

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

A tribute to the IODE

The Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire familiarly known by the acronym, IODE, is celebrating its 100th birthday the week of February 13. The local chapter, one of 171 in Ontario, is celebrating along with others right across Canada.

Like many other worthy organizations, the IODE has suffered some lean postwar years. Membership has been aging and there just haven't been enough younger members to replace them. Acton had two chapters when the IODE celebrated its 85th birthday in 1985, the Duke of Devonshire and Lakeside. Now there's only one, and these members are still holding regular meetings monthly. And they have been meeting in Acton since 1916.

Back when the two chapters in Acton were celebrating 85 years of the IODE and 68 years in Acton, this writer wrote this tribute and it follows because of the organization's goals and vision is still similar:

"I know many people, especially the male gender, sometimes have the notion that IODE meetings are just a good way to get out of the house on certain nights of the week, chat over the tea cups and eat concoctions they created. But it just isn't so. Sure, there's a social side to it all but much of all chapters' efforts are directed towards helping others in citizenship, education and services.

"I remember when as a student at the old Acton Continuation School the IODE not only offered monetary inducements to ring for the top two students in the graduating class. One of the kind members of the conferring chapter confided that she hoped I would be the recipient. Alas, this scholastic record never matched her expectations. Not many people offered inducements in those days and it was the first alert I had of some of the values the IODE provides for a community.

"Of course, the IODE is a volunteer organization open to all Canadian Women and girls with, as they say in their brochure, "a love of country and a concern for others."

"Its goals include:

"The promotion of good citizenship, attendance at citizenship courses to welcome new Canadians, presentation of awards to outstanding members of police forces in recognition of their service to the community, advancement of the many aspects of multiculturalism especially for native peoples and new Canadians and assisting programs to combat illiteracy.

"In the education field so many students have benefitted from the services of the IODE with scholarships, bursaries, awards and prizes and loans it would be impossible to list them all.

"The organization has also always been vitally interested in the advancement of the arts through scholarships. They have provided sports and music equipment, library books and other necessities to classrooms in remote areas.

"And they do all this so discreetly and quietly hardly anyone heard about it except the chapters themselves and the recipients.

"Other services the IODE provides? Clothing, bedding, food and medical supplies to needy people in Canada and throughout the world. They assist crisis centres such as our own, senior citizens, youth groups, the handicapped and emotionally disturbed. I could go on and on about assistance they provide in times of emergency, the equipment they supply to institutions, hospitals and nursing stations in the far north.

"Anywhere there's a need the IODE usually contributes something beneficial. Why? Because the chapters are dedicated to the promotion of tangible reminders of the history and heritage of this country.

Founded in 1900 and still going strong, the IODE's deeds speak strongly for them. Of course, any organization which can last 100 years really has something going for it.

So happy 100th anniversary IODE and especially to our local chapter. We'd certainly be a poorer country and community without the IODE.



The Acton Fall Fair turned a tidy profit this year – thanks to the hard work of Acton Agricultural Society members who elected a new executive at their annual general meeting at Knox Presbyterian Church on Saturday. The executive (front row, left to right) includes: Ron White, Daniel Varanelli, Doug Fread, George Henderson, Hank Walsma, Katherine Brown and Renata Georgeff. Directors at the meeting (back row) include: Bob McKee, Bart Clark, Mike Arnott, Terry Foster, Charlie Plouffe, Jason Brown, Dale Hewitt, John Bouclair and Russ Murray. – Jim Warrington photo

Football not my family's bag

By ANGELA TYLER
The New Tanner

If there was ever a time that confirmed that I was a sports dough-head, it would be Superbowl Sunday.

I don't understand it. Previous generations of my family are sports-abled. It sure stopped with me. I didn't even recognize Walter Gretzky.

I grew up with stories about my sporty family. We weren't more exceptional than anyone else, but the stories were interesting. I remember one day my dad opening up an old storage drum. Inside were toys and sporting goods from when he was a youth. There were some stuffed animals and old toy trucks. Then he dug out his old football equipment. Along with the equipment came a few tidbits of his old football days when he went to school. It was cool knowing my dad was a football guy.

When I was growing up my grandparents golfed and curled, as did both my parents and sister also took up golfing. My golfing days were short lived. We were on vacation, I was nine or ten and I rammed the golf cart into a palm tree.

I still enjoy hearing sports stories about my Uncle Tony and my Aunt Phyl. My Uncle Tony used to play lacrosse. He was quite good and played for Brampton in the Mann Cup (the Stanley Cup of lacrosse). At Bramalea City Centre in the old Food City Store, there used to be pictures of Brampton athletes. My dad would

always point out Uncle Tony's picture to me with his lacrosse team.

