

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Fitting tribute

We'd be remiss indeed if we failed to recognize and pay tribute to Acton's 2008 Citizen of the year-lakeside chapter of the IODE. Although the chapter has disbanded, it leaves a long legacy of activities during its 90 years of existence. Like many organizations the declining age of members and a parallel decline in membership forced the chapter to dissolve.

Actually, the IODE when it was formally known as the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, had two chapters in Acton. First came the Duke of Devonshire Chapter, formed in 1916, during World War I, dissolved a few years ago. The Lakeside Chapter was formed in 1918 as the Great War ended. Those I.O.D.E letter carried a special significance saluting Canada and the British Empire where it was said "the sun never set"

Few people, except the members, knew the scope the local chapters provided around the town and area. They were involved in just about every worth while activity in Acton and their good works spread throughout the province and the country. There was also a social side to both chapters, their annual teas and bazaars, highlights of the years.

One of the outstanding attributes of the IODE was the promotion of good citizenship, running citizenship courses to welcome new Canadians and a resolution to combat illiteracy, especially among aboriginal people.

In the education field so many students benefited from the service of the IODE with scholarships, boundaries, impossible to list them.

The organization has also always been vitally interested in the advancement of the arts through scholarships. They have provided sports and music equipment, library books and other necessities to classrooms in remote areas.

They did all this so discreetly and quietly, hardly anyone heard about it except the chapters themselves and the recipients.

Other services the IODE provided clothing, bedding, food and medical supplies to needy people in Canada and throughout the world. They assist crisis centres, senior citizens, youth groups, the handicapped and emotionally disturbed.

They have sponsored world travel tours, a provincial curling bonspiel and a golf tournament, a health awareness and a golf tournament, a health awareness program, a concern for children perfect in genetic medicine and anywhere there's a need the IODE usually contributes something beneficial. Why? Because the chapters were dedicated to the promotion of tangible reminders of the history and heritage of this country.

Founded in 1900 the IODE's deeds speak strongly for themselves but it is fitting the organization should be honoured as the 2008 Citizen of the year.

We are certainly going to be a poorer community without them and their many activities which featured "a love of country and concern for others."

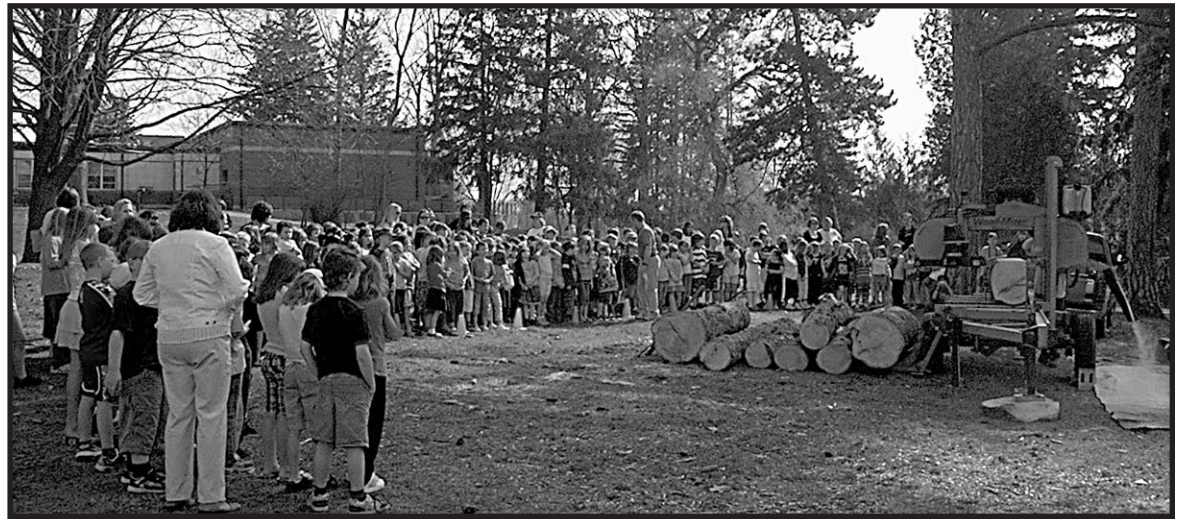
'Obscene' profits

Although the czars of the Big Oils in the United States were summoned to appear before a Senate Committee to explain their "obscene" profits garnish from the high gasoline prices we haven't heard any Canadian counterparts for an explanation of their tremendous windfall profits.

Prices for regular gasoline were at \$1.20 a litre when this was written and there were indications they could go higher before the blue-eyed sheiks are finished with their greed to exploit every little nuance in the supply system. Of course, the price resonates through the economy's ending everything from food to lumber, into higher price brackets, the consumer pays and pays.

Every time there's a jerk in the supply system the price at the pump goes up immediately although the gasoline at the pumps was bought much cheaper.

It's a good job this kind of accounting doesn't reflect in other consumer goods or we'd all be in the poor house. Yet Big Oil continues to get away with it with little squawb from our elected officials.



