

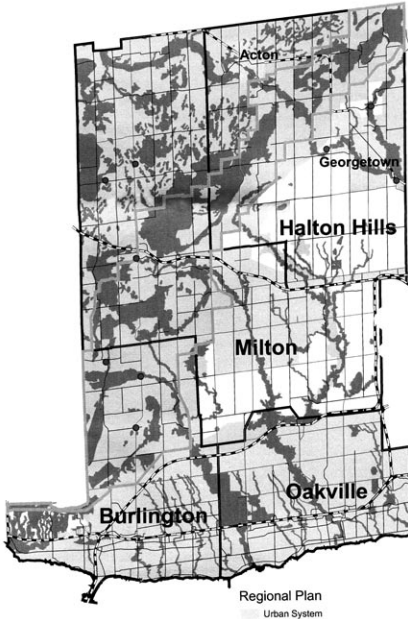
# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## New map better

An oversight has been corrected.

Acton and a handful of Halton hamlets have been added to the colourful map issued by the Region for the Durable Halton Plan.



Every other major urban centre in Halton was on the original map except Acton which was relegated to Greenbelt. The new map, amended on July 7, gives a much clearer picture of the Region with the Niagara Provincial Greenbelt Area.

The hamlets, Norval, Stewarttown, Silvercreek, Brookville, Moffat and Campbellville in north Halton have a pronounced red dot showing their location.

The new map is a recognition that Acton and the hamlets exist with their thousands of people who also should have a voice in shaping the future of this Region, which the Plan is supposed to represent. Too often we're consigned to places of little importance.

## MP statements rile

When Abigail Gingrich read statements made by MPs Paul Szabo (NDP) and Penny Priddy (Liberal) during the Throne Speech debate in Ottawa re child care in Canada, it infuriated her. Gingrich is a manager in a well known fast food chain and the comments drew a scuttling reply. They follow:

Mr. Szabo: In terms of providing, or moving toward quality care and early childhood development, does the member think we should be investing money in the current system to bring the standards of personnel within the system up to higher levels than McDonald's employees so that we could take the first step toward establishing quality child care for Canadian children?

Ms. Penny Priddy: Mr. Speaker, certainly we should expect people who care for our children to be better educated than those who prepare their hamburgers. The money is well spent on education for all kinds of child care providers.

Gingrich's scathing reply edited here for length, stated:

"I find it appalling that some MPs would insult the intelligence level of the largest group of workers in the country, those employed in the service sector. Working (for peanuts) in a fast food restaurant is one of the most difficult jobs out there. The 40 staff in my store are the hardest working group of people I have ever had the privilege to work with. At least half of those staff have children themselves. Some work two or three jobs to support their families. I have nothing but the utmost respect for them.

"To those MPs who would say that you need only a bare minimum of intelligence to work at a fast food place, I wonder if you could handle a day at my store? Nobody who has ever worked an honest day in their lives would say that fast food is an easy job. MPs who think otherwise should get back to reality and get in touch with their constituents, most of whom are working in the service sector.

"It is truly a shame that the people at the top forget that their success is built upon the backs of the people at the bottom.

"By the way, three of the people in my store including myself have bachelor's degrees. Most of the others are working their way through post-secondary education. There is a high enough intelligence level that we remember it is us who keep the country going, not the fatcats in Parliament. They should be careful about what they say."

How true.



Water lily garden

## Hostess with mostess – not me!

When I was growing up, I remember my parents having friends and family over quite often. Saturday nights Ab and Norma would come over to play knicky knock. New Year's Eve, Lorne and Shirley would stay over and we would have a big breakfast to kick off the New Year. My mom would be the 'hostess with the mostess' for family barbecues and holiday dinners. Oddly enough, I don't follow in her footsteps.

I have to admit, I am well, shall we say uninspired when it comes to hosting company. I don't do it very often and quite honestly, I usually prefer not to. A perfect example of this was a few years back, when my family and I were all not working, on a Super Bowl Sunday. We could care less about football, but I suggested a Super Bowl party. What my mom didn't expect was that I invited everyone to her house for the party.

This all changed last weekend when the Dude and I had his folks over for dinner for the first time in the year and a half we have been married.

Saturday came and I was becom-



By  
Angela Tyler

ing overwhelmed and worried. I had my mother-in-law coming for dinner for the first time. It seemed like every ten minutes I was checking my watch...four hours to go...three hours...etc, etc. I was stressed to the maximum. All I could think of was, *my mother-in-law was coming for dinner*. I don't know why I was stressing. I get along with my in-law but at the same time, I've heard some real horror stories about some mothers-in-laws who don't like who their son married. I certainly didn't want to join that club.

I was a little worried about my cooking abilities however even more I was worried about the house being clean. I had to make sure there were no cobwebs hiding in the corners and the bathroom was A-1 clean. With that worry in mind, the dog peed on the carpet. My day couldn't get any better.

After four hours of cleaning, then recleaning after the dog contributed

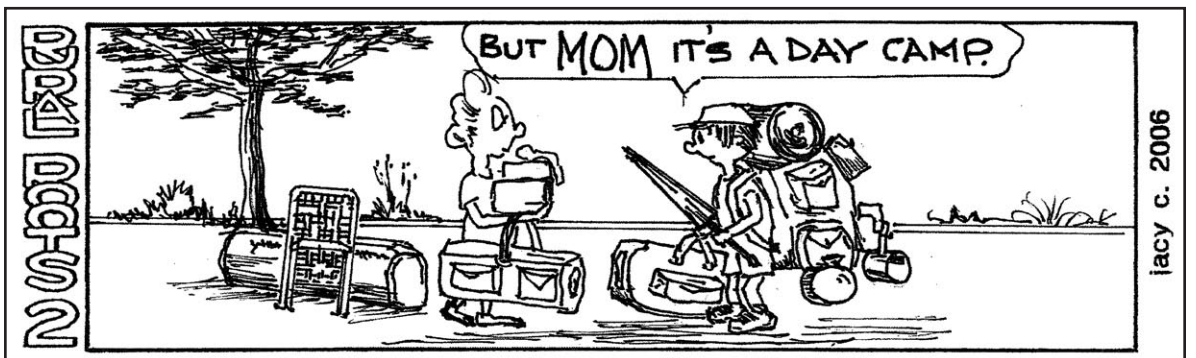
to my day's angst and prepping for dinner, I somehow pulled the event off. We had a lovely evening barbecue. I even had time to enjoy the evening. We had company and I lived to tell about it. I even had a glowing review from the Dude.

As we sat down after dinner, the Dude and his mom on the porch swing while Dude Sr. and I sat down on the Muskoka chairs, I couldn't help but notice Dude Sr. was half asleep. Perhaps it was something to do with the shot of Amaretto I gave him after dinner or the fact that he was truly relaxed. Either way I had a good feeling. The only problem is now that after feeling inspired, I have invited the Dude's siblings and significant others over next weekend, and my family after that.

I think I should have listened to my sister when I told her about my plans.

"Are you sure you're up to that?," she asked. "It's a lot of work having people over, let alone three weekends in a row."

Gheesh...hopefully I am up to it and the dog won't pee on the carpet again.



**THE NEW TANNER**  
PUBLISHING LTD.

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