My Aunt Phyl was a remarkable woman. The sporting gift was given to her as well. Her sport in later years was also curling and golf. This past summer before she passed away, she was still playing eighteen holes at the young age of 86. In her youth though, she was a catcher for her baseball team. I love looking at the old pictures of her.

So with all this sporting in my history, why is it that I have no clue when it comes to sports? I asked my parents a while back why my sister and I weren't involved with sports when we were young. We didn't do any of it. No skating, baseball, soccer or hockey. I even hated gym class. I was so glad in high school when we didn't have to take gym. My parents said they tried, but we refused to go. My dad does a pretty good impression of us whining, 'we don't want to'.

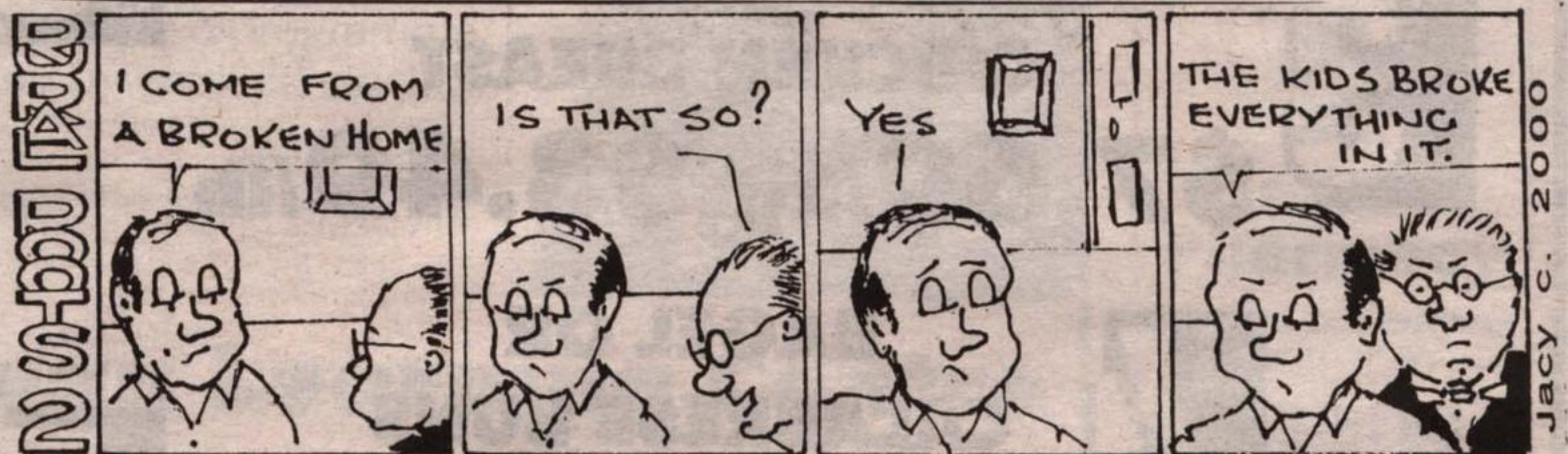
It just so happened that none of my family had to work on Superbowl Sunday. In an unusual turn of event, I suggested a family dinner, just not at my place. Superbowl Sunday, the most testosterone day of the year when people gather to grunt on their favourite team, my family was sitting around watching an old black and white murder mystery on Women's Television Network. I suppose to those people 'into' sports we would be considered pretty sad. One of us forgot which 'bowl' it was, another guessed one of the teams playing and

named a baseball franchise, one didn't really know anything about football and the other was talking about what Martha Stewart suggested for pre-game food.

Bowing to pressure, we finally turned the big game on. As we sat there eating our dinner and watching as they announced all the major players, my sister asked my football dad, what a tight end did? Before he had a chance to reply, I announced, it's the guy that squeezes his butt together. My dad glared at me along with my sister, but my mom found it funny. He then proceeded to explain what a tight end really did. He went over the whole thing, full back, quarterback, half back and when he was done, I asked my sister if that helped. She said, "not really", but at least we were trying to get into the game thing.

So there we sat watching the ceremonial coin toss and the lengthy version of the Star Spangled Banner. We were already bored with it. After about 45 minutes, just barely after kick off (I think), my mom asked if the game was over. Only another three hours hopefully. She looked exhausted and said she would probably be going to bed before it ended.

At that point I had enough sports to last me until the next Superbowl. My dad and sister were reading the newspaper, my mom was finishing the dishes and I had something very important waiting for me at home... anything but watching football.



THE NEW TANNER

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Distributed to every home
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