

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Dalton's faux pas

Unlike op-ed columnist Mike O'Leary we applaud the Dalton McGuinty government's decision to reintroduce photo radar on the 400 highways. Although there's a probability we might one day be one of its victims, we can't help but think it will bring back some sanity to Ontario's speedways.

The carnage on the 400s, the excessive speed and thundering truck traffic has made 401 a frightening experience for the faint of heart. Although there have been all kinds of promises about more police, better enforcement, etc., etc., conditions on 401 continue to deteriorate as traffic volume grows.

Hopefully, photo radar may slow down the large trucks which dominate the freeways intimidating other motorists with their size and power.

Photo radar works, slowing down drivers and cutting accident rates in all jurisdictions where it has been introduced. In Norway, for instance, it has been credited with reducing injuries in crashes by 20 per cent.

The pluses also extend to the fiscal field, saving hospital, accident and gasoline costs as well as pain and suffering. It is compounded at this time of year by slippery, snow-covered, icy roads. Cutting speed also saves on gasoline which, under the supply and demand formula, should cut the price.

Premier Dalton McGuinty messed the reintroduction of photo radar up by acknowledging his government isn't doing this out of any concern for safety but simply as a cash cow to raise money for the \$5.6 million Ernie Eves left as a legacy. Well, he could correct that faux pas by also putting more traffic cops on the highways to enforce all the traffic laws.

As someone has said, photo radar is no substitute for real police on the roads.

Strength in Unity

Sunday's unity service at the Acton Legion auditorium shows once again that Acton has a strong and vibrant Christian community.

Several hundred people gathered in the spirit of unity to worship and to show solidarity with Christians of all denominations in the area. The service demonstrated there's more common ground among denominations than there are differences.

As Father Bob Bulbrook noted in his concluding remarks, 30 years ago a unity service on the scale of Sunday wouldn't have been possible. Today, there seems to be a realization that most Christians share the same values. However, these are being eclipsed by rising secularism.

The one way to make sure Canada retains the values that made this country so well respected is for all Christians to demonstrate their unified commitment to them. That would include respect and toleration of other faiths and a desire to co-operate with them in speaking out for the common good.

Sunday's service was an indication there is a strong and growing realization that there is strength in unity.



HOCKEY NIGHT IN ACTON: Richie Brownlee and his friends have been enjoying this cold weather on the outdoor ice rink that his dad, Don, made on their front lawn. It might not be the Air Canada Centre, but a dozen or so the boys have been having fun with a nightly hockey game on this pint sized space equipped with its own flood lights. - Angela Tyler photo

Angela likes traditional candies

This Christmas, I was lucky enough, contrary to popular belief, to once again not receive a lump of coal in my stocking. Instead, I was met with an unusual finding.

At the bottom of the stocking was a chocolate treat. It was a caramel KitKat bar. It might have been 10:30 a.m., but I had to unwrap it. I looked at it and sniffed it like a sommelier would with a fine wine. I took a sample bite. This was not a KitKat. It was an imposter disguised in a KitKat wrapper.

What I want to know is what happened to the traditional KitKat? Where was the chocolate bar with four finger-like cookies combined with chocolate and nougat? Suddenly the four tasty little treats were replaced with a large caramel filled one.

What's going on with junk food anyway? When I was four or five, the big treat of the week happened on Wednesday. That was the day the Acton Free Press came out.

That afternoon my mom would give my sister and me 35 cents...15 cents for the paper and a dime each for a bag of chips. We'd walk over to the BP gas station behind our home (where Achilles Mazda is now) and Litza would sell us the paper and we'd choose our treat. It was simple. We had a choice of plain, barbecue or salt and vinegar chips. Now if you go to get a treat or 'junk food' the choices have almost become absurd with choices



By Angela Tyler

like Jalapeno Doritos, Cheddar and Sour Cream chips, caramel KitKats.

Why is it difficult to just buy a Mars bar? Why do you have to pick a king size one or a pack with two in it? What happened to a wild choice being a green Aero bar? Sometimes too many choices are a bad thing. Remember New Coke? They had to learn the hard way. I even read in a newspaper where the Jones Soda Company ventured into a new flavour this past holiday. It was turkey and gravy flavoured pop. Jones administration take a lesson from the people who invented New Coke. People like normal things...things they are used to.

I absolutely love popcorn. I enjoy it so much I have actually burnt out two hot air poppers from overuse. However, I am traditional and don't usually venture into the flavoured kind, although it seems to be popular. Dill Pickle popcorn? Maybe salt and vinegar seasoning? It wasn't for me until a few weeks ago while we were grocery shopping. The Dude saw a bag of Tabasco flavoured popcorn. I couldn't resist and had to try it. Sure

it was kind of interesting but you still can't beat the old fashioned kind with just butter and salt.

Last week I had a big craving for a chocolate bar. As I scanned the massive and growing selection at the corner store, it caught my eye. It was a Smarties chocolate bar. I should have known better, but once again, I had to try it.

Slowly I unwrapped it, still weary after the KitKat ordeal. Smarties have always been a favourite. More than once, someone has caught me at my desk sorting my box of button sized bits of heaven into colour and quantity piles, carefully selecting which ones would be booted off my Smarties survivor island.

I could almost taste the Smarties before I had it out of it's package. Then, there it was. It was nothing but a hunk of chocolate with a minimal amount of broken Smarties bits. I wanted to scream. AARRRRGGGHHHH...they lied. I knew it! It was just a way for that company to sell all those broken Smarties they can't put into a box.

I've learned my lesson. Give me boring bits. Give me barbecue chips or a plain Aero bar. There will be no king size KitKats, turkey flavoured pop or Ketchup Doritos for me. All I ask is for a few minutes to sort my Smarties and decide if I will eat the red ones last.



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