

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

On the threshold of seventh year

With this issue (January 29, 2004) The New Tanner brings its seventh year of publication.

The first issue of The New Tanner was published on January 29, 1998, after several months of planning by Publisher Ted Tyler and staff recruited from the Acton Tanner. The Acton Tanner closed in 1997, the victim of the poor fiscal climate, after a four year run.

It was considered to be a bad time to start another newspaper. Over six years about 41 community newspapers that belonged to the Ontario Community Newspaper Association had closed their doors. Another 19 newspapers were merged with others depriving communities of their own voices. Nevertheless, it was accomplished.

Acton had been served by its own newspaper since 1876 when Joseph Hacking started The Acton Free Press. However, in the newspaper shuffling of the 1990s, The Free Press and The Georgetown Independent were merged into one publication by Metroland Publishing to create one newspaper for the Town of Halton Hills. Since the office and printing plant in Acton were moved to Georgetown and other Metroland publications, Paul Nolan stepped into the void with The Acton Tanner. However, the tough newspaper climate then forced him to close in 1997.

At this juncture Ted Tyler stepped in, bought the newspaper's assets, expanded it into a free publication which is welcome into all homes in Acton, Rockwood, Eden Mills and parts of Milton (Nassagaweya) as well. Circulation is almost 8,000 and growing.

The New Tanner's start and continuous publication has not been a bed of roses but there has been a groundswell of support from the community, and advertisers, which has provided the encouragement needed to persevere – and grow.

As The New Tanner stands poised to start its seventh year, the publisher and staff would be remiss if we didn't express appreciation of the support this publication has received over the years. We'll endeavour to be worthy of the trust and acceptance in the future, building on six years of experience.

Good Suggestion

Without prejudice to either side in the controversy over a petition which was circulated by local businesses and the Acton Women to Women business association over the lack of, or satisfaction with police presence in downtown Acton, we think it has been settled by an agreement from Halton police to meet with Acton Business owners early next month to discuss ongoing problems in the downtown.

A petition last week presented to police from about 50 business owners and shoppers which said there is a 'grave' need for additional policing in downtown Acton was refuted by some business owners who said they were happy with the police protection downtown.

However, Halton police have acknowledged there are some problems downtown when the two officers in cruisers dedicated to Acton 24/7 are busy on other calls. That's when vandals and loiterers take advantage of the situation and wreak their destruction.

Far more serious is the complaint from a business woman who said she called police in December to report vandals were damaging a neighbouring business and was told police would not respond because it was not her business. This is something new. Without evidence to back either the caller or police it will never be settled to anyone's satisfaction.

Far better to take the suggestion by Halton Inspector Ron Welsh that a Neighbourhood Watch anti-crime program be established in the downtown to give police more eyes and ears.



WINDSHIELD VIEW: Tuesday's rapid and deep fall of snow kept residents blowing and shovelling out driveways and pathways. Those driving along snowy streets would find this scene familiar.

'Chucky' belongs in scary movie

Like most little girls, my sister and I had a lot of stuffed animals, dolls and Barbies when growing up.

When my mom told me they were getting a new furnace and I had to pick up some of my stuff out of the room, I panicked. I got scared because that's where we used to keep our toys and I knew there were a LOT of boxes with my name on them. I think one of the duties of being a parent is that they should look after their child's toys until the child *wants* to come and get them. My parents don't agree with my theory.

Through my panic attack, my thoughts raced through a Barbie nightmare. Where was I going to put an entire Barbie collection, complete with Dream Home, two campers, furniture, a boat, a horse, Ken, Skipper and a Donny Osmond doll to boot? Wasn't it bad enough they stopped storing my Little People and Weebles collection?

That night, I stopped by with full intentions of taking home my stuff. Fortunately for me, I was reprieved, as the installation wasn't complete. It only lasted a short time. On Sunday, while at work, my sister, then my mom stopped by. My mom had a garbage bag about two feet long wrapped with masking tape. On the tape, in faded ink were the words, "Angela's Dolls."

"You open it. It's all dirty," I squeamishly told my mom. Out of



By
Angela Tyler

the bag came two dolls. Neither my sister nor I recognized them. My mom was disappointed. I finally recognized one because I remember painting her lips with my mom's nail polish. However, the other doll I don't think I want to remember.

Over the years, her crystal blue eyes had fogged over. Now there were no corneas and she had a slight case of eczema. She sort of looked like something that should be in a horror movie. Maybe that's the reason I refer to her now as Chucky. My mom tried to convince me that Chucky wasn't that scary. Yet, when I raised her arm and put a letter opener in her hand she looked mighty freaky.

When I showed her to Marie, she proclaimed that me playing with that doll as a youngster explained a lot now. Hartley, on the other hand, basically ordered me to remove Chucky from the office as she was creeping him out as well.

Chucky and her garbage bag buddy aren't allowed in my home yet. I keep thinking I'll wake up in the middle of the night with her standing besides my bed staring at me. Instead, I left them, laying

face down, in the backseat of my jeep.

The other night, I fell asleep as the Dude and I were watching T.V. I was barely awake as he left to go home. However, I was awake enough to see him sneak into the jeep and place Chucky in the driver's seat with her hands gripping the steering wheel. After he left, the thoughts of Chucky greeting me at 6 a.m. were too much. After being unable to fall asleep for half an hour, I braved the cold to return her to the backseat. At first, I was going to put her in the back cargo area, but changed my mind just in case Chucky did have movie-like powers. It was best not to make her too mad. After all, she was already left out in the cold.

Then I started thinking: since she was taken from her garbage bag resting place, I've had a lot of odd things happen. I've lost earrings, a paycheque, my I.D. badge for work, the wind blew me into a window frame that wasn't caulked and I ripped my pants and cut my leg, my new suede gloves have a tear in them and I just had a really bad week.

Maybe, I need to bring Chucky into the house and start being nicer to her.

Editors note- That doll is really scary. Bury her somewhere where wolves howl and banshees shriek!



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