

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Truck route needed

If anyone had doubts about the fact Highway 7 and Regional Rd. 25 (formerly Hwy 25) are truck routes through Acton it became patently obvious early Monday afternoon when a serious collision tied up traffic along Main St. and Mill.

Truck traffic stretched for blocks along Main St. in one of the hottest days of the year. Truckers attempting to avoid the gridlock used other streets to get out of the jam but in many cases their vehicles were too large to navigate residential streets. Vehicles stuck in the middle of the traffic jam, both cars and trucks, had nowhere to go.

The increasing use of Regional Road 25 and Main St. in Acton by large trucks is indicative of the need for a truck route around town. Truckers are using the 25 route from old Highway 24 to latch on to Highway 401. Outside of Main St. S. the regional roads are smooth and pothole-free. Main St. is the only road that shatters the serenity with its teeth rattling pavement.

Traffic planners originally called for heavy traffic off old Hwy 24 to use Trafalgar Rd. to reach Hwy 401. Obviously it has fallen out of favour with truckers who prefer the shorter and less arduous trek down improved 25 even though they face an obstacle with railway tracks and the road junction where 25 and 7 split.

At peak hours when those large trucks are barreling along Main St. downtown pedestrians are often challenged by the number and size of the vehicles which run check-by-jowl with the sidewalks. It can be intimidating – and frightening.

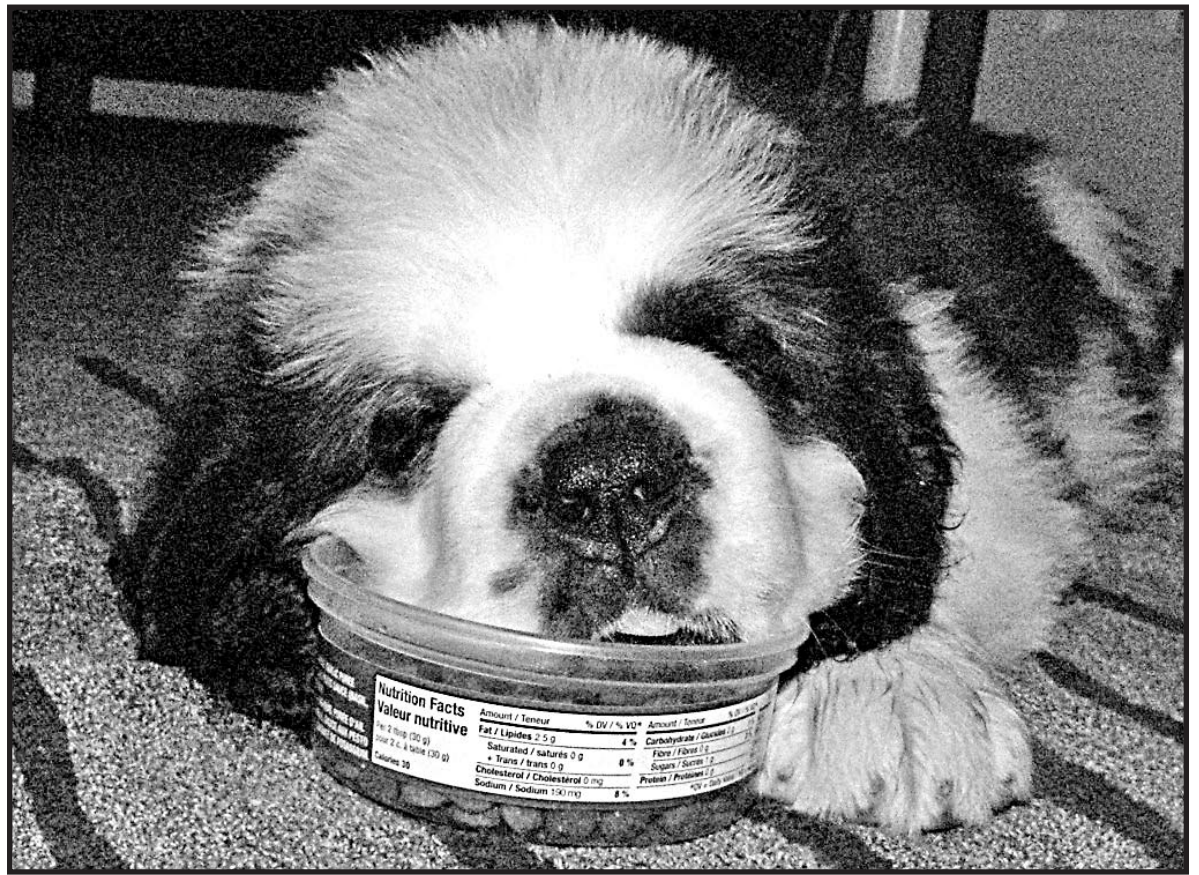
When the Province decided to download 25 Highway on to Halton Region and Wellington County, the reason given was that it was a local road used by local traffic. It was an exaggeration of course. Highway 25 has always been a feeder for 401. However, the volume of traffic along 25 has increased tremendously since Queen's Park made that decision.

It's no wonder the Province would now like to download Highway 7 on to the Region. It's obvious they would avoid a decision of what they will have to do to solve traffic problems through Acton which 7 Highway traverses from east to west.

A truck route is needed to avoid the kind of traffic gridlock which happened in Acton Monday.



Line-up on Main N.



Our dog Billie

Billie brought a ray of sunshine

The last few weeks have been a hurricane of emotions for me. It all had to do with our dog Kodi.

I had to face adult reality. Kodi was sick and the cure if any wasn't pleasant. He had been in my life for 12 years and in the Dude's for four. We were attached to him. He was part our family. This was even harder on the Dude as just months ago we had to face the end with his dog Shadow.

After being graced with a few additional months after Kodi became sick, I had to make a decision, I couldn't see him suffer or face more treatments that may or may not help him.

That week I was an emotional wreck. I made the dreaded appointment at the vet's and had to face Kodi each day until then. Each night I would lay on the floor beside him and talk to him. I would apologize for his dreaded day that approached him, a day of which he was unaware. I begged him asking him if he thought I was a good mom. I cried beside



By
Angela Tyler

him. I hugged him. I looked at his pictures. I looked at all his paperwork that I was given when he was just a puppy coming home when he was weeks old. The days approaching the awful visit to the vet's tore me apart. I could only pray that he loved me as much as I loved him and I just hoped I had given him all I could.

That day was horrific for me. I was partially numb and partially asking for forgiveness. After he had passed, I dreaded being at home. There was no longer any dog there to greet us. There was no noise and those that were there were suddenly worrisome. I hadn't worried about noise before. Those I heard were either the dogs or something else. If they were something else, the dogs would take care of it. I was lost. The

Dude was lost. There was a huge and sudden void in our lives.

That was when an unexpected ray of sunshine brightened our sadness. A few days later the Dude called Shadow's breeder to see when he would be having another litter. The Dude realized I wasn't ready for another dog so soon, or so I thought. However, I was the first to acknowledge that I couldn't be without one. For someone who started out being afraid of dogs, I was lost without the love of man's best friend.

That night we headed to the breeders to see the puppies. I was quiet the whole way there and the Dude knew I was having problems. However, our loss would soon turn into a change of fate.

It seemed the breeders had one final puppy left. They had numerous people wanting him, but they hadn't yet found the perfect home. Then as the Dude asked when their next litter may be, fate seemed to fall into our hands. This was

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