

# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## Places to Grow

We'll wait until after the September 9 meeting with Ontario's Public Infrastructure Minister David Caplan before we comment on the Province's New Places to Grow policy, which outlines plans for the Greater Toronto Area (GTA) from Niagara to Oshawa, but already we're confused.

Among the proposals is one which would see Georgetown expanded to Milton obviously creating a major "city" out of two municipalities.

Mayor Rick Bonnette is concerned the province's proposals would spell the end of the town's plans for industrial development along Steeles Avenue, land which Halton Hills received in trade for the northern half of Nassagaweya Township during regional government decisions back in 1962.

Obviously the land along 401 Highway probably from 10 Sideroad south has a community of interest with Milton. Northern Nassagaweya had links with the old town of Acton and the Village of Rockwood. It really made no sense to sever those links other than to give Halton Hills industrial development land along 401. But it was done to satisfy politicians of the time.

Nassagaweya Reeve Anne McArthur said that unless her township was kept intact and ceded to Milton she would have nothing to do with regional government. Like Mississauga Mayor Hazel McCallion, Anne McArthur's words were not empty threats. The Tory government of the time heeded them well. So a deal was struck that Nassagaweya would be absorbed into Milton whole and unblemished while Halton Hills (Acton, Georgetown and Esquesing) would stretch as far as 401 from the Fourth Line to Peel County.

Halton Hills already has extensive plans to develop the 401 corridor with Moldmasters building a major industrial plant there. Decisions which would mar these plans would have far reaching effects on the Town's future so the mayor is perturbed.

We're confused because establishing a permanently protected Golden Horseshoe greenbelt has been a central promise in the McGuinty government's plans. The land south of Georgetown to the 401 corridor includes some of the best farm land in Ontario. Much of it has already been swallowed up by Georgetown South which extends as far as 10 Sideroad. Extending Georgetown as far as 401 would create another urban catastrophe no doubt fed by a big pipe from Lake Ontario, already extended to Milton's prodigious growth area.

Consequently, not only the politicians but the public should be concerned about the plans for the GTA in Places to Grow. We envision a giant urban subdivision extending from Milton to Brampton if there's no growth restrictions on Class A farmland.

## Smile, don't frown

One of the many e-mails which cross the editor's desk daily had this message:

"How to make sun-loving Canadians frown: Tell them 59 days of summer are gone!"

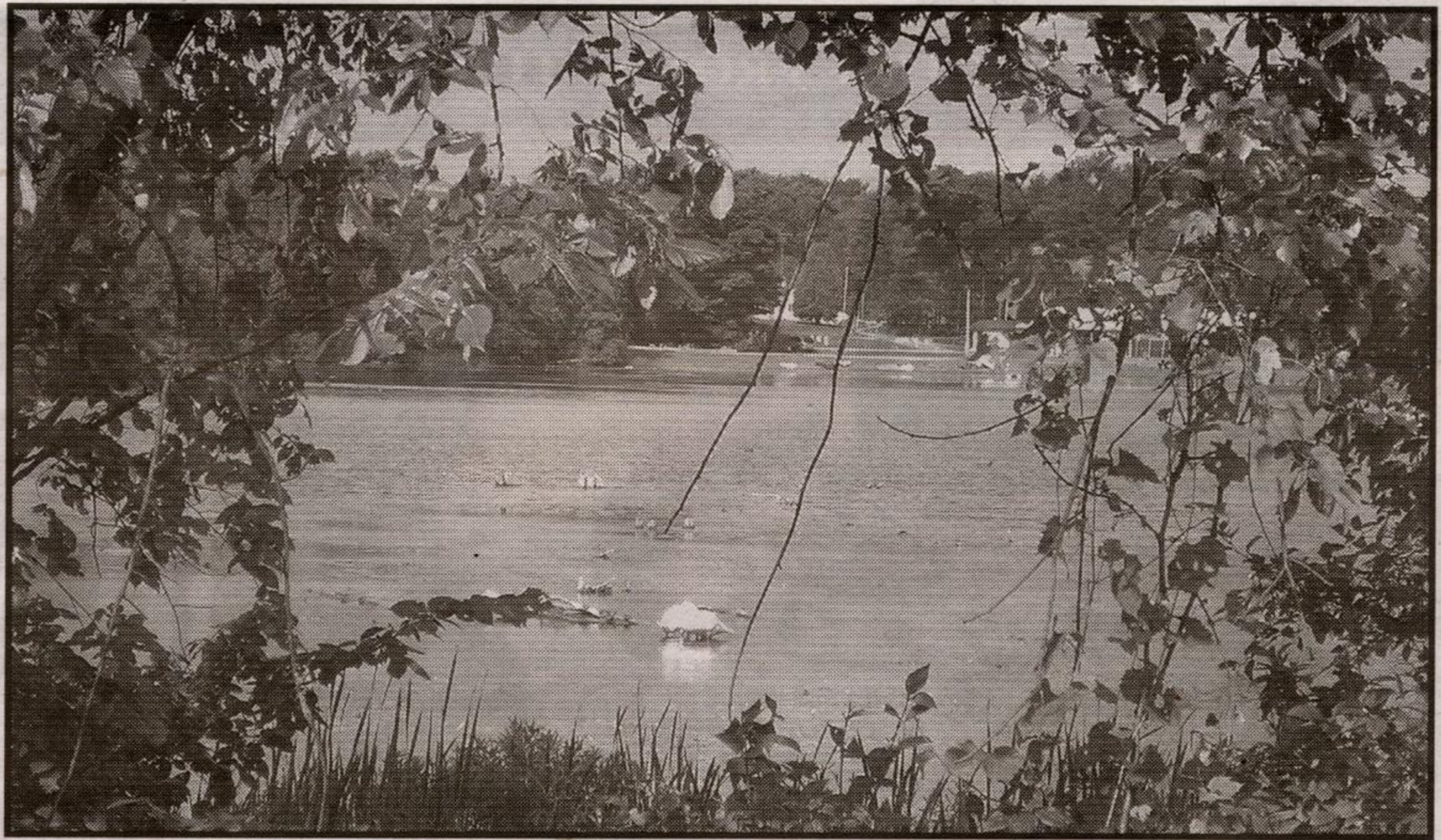
How to make a sun-loving Canadian smile: Tell them there are 33 days of summer left to go."

