## EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

## Check your speed

One 21-year-old Oakville driver marked the introduction of the new Halton anti-speeding campaign by doing 185 kph in a posted 80-kph zone in his BMW on Saturday, 105 kph over the speed limit. Fortunately he was nabbed and will appear in court on September 21 to answer to the speeding offence.

An alert officer in an unmarked police vehicle detected the BMW driving erratically along Dundas St. at 7 p.m. Saturday. The BMW turned north onto Trafalgar Rd., Halton police report, and accelerated to 185 kph in the posted 80 kph zone, travelling several kilometers at that speed prior to being stopped by the officer.

It is this kind of reckless disregard for speeding that Halton's road safety campaign dubbed Drive SAFE (Safety Awareness for Everyone) is aimed towards. As Halton Police point out, speeding impairs a driver's ability to control their vehicle, accurately assess distance and stopping time as well as affecting their ability to react quickly when the occasion warrants.

In view of the high price of gasoline at the pumps it also makes fiscal sense to stay within speed limits. The faster a vehicle goes the more fuel it burns.

Speeding tickets can cost drivers anywhere from \$17.50 to more than \$350 depending on the infraction, another reason it can be hard on the pocketbook. In addition drivers can lose up to six demerit points eventually costing them plenty more dollars for auto insurance coverage.

New signs are up on high volume roads noting the fines for speeding. Take note of them because Halton Police and the region issue 15,000 speeding tickets annually. This new incentive could raise that number considerably.



Briefly...

Just when we despaired that no Canadians were going to win gold medals at the 2004 Olympics except the Little Blue Cow, a gymnast from Calgary came through with a stellar performance to nab the first one. It came just after the Canadian four man rowing crew was nosed out by the Brits in a thrilling race decided by a hiccup. Columnist Michael O'Leary deals with the Olympics in more depth on the op-ed page.

Although Canada is not piling up medals like the United States and China at the Olympics we certainly have no dearth of world class talent in other fields. Have you been watching the CTV television show Canadian Idol? Some of the singing talent on the show is excellent. Despite all the hype and showmanship that accompanies recent shows, the talented competitors shine for even this acerbic viewer.

Downtown Acton merchants and their contemporaries in Rockwood should all be rejoicing at the end of August because construction in both places is supposed to be completed by the end of the month. The \$.9 million Acton Mill St. reconstruction has been going on since May and certainly has affected downtown business despite the best efforts of contractors to keep traffic moving. In Rockwood's case traffic has been rerouted along the Guelph Line and merchants there have been feeling the pinch. There should be a big party in both communities when the work is done.



SCHOOL STARTS SEPT. 7 and children will no doubt be looking forward to the routine after over two months of freedom. Perhaps their thoughts are not much different than the children who posed for this photo 81 years ago at the old red brick Acton Public School, taken in 1923. The New Tanner staff can't identify any of the students but if anyone can we'd be pleased to publish them. Some of them look familiar.

## My cleaning frenzies obsessive

Every once and a while a girl gets a need to start cleaning. For me, it started with cutting the grass. That's all it was supposed to be.

"I just want to cut the grass after the Trunk Sale, then we can go out. It'll only take about an hour," I said to the Dude. My obsessiveness with cutting the grass on Friday or Saturday drives him nuts. While he kept himself busy, my so-called grass cutting soon turned into a whirlwind yard clean-up. I couldn't help it. The urge to overhaul the yard was overpowering. I had to fix everything instantly.

Before I knew it, the shrubs were trimmed, the flowers fertilized, the tomato plants restaked, the grass cut, the deck swept, complete with fresh cut flowers on the table, and one hour soon turned into over three. A feeling of temporary content filled me. It was confirmed when the Dude actually said my grass looked really good. He never says anything about things like that.

By mid-week, I was in a cleaning mode that couldn't be matched. By the end of the first night, three hours later, the bathroom and bedroom were clean. Why was I keeping empty perfume bottles? Sure, Martha Stewart said you can put them in your undies drawer to make them smell nice, but mine were still in the bathroom as I soon realized why. I had no room for them...in



Angela Tyler

one tiny drawer amongst the socks and other such items, there were 37 pairs of undies.

Why did I have so many? Why would anybody need so many? I must admit, I am a bit obsessivecompulsive about keeping a tidy home. So it completely dumbfounds me as to how I accumulate so many things I don't need.

The living room was next. There in the room, atop the footstool, was my pile of inspiration. Among the many inherited traits from my father, I have recently started doing something he does that always irritated me. While reading a newspaper and reading something he thinks is interesting or something he likes to "follow-up." He takes his pocketknife and cuts the piece out of the paper. Now, I am doing the same thing, minus the pocketknife. I just rip it out.

In the foot-and-a-half pile of newspaper cut-outs was my inspiration of ideas for columns, stories or just odd bits of inspiration. At the bottom of the pile is a newspaper that is five years old from Phoenix. Closer to the top is a section of the Globe and Mail with a picture of a pig's snout on the front page. Mixed between were stories about Coronation Street and D-Day, decorating magazines and of course, a two-year old Sears catalogue. Why was the Dude's two-month-old Auto Trader still here? Soon, there was another bag to go out to the recycling bin.

Nothing was safe from my hurricane-like cleaning frenzy. Why do I have a pack of fajita shells that I bought in Hawaii more than five years ago still in my freezer? Why do I have Air Mile coupons for Shell that expired in January on top of my microwave? Why do I have a Tupperware type of lid and no matching container? Another bag for the garbage man this time.

By the end of the week, the house was clean. There were no unsightly piles of newspapers or clutter lying about. The dresser drawers and closets were cleaned with a few bags of clothes for a charity. The recycling bin was overflowing. The garbage can was full. It looked clean, smelled clean and was equally so for the out-

Then I took a second glance at the yard. It was Thursday. It had rained that week. Over-analyzing things again, I started to notice the grass was really starting to grow...and I think I missed a couple spots when I trimmed the shrubs. That's okay...only two more days until Saturday.





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