

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
Publisher

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## Reunion thanks

Dear editor:

On behalf of the Wartime Homecoming Committee I wish to express thanks to the following:

To all present and former residents of Mason and McDonald Boulevards who attended, for without you our efforts would have been in vain. It was all our friends old and new that made this special day complete.

To the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 197 for their generosity, support and volunteers for without them this event would not have run as smoothly and as organized as it did.

To the merchants of Acton who so generously gave of their time, talents and donations. As always you came through to support our endeavours.

To the local newspapers for their excellent coverage and advertising. The articles and photos were wonderful.

To the entire town of Acton for their endless enthusiasm that kept us going.

Lastly I wish to take this oppor-

## Letters to the Editor

tunity to personally thank each and every committee member on a job well done. I thank you for your friendship, support and patience which was certainly put to the test as we worked so closely with each other this past year. You guys are terrific. But most of all I thank you for the memories.

I close with saying: "Acton" we are "Home Town Proud".

Kindest regards  
Wendy Andrews

## Drive more safely in Acton

Dear editor:

With reference to your article, Police Cracking Down by Janet Baine (Wed. June 9th); with due respect Police officers, God (no, not

Bob Rae) gives you "permission to nail all those drivers who disobey traffic signs and signals". Hallelujah.

Last summer in Acton (Yes! we exist) a 10-year-old boy from Robert Little School and I waited for our signal for RIGHT OF WAY.

As a mother, I instinctively watched him step in front of a van unprepared to yield to the child. My arm pushed him back onto the sidewalk, glaring at the female driver (who looked as guilty as sin) and finally stopped to allow two pedestrians their EQUAL RIGHTS.

I saved that young boy's life with quick thinking and reflexes. He looked up at me and said, "Thank You." God Bless him.

Not ALL residents are able to afford a car and how about courtesy and respect from the drivers.

The Ministry of Transportation claims that owning a car "is a privilege NOT a necessity."

Well, CONTROL YOUR LETHAL WEAPON - YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE.

From Acton - a caring community with a caring message.  
Virginia R.D. Lessard

# Trying to make sense of it all

Sometimes we just have to throw our hands up and wonder if there is any common sense left in the world?

Why is GO spending \$1.4 million on service expansions to a rail line, east of Georgetown, while cutting service operations to points west of the town?

It doesn't make sense.

The annual cost of operating the rail service to and from Guelph, with stops in Acton, is \$709,000. Yet in their infinite wisdom, the powers-that-be consider that to be too expensive.

Yet at the same time, they're willing to spend \$1.4 million to upgrade and expand rail tracks that will now carry trains with fewer passengers.

GO information manager Tom Henry says the funding comes from two different budgets - operating and capital. Perhaps GO had better look at their budgeting procedures and redistribute some funds.

After all what's the point of expanding a line when you don't service the towns who will use it?

We'd like to re-emphasize our contention that if GO had stuck to an initial plan to increase GO service to more than once a day they could have influenced more to take the train to work each day. Expecting all riders to leave Acton at 7:30 a.m. and return home at 6:30 p.m. meant only a select few could ride the rails. Weekend service could have also increased ridership.

Now we two weeks left in our trains service, we're just left shaking our heads.



# Only turn it once - that's Ted's Law

With the arrival of the sunny and (dare I say it?) warm weather, the time is right to take part in that great Canadian summer activity: Barbecuing!

I haven't always been a barbecue fan, and I admit I was a little dubious when my wife suggested purchasing a gas barbecue several years back.

But after watching our kids reduce hamburgers to ashes with the burner set on high, I decided to take control and assume barbecuing duties.

Since then, I've become a year round barbecue junkie, hauling the old gas barbie out of the garage on the coldest day of winter to cook a steak over the flickering flame, all the while dressed in my parka to ward off the winter cold.

But now summer's here, I can dive into my obsession and enjoy the great outdoors, all the while listening to my wonderful dinner-to-be sizzling on the grill.

Last week, I discussed my week-

end with a co-worker. I told her of spending Friday evening at a smoking barbecue, cooking a pair of juicy ranch steaks to perfection.

