

# THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

**KEN NUGENT**  
 Publisher

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Staff Writers: Janet Baine, Lisa Tallyn

Photography: Ted Brown

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## Community support for silent auction appreciated by GDHS music department

Dear editor:

On Saturday evening, June 4th, the students of the music department of GDHS presented a memorable concert of instrumental, choral and jazz entertainment. This special evening provided a showcase for the talents of those hard-working, committed students who have pursued their music studies with enthusiasm throughout the academic year.

They are to be congratulated for an evening par excellence.

A highly successful silent auction was held simultaneously as a means of raising funds for the music department and the continu-

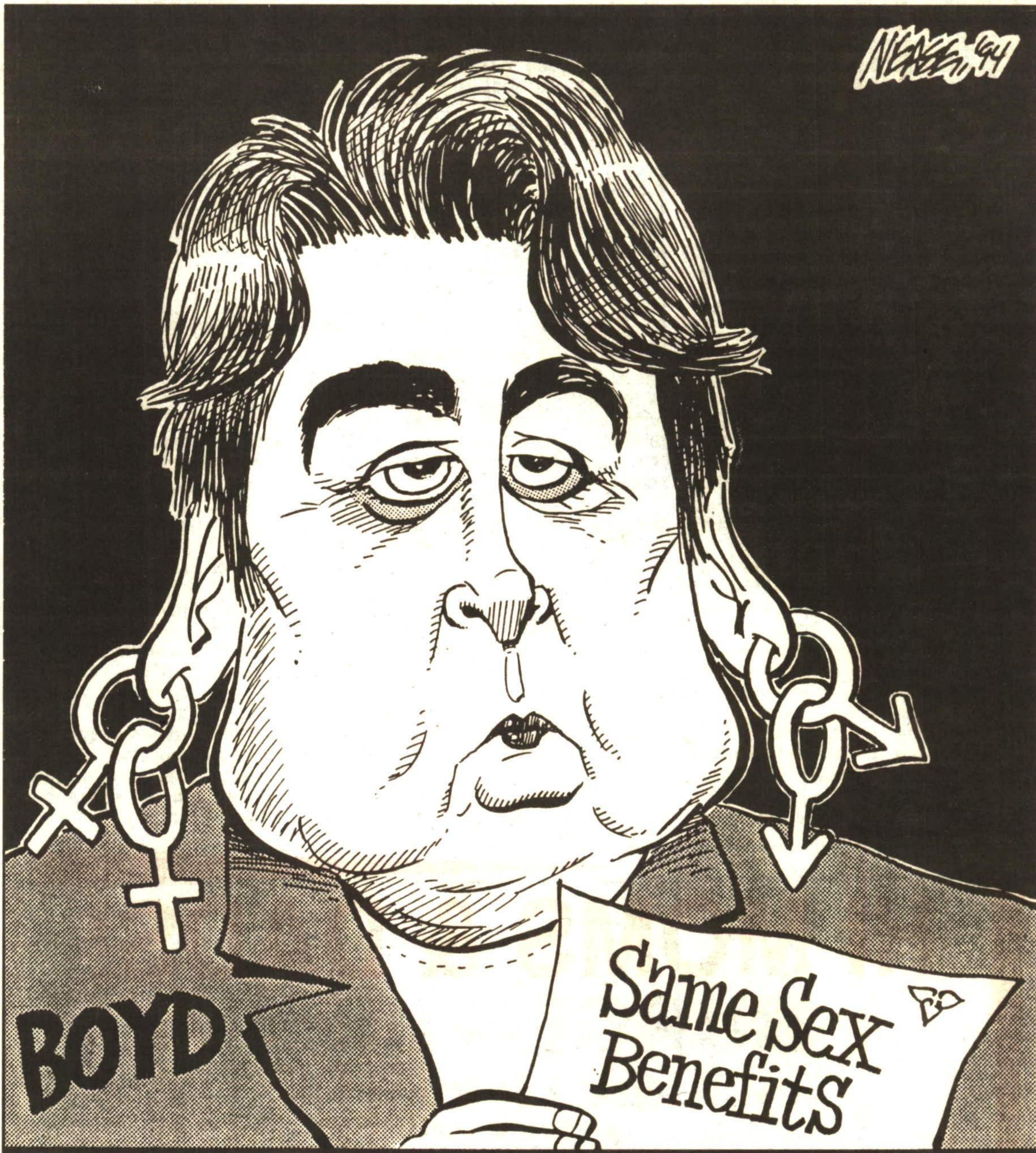
### Letters to the Editor

ing studies of the music arts by students. Staff and students are most grateful for the support and generosity of the many businesses and donors in the community.

