

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

That greenbelt again

Ever since the Liberal government passed greenbelt legislation in February of 2005, we've been critical of the boundaries imposed on Acton. We feel the legislation, an attempt to thwart urban sprawl, has been grossly unfair to this community which was just beginning to emerge from the paralysis of previous constraints.

Now we see we are not the only ones who felt the legislation was unduly restrictive. Durham Region is asking the province to remove about 1,400 hectares from the Golden Horseshoe greenbelt, one each in Ajax and Whitby and two in Clarington, so they can expand urban boundaries. For development of course.

Expansion here on the other hand, has been a relatively modest request that the present urban boundaries be expanded at least as Far East as the Fourth Line where there are already several homes in a community at Bannockburn. It makes common sense.

The decision to cut off development at the present boundaries has crushed hopes for a self-sustaining community which needs some room to grow so it can enjoy amenities other towns of the same size take for granted.

As we've said before it's ironic that a greenbelt was imposed on land that serves no other purpose than to sustain population. On the other hand some of the best farm land in the Province of Ontario south of Georgetown has been earmarked for development. Some more in the Town of Milton. It makes no sense whatsoever.

Of course, the province is hiding behind the suggestion that developers are putting pressure on politicians to carve up the greenbelt for their profit. "If the greenbelt is to survive, the province must hold firm," said the mayor of Ajax, an opponent of removing land from the greenbelt.

Come on. Most of the population supports imposition of a greenbelt but if they believe in common sense there surely is a need to fine tune boundaries imposed almost willy-nilly.

Family, home attacked

In a bid for more focus on home economics in secondary schools, home economics educators in Ontario note that the United Nations set aside May 15 as the International Day of Families. It's a propitious time, families are under attack despite the fact cultures around the world view the family as the basic unit of society.

The educators point out the family unit is continually weakened by domestic violence, pressures of increased economic and market demands, unemployment, obesity, illness and other factors which the movement to high-tech and out-of-home experiences does little to alleviate. They suggest our frenetic lifestyles crave the return of home-cooked meals and the "embrace of family at the end of a day."

They acknowledge that the word "home" offends some people, conjuring up images of oppression, ignorance and inequality. However, the educators ask: "Where should we look forward to going at the end of a day's work or study? Where should we spend time with our families? And where do we choose to invest most of our earned income? The answer is obvious. Of course, it's the home. There's no reasonable substitute.

The teachers think the answer to the problems besetting today's families could be solved with more emphasis on family studies in the schools. "Family studies classes have never been more important," they say.

Education is indeed part of the answer. However, to safeguard families and the home, Canadians who value home and family life and can see the social costs of either ignoring or promoting contrary values, should be on the offensive against the factors which war against stable home life.

The family is the basic unit of society. Strong families make for a strong country. Canada was never stronger than when the home was considered the most important component of this country.



SCHOOL DAZE: This photo taken outside the old stone Acton Continuation School involved the entire staff and students at the four classroom school. There are many recognizable names in the photo, loaned by Stella Brunelle including in back: Ken Blow, Tom Watson, Ken Hassard, Sam Brunelle, Dora Wood, Principal Mac Leitch, Marjorie Nelson, George Taylor, John McHugh, Alex Frank. In front, recognize George Hollinger, Charlie Rushmere, Ken Fryer, Gord McCutcheon, Tom Lamb, Jack Bruce, Charlie Borber, Bob Pearen? Other rows have Evelyn Braida, Fran Lamb, Flo Salt, Rena Braida, Marg Somerville, Mary Ritchie, Marie Brunelle, teacher Miss Bell (Hazel Orr), Pat Bayliss, Shirley Duval, Olga Dyriw, Dora Hansen, Inez McLellan, Freda Harris and a host of others unidentified by name.

I didn't make the waitress cry!

The Dude and I have got into this conversation more than once. Like any married couple, we were having a discussion about money. Unlike most married couples, these were full of questions about tipping.

I was a little disgruntled with the Dude about the amount of tip he gave the waitress when we were out with my family and the Dude's mom (Dude Sr. was working), for Mother's Day dinner on Saturday night.

What started off as a nice evening out was riddled with disastrous occurrences. At the restaurant we were greeted with the expected waiting time as it was 7 p.m. on a Saturday. However, two other groups whom we knew happened to be there. Even though all the groups were almost the same size, we were given different times to wait.

After finally getting a table, the waitress came for our drink orders. My dad was elated and doubtful when she told him they did serve Labatt's 50 beer. Moments later she returned with the bad news, so he ordered another kind. The beer showed up but it wasn't what he



By
Angela Tyler

ordered. Then when she showed up again, she told us she had spilled the Dude's mom's drink. We had to tell her she also brought the wrong beer. She went to get my dad another beer to replace the wrong one delivered and another drink for the Dude's mom.

While we enjoyed each other's company we waited for our dinner order to arrive. Then we started to notice we were really getting hungry and it was approaching 8:30 p.m. We had ordered a long time ago and the waitress hadn't even brought our soup out. As we thought about it more, (she walked by us several, maybe 10 times) she never acknowledged us once, never even asked how our drinks were, or anything.

After what felt like hours, our soup appeared. The problem was all our appetizers arrived at the same time as our entrees. That's when my low blood sugar became

noticeable according to my sister, because I started to get quite grumpy to the waitress especially after she told us she forgot to place the orders, hence everything arriving at the same time.

After she left the manager stopped by to offer his apologies. We, at last were eating. After dinner, however, the waitress's luck or, lack thereof, continued.

When she returned to clear the plates, piling them into a tower, her left hand hit a glass that still had a portion of a Caesar in it. The blow knocked the drink onto the table and the down the pant leg of the Dude's dress pants. I couldn't believe her luck.

At this point, her eyes started to well up and she quickly gathered up the disaster and left. "Angela made her cry," my sister informed everyone. I wasn't sure if she was joking or not but I wasn't going to take the blame for her bad luck. "I don't regret anything I said," I informed my sister, which in all wasn't much. The Dude informed me it wasn't what I said, yet rather how it was said and the nasty glare on my face.

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