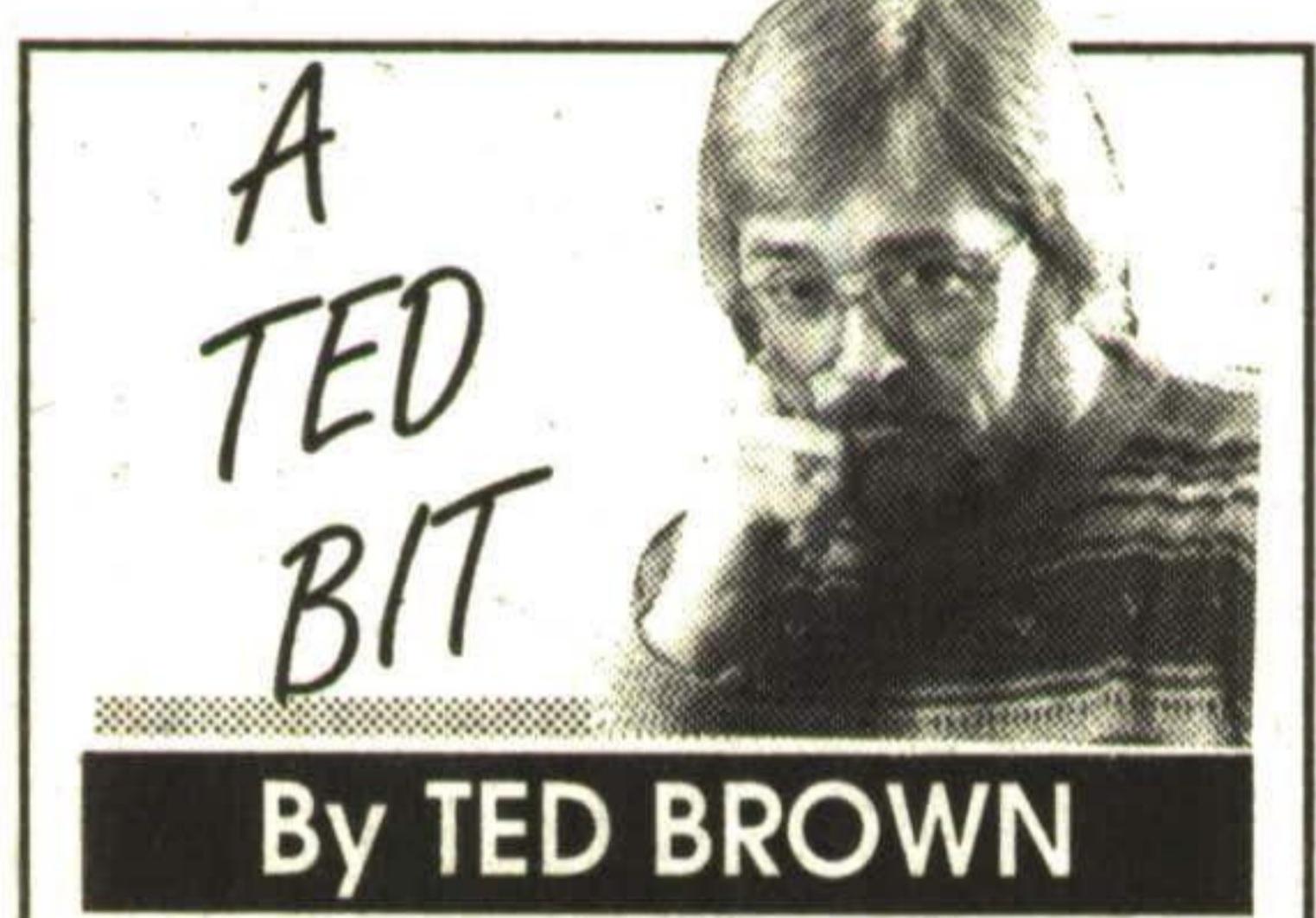
"How long did it take you Ted," she questioned (I suspect she was being polite rather than truly interested).

"Oh, a little better than an hour," I replied, "You know, a good steak can't be rushed. You have to coax it along; be patient, almost seduce it. Good steaks are like a fine wine; they take time."

She looked at me with one of those "are you crazy" looks saying, "You'd spend an hour just barbecuing a steak?"

"Sure would," I answered, "Because it has to be done right. After all, what's the sense of buying an expensive cut of meat just to burn on the barbecue?"

Barbecuing is not only a means to an end (with a great meal the reward), it's become almost a ritual, a deep religious experience for me.



Of course, I must have everything in its place before I start. The barbie is always lit five to 10 minutes ahead, the lava stone pre-heated and then I'm ready to drop that wonderful piece of backside off a bull on the grill, after it's spent an hour marinating in a special sauce.

The heat must be low. Nothing else is acceptable. I shudder when I see barbarians who attempt to cremate steak with the flame on high.

Once on the grill, I nurse that little baby along, keeping close watch over my culinary master-

piece, all the while holding a bottle of Sleeman's Cream Ale in my left hand, (to balance my right hand when it's time to turn the steak, of course) until little specks of blood rise to the surface.

After turning it, I leave it cooking for the equal amount of time, until it's ready to be savored at the dinner table.

And my steak is only turned once; that's Ted's Law.

"It's become somewhat of a science with me," I proudly concluded, "Because I have it figured so I can put the baked potatoes in just ahead of the steak, and they're all done together."

"A full hour to barbecue a steak, Ted?" she said. "How could it take that long? Gawd, it would be burnt to a crisp after an hour."

"Well, I admit, it only takes more than an hour with the indirect cooking method," I replied, "You know, the steak on one side of the grill, and the flame turned up on the other side.

"That way, the meat is cooked slowly," I explained.

"It becomes so tender you can cut it with a fork. But ordinarily, I can cook a steak in about 45 minutes."

I went on to tell her how the steak could be sliced open, revealing that pink meat, with a hint of red juice running out, smack dab full of flavor.

"No way Ted," she retorted, "When I have a steak on the barbecue, it has to be cooked; fully cooked, with no red juice running out, and not even the remotest possibility of anything bacterial able to survive the cooking. I guess I want to see it about the consistency of, oh ...I'd say shoe leather."

I returned to my desk, appalled at what I had just heard. Reduce a steak to shoe leather? Gawd, that was sacrilege.

But I just put it down to one explanation.

Her taste for steak is obviously in her feet.