

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Excessive speed costly

The new provisions in the Highway Traffic Act (HTA) which came into effect on September 30 are already having an impact on drivers exceeding the speed limit by 50-km/h or more.

Both Halton Police and Wellington OPP have each charged at least three drivers under Section 172 of the Act, the penalty of which is a seven day suspension of their drivers license as well as a seven day impoundment of their vehicle. They also face a minimum fine of \$2,000 upon conviction.

The numbers in this area might be considered "small change" because over 1,000 drivers have been charged with the same offence across Ontario.

Motorists charged under the new law are finding that speeds up to 160 km/h in a posted 70 km/h zone are not only expensive but the loss of their vehicle compounds the expense. The maximum fine, if convicted, can be as high as \$10,000. "Stunt drivers" can have their licence suspended, can lose their licence for up to two years for a first offence and 10 years for a subsequent one.

If that is not sufficient deterrent to get drivers to slow down then it would be hard to know what is. However, we're sure that some motorists will try to flout the law, especially on the QEW and the 400 highways where excessive speed seems to be the rule rather than the exception.

Those who complain about the new provisions in the HTA being too severe should be aware that there is also pressure to lower the 50 km/h excess to 20 or 30 km/h, which in theory would slow drivers down to posted speed limits.

Briefly...

October has proved to be one of the warmest, driest months on record so it shouldn't be surprising that water levels in Fairy Lake have been described by some venerable Actonians as the "lowest ever," disputed by some others. In any event, pedestrians could walk all around the perimeter of the 89-acre lake on ground where there are always water. Conditions like this sprout stumps and other things submerged when the lake was enlarged early in the 1800's. Recent rain has brought levels up somewhat, but much beach is still exposed. We still need lots of rain. Old timers used to say "the swamp must be full" before winter can set in.

* * *

Someone in the office last Thursday, Oct. 25 pointed out that Christmas was only two months away to groans from the staff. Why do we have such a gloomy attitude towards one of the joyous times of the year? It could be we are just too darn busy to deal with it and the spirit of Christmas as Dickens' Scrooge was want to say "humbug." Obviously we need to slow down and enjoy it more.

* * *

The imminent arrival of the Christmas season is always heralded by the arrival by post of dozens of pleas for funds for the various charities and organizations. They know the spirit of giving is more prevalent during the festive season than in the rest of the year and it also produces a puzzle about which charities deserve contributions. So many of them spend a large part of their donations on promotion and little filters down to those who need help. It is worthwhile to find out how much of your donations actually goes to the charities of your choice.



RAIN RAIN GO AWAY: Although Saturday started off raining, however, by the time the Ghost Walk was on the way, hundreds of trick or treaters, and many parents donning costumes too, enjoyed an early Hallowe'en in a safe environment which was sponsored by the Acton BIA and the downtown merchants. - Angela Tyler photo

Age, an apron, a cute boy

I don't think, or so I thought I didn't think I felt old. After all, 39 was nothing right?

Then a certain turn of events started to happen. Gheesh, I was 39, what was the big deal?

The first was when a co-worker and I were in a discussion. She up front said, "Well, you're 40 right?" Gawd, I wasn't 40. 40 is a big thing and I was 11 months from being there. 40...the number kept reeling in my head. 40. 40. 40.

Then a few days later I was on a bus run, doing the spare driver thing. One kid was acting up a bit, nothing horrible, but still, he required some discipline. I summoned him to the front seat. With that I asked his name. He responded with his first name only and I asked his last name. When he gave it, I just looked at him in devastation. "Are you so and so's BOY?" I asked. Did I actually say the word 'BOY'? Cripes, that is something my dad would say or my mom or someone who was waaaaaaaaaaaaay older than me. I chose the word boy instead of son.

That was when the strangest thing happened. He was his 'boy' or son. I told him I went to school with his dad...he was in my grade two class. The kid had to be about 16 years old. I was feeling my age now. And, really, my age was nothing in comparison to my elders. I looked at the 'kid' and was devastated.



By Angela Tyler

He looked exactly like his dad did when I recalled my grade two memory. He had the shaggy blonde hair and facial features. What was different was his height. His dad, from what I can recall, isn't too tall. This kid had to be about 6' tall. "Your dad isn't that tall...where did you get your height from?" I asked. He just shrugged his shoulders. Oh my gawd, a kid I went to school with had a teenager. Dare I tell the kid that I used to think his dad was soooooooooo cute and that in grade 2 I would chase him around the playground trying to kiss him? His dad even knick named me the kissing girl. At an early age, I knew a cute guy when I saw him.

After the whole kissing girl memory recall, my dad offered me a Northern newspaper which had a columnist in it that he thought I should read. "I think you might enjoy it" he offered.

With that I read it. It was entitled, "Over the Hill". At first I didn't think too much about the title, actually I hadn't even noticed it. The first words were about if we remembered June Cleaver. Man,

I love June Cleaver. She was the perfect wife and homebody.

Her column was all about how the apron has changed and basically become obsolete. With that I recalled how last Christmas, my main request for a present from my sister was a proper Chef's apron.

Suddenly, I was old. I wanted an apron when apron's were a thing of the past...something that is sold on Ebay for ridiculous amounts of money. What is wrong with wearing an apron? I have this habit of wiping my hands on my waist area when prepping food and an apron is perfect for me. I may not be June Cleaver with her perfect hair and perfect dress, but I love being able to put on my apron.

I don't know where "are you his boy" came from. I am still amazed it actually came out of my mouth. And I am NOT 40! I have this funny feeling Miss Angela is going to fight the 40 thing however, I will wear an apron even if I am 39 and holding. As for the 'boy' comment...I can't help it. Sometimes, my mother or my father creeps out of my mouth. I have no control. After all, we are a product of our upbringing and mine happens to say, are you so and so's "boy" or "girl" instead of child. As for the grade 2 kissing girl, all I can say is the 'boy' was cute in the mind of a grade 2 and hopefully, the Dude understands.



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