

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

What do we remember?

These days Remembrance Day has become more lip service than actual memories.

Most Canadians have been spared the horrors of war, except for what we see on the nightly newscasts. While we do have refugees from later conflicts in various Third World nations, veterans from the Second World War, let alone the First, are now dwindling in numbers. So too are the number of people who lived with rationing and control of goods at home to ensure provisions were available for the fighting forces.

The younger generation only knows what the history books say about the conflicts. Even those whose parents, grandparents and great grandparents lived through the war years often don't hear the tales they are told. They prefer to push them aside as something from "the old days."

In our modern affluence we can't envisage a return of the jealousy, hatred and political domination which led to two world wars.

Millions of people died to let us have the freedom we currently enjoy. But are we really that safe? Bombs and invading armies aside, how well have we protected the freedoms our old servicemen and women put their lives on the line to guarantee us?

How do we treat minorities within our own borders? How do Canadian employers treat their workers? How do we treat the land that nurtures us? No, our conditions are very different now, as the young people tell us. But the threat remains. If we forget what results from ignoring these problems, we risk inviting a different but equally horrific awakening. We've been rich so long we don't understand how poor we may become as we move to a global economy and hone our bargaining power over our neighbours.

Did those old veterans sacrifice just to see us become exploiters in our turn?

Maybe it's something to ponder as we stand by their monuments this weekend.

Time to make your mark

Canadians like to complain. It's a national characteristic. Probably our favourite pet peeve - after the weather - is politics. And how often do we hear people say they don't vote because the "politicians are all the same."

In some ways that's true. They all have fairly healthy egos. They all have had some financial success. They all enjoy power.

But without those characteristics could they survive what we as voters ask them to achieve on our behalf?

Without self-esteem you knuckle under to every suggestion - good or bad. Without money you can't afford to take time from your work to research the issues you face. It's the way power is exercised - not the power itself, that gets misused.

Would you accept telephone calls, confrontations anywhere and invasion of your privacy just so you could brag about your position in the community? Most of us wouldn't. But luckily we have some people who will.

They all deserve our support even though we personally prefer some candidates to others.

We wouldn't dream of telling you how to vote. We just remind you that unless you participate the system doesn't work - no matter who you decide to support.

So get out there. Make your mark for the candidate you think will do the best job for our community.

P.S. Then you can complain when their ideas don't coincide with yours.



SCHOOL BLESSED: Rev. Robert Bulbrook with assistance from Martin Laguna, centre, and Joey Kavanagh paraded through classrooms at St. Joseph's School last week during a ceremony marking the official opening of the school's new addition. Each classroom in the original school was also blessed and rededicated during the ceremony. - Angela Tyler photo

Too bad we lost those Tanners

BY ANGELA TYLER
The New Tanner

I sometimes feel like I am the reject for the "I AM CANADIAN" beer commercial. You know the one with 'Joe', the guy standing in front of the giant Canadian Flag, proclaiming his patriotism.

If you meet someone from another country, you can almost hear the stereotype rolling through their mind when you say you are Canadian...cold weather, beer and hockey. Well, my name is Angela. I am Canadian. I live where the winters are cold, I drink beer and I know nothing about hockey.

My lack of hockey knowledge was pretty evident last year when I met Walter Gretzky and had absolutely no clue who he was. I have no idea what the lines on the ice are for or why they are different colours. I don't know how long a hockey period is and until recently I thought there were four periods in a game, not three.

My hockey history is pretty simple and not overly pleasant. I have attended two Toronto Maple Leaf's games, both at the Gardens, both courtesy of ex's (one from an ex-boyfriend, another from the ex-husband). At both games I found the seats uncomfortable, the parking overpriced and honestly, I would have rather been shopping. Perhaps that is why they are ex's...they should have known better.

Last year I took some pictures at the Tanner's Juvenile games. I froze my duff off taking pictures from the penalty box and after getting a cou-

ple of pucks shot near my head, I realized why they need protective gear. Rarely did my pictures turn out, thus ending my hockey photography career.

This year, when I visit my friend's house on a Saturday night, her husband watches the Leaf's game on the 'good' t.v. We are banished to the home office with the t.v. that has the speaker blown. There we sit, watching our favourite non-hockey Saturday night shows, listening to all the actors sound like they have giant lips.

Needless to say, hockey and me just don't mix. However, last week when I was reading The New Tanner I was honestly disappointed the Acton Juvenile Tanners had folded.

When I was going to middle school, I remember it was something to go to a weekend Acton Sabre game. Everyone knew the names of the players and the ones who were the up-and-coming ones to watch for. The guys proudly wore their blue, orange and white hockey jackets. There was even souvenir merchandise; leather Sabre buttons and Sabre pucks. Both of which I still have.

Acton has a long history of great hockey teams. My grandma had pictures of some of the old teams. My dad has often told me about the men that were from Acton or moved to Acton for hockey. There were ones that were even provided jobs at Beardmore's and Storey Glove, so they could play hockey here. He told me about how there were so many great teams in the area and the league. Teams from Georgetown through to

Preston and beyond.

I think back then it was more about the love of the game. There is one picture I remember seeing. It was a black and white photo of what I think was a Beardmore Tanners hockey team from maybe the late 1920's. The men were broad shouldered and had very serious faces. I remember seeing Minute Walters near the middle. There was a look of determination about him.

Last year when I was watching the Juvenile Tanners, I thought there was something missing. There were the dedicated fans, young and old. There were the dedicated coaches and staff that were vital for the team. However, the players didn't seem to have the same passion that I was expecting.

Most of the players that ended up in the penalty box were repeat offenders. There was a noticeable amount of fighting, which I think in turn contributed towards some of the energy loss at a few games. In my opinion there was too much effort put into the dirty stuff and not enough into the game.

I thought we had a chance when the Acton Juvenile Tanners came back to life a few years ago. A chance to recapture the hockey excitement that Acton once had.

It's sad knowing that the Acton Juvenile Tanners has folded and amalgamated with the Erin-Hillsburgh Devils, a team of I have never heard of before. It is a team that includes one lone person from Acton to continue this level of the Acton hockey tradition.



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