This scribbler will take the latter over the former but has to acknowledge this has been one of the wettest, coldest and gloomiest summers since he took note of the weather.

I know, some will tell you the summer of 1844 or 1906 was a lot worse. Since it was not my time on earth the degrees belong in the history books. This is the summer we're experiencing - the here and now.

Imagine having to cut your grass twice a week - in the middle of August!

So there's 33 days of summer left on the calendar. Let's hope only the sun shines through the days and the rain stays off until after midnight for the rest of the summer, and fall comes in with warm, sunny days as the trees don their autumn colours.



Swan Lake

## My perfume reeks...of bad luck!

There's a saying, "if I didn't have bad luck, I'd have no luck at all". That's how I felt recently.

It was a Monday morning and everything was going wonderfully. I was up early, feeling great and even had time to make my bed and have a proper breakfast. It was truly a feat since I am the habitual hit-the-snooze-button-as-many-times-as-you-can type of girl.

I stopped for a pack of gum at Royal Jug City and when I got back in my Jeep, I felt a slight draft. Something was different but I couldn't figure out what it was. Then, for some reason I reached around behind me and there it was. My favourite, fairly new pair of capri pants was ripped about 8 inches down, from the belt area to below my bum. Had I walked into the store like that baring my tush to the world? Then I figured out what happened. I had caught my pants on the seat adjuster that stuck out. So much for being early. I now was running really late and had to go home and change.

That afternoon, I noticed the top button on my top had a loose thread. As I tried to fix it, suddenly the button popped off in my hand. Left with nothing to sew it back, I retreated to the nearby stapler. Just as I was awkwardly trying to staple my top back together, a customer walked in.

The next morning, as I was getting ready for work, I placed my



By  
Angela Tyler

makeup container in the bathroom cabinet. As I was about to close the door, my face powder fell into the toilet and shattered. Of course, with my luck, they no longer make that particular brand.

Two days later and getting ready for work again, I was in the final stages of primping. I just needed to spritz a little perfume. After a few squirts, I placed the brand new perfume bottle back in the bathroom cabinet. Before I knew it, it suffered the same fate as the powder, only this time the bottle hit the toilet, then shattered all over the linoleum. Every ounce of the perfume saturated into the floor. Perfume bottles never break, but of course, mine did. The bathroom reeked so much of girly floral perfume even the dog wouldn't go in to drink out of the toilet. For days the smell was overpowering.

The next Monday, with the previous week of doom behind me, I headed home for lunch. Back on track for running late, I was late to get back to work. I frantically grabbed my purse and headed for the door. As I reached to turn the doorknob, there it was. The entire doorknob was in my hand. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

By the time we went on vacation, I was determined my bad luck was behind me. Approaching the border, I insisted we stop at Duty Free so I could buy another bottle of my favourite perfume. Arriving finally in Florida, that evening as we were going out for dinner, I went to open my perfume for a quick spray. When I took the box out of the bag, I realized I had bought the men's cologne version instead of the perfume.

I dealt with the perfume dilemma and decided the situation could easily be solved on the return to Canada. All we needed to do is stop at Duty Free again.

I was quite eager to stop and get the ladies' perfume. I started bugging the Dude in Georgia, reminding him we must stop at Duty Free. At each State we entered, I would remind him again about stopping at the Canadian border. I drove him nuts about it.

Finally, we arrived in the store. He wandered while I bee-lined for the perfume section. Feverously, I searched for the perfume. I couldn't find it anywhere so I asked the sales clerk where it might be.

"Oh, we don't carry that brand," she informed me.

I never thought about it before. The Canadian Duty Free and the American Duty Free are operated by two different companies. I've decided with the luck that I've been having, I'm definitely not buying lottery tickets for a while.



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