

# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## More trees beneficial

One of the most effective ways to fight global warming and save electrical power is to plant trees, according to a California city.

Sacramento, California, has been planting hundreds of thousands of shade trees designed to lower temperatures and trap green house gases. The city's publicly-owned power company offers up to 10 free trees to residents along with advice where to plant the trees and how to care for them.

Despite research which demonstrates the benefits of well placed trees, few cities have programs to take advantage of Mother Nature's bounty. Most cities have shrinking tree canopies due to population growth yet major utility companies in the U.S. often overlook the connection between trees and energy savings.

People in this area who have many trees on their property have long known there's a big saving on power for air-conditioning in the hot summer days. Hydro One could well take a look at the Sacramento program to help alleviate power shortages.

Ontarians are constantly being admonished about the need to turn up their air conditioners during those hot, humid summer days. Maybe thousands more trees would do the job without the annual harangue about power shortages.

## Honouring labour

One of the salient points that come out of the 9/11 disaster at the Twin Towers in New York City, an anniversary soon to be commemorated, was the role blue collar workers played in rescue efforts.

While most professional people and white collar workers seemed paralyzed by events and not able to mobilize, blue collar workers went into action. They saved countless numbers of people from death in the raging inferno and subsequent building collapse. The United States owes them a tremendous debit of gratitude.

Labour Day passed with some genuflection towards labour and its contribution to society, but the role blue collars play every day is often overlooked. One day in the year is set aside to honour labour but like many holidays its significance is lost in the rush to enjoy a long weekend.

History records that Canada set aside one day a year to honour labour after hundreds of printers walked off the job around 1885 to protest working conditions that saw them on the job 54 hours a week. The protest spread like wildfire to other business and industry.

It became apparent that without the workers there was no business. Stringent and sometimes cruel conditions were modified to become more employee friendly. The labour movement, however, was born. The rest is history.

It was appropriate that at least one day a year is set aside to honour those who do the "grunt work" for this country.

## Mean theft

One of the meanest thefts we've heard about recently has to be the one last Sunday night when someone took a flock of plastic geese that have been providing amusement for years from the Beerman home at the corner of Highway 7 where it meets the Eden Mills Road.

Every summer the family has arranged their gaggle of geese in a number of amusing poses from everything such as the Olympics with their very own diving tower to a Canada Day tribute. It has taken a lot of work and tickled the fancy of many drivers and their passengers as they drive by on Highway 7.

Hopefully someone has a line on who ever committed this mean theft and they can be recovered.

(See letter on Page 8)



**CLEAN BILL:** Halton Region Health Dept. gave the old beach at Prospect Park a clean bill of health at the last test on August 29 and among the first creatures to enjoy the beach was this gaggle of Canada Geese. They kept within the boundary line, which marks the safe swimming depth and generally behaved themselves. Except for a constant honking and gossiping among themselves. The Acton beach was one of three with acceptable levels of bacteria and deemed safe for swimming. Two Oakville and two Burlington beaches were declared unfit.

## Teachers still part of my life

Back to school is an exciting time of the year and at the same time it's a sad time. It's the end of summer and the start of a glorious fall. It's hard to decide which is more important... missing summer or looking forward to fall.

I love summer. Lots of people complain about the heat or the unpredictable weather, but I love it. Whether it is hot or rainy I keep saying it's better than winter because you don't have to shovel sweat. On the other side, I can't say I hate winter because I love the snow and the ice on the trees, I just hate the mud when the snow starts to melt. Fall, however, is a different breed. Kids are excited about back to school and parents are even more thrilled.

I love it for many reasons. I love fall because I am back into a routine. I love it because my birthday is in September and so are my mom's and sister's and the Dude's is in October. I love birthdays even if it isn't mine. I love fall because of the Fall Fair and with that each year my favourite relatives come back to Acton from Phoenix to visit all their family and friends. Fall is a busy time of the year for me, but with family, festivals, harvests and cooler weather how can you not like it?

Yet, when it comes right down



By  
Angela Tyler

to it, fall is about back to school. Maybe I was a geek in school, as the Dude likes to remind me, but I have some great memories of school and back to school. I think a lot of it has to do with growing up in a small town.

I liked school. What made it even more special was I could walk to school with my sister or friends and the teachers I had were usually from town. Many of my teachers had taught my sister and that was pretty special in itself. I'm pretty sure many people who grow up in the larger towns can't say that, considering there is seven years between us.

Maybe I was a geek. Maybe I still am in a certain way, but what I find really great about going to school in a small town, where many of my teachers live and have lived, is that I get to see many of them on a regular basis. Maybe if I was an awful student this might not be a good thing, but either way it is kind of a cool thing.

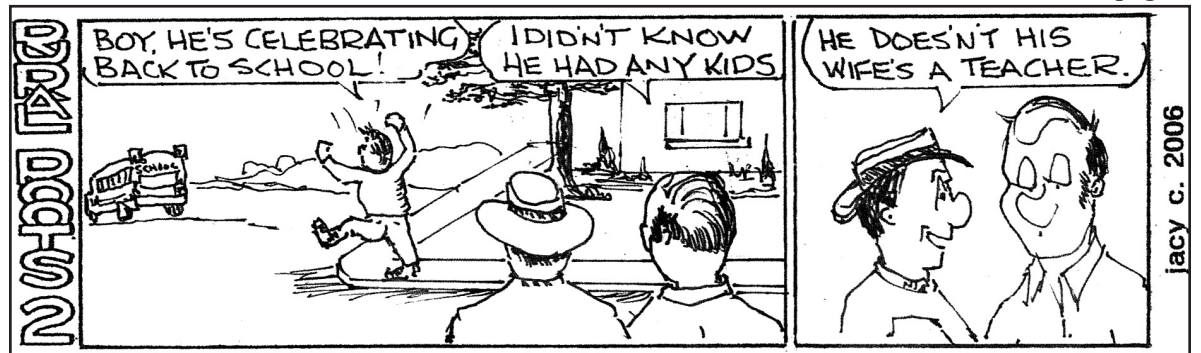
I find it amazing that I can name all my teachers from kindergarten to grade eight, and many from high school. What is more amazing is that I still find them cool and am still in awe of them.

I have to admit that when I talked to my kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Boycott, about a year ago, I was still humbled. I still had visions of barfing after she had us eat applesauce following a visit to an apple orchard. When I talk to her, I still want to apologize even though I am sure she doesn't remember it.

I often see my grade 9 high school history teacher, Mr. Taylor, in Sobey's. He hasn't changed. He still answers when asked how are you... "fabulous." I still see my grade 8 teacher frequently. It's odd calling her by her first name now. Somehow Kathy just doesn't cut it. She should still be Mrs. Sanford, the lady who wouldn't allow you to yawn in her classroom.

However, with all the teachers I see so often, I have to say there's one who always makes me smile and feel giddy. I look forward to seeing her. Miss Blades was my first grade teacher. I still adore her. She is amazing. Whenever I see her

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