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A guide to what not to do with that hour you no longer have

Spring forward, fall back. Spring forward, fall back.

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Spring forward, fall back. Spring forward, fall back.

I have to keep repeating that aphorism to remember what to do with my clocks, at least the few remaining clocks that don't set themselves automatically by some mysterious force unknown to humans.

It's a simple enough way to remember daylight saving time (not savings time, according to The Associated Press Stylebook), except that I sometimes find myself slipping into fall forward, spring back, which also sounds right but would be wrong in a timekeeping sense.

It has become especially difficult to remember what to do since we as a nation decided in 2005 that we are no longer patient enough to wait until spring to spring forward. It's more like mid-winter forward.

The real issue we face is that in the blink of an eye, we all lose an hour of our lives. For some, this disruption to our circadian rhythms is unappreciated (but remember, even a broken body clock is right twice a day). I prefer to see it as a brief-but-not-unwelcome excuse for workplace fatigue and low productivity.

But then, I'm always the optimist, always ready to make horological lemons into horological lemonade (horology being the study of time and timekeeping and not a reference to Tim Eyman's latest opinion of Gov. Jay Inslee).

Every moment of life is precious. But there are plenty of hours I could do without, and the dawn of daylight saving time lets me contemplate what not to do with that hour. I could, for example, use it to:

Not catch up on those DVR'd episodes of Downton Abbey.

Not absorb the devastating effects of federal budget sequestration.

Not handicap the candidates for pope.

Not worry about the complete lack of correlation between Mariners spring training victories and the chances of success during the season.

Not drive somewhere burning four-buck-a-gallon gas.

Not listen to Republican members of the U.S. Senate express outrage that President Obama appointed someone to head the Department of Interior who once was a member of a pro-National Parks organization.

Not accumulate garbage before the start of Tacoma's every-other-week garbage collection program.

Not watch highlights of U.S. Sen. Rand Paul's filibuster.

Not listen to Sunday show talking heads analyze Rand Paul's filibuster.

Not suffer through another 120, 30-second pope-candidate attack ads paid for by Italian SuperPACs.

Not watch yet another debate among the candidates for pope.

Not be spied on by police drones.

Not campaign to be Foursquare mayor of the light rail station at Seventh and Commerce.

Not wish I had one of those really cool drones.

Not follow the Seattle mayor's race.

Not wonder what happened to the tea party.

And why stop there? We could suggest what others could not do with the hour they lost, like:

Sen. Mike Baumgartner would have one fewer hour to dream up bills like his reduction of the state Supreme Court from nine justices to five (with the decision of which four go being determined by drawing straws).

Sen. Mike Baumgartner would have one fewer hour to try to keep a straight face while insisting to reporters that his is a serious proposal and not a joke or an example of legislative breath holding over the court's recent rulings.

Certainly there are negatives. We now find ourselves one hour closer to:

The end of the world triggered by sequestration.

Opening Day for the Mariners.

The North Korean nuclear attack.

The Huskies season opener against Boise State.

The first public chastising of 20-year-old college students by Washington State University head coach Mike Leach.

The end of the world triggered by the Washington Supreme Court ruling against the two-thirds tax-vote requirement.

The end of public education triggered by the creation of charter schools.

The opening of the Tacoma Walmart.

TV ads featuring an old guy dancing badly and inviting us to shop at the Marijuana Ranch.

The Mariners being mathematically eliminated from postseason play.

The inevitable social pressure to do something productive with the hour we gain when daylight saving time ends Nov. 3.

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