BOARDS OF EDUCATION: In keeping with the reuse/recycle mandate of a gold certified ecoschool, students at Robert Little PS gathered Monday morning April 21 to observe Ken Parkhill of Bush Bandits Portable Saw Mill (you may recognize him from the annual Fall Fair) shave a downed tree at the school into boards. The boards will be used to make benches and bird houses for the Woodland Trail the students created last year. – Ken Baker photo

My beloved Mustang 'scrapped'

My first car, a 1979 Plymouth Horizon in a lovely sparkle powder blue, was, to say the least a lemon. It was my sister's car and she sold it to me. It wasn't the best thing I had ever done.

My next car was my dream. It was a 1985 Mustang hatchback, also blue. However, at the time, it was très cool. It had a sun roof, a cassette player and I adored it. I got it in January, slightly used by an older woman, who traded it in. To me, it was the same as buying a new car.

I have a lot of memories about that car. The first night I had it, I drove to Milton then back to town. The fire trucks, which at the time were stationed downtown, had just left the hall. I thought it would be fun to follow them. I was shocked, to say the least, to find the fire was one of our school buses at our yard.

That spring, my girl friend down the street, whom I had known since I was five, was outside and I said to her "Let's go for ice cream..." Before she knew it we were at the Dairy Queen in Barrie. It just felt so good driving that car.

At stop signs where boys would have their muscle cars, I had no fear of revving my four cylinder engine and trying to beat them from the light. I knew I had no chance of every winning with a four cylinder, yet, I knew I was having harmless fun.



By
Angela Tyler

My prized possession would take me through my post high school years. I got my first and only speeding ticket with it in Rockwood. A deer and I had an encounter on Highway 401 one late night. The deer almost demolished the car. If I had had a passenger, they would have been dead.

I had good times with the car, too. Almost every weekend in the summer friends and I would head to Canada's Wonderland to hear a \$5 concert at the Kingswood Music Theatre. I saw everyone from K.D.Lang to Lou Reed and more.

My Mustang and I were destined to be together. I took care of it and it took care of me. I mean, it helped me survive the deer incident so it must have had some higher power.

Unfortunately, as much as I adored it, my car eventually wore out. The floor was falling apart and even though I had the body repaired, it was time to, reluctantly, let go.

Until this week, I held onto my Mustang and my memories. It was a part of my past I just wasn't ready to give up. I felt I owed the car that. That was when the Dude turned into

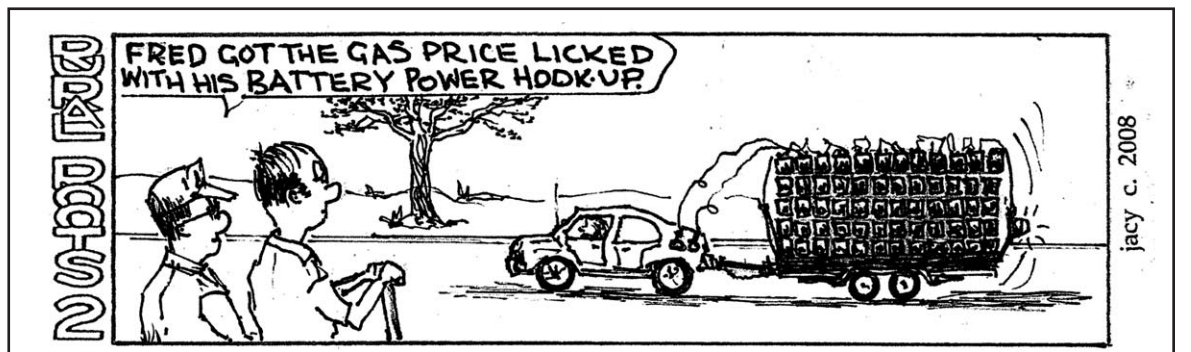
the television show, "Sanford and Son," or so I tell him.

You see, the price of scrap is at an all time high. It is three times the price of what it normally is. For the past two weeks, if it was metal and sitting still for longer than two minutes, the Dude was hauling it off to the boneyard to collect the cash.

"What about your Mustang?" he asked me. He had asked me that before but I just couldn't get rid of the old boy (yes, most cars are girls, but mine was a boy). Finally, with dollar signs and guilt in my eyes, I agreed to let him take it, my sister did as well as she had a Mustang too, a 1986 model she also vowed to restore one day.

The Dude brought his trailer and took the cars from their resting place, but not before I took one final look, and a picture. As the car started being dragged onto the trailer I couldn't handle it anymore. I left. Within the hour, he called me. "Do you want to see your car one last time?" he asked.

I met him at his shop and there they were. Two Mustangs sitting on top of one another, already crushed. It was a sad sight. The Dude grabbed a pocket knife and pulled the 'Mustang' name off my sister's car, knowing it was a sad day for her as well. Then said to me, "Here, give this to her..."



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