

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Change street names?

Halton Hills Council will hold a public meeting in four months (March 3, 2004) at the town's civic centre to review the controversial renaming of streets in Acton and Norval to avoid duplication with Georgetown streets.

The five streets that have the same name include Park Avenue, Main St. north and south in Acton, all of which have particular historical significance to Acton. Few residents or businesses want to see the names changed, not only because of the cost and all the bother of changing passports, licences, medical cards, insurance and a lot of other things, but there's also the question of who is going to bear the cost – the Town, Bell Canada who engineered the problem, or the people and businesses themselves.

There is also a perception that Acton is again being shafted by bigger and more powerful Georgetown because the duplications are in both communities. Most people think that modern technology should be able to look after duplicate names with such things as call display or simply by adding Acton or Georgetown to street names.

The problem was created by Bell's 9-1-1 Response Service which told Council the duplicate street names could delay emergency responses although there doesn't seem to have been a problem over the first 30 years of Halton Hills that we're aware of, although who knows what the future might hold.

The committee, which included Ward One councillor Dobbie Frizzell and Ward Three councillor Jane Fogal has five options. They prefer changing the street names "to eliminate any risk to public safety" because Georgetown has more homes and businesses on the duplicate streets the committee thinks the change should be in Acton.

"They (Bell) are not going to change the system. It is our problem and we have to deal with it," Fogal said. She is quoted as saying that if someone having a heart attack dialed 911, she doesn't want any confusion as to where emergency services should go.

Councillor Fogal said all the concerns raised by citizens have been addressed in the committee's report, available on the Town's website. Unfortunately not everyone has a computer or the ability to connect to the site.

We go along with the committee so far. No one wants duplicate street names to cause a medical or any other problems but we are not sure all the other options have been covered. John Snoebelen, ex-minister of education in the Mike Harris cabinet, told people that the way to solve problems was to create one and have the answers ready. There may be some of this in the Bell proposal.

In any event it is important there is strong representation from Acton at the March 3, 2004 meeting so every avenue is explored in this thorny problem which could drive another wedge between the two urban communities in Halton Hills.

Reply to John McCrae

A number of World War 1 veterans and Acton broadcaster Jack Carpenter came up with this reply to John McCrae's immortal poem, "In Flanders Fields". In keeping with the spirit of Remembrance Day we publish it once more:

Reply to Flanders Fields:

"Rest you in peace, you Flanders dead,
The light that you so bravely led,
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who sleep
With each a cross to mark his bed
In Flanders Field.
Fear not, that you have died for naught,
The torch you threw to us, we caught
Ten million hands will hold it high
And Freedom's light will never die,
We've learned the lesson that you taught
In Flanders Fields."



COURTS IN SESSION: The king and queen preside as medieval players enact "The King's Feast" in costume at the old Town Hall Saturday night. The dinner and jest was the joint production of Heritage Acton and the Old Town Hall Theatre group. – Ted Tyler photo.

No wisdom in wisdom teeth

There is no wisdom in wisdom teeth. Wisdom teeth are annoying if you're fortunate and if you're not, they are nothing but a pain in the behind.

For at least 15 years, I have been told I should get mine removed. Lucky for me, to that point in my life, I did not need to do it. I had also been proud to say I had never been in hospital, had I.V., a stitch (although my dad still insists I should have had my elbow done when I had a bicycle mishap at age 8) or a broken bone. For years, I even refused to have my blood taken after a traumatic experience with a doctor at age 5. It was so awful, I still refer to him as Dr. Frankenstein.

My line had always been, "they don't hurt bad enough for them to come out...yet." Then, following routine teeth cleaning, I was given a referral notice to an oral surgeon. The words oral and surgeon sent chills through me and I quickly filled the referral in the 'forget about it pile'. By September, I was grimacing in pain and reluctantly went to see the surgeon.

I have to admit, the dentist or doctor or surgeon...whatever you want to call him, was very nice, but he came with the worst news. All four teeth had to be removed. Not only would I basically have surgery, I would also have to confront my fear



By
Angela Tyler

of needles with having an I.V. Angst started racing through my body. The quiet spoken dentist, who looked like the nicest man, then asked me if I've heard any horror stories about wisdom teeth. I told him I tried not to listen. With that he said, "They're all true you know." I was hoping he was trying to be funny, but he never smiled or even flinched a muscle. I wanted to scream at him, "CRIPES MAN, what the hell are you telling me that for?"

For the next four weeks, I panicked. As I thought about the surgery and everything people were telling me about their experiences I became moodier by the day through nervousness. My sister would call trying to convince me not to get anaesthetic. I'm sure she thought I was going to die if I had it.

The night before, I could feel every fibre of my body jumping around. My mind was being pulled in two, like good and evil. One side was saying cancel the surgery, your teeth don't hurt this second. The other side was saying all the reasons why I didn't need to worry.

On Monday morning following a sleepless night, in the waiting room with my dad beside me, the nurse came forward and asked, "Angela? Angela Tyler?" She looked around, stared at me and said, "Oh, that must be you. You look like a deer caught in a headlight." Gee, lady I wonder why?

In the room, I believe I was the worst adult patient they must have had for being nervous. I was given oxygen with a little bit of fun stuff to help me relax. I was too nervous to breath in and out of my nose and it didn't do what it was supposed to do. When the nurse gave me my I.V., my legs shook so bad, the needle popped out and they had to try again, of course, after tying my arm down this time. When the dentist came in, I was in tears.

One of the last things I remember is the dynamic duo telling me they put something in my I.V. to give me short term memory loss. A few minutes later, they could have been tap dancing on top of me for all I cared.

I went home with a goody bag consisting of a folded dixie cup with two teeth (the other two had to be smashed out of my jaw) and a treat-sized ziplock with gauze. My home care/post surgery consisted of my mom being in charge of the rotation of frozen bags of peas on my face

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