

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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A big thanks

Dear editor:

George Kennedy Public School and the Kennedy Connection would like to say a really big thank you to all those involved in our Spring Fling project and also our beautification project. The generosity of those who donated either their time or material has greatly improved the looks of our school. As a 26 classroom project, 26 trees were planted at the front of the school to beautify and enhance the school but also to provide some shade in the future.

Jeff Haines of Hillside Sand and Gravel spent a Sunday digging holes for us. Without the machinery and his time this would have taken us a month of Sundays to do. Keith Gillet of Gillet Haulage and Excavating delayed his baseball practice in order to supply and deliver two loads of top soil. Springbrook Nursery of Brampton met us halfway on the cost of the trees.

The Kennedy Connection felt the grounds around the flag pole were in need of some special attention.

Letters

to the Editor

So we again thank Jeff Haines of Hillside Sand and Gravel, who dug it out. Keith Gillet of Gillet Haulage and Excavating who took it away. Next was a layer of limestone screening from Carlisle Interlocking and Landscaping. Tuitmans Garden Centre and Karl Carlisle laid the brick in two days with no thanks to the weather. Unilock Ltd., right here in Georgetown, donated all the materials with the exception of the jointing sand which was donated by Beaver Lumber. And while all this was going on our new playground equipment was being installed by "the town" with sand being donated by Carlisle Interlocking and Landscaping.

And our appreciation goes out to those that donated prizes for our draw. Teddy Bear Magic, Delrex Smoke Shop, Coles, Micro

Electroniques, Knechtel's, Hallmark Greetings, the Coffee Grind, Northern Reflections and Woolco, and help with our book sale from Georgetown Terminal Warehouse.

Thank you,
The Kennedy Connection

A great night

Dear editor:

Arts Alive would like to thank all the people who helped make the 10th Local Talent Night such a success. We had a wonderful line-up of talent and we would like to thank all the participants for giving our audience such an enjoyable evening.

A great M.C. job by Bill McKeown and the help with ticket sales from Royal LePage and the Halton Hills Library were appreciated. We would also like to thank your paper for your assistance in publicizing this event.

If you missed the best entertainment value in town, come and see us next year, when our local talent will shine again.

Sincerely,
Lois Fraser,
Arts Alive

A blue protest

This week, 50 people representing the Halton police association, their spouses and civilian members of the service, marched with thousands of others at Queen's Park to demonstrate their dismay over a new NDP government policy on policing.

The Halton association has at least three key concerns, the first being the NDP government's refusal to recognize the need for improved weaponry for our front-line cops. While the bad guys are using machine guns and uzis, our men and women in blue must fight back with revolvers and night sticks. While we don't endorse a fire war between the good guys and the bad guys, we do believe police officers should be allowed a reasonable level of protection. We agree with the Halton police association, that the government is not recognizing the expertise of the front-line officers to know when the proper weapon is called for.

