

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Helping the needy

Acton Foodshare has a unique story that goes back 18 years. When Acton Scouting, Guiding and the Calvinist Cadets canvass for Acton Foodshare on Saturday, April 4 they'll be continuing a service to the community that goes back to 1991 when Ron Birrell moved to Acton from Saskatchewan.

Birrell's scouting group in Saskatchewan was involved in several food drives and he could see a need in this area where Joan Waldie and other citizens were organizing a food bank.

Ron Birrell enlisted help from the Girl Guides in Acton, Georgetown and area and an organized food drive was completed that year with route maps from George Henderson. Meanwhile Elaine Hannah organized the Limehouse Scout Group to canvass rural areas around the village. All levels of Scouts and Guides - Beavers, Sparks, Cubs, Brownies, Scouts, Guides, Venturers, and Pathfinders - participated. They, of course, in turn, depended on their parents to provide support with transportation, supervision and sorting and weighing donations.

In 1992, the Calvinist Cadets from Acton got on board, along with Rockwood and area Scouting to canvass their area with donations brought to the Acton Food Bank. Georgetown, meanwhile organized their own food drives in the fall of the year. Declining membership in Acton Scouting and Guides meant they could no longer canvass the Limehouse and Rockwood areas. It was decided Acton would switch to a spring drive in 2005 since donations at Thanksgiving were always generous.

Meanwhile the Acton Food Bank, now Acton Foodshare relies on the annual Scout-Guide-Cadet spring food drive to help stock the shelves at Foodshare's location in the Prosperity One plaza at the corner of Queen St. (Hwy 7) and Churchill Rd. S.

Foodshare is operated by a volunteer board of directors appointed at the annual general meeting in May. They face new challenges as the needs grow in tough economic times. Volunteers do the rest.

Twenty-seven new households used the food bank in the last three months in a service that weekly helps feed approximately 22 households with over 10,000 pounds of food. So it's easy to see there's a growing need. Foodshare's mission statement declares it exists to alleviate hunger and prevention of malnutrition for those who are temporarily in need of assistance in a discreet and non-threatening way. Obviously it has been fulfilling its mandate.

We don't often go to bat for causes in these columns but we are impressed with the work Foodshare does in the community and beyond. Right now they could use donations such as canned meat, fish, fruit, stew, vegetables, tomatoes, pasta sauce, peanut butter, jam, ketchup, rice, that old staple Macaroni and cheese, cereal, side dishes and snacks for school children. They have a "good supply" of soups, baby food, canned pasta, baked beans, chickpeas and kidney beans.

Non-perishable donations should be left in plastic bags at the front door by 8:30am during the food drive on Saturday, April 4 by the Scouts, Guides and Cadets. They can also be left at Foodshare, Sobeys, Bethel Church, Prosperity One Credit Union or at most churches.

Any questions?

They'll be glad to answer them at 519-853-0457.

Acton and area has always been a caring community. It's time to step up to the plate again.



MAKING ROOM: The old fire hall in Rockwood was demolished this week to clear the way for construction of a new medical centre on the property, which will begin soon. - *Rebecca Ring Photo*

TV possessed - Dude, check it out!

I said it before. I think our house is haunted. Actually, I stand to correct myself. Our house is possessed.

You see haunted indicates to me that it is an unfriendly entity. Possessed means to me that there is a presence in the house that isn't me, the Dude or our dogs. Verification of our possessed house came the other night.

It was an unusual night for our 'family'. Billie, our eldest dog was acting odd. For some reason he would not go near the Dude. The Dude begged Billie to come see him, but the dog out right refused to go anywhere near him, which is completely out of the ordinary. Usually Billie adores his 'dad' and always has "Dude and dog time" every night. Billie will come over to him and give him a hug, laying his head on the Dude's shoulder, and the two of them have a few moments recapping the day's events.

"Were you a good boy today?" the Dude will ask him. With that Billie looks at him with longing stares, indicating that he was. It is really quite the sight, however, that night he would have nothing, absolutely nothing, to do with his 'dad'. At one point



By **Angela Tyler**

with no avail. He would not go. It was just odd.

Later in the evening, the Dude and I retired to bed. Well, I should say the Dude, I and the dogs retired to bed. Luckily, we have a king-size bed and it was quite the event. I was enthralled with having most of the bed to myself while the dogs decided to squish 'Dad' on his sides. It was a rare moment as the Dude usually goes to bed after I do and usually only Daisy, our youngest is on the bed for a few moments with me. For me, it was comforting with the whole gang hanging out.

Just before 11 p.m. we were all tucked in; when I say all, I mean all. It was the Dude, the dogs and I all retiring nicely; even Billie was in the deep trance of his pig-like snoring. Granted at the time he was in our living room. Then it happened.

Suddenly, our television turned on and that took us all for a tail-spin.

the Dude.

He was nonchalant about the whole thing. "The TV is on," he told me, as if I didn't already know.

"Why would the TV suddenly turn on?" I asked him.

Quite frankly he didn't care. He was more concerned about sleeping than the fact that a television, out of the blue, decided to turn on.

"It's nothing...go back to sleep" he instructed me.

"Get out there and find out what is going on," I replied.

He was again not too worried. I, on the other hand had issues. Was the front door locked? Where were the remotes? Did Billie accidentally hit a button on the remote? Too many questions were going through my head.

"Get out there and find out what is going on!" I exclaimed. Excalmed is a pretty civil interpretation.

He was, again, non-compliant. "You go," he told me.

As I hovered under more blankets I responded, "For gawd's sake be a man and go out there! Electrical things don't just turn

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