

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Perennial problem

The annual problem of what to do about the goose goo, rapidly spreading on the paths and lawns around Fairy Lake, has resurfaced.

Canada Geese on Fairy Lake have reared a remarkable brood of goslings which when they float down the water in flotilla fashion creates a picture to warm a naturalist's heart. However, when they emerge from the water in flocks, and defecate on the pathways and grass surrounding the lake, they spoil the setting for people.

They have no respect for sidewalks. Unless you're an agile hopscotcher it's quite likely you eventually will tread on some of the mess they leave behind. Some of those honkers are pretty big and their droppings reflect their size.

Not only does it spoil the park for people but the runoff from their droppings is washed into the lake. Last week The New Tanner reported one Fairy Lake beach had to be cleared because of the presence of E. Coli bacteria. Last year the Boat House beach was closed for 28 days because of contamination and the old beach on the south arm of the lake was down for 21 days.

It's a perennial problem for which we seem to have no solution. We seem to accept the fact the geese are there and moan and groan about the mess they make.

In places such as Mississauga they round up the geese and ship them to Kingsville until their wings have developed and they can fly back to their winter homes in the US. Last year they shipped some out to New Brunswick's wild country and ocean beaches.

In other places, the goose population is controlled by invading their nests early in the season and cracking the eggs. Apparently the geese sense they have been duped and promptly produce another dozen. It looks like shipping them out is the only solution.

Sometime we're going to have to strike a balance between the geese and the problems they cause with their droppings. This year, however, we're just going to have to live with the problem, although an effort to clean up the paths around the lake would be appreciated by walkers.

Lack of taxis

Staff at The New Tanner continually receive complaints about the lack of adequate taxi service in Acton.

The paucity of taxis has created problems for bar and restaurant owners who try and find rides home for customers, who may not be inebriated, but whom they believe, would be better off being driven home.

Elderly people, too, have complained about the time it takes to get a taxi in Acton. Often they have no other means of transportation to take them to doctor's appointments, or shopping for staples.

It seems ludicrous because when Acton was a much smaller place, there were two taxis services in town, vying for customers. It was rumoured they supplemented their income by other means but they provided clean, swift service. So why can't a local taxi business thrive in Acton?

Part of the reason lies in the actions of a few louts who have fouled cabs and assaulted drivers. It has created a reputation that they'll only be used for driving drunks home, many of whom are abusive and lack money for the fare.

In any event it seems the lack of service creates an opportunity for some enterprising person(s) to establish a clean, well run local taxi business that could handle the problems they face. It was done in the past. Why not now?



LIONS' PRIDE: Lions Vic Bristow and Doug Weldon from Georgetown Lions Club gave a presentation on the Canadian Flag to grade one students and teachers at the Robert Little School on Wednesday, June 27. Each student was presented with a flag and a certificate from Lions Project Pride, a project of the Lions Club to install more love of Canada and its symbols.

Dinner, trio weave magical evening

By ANGELA TYLER
The New Tanner

On the May long weekend, my sister invited my folks and me out for an evening. To be quite honest, I didn't really want to go. It wasn't the company; it was just the first long weekend we had in a while and I just wanted to do my own thing.

My sister explained that my mom had told her a while ago that she wanted to go to Rockwood to *La Vielle Auberge* when the Peter Appleyard Trio was playing. I was still unsure about the whole thing but next thing I knew I was going to Rockwood on Saturday night.

My sister does this sort of thing every once and a while. She finds different places or things to do and invites us out. The last time was the year before. It was my parent's anniversary and she made reservations at a well known Inn not too far away.

That night, it was a disaster. She picked a beautiful spot, but unfortunately it was an "off" night for the restaurant. Over two hours after our reservation, our dinner finally arrived at 11 p.m. and it wasn't the best. The restaurant must have realized this as well because, not only did they give us our meals free that night, they also sent my sister a gift certificate for a complimentary return visit for all of us. Thankfully, it improved.

With the thought of the June night lingering in my head, I was hesitant about Rockwood. When I tried

to explain to a few friends about the night, I wasn't sure how to explain Peter Appleyard to them. "Well, you must know him? He's from Rockwood and plays the xylophone." I knew they had visions of elevator music in their head. I think I did, too.

However, Saturday turned into a wonderful spring night. It was warm and the sun was just starting to set as we headed off to *La Vielle*. In true Tyler tradition, our family was the last to arrive - and the place was packed.

My family started to unwind. Gone was the 'shop' talk. Instead we enjoyed a glass of wine, started a wonderful meal and the people working at the restaurant were top notch. Shortly into dinner, the trio appeared.

From the start I was impressed with Peter Appleyard. He had a way about him. He was not like some young pop musicians, full of ego and little on talent. A bass player and a guitar player accompanied him. In front was Mr. Appleyard with his vibraphones, not xylophones and a small percussion set behind him. Mrs. Appleyard stood at the doorway heading to the kitchen and bar area, supporting her husband. The Appleyards were at home; playing for people who knew them and a restaurant family that loved having them.

Partway through the first set, my dad leaned over to me and said, "I should have brought my camera." He should have, but it was too late. It

was time for us not to work and just enjoy the evening.

The trio was amazing. I found myself just staring at them and listening to every story and anecdote that Peter Appleyard told. The patrons loved every bit. It was sort of like an intimate and interactive evening. Mr. Appleyard switched from the vibraphones to percussion at his whim and knew when to let his band members take the spotlight. He told stories about them and appreciated their talent as well.

After a few hours, the trio ended their evening in Rockwood. It was the end of a weeklong performance. My dad told me he knew Mr. Appleyard. I knew he had used our airport service years ago, but I wasn't sure if he would remember him. My dad went over to talk to Mr. Appleyard who quickly remembered him. He actually remembered quite a bit about my folks. He mentioned to him that I worked for The New Tanner. Although news stories aren't my favourite thing to write, I took a big gulp of courage and asked if I could call him sometime for an interview. To my delight, he enthusiastically gave me his phone number.

I haven't called him yet. Partially because I've been swamped with both my jobs since then. Partially because I'm pretty nervous. I plan to call him soon and I can't wait. It was such an enjoyable evening with such a talented, down to earth man with the music he loves.



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