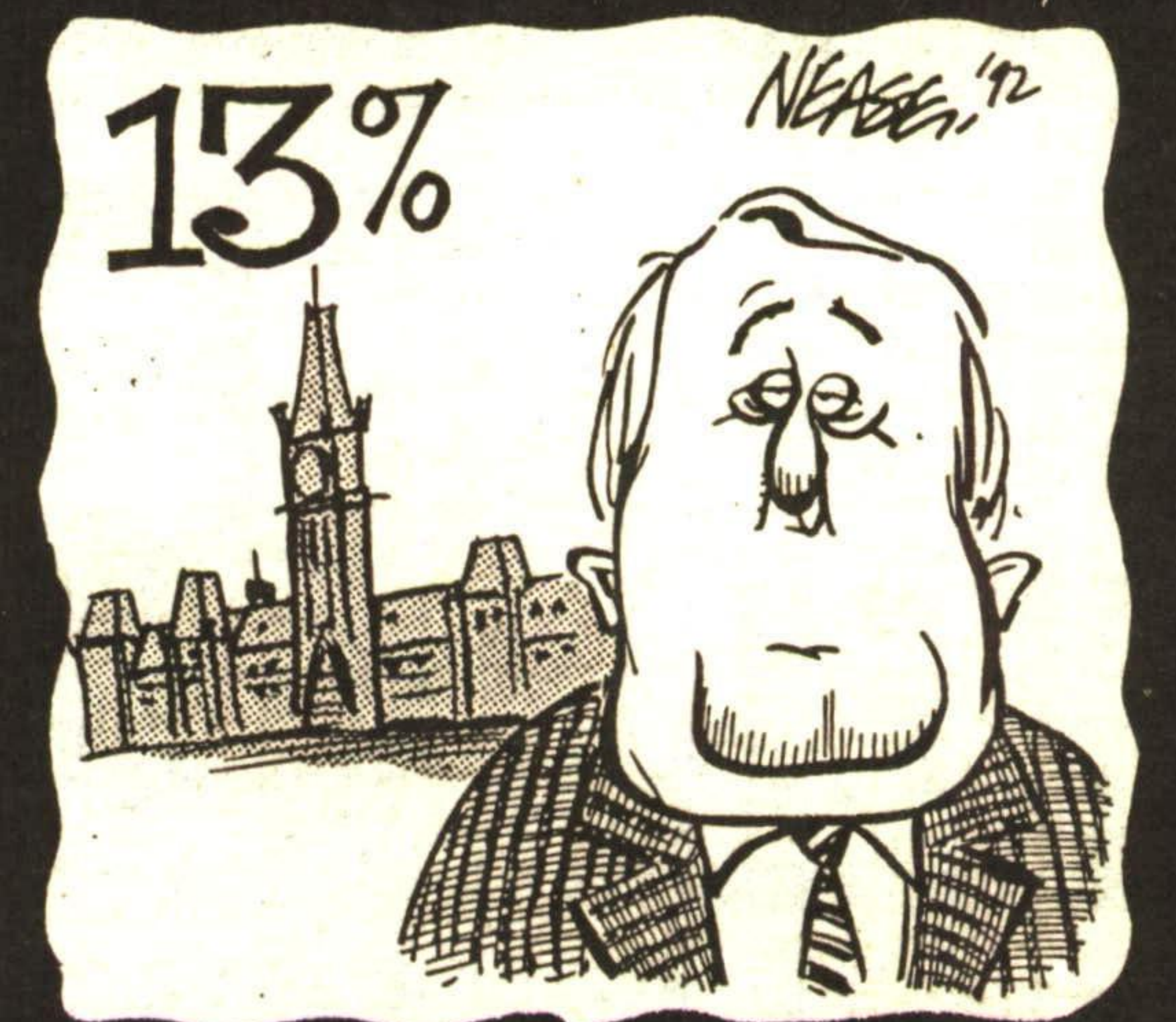
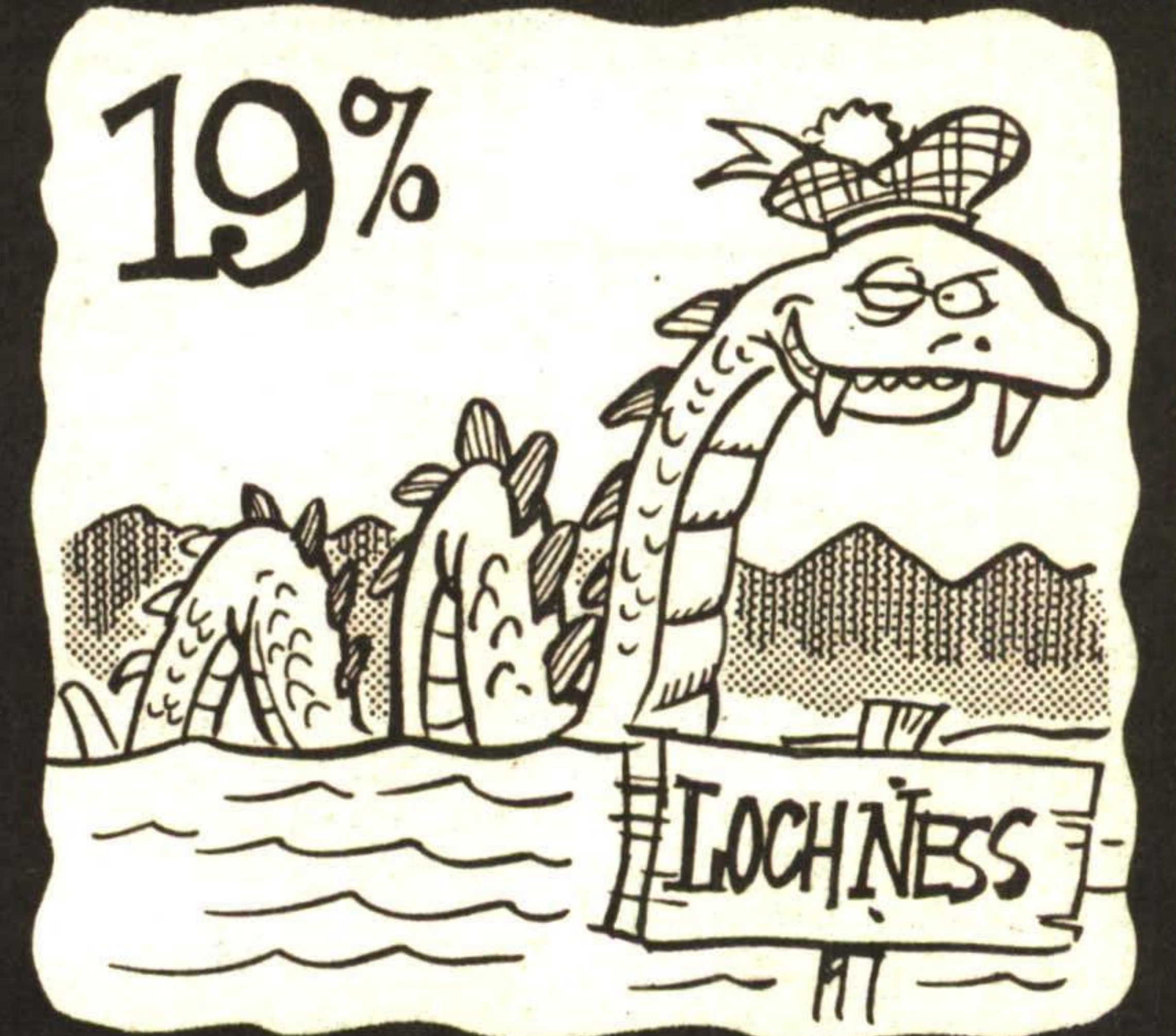
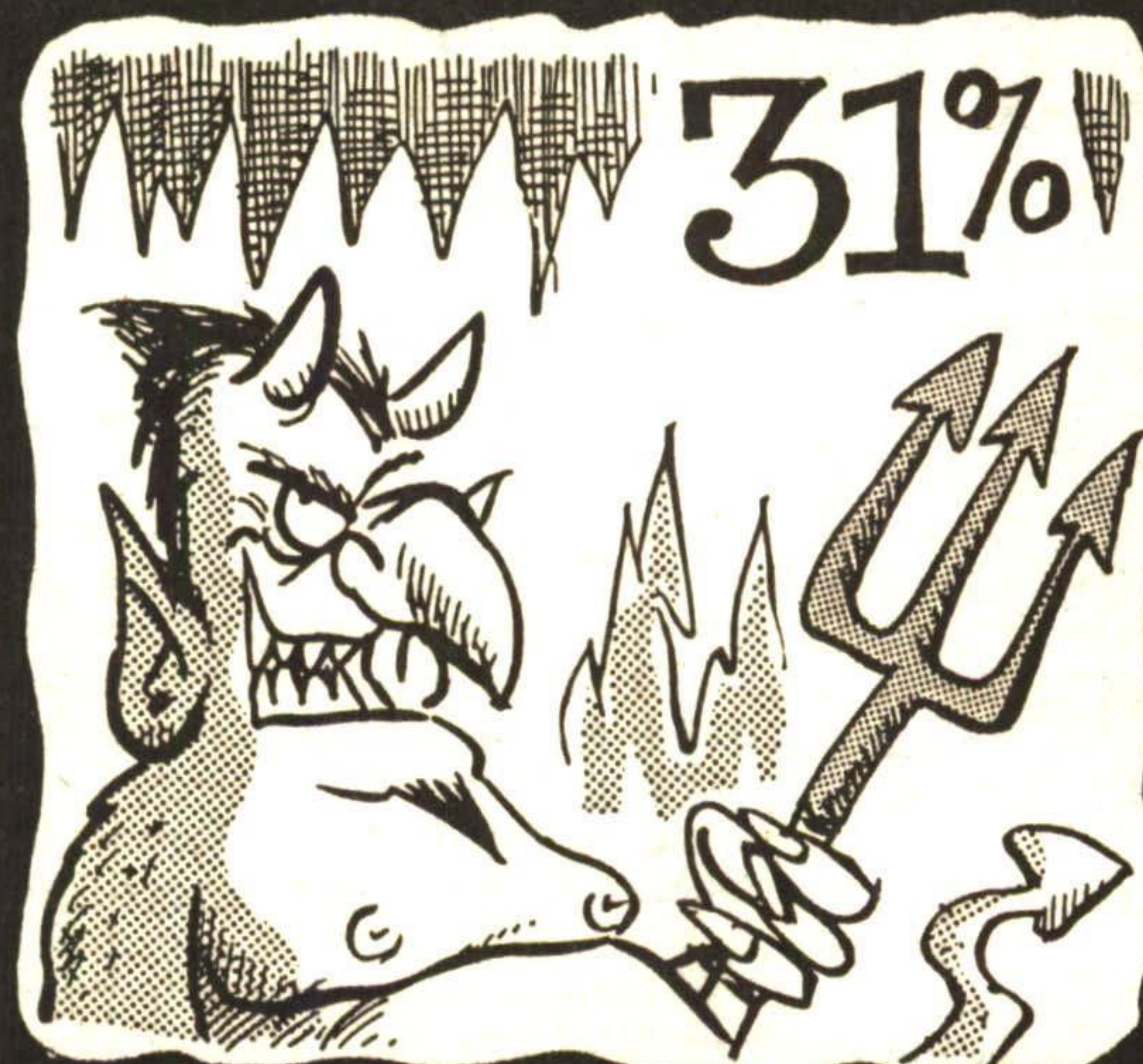
Second, when the NDP government drew up this new policy, police associations complained that limited, non-representative input was used— organizations consulted were mainly self-interest groups, known to be, in some cases, hostile to police. This led to an order causing the most controversy — the requirement to write a report to a third party government agency every time a police officer draws his weapon.

