

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Mohawk cash cow

The New Tanner published a tax comparison chart in last week's edition intended to show that Halton Hills property taxes were reasonable compared to municipalities such as Cambridge, Brampton, Kitchener, Burlington and Oakville and slightly more than residents pay in Caledon and Mississauga.

The surprise figure on the chart was the Town of Milton where property taxes on a home assessed at \$300,000, considered average, amounted to only \$681, compared to \$930 for a similar home in Halton Hills.

How come the residents of Milton can get by on \$681, with an area approximately the same size as Halton Hills, while local home owners have to cough up an extra \$249?

One reason for the lower tax demand in Milton certainly has a lot to do with the number of new manufacturing concerns and warehouses which have located there keeping pace with residential development and maintaining a relatively low tax base. Industrial and commercial permits issued by the Town in 2006 alone represented over 1.8 million square feet of new commercial and industrial development. And it's still growing.

But there's another bonus which the residents of Halton Hills don't enjoy – the Mohawk Raceway. Millions of dollars in profits are funnelled to the Town of Milton annually in the "take" from the slots and races at the Campbellville track. It has been a cash cow since the introduction of the "slots."

There may be a hint of green in the eye of other Halton municipalities over Milton's fortunate tax position, much of it due to its location along Hwy 401 but there's also good management to take into account.

Good Samaritan

Readers familiar with the Bible will recall the parable of The Good Samaritan where a man falls among thieves and lies wounded and bleeding at the side of the road, his clothes torn off.

Later, a priest or rabbi walking along the same road noticed the badly beaten man. He crossed over to the other side, acting as if he didn't see the man. Again later, a Levite walking the same way noticed the man. He slowed down and walked closer but kept on going. None of his business.

The last man who came along was a Samaritan, a race despised by the Jews. They didn't treat them well. The man lying at the side of the road was Jewish. The Samaritan didn't hesitate. Filled with compassion he bandaged the injured man, put him on his donkey, took him to a hotel where he paid the innkeeper to take care of him.

One might see a parallel with the story of The Good Samaritan and an incident in Acton a week ago last Tuesday concerning an elderly, bleeding man who had fallen on an icy ramp in a Queen St. strip plaza. Two men and a woman walked past the man offering no assistance.

A lady in a van with two children pulled into the parking lot and rushed to help the man. Even a nearby business didn't offer much assistance.

Eventually the nearby ambulance was called and the man was taken to Georgetown hospital for treatment. The Good Samaritan who stopped and offered assistance was upset with the callousness of those who walked by.

Twenty centuries have passed since Jesus told the parable of the Samaritan but obviously human nature has not changed.

How many of us would have walked by, easing our conscience by figuring it was none of our business? The lady who acted swiftly with compassion is our Good Samaritan.



SNOWY FEBRUARY: Rural roads such as this one on the Third Line, south of Acton are kept clean by Town plows but the snow pushed aside often reaches higher than an elephant's eye.

His sweaters look good on me

It was a matter of almost he said, she said. We aren't the first couple to experience it and we absolutely aren't going to be the last. It all boiled down to a sweater.

"Nice sweater," the Dude said. I had no response. I had been arrested, tried and convicted. I was wearing his sweater. It was cold outside. All the sweaters I liked were dirty and I needed warmth. I knew it was not a good enough answer for him. "Well..." I hummed and hawed. "You never liked this sweater. It doesn't fit you...it never has. You don't like the collar and quite frankly I have had a few comments today about how nice it looked on me," I told him.

He gave me that Dude look. I hate the Dude look. It makes me want to justify my reasoning and apologize at the same time. Granted, the sweater was big, but it was cold, and he really hated the sweater so it might as well go to a good home. I couldn't help it if the good home was me.

He didn't say too much about the sweater after that. He didn't even say too much when I took another of his sweaters that didn't fit him. They were a little big, but they allowed for extra layers and if I could use them, what was the



By
Angela Tyler

problem? Every time I wore one of those sweaters I got the look again. At least the comments were fewer each time.

That was until one day a week or so ago. He had kept quiet long enough. "Isn't that my sweater again?" he asked me. I was caught. I had no further escape. "Uh...yeah..." I told him humbly. "That's it," he told me. The Dude had had enough. I was starting to think I was in big trouble.

Didn't he understand that is what girls do? Girls take their guy's clothes. My mom has worn my dad's socks. I've worn the Dude's socks... might I add on more than one occasion. My particular favourites are his with the Nike logo on them. They are perfect. They are short and just feel so comfy. I love his spring jacket. His sweatshirts seem to be broken in perfectly and just feel so warm. His clothes may be big on me but they have a comfort factor. It's kind of like having comfort food like chili on a cold day. It makes

one feel good.

That is how I feel about his sweaters, socks and coats. How could he not understand that? Didn't he have a girl friend in high school who wanted to wear his team jersey? I knew I would have loved to wear the star rugby player's sweater or the hockey star's shirt...that's how the world works.

"Fine then..." he told me. "I'm going to start wearing your stuff if you're going to wear mine." I had horrid visions of him in my skirts, knee-high boots or other things that I couldn't even think about writing in print.

In the end, the Dude realized that my clothes aren't for him. His clothes, however are another story. They say what is mine is mine and what is his is his and what is ours is ours. However, realistically what is mine is mine and what is ours is ours, but when it comes to clothing what is his is really ours. Whether it is socks, coats, or sweaters...the Dude's comfy wardrobe is a family gathering.

Wait until he finds out the dog has worn his sweatshirts after it has had a bath. It helps him dry off. I can't wait to see what he says then.



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