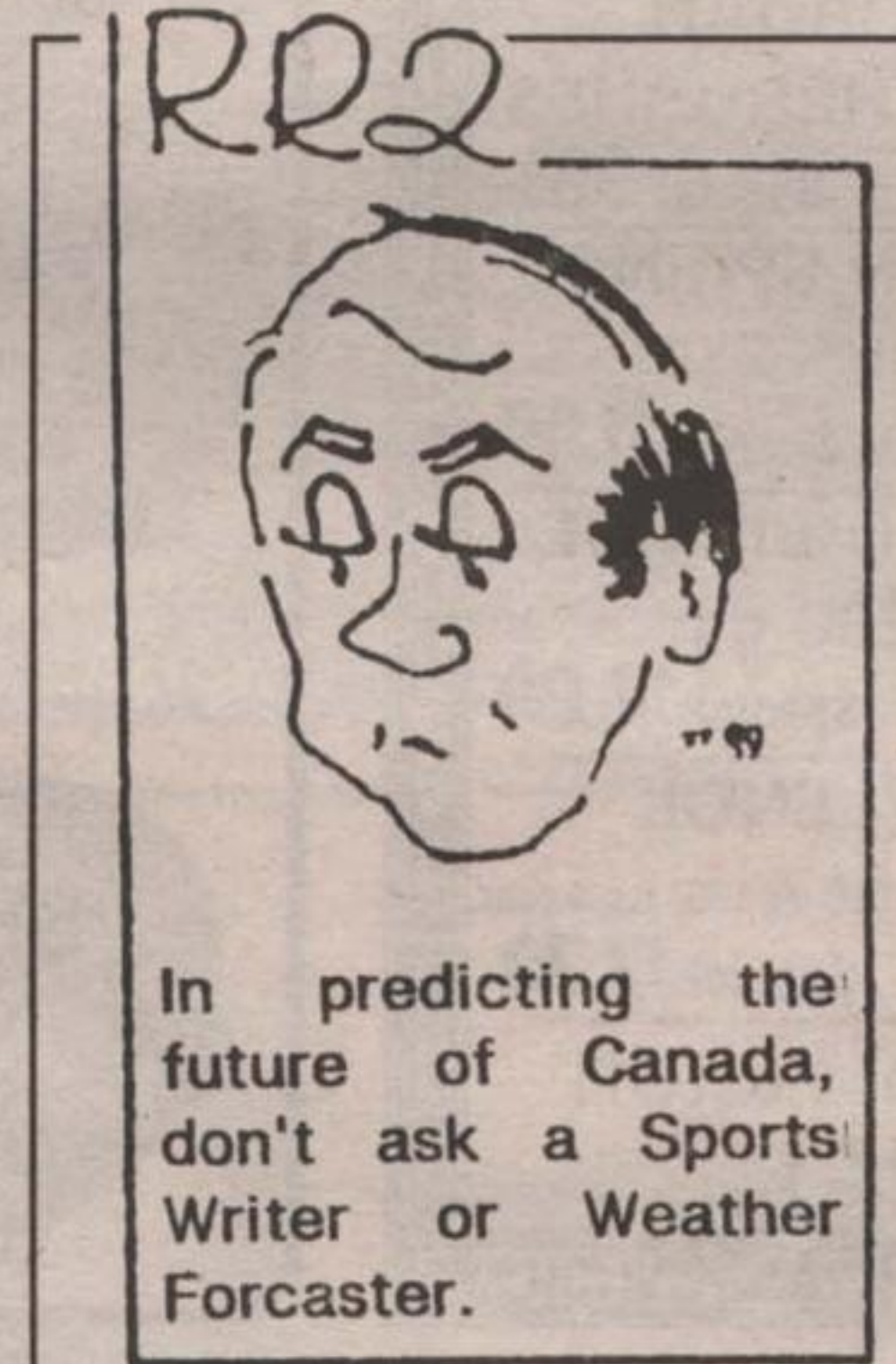
Bread by Mrs. W.J. Oakes; *Bachelor Buttons* by Mrs. Golding; *Refrigerator Pie Paste* by Mrs. E. Arnold Brooks; *Caramel Pudding* by Mrs. Creasey and my vote for best recipe name, "Come and Get It" Pudding by Mrs. VanWyck.

There's recipes for war cake, soup, pancakes, "time table" turkey, marmalade, carrot pudding, and everybody's Yule Time favourite present/door stop, Christmas Cake.

When I received this amazing present I remembered my parents commenting how it had my Grandfather's Rum Punch recipe in it. They told me how great it was and how well it went over at parties. I took a second look at this killer concoction. Wow, no wonder everyone was having a good time — it has three bottles of Jamaican Rum in it. If rum isn't your drink, there is also a recipe for Gin Punch. Basically the only difference is there is three bottles of gin instead of rum.

Then there is the section that should be called "Recipes My Grandmother Never Told Me She Had and Thankfully Never Made For Me". Here were recipes she had kept from magazines and newspapers probably from the 1940's and 50's. There is a recipe for luncheon meat-Kraft dinner loaf (which looks like a Kraft dinner hamburger, sort of), all-bran donuts and the clincher, a crown roast of wieners. This little ditty from Kellogg's used 24 wieners and 12 short fat wieners that were stuck together with all-bran stuffing. Okay, maybe in desperation, but even then I would probably think twice.

So in my adventure to recreate the ultimate butter tart I also had a great Acton history lesson on the trends and cooking habits from years gone by.



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59 Willow Street North
Acton, Ontario
L7J 1Z8

(519) 853-0051 Fax: 853-0052

Publisher Ted Tyler

Editorial Hartley Coles

Frances Niblock Ellen Piehl
Mike O'Leary Angela Tyler

Advertising Sales Maggie Petrushevsky

Circulation Marie Shadbolt

Composing Christine O'Leary
Karen Wetmore

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