The policy is unclear as to why police officers must do this, to whom they are writing the report and for what it will be used for. The Halton Police Service already has a policy in place on this, as do most other police forces. The benefits of reporting to a third party is questionable — it'll be time-consuming, expensive for taxpayers and police officers fear that it may lead to hesitation on the front-line for fear of recriminations from some unknown "third party."

Police officers have every right to be concerned about such a unclear policy that could lead to reduced safety for themselves and the public they protect.

HALLOWEEN POLL

WHAT DO CANADIANS BELIEVE IN?



My humblest apologies to William Shakespeare

Every once in a while, I find an event triggers something inside my head, changing my viewpoint.

It happened last weekend, as I attended Georgetown Little Theatre's Shakespearean play — I was put into "Shakespearean" mode.

Monday morning, as I wandered into the office, it struck me "The Bard" might have seen it differently as an announcement came over the paging system.

"Robin, dear Robin, wherefore art thou dearest Robin," I imagined the voice to say (with a little poetic licence on my part), "Picked up on line one."

Ah, William Shakespeare, the one playwright in the curriculum of my high school English class, whom I really enjoyed.

Back in the glow of the office, I watched Lisa Tallyn enter, stage right, with a cup from Tim Horton's in her hand.

"Prithee fair maiden," I was compelled to say, "Why did'st thou

not bringest me a cup whilst acquiring thine own sustenance?" (Translation: "Where's my coffee?")

I fully expected to hear Lisa reply angrily with,

"Out, out, damned spot, get thee thine own cup of hot sustenance!"

"Nay sweet wench," I returned, "There be no need for hostilities. 'Twas only in jest I made mention of the hot sustenance. I pray, accept my humblest apologies."

Methinks this woman doth have a hot, yet admirable temper.

"I cannot tarry with idle words," continued Lisa, "For 'tis of the hour to get myself to yonder cop shop for the reports of the week."

As Sir Robin, brave, brave, Sir Robin entered, stage right, he proceeded to advance to his post.

"Thus have I politically begun my reign," he began, "And 'tis my hope to end successfully. With help from mine cohorts in this establishment of journalism, we may, hither if we not tarry, proceed to

A TED BIT



By TED BROWN

clear this edition of the newspaper within the allocated deadlines set down by m'lord, the publisher."

As the news copy of the week was produced, and it crossed the desk of m'lady, the editor Cynthia Gamble, she reflected while editing the stories.

"To be or not to be, That is the question," she mused, "Wither 'tis nobler to leavest yonder paragraph intact in said story, or to delete, That is the question."

The reflective silence of the office was broken with another page as the voice uttered forth.

"Yonder arrives the coffee

truck, with all the commodities of the fine art of dining. Get ye all, onward, to the front of the office, if ye have any need of nourishment, both solid and liquid, to quench and satisfy the requirements of your body as you toil."

Forward, in two's and three's, went the masses, as they made their way to the front of the office.

As he returned, Sir Robin approached, with a query upon his lips.

"Ted, my true, loyal servant, can thou gettest thineself out to one of the venues of the referendum polling, to attain for myself, a likeness of someone casting forth a ballot?"

"Aye, Sir Robin," I replied, "It would make my heart as light as a feather if I, thine humble servant, were to have the honor to go forth and attain such a likeness. Henceforth I shall venture out and so, I will persevere, to attain the said likeness."

The wee knave, Master Stuart

Johnston, burst forth from stage left, as he adjusted the wrinkles in his tights.

"I hath returned," spake he, "From the perils and adventures of yet another fortnight of pleasure. Wherefore art I here, I feel compelled to praise, with trumpet and song, the excellent accomplishments of that sporting troupe, the Blue Jays!"

"Methinks the lad doth proclaim too much," I returned, "That fellow doth carry praise of those members of that fowl team too much upon his lips — he is, I fear, obsessed with the sporting moment."

So it is, as our players strut their stuff upon the stage; the stage of the office, even though it be a small stage with few players.

All of which just goes to show that:

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women in it merely players...."