

# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## Pay, but hold your nose!

Monday, May 2 is the deadline for filing personal income tax forms, extended from April 30 so those who file later don't miss a business day.

Those who are expecting a refund no doubt had their tax forms into Revenue Canada long before the deadline. Those who will have to pay more likely have waited until the final few days before they filed their returns.

However, all taxpayers must be fuming when they see hard earned dollars going into government coffers when daily reports from the Gomery Commission disclose how those dollars have been used in the past.

If there's anything that can disgust taxpayers more on the fiscal level than handing out huge sums to scoundrels who do little or nothing to merit it, then it is beyond our imagination. If there is any practical excuse for not paying income tax then that has to be it.

When taxpayers have to fork over extra dollars to government, then it compounds the crimes because some of them are just able to get by in an increasingly expensive world.

Prime Minister Paul Martin went on air to plead with the public to wait until the Gomery Commission delivers its findings, probably in October or November, before we tar everyone with the same scandal brush. It's a fair assumption that only a handful of politicians and civil servants are directly involved in the sponsorship scandal. However, it is also fair to say that those who were on "watch" obviously were derelict. How else can we explain the flagrant misuse of funds.

So as you kiss your money goodbye as it disappears into the yaws of government coffers then it might be appropriate to hold your nose.

## Editorial bouquet

We'd be remiss indeed if we failed to congratulate Acton minor hockey teams who have won championships in the OMHA, the Tri-County and the Acton House League. Hockey is over now and the only reminder of a very successful season are the trophies and the memories.

It takes a lot of work, a lot of travelling and a lot of money to operate successful teams and leagues. If it wasn't for all the enthusiasm of volunteers, coaches, managers, drivers and sponsors it just wouldn't be possible.

Here's a doff of the old editorial chapeau to those who made the minor hockey season another outstanding success in this community.

## Briefly...

The weather's warmer and students at east end schools in Acton are making noon hours a hazard for drivers along Queen S. E. by running through Bethel Church property and across three lanes of busy traffic to nosh at the Acton Market Plaza. We're concerned someone is going to get seriously hurt unless the children start to use the pedestrian crossing at Queen. St. E. and Churchill Rd.

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There's still time to purchase tickets for Acton's Citizen of the Year dinner at the legion on Friday, May 13. The community is honouring VON nurse Linda Dougherty as Citizen of the Year. Linda has spent 13 years caring for patients in the area. Tickets are available at Halton Hills Furniture and Alexanian's.

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Dismal wet weather made Saturdays big community clean up a chore but along rural roads residents braved the rain in yellow slickers trying to clean up the debris. Much got cleaned up but there's still some spots in town and country that could use a good sweep of the broom.



**BRUNCH BUNCH:** The Lakeside IODE, including, from left: Betty Hustler, Rosealee Dawkins, Elinor Wagner-Dodds and Jane McAllister, helped cook, serve and clean up at Sunday's Kinette Club of Acton Community Brunch. For their efforts, the IODE will share in the proceeds from the brunch. — Frances Niblock photo

## So you don't believe in jinxes?

Although my mom doesn't openly admit it, I think she believes in some superstitions or jinxes.

"Don't go out that way," my mom tells me as I leave my parents' home by a different way than I entered. It's bad luck. She has a whole bunch of these sorts of things she'll mention the odd time to me.

I was not ready to believe in these. Sometimes I'd exit the opposite way just to get her going. For a while I believed my home was haunted. I firmly believed that when a pair of pants moved from one room to another one night and ended up perfectly folded, that it was the result of a ghost. However, I now know it was not the case since the Dude asked me once why I was standing in the hallway at 2:59 a.m. one morning. I had no recollection of it. The pants-moving ghost must have been me sleepwalking.

Over the past month or so, I have come to believe our bed was haunted or causing bad luck. "Where did you get the bed", the Dude asked me. I explained that about eight years ago, my parents offered me my grandparents' king-sized Sealy posturepedic mattress and box spring. They had only used it briefly before my grandfather passed away.

"So, it's almost 30 years old?" he



By  
**Angela Tyler**

questioned. Sure it was old, but it wasn't used for about 20 of those years. "We need to get a new bed," he told me. I was all excited with the thoughts of a new cushiony bed. Yet, I think the old bed heard the conversation and started to curse us in retaliation for being retired.

Within days of ordering the new bed things started happening. First, the Dude broke a molar in half while he was eating cereal. At first I thought he was joking until I saw the tooth or lack thereof. Then our hot tub blew the computer thing that controls everything. Before long we were both sick with the cold/flu. I spent nights hacking and coughing and the Dude was kept awake with my noise. We both had bags under our eyes and were dragging our feet for lack of sleep. The list of what was going wrong was getting longer and longer.

Friday, we got the call from Ron downtown...the bed we ordered had arrived. On Saturday, we were looking with content at our brand

new king-sized pillow top bed. It was fluffy and when I sat on it, my feet didn't even touch the floor. The old mattress was put in the hallway, slumped over, but it was able to get us one more time. Our bedding didn't fit over the larger pillow top mattress and the table the T.V. sat on was too low. The old mattress may have been pushed aside, but it had pulled one last punch.

With the old mattress gone, our luck started to change. For the first time in two weeks, I was starting to feel better. I was barely coughing. Then we not only found a shelf guaranteed to withstand the weight of a T.V. but we also found 310-thread count sheets on sale which would fit over a pillow top. That night, it was like sleeping on a cloud. For the first time in ages, my shoulder hadn't hurt and I had a glorious night's sleep.

The next morning, the Dude asked me how I slept. "Great!" I exclaimed. I loved the bed. I wanted to stay there all day, lying on a cloud, watching Coronation Street on the T.V. that was suspended above.

In retrospect, a great night's sleep can be found in a great bed. However, before the great night's sleep you also need to get the old bed completely out of sight before it can cause any more bad luck.



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