

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Reducing garbage

Dear editor:

In response to an article by Dianne van de Valk, director of ICE (Incineration Counteracts the Environment) published in the Weekend, dated June 27.

I think everyone agrees (including Mr. MacDuffee) that reducing the amount of garbage is a number one priority, but the fact remains that in today's society there is still an awful lot of garbage to be disposed of. How does Ms. Dianne van de Valk propose to dispose of this? Eat it!

My understanding of fly ash when properly handled is that it is not a very toxic substance, it can be used in making concrete thus reducing the amount of other aggregates required.

I suggest that people who are just against something serve no useful purpose in a community; it is the people who come up with a practical, economic better way to solve problems that are an asset to our country and we all would welcome those types of suggestions.

Rod Pinkney

Letters

to the Editor

First time success

Dear editor:

We want to thank your newspaper for the coverage you gave us promoting a covering our recent yard sale.

This was a first-time event and proved to be very successful raising over \$500 and 180lbs. of food. The money will be used to buy much needed food items.

We also acknowledge the cooperation of Steve Dawkins at the Hide House for the use of the parking lot, the Esso Station for their advertising, other businesses, churches, groups and individuals who donated articles, the many people who supported us with buying or just dropping by with a cash donation, and of course the volunteers who spent a hot and sunny

Saturday to help those less fortunate in our community - Thank you all!

Sincerely,
Loretta Duclos
coordinator, Acton Food Share

A great loss

Dear editor:

When I think of Harmony Bull, the first words that come to mind are: courage, willpower, determination. Although I didn't know Harmony personally, her story touched the hearts of many in the community, myself included.

Three years ago on that fateful day we didn't think there was much hope for Harmony. She pulled through. She was told she would never walk again and her determination proved the doctors wrong.

Harmony has been a great example of PMA (positive mental attitude). She dealt with all the obstacles put in her way, and did not give up.

I hope the town has some kind of special dedication to Harmony. She was a special person who should not be forgotten.

Carol Ann Perrott

Wear your helmet

Bicycles for many are the essence of summer fun. For kids it's the ultimate toy which means freewheeling excitement.

But that fun can turn into a nightmare for the whole family. Bicycle accidents are responsible for approximately 25 per cent of all deaths of children and virtually all involved head injuries. Yet, only 5 per cent of Canadian children wear helmets while cycling.

In two years everyone will, by law, have to wear a helmet. At this newspaper we have always supported wearing bicycle helmets. We support anything that will save lives. And that's what helmets do.

Studies have shown that if every young cyclist wore a helmet, more than 2,000 injuries and at least 50 deaths would be prevented. Wearing a helmet could further reduce the risk of head injury by 85 per cent.

Think about it, 50 children would be alive today, if they had worn a bicycle helmet.

If you had an opportunity to save your child's life, wouldn't you do it? Of course. So buy your children, and yourself, a helmet and train them to wear it every time they get on the bike.

As the Canadian Medical Association points out bicycles are not toys — they a child's first vehicle. Think of it as your child's first car or motorcycle. You would make sure they wore a seatbelt or helmet, wouldn't you. So why not now?



A lobster dinner can be such sweet revenge

Well, I'm back.

After spending two weeks living from a suitcase and moving from one motel to another, my wife and I have endured a load of abuse from our four daughters.

You see, we spent two weeks touring the maritime provinces. It was a great trip, visiting the east coast of this great country of ours.

But traveling kids can be ruthless.

Take our stay in Fredericton.

While touring the provincial legislature buildings, my wife photographed a unique window on a historic building. The kids were mortified.

"Oh gawd, Mom's taking a picture of a window," they would say, "Hope no one sees us. Next thing, she'll shoot another bunch of lupins."

Touring Prince Edward Island, they were upset when I stopped to photograph one of the hundreds of little white churches dotting the countryside. Same thing at the fishing dock at North Rustico, P.E.I.

And they hid in the van when I

scooped up a sample of the famous red dirt along a P.E.I. road.

They also complained as we visited the Confederation Room of Province House in Charlottetown. As a kid I had seen it in the famous painting of the Fathers of Confederation as they sat during the Charlottetown Conference of 1864, when they discussed the Confederation of Canada.

(It seems we took a little too long at Province House, and the local shopping mall was closed when we arrived.)

