

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Nothing's sacred

A few months ago we suggested that the grounds behind the McKenzie Smith Bennett Public School be named in honour of the late local School Board Trustee Ethel Gardiner. She was the voice on the Board of Education who vigorously defended the role the grounds played in the day-to-day life of the people of Acton, especially in the realm of sports.

We can still remember her plaintive plea to the board a few years ago. She told them the people of Acton didn't ask much from the Board. Saving the grounds from development would do much to show that the Board had an interest in their welfare as well as being just an administrative entity primarily concerned with dollars and cents.

Gardiner was successful in convincing Board members how important the MSB grounds were to the community and suggested it would be a desecration and a shrug of unconcern to allow the grounds to be taken over and developed. This was a time when almost unrestrained development was taking place in nearby towns and cities. In any event Ethel Gardiner's pleas was successful and perhaps the community thought the deal was sealed forever.

Times change, members of the Board change, policies of a few years ago are reviewed through different eyes. So the Board decides they should get rid of all their "surplus" land. MSB land is included.

Of course there's been a fuss. It was like a bombshell had dropped on the community. The degree of opposition to the sale is community wide. However, it does look like the Board is listening. A mutual meeting between the Town and the Board took place last Friday.

Perhaps the Mayor and school board reps in attendance have come to some resolution protecting the MSB land permanently from development and save this oasis in the heart of the east end of Acton.

Penetang the LEDer

Maybe the local utility has already looked into it, but the Town of Penetanguishene has already LED the way with its LED (Light emitting diode) street lights. The town expects to achieve roughly 60 percent in reduced energy consumption and expects the longer life span of the light units will translate into substantial decreases in maintenance costs and complaints.

To date, Penetang has installed 242 units of 80 LED units to replace 250W mercury vapour lamps. The power savings are calculated at 63% (182W/fixture) and consume 104W total system watts of the old style "Cobra Head" street light.

Each LED light can provide up to 100,000 hours of lamp life and since they contain no mercury disposal is no hazard to the environment.

Most of us are familiar with LED lights for Christmas decorations and other domestic uses but their use a street lights I surely a progressive new technology. There certainly seems to be a savings for the local utility in Penetang and anywhere else they may be installed and one any utility would be interested in at a cost-saving time.



SAVE OUR SPACE: Mayor Rick Bonnette addresses the large crowd that gathered on the MSB grounds to rally against the Halton District School Board's decision to determine the MSB land surplus. Bonnette convinced the crowd that as long as he is mayor and the current council is in office, it won't be a priority to service any severed MSB land. — Traci Gardner Photo

Browsing the Internet for 'Barbie'

The Dude is always looking on Internet sites like E-bay, Kijiji and auction sites. He can spend hours looking at what people have for sale. I don't know how he does it but he never seems to tire.

The other night while surfing, he asked, "What should I look up?" Out of the blue it came to me. Maybe it was a result of cleaning up our basement and amongst the unpacked boxes that have sat there for almost two years was one of my prized collections.

"Look up Little People or Weebles" I informed him almost bounding out of my seat. Somehow looking up Weebles from 1973 weren't as interesting as checking out the prices of snowmobiles or classic Chevilles.

My father has a lot of stuff. Some of it he claims is worth more money than I think. I tell him it's only worth that if you have someone to pay that amount. It is easy enough for me to voice my words of wisdom, however, I wasn't ready to accept it when it was my "stuff".

A few days later, while checking my emails, I decided I would look up how much of a small fortune my 'stuff' was worth. Who knew. I



By
Angela Tyler

could be sitting on boxes of gold.

There they were... Fisher Price Little People. There was the airplane, the Tudor house, the castle and the farm which I was never lucky enough to have, but which my neighbours had. And, there were people actually bidding on the items. Dollar signs rolled over in my head although I don't think I could ever part with my childhood memories. But it was nice to know they were valuable not only to me.

Then I looked at the bids. The castle, in mint condition, was going for a whole seven dollars and change. I was completely disheartened. Then I remembered my other collection of Barbie that still resided at my parent's house, tucked away in the attic.

"What are you looking up?" the Dude asked. "The Barbie Dream House..." I informed him as he gave me that look of, well... apathy.

I found my Barbie yellow camp-

er and the Barbie travel cases I inherited from my sister. I even found a Midge doll, which I had completely forgotten about. As I continued to browse, I realized that my prized collections were only valuable to me because they all had measly bids as did the Little People and Weebles.

As I was coming to grips with the "truth", I saw her. It was a 1962 Barbie which looked like a postwar Pin-Up gal. "I have one of those" I told the Dude. Suddenly I got his attention and he was excited about Barbie because the going bid was over \$500.

"Well, actually it's my sister's and mine, er, ours, doesn't look like that anymore" I informed him. "What do you mean?" he asked. I explained that when I reached that age when I no longer played with Barbie anymore, before I packed them away, I hacked all their hair off, dyed it with food colouring and made them into punk rock Barbies.

They say one man's trash is another man's treasure, perhaps, but, I think I may have to search quite a bit to find someone who thinks the 1962 Barbie with a punk rock hair-do is treasure.



THE NEW TANNER
PUBLISHING LTD.

373 Queen Street East, Unit 1
Acton, Ontario L7J 2N2
email: thenewtanner@on.aibn.com

(519) 853-0051 Fax: (519) 853-0052

Publisher
Ted Tyler

Editor
Hartley Coles

Editorial Contributors

Mike O'Leary Frances Niblock
Angela Tyler Rebecca Ring

Advertising and Circulation

Marie Shadbolt

Composing

Ken Baker Tracey Gardner

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