

# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## Our tenth year

The dawn of the Internet led some people to believe that newspapers would follow in the footsteps of the dinosaurs – and become extinct. However, over the last decade, newspapers, especially community newspapers, have held their own against competitors, including the electronic media, and it has some people scratching their heads.

One good reason for the continued acceptance of newspapers is their in-depth coverage of local events that other media outlets are unable, or unwilling, to provide. Often you will find, too, that the electronic media depends on newspapers for stories and opinion.

The reason for a superficial look at the role of newspapers is the fact that with this issue (January 25, 2007) The New Tanner starts its tenth year of publication. The first issue, a 12-page edition, was published on January 29, 1998, after several months of planning by publisher Ted Tyler and a staff mainly recruited from the original Acton Tanner which had closed in 1997.

The poor fiscal climate in 1997 resulted in many newspapers either closing, or merging with others to continue publication. Forty-one community newspapers in Ontario closed their doors over a six year span. Another 19 merged with competitors or with those from larger towns or villages, including The Acton Free Press.

Prospects for The New Tanner did not look bright in 1998 but there was generous encouragement from the community, anxious to have a hometown newspaper again. Acton had had its own newspaper since 1876 when Joseph Hacking founded The Acton Free Press in a village of 800 or so souls. In the ownership shuffling of the 1990s, it was absorbed by its own creation, The Georgetown Independent, and is now largely a replate.

The New Tanner has expanded in size and circulation since the first edition in 1998, now averaging 20 to 24 pages and welcomed into almost 9,000 homes weekly. Much of the growth has been due to the support of the community which includes a good slice of Halton Hills, rural Milton, Rockwood, Eden Mills, Limehouse and large rural areas in Erin. Without that support whatever success has been achieved would not be possible.

As we stand at the doors of another year it would be remiss indeed not to express appreciation for the support and encouragement of the last nine years. We will endeavour to merit the same trust and acceptance over the issues to come.

## Buckle up

The email message was terse:  
 “Five dead this past weekend.  
 “Four unused seat belts.  
 “What’s left to say?  
 “Buckle up.”

You might have guessed. It came from Keith Robb, media relations officer for Wellington OPP, quoting Sgt. Dave Rektor, obviously referring to the tragic collision near Meaford which took the lives of five teenage boys.

It occurred on a stretch of Highway 26, a road familiar to many people of this area, without any apparent reason. Police said the five teens were in a SUV which crossed into the path of a cargo van travelling in the other direction.

Much of the media concern seems to be on the students who attended the same high school in Meaford and their need for grief counselling to deal with the deaths. Little has been said of the parents of these youths who have to deal with the loss of their sons, or the brothers and sisters in the family. The pain of their loss can never really be measured.

Although the OPP has consistently driven home the point that seat belts save lives, some ignore the message. Some, especially teens, seem to think they re indestructible and carnage on our roads reflects it.

Don’t you forget – buckle up!



**FAIR FUN:** Miss Acton Sarah O’Hearn (left) and the Georgetown Fall Fair Ambassador Emily Dobson received a clock and mug – decorated with the Town’s logo – from Halton Hills Mayor Rick Bonnette on Monday as thanks for their hard work on behalf of both the Acton and Georgetown fall fairs. – Frances Niblock photo

## It’s meat in a bag, not roast...

Dude Sr. was apparently quite upset. He was the last person call or discuss pointers on cooking with me.

It started last Thursday night after the paper came out with my last column. My friend called me. “Oh my gosh. Why didn’t you ask me? Didn’t you know they have a frozen turkey and all you have to do is stick it in the oven?” she informed me. She nicely gave me all the how-tos such as temperature and how to accessorize. “Ah, you don’t get it do you?” I told her. “I’m sure they have those things but I really don’t even want to cook a turkey or a chicken, even if I don’t have to stick my hand up it.”

I have absolutely no interest in roast chicken and especially roast turkey. I have this thing about turkey. It came from a bad, slimey turkey experience when I was young. When I have a bad food experience, that particular food becomes a banned item in my life. My top three include turkey, apple sauce and brussel sprouts. I’m just weird that way.

The next morning, the tips continued. I had about a half a dozen people tell me about the frozen fowl way of doing things. The roast was a different bird, though. I had a few discussions about the roast in a bag.



By  
 Angela Tyler

There were two primary ones and many who were in disbelief about its edibility.

It was the Dude Sr.’s call which was the big phone call. “What’s this about a roast in a bag?” He asked. He was not a happy camper. I started to explain when he grumpily cut me off. As a fireman he can really cook. Roasts and steaks are his forte. “Meat in a bag is NOT a roast” he informed me. With his English accent it sounded even tenser.

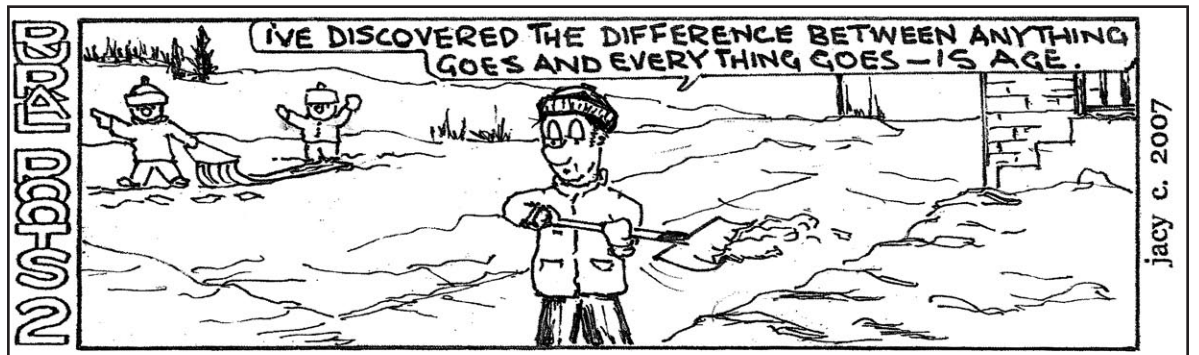
Dude Sr. and I get along pretty good and it was unusual for him to be grumpy with me. I was at a loss. I was shocked he was upset with me about my roast attempt. After we talked, though, I realized it was more his accent that made him sound grumpy. He wasn’t grumpy. He just wanted me to curb my talents from a bag roast...oops, meat in a bag...to the real Sunday supper item.

That night the Dude came home from work. “What’s this about me liking the roast in a bag.” He asked. Roast in a bag...I felt like telling him it is now officially meat in a bag. “I didn’t say that in my column” I

told him “I said it wasn’t bad,” offering the correction. “Wasn’t bad? It pulled apart. You’re supposed to carve a roast,” he informed me. Once again I tried to explain to no avail. Gheesh, it was a hunk of meat in a bag that you reheat. What did everyone want...prime rRib? Were there no bonus points for the creamed corn? That stupid meat in a bag was causing me a lot of stress.

On Sunday night, I had had enough. There was no Sunday dinner roast beef or meat in a bag. I had retreated to my comfort zone. I was off on a cooking tantrum. As the Dude asks “Are you going nuts cooking again?” About twice a month I get the cooking bug and start making a fortress of meals which is usually ‘way too much for two people.

There I was cooking pasta, making soup and sort of home-made chicken pot pie. Thanks to everyone for their cooking tips on roasts and roasted fowl. However, I am throwing the tea towel in. I had decided I am not cooking roasts. That was until my gardener friend suggested a roast in a crock pot. I love my crock pot and maybe we need to branch out beyond chili and soups done in it. Maybe, just maybe, there is a proper roast of beef in the Dude’s future.



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