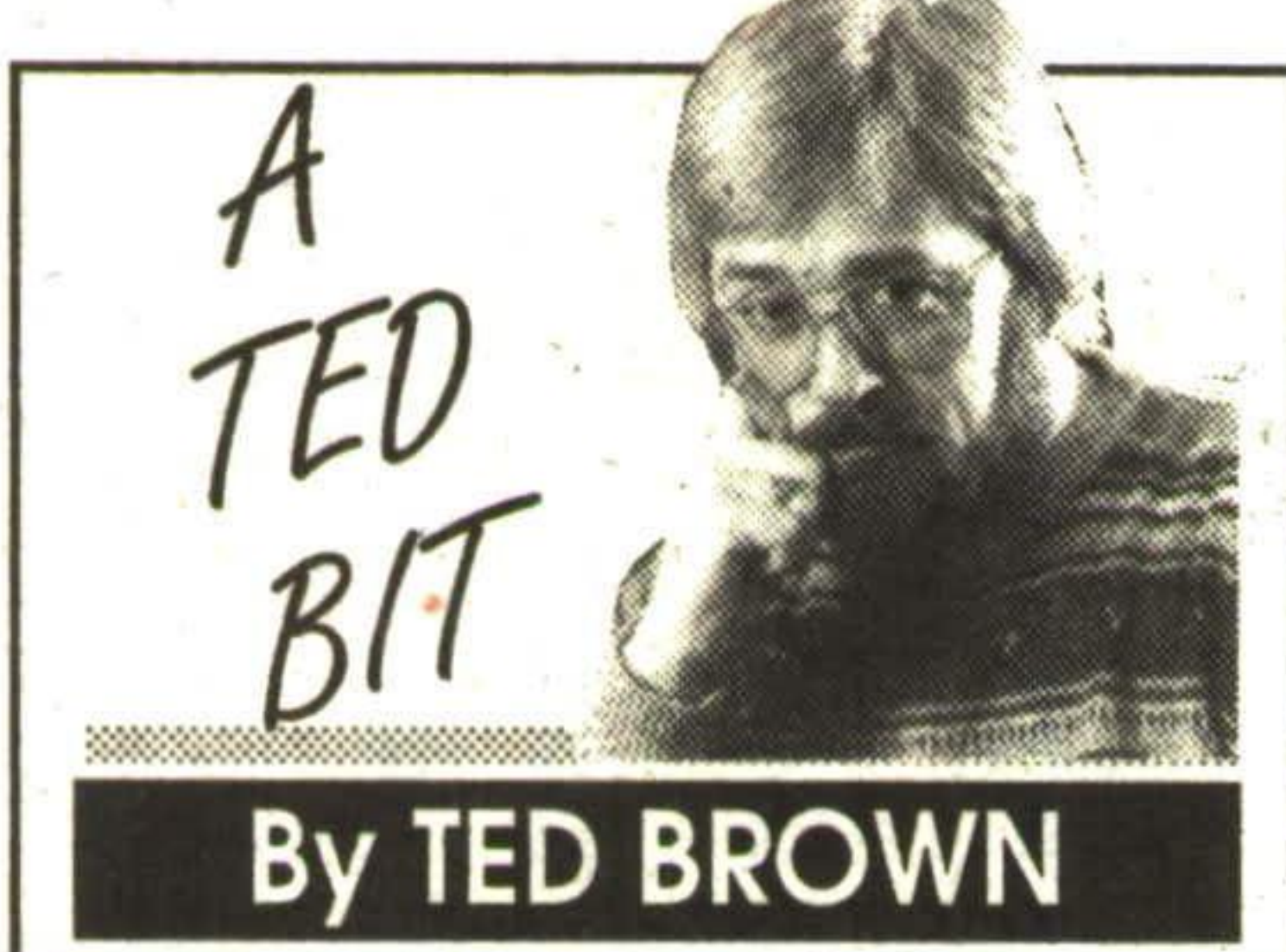
They were embarrassed by my French in Quebec City, even though I thought I did rather well.

They grumbled about the four hour drives between pee breaks on the Trans Canada highway. And they were almost always hungry.

But we had our moment of revenge.

We stayed at Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, just a short distance from the famous Louisbourg fortress.

Throughout the trip, the kids talked of going out for dinner, as opposed to the buns and cold meat



buffet from a cooler in our motel room.

At Louisbourg, lobster was in season, and a local restaurant was serving it up for dinner. We decided to blow the budget and go for it.

Our girls have never had real lobster served to them on the plate before. The extent of their seafood experience is a chunk of crab or fish sold in shrink-wrapped packages.

Anyway, I guess the kids figured "when in Nova Scotia, do as the bluesosers," so with the exception of our youngest, who ordered a deluxe hamburger and fries, they all ordered lobster.

The waitress whisked out of the kitchen a short time later, and

dropped the salad plate and bright red steaming lobster in front of each one of us, and explained briefly how to crack the little devils open to dig out the sweet lobster meat.

The kids seemed perplexed.

Timidly they broke open one of the pinchers, and pulled out the steaming white meat, and after some prompting from me, dipped it in the butter sauce.

So far, so good.

But suddenly, one of my daughters looked horrified.

"What's wrong?" I asked, wiping the remnants of lobster from my beard, "Aren't you enjoying your meal?"

"Dad," she said quietly, "I can't eat any more."

"Why?" I asked, "What's the problem?"

"It keeps looking at me," she grimaced.

"What keeps looking at you?"

"My lobster," she frowned, "Those beady little eyes are staring right at me."

Our youngest suddenly took time out from her deluxe hamburger and

fries to look at this staring lobster.

"That's gross!" she exclaimed, just loud enough for the entire dining room to hear. "How could anyone eat that thing?"

The other two lobster eating daughters were suddenly struck with the same phobia.

"But girls," I explained, "It's just another form of meat; you never get upset when you eat a hamburger, thinking of it coming from the backside of a beef cow."

"But Dad, we don't have to skin the stupid cow to eat a hamburger. It's served in a civilized manner."

As my wife and I cleaned up the rest of the lobster, the three older girls sat eyeing our youngest and her deluxe hamburger and fries with envy. Stuffed with seafood, we returned to our room, with three girls grumbling behind us.

"You know girls, lobster is considered a delicacy," I commented, "Like most seafood."

"Delicacy?" they snapped back, "No way."

"If it comes from the ocean, it can stay there."