

# 'It's got to be the going, not the getting there that's good'

Last weekend, The Sidekick and I decided to take a road trip.

It'd been awhile since we'd been away, and some time since we'd visited her dad in Ottawa.

This was our first real road trip with the Mustang, and I was curious to see what kind of gas mileage I could get from that '5.0' V-8. I topped up the fuel tank, and we blasted off for Ottawa.

Now, I have an annoying mindset when I get on the road - I engage in a continual quest to make it to my destination in good time.

I watch the GPS and experience a feeling of pure joy if the ETA display (estimated time of arrival) drops so much as a minute. "I've beaten that clock again!"

We left at 2, and I even agreed to take the 407 ETR - which is unheard of for me. Most times I refuse out of principle, and The Sidekick gets annoyed with me, enduring the slow traffic on the 401.

But she noted that spending \$30 to have a fraction of the traffic competing with you on the highway, results in a safer driving environment. Well, she had a point.

Travelling the 400 series highways, my speed on the cruise control is generally set around 115-120 kilometres per hour.

Our usual Ottawa trip routine sees us drive to Kingston for the first leg of the trip, stopping there for a pee break and food.



**TED BROWN**  
A Ted Bit

Also, The Sidekick was born in Kingston, so she feels a tad like she's visiting the old homestead.

The last leg of the journey is that boring stretch up Highway 416 to Ottawa.

We arrived and the next day I filled up the car's fuel tank.

As usual, I recorded the litres to fill the tank and the kilometres travelled.

Now I'm old school - I don't deal with 'litres/100 km readings.'

Give me miles per gallon any day!

I did the conversions and calculations; 29.6 miles per gallon. Say what? I must have made an error.

I did the math again, and again. Still 29.6 miles per gallon.

I was over the moon. A 400-plus horsepower motor giving 29.6 kpg!

Wow.

We spent the weekend touring around Ottawa and I topped up the tank before leaving for home.

This time, The Sidekick said "Let's take Highway 7 and drop in to see my sister Lorna."

I begrudgingly agreed, gritting my teeth about

driving Highway 7.

But as we entered the Highway 7 on-ramp, I noted something - it was relaxing.

My cruise control was set at 90 km/h, not 120. And I didn't find the other drivers so competitive, riding my rear bumper, creating stress in the process.

I actually saw scenery!

I hardly looked at the GPS, I was in a totally relaxed driving mode. We stopped at a junction of some county road and had lunch from a chip wagon.

No pressure - just ate and watched the other distressed drivers relaxing like us.

We dropped by to see The Sidekick's sister and her hubby and later headed home.

I have no idea how long that trip was, and didn't even care.

It was great.

The next day, I filled the fuel tank and did the calculations.

I was astounded to calculate the mileage at 30.7 mpg. Driving 10 kph slower not only saved me more than one mile per gallon, it was a beautiful drive in the bargain.

There are a couple things to be learned from this road trip, and one of them is taking the fast lane is not always the quickest route.

And the other was coined by Harry Chapin in his song Greyhound.

"It's got to be the going, not the getting there that's good"

## THE WAY WE WERE



Photo Esquesing Historical Society/Photo

As owners and operators of the Limehouse Store since 1936, Art and Isobel Benton, pictured in this photo, sold it in 1967. Isobel ran it during the day as Art worked as an assessor for Esquesing Township. Isobel also became postmistress in 1942, continuing in that role until they sold. If the Bentons were home, the store was open, often early in the morning until late at night. It continued as a store with several different owners after the Bentons sold, but is now a private residence.

## LETTERS

### Lottery could help pay for health care

Our health care in Canada is now on life support while the government rakes in millions just off its sale of lottery tickets.

A doctor in Canada has to spend years and a substantial amount of money to get their medical license to be able to practice in this country. Finance

Minister Bill Morneau's new tax attack on small business just might be the final nail that will encourage doctors to leave Canada and practice elsewhere, putting our already strained health care systems into an even worse situation.

The government should be transparent about all the revenue generated off its lottery sales each week with the

amount it takes in and pays out.

I am sure that with the difference the government rakes in each week off lottery ticket sales, there is sufficient money to pay for our health care systems, therefore eliminating the need for a new tax structure that puts an added strain and burden on doctors and small business in this country.

Charles Owen

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