They include: Sargent Landscaping, DDH Distribution, Vanessa Place, M&M Meats, The Butcher Shop, Pizza Hut,

Knechtel's, Haircrafters, Arnold's Greenhouses, McDonald's, Georgetown Cinemas, Cachet, First Choice Haircutters, Belamy's, Cakes of Elegance, Cadet Cleaners, The Ivy House Tea Room, Webb's Flowers, Zellers, Walmart, Home Hardware, Food Stuffs, Hallmark, P. Shuttleworth, Roselyn's Cafe, Halton Coffee Shop, Crossways Donuts, Country Style Donuts, Tim Horton Donuts, Brian Terrell Enterprises, Mary Duncan and those music students who donated so generously of their time and energies.

Thank you everyone!  
 The Silent Auction Committee  
 for GDHS Music



## It's just a plan

The Town of Halton Hills' Recreation Master Plan, which cost \$80,000 to prepare, will cost \$27.7 million over the 10 years to implement. That means for the next decade every household in Halton Hills — whether they agree with the plan or not, or even whether it serves them adequately — will be paying an extra \$8 a year in taxes. That's not including any normal tax increases from the recreation department.

That's a lot of money and we wonder whether this town can really afford this ambitious plan's proposals — two new arenas, a new aquatic centre, an arts resource centre, new parks, ball diamonds and playing fields. In fact, some recommendations demand closer scrutiny such as the suggestion to hire additional recreational staff — the implementation of the plan will require it, the report says.

However, let's keep in mind that it is just a plan, a guideline for possible future action — it is not a fait accompli. And that's good because in the next 10 years growth and costs can change, and the plan must change with them.

## There's nothing like bonding with agent 006.9

Earlier this week the British press announced who will be the newest James Bond.

Irish actor Pierce Brosnan will be the next 007 following in the footsteps of former James Bonds like Timothy Dalton, George Lazenby, Roger Moore and the only "real" James Bond, Sean Connery.

Sean Connery was my favorite actor portraying Ian Fleming's suave secret agent. I watched Connery for years as Bond battled evil villains and seduced beautiful ladies like Pussy Galore, Plenty O'toole and others.

It kinda got my mind wandering....

.... as Horatio Brown, secret agent 006.9, opened the door to the building he peered up at the sign. "The Independent," he mused, "What a clever cover for a command base. The enemy will never find it."

Inside the door he spotted his old contact, Anypennywilldo. He made eye contact.

She smiled sweetly and motioned with her eyes down the hall.

"M will see you now Horatio," she smiled with that glad-to-see-you-again look in her eyes.

"Ah, Anypennywilldo," he thought to himself, "Still the old heart throb."

Walking down the hall to the

office of the editor, he paused after passing through a secret door, and stepped into the office of M, his supervisor.

"Glad to see you made it back after that nasty business at the trade show last weekend," said M quietly. "Those concrete floors are bloody hell on the feet. But enough of that; the business at hand."

With that, he pushed a button on his desk, the lights dimmed as a face appeared on the screen.

"This is Mr. N, your latest target. He is sometimes called 'The Nuge,'" said M slowly. "Never underestimate him; he is a shrewd adversary, currently acting as publisher of a major community newspaper. Secretly he is the head of the organization, attempting to overtake the world."

"How so?" asked Brown. "By controlling the world paper clip market," replied M. "Without paper clips, the business community of the world will fall apart. Employees won't have paper clips to mangle or pick locks with, and all the memos in the world will be scattered in the wind. You must stop him, 006.9; Interpol has tried, the CIA, Scotland Yard; they've all failed. The fate of the world rests in your hands."

He dropped by to see Q at the news editor's desk to receive his spe-

cial issue equipment; a high-powered weapon disguised as a Nikon F3 camera.

"Be very careful 006.9," lectured Q, "This instrument has a range of 500 yards at 36 exposures."

As he returned to the parking lot, he spotted a mysterious blond woman peering into his custom equipped Astro Topaz, and recog-

nized her as part of the organization. After overpowering her and plunking her down in the front seat of the Astro Topaz, he interrogated her.

"My name is Lotsa Gratitude," she replied, with pouting lips and big blue eyes. Staring into his dark brown eyes, she was helplessly hooked; she would risk her life for agent 006.9.

They drove to the office of the major community newspaper, entered and asked for the publisher.

The musical interlude builds the tension. Dum dede dum dum, de de dum dede dum dum...

"Whom should I say is calling?" asked the receptionist.

"Brown..., Horatio Brown," replied 006.9 calmly.

She immediately swooned. They were shown to the publisher's office which was outfitted in fine furnishings and Blue Jay paraphernalia.

The Nuge sat at his desk. After his office manager served 006.9 a glass of milk, shaken not stirred, The Nuge began to speak.

"And what do you think you're doing here, agent 006.9? Trying to stop my takeover of the world's paper clip industry? Ha!" he glared. "You realize many have tried, but none have succeeded."

Agent 006.9 smiled, and agreed his quest was indeed useless. The Nuge was surrounded by the highest security in the world.

Lotsa bat her eyelashes and sighed in defeat, her ample breasts heaving. It was over; we're doomed, she thought.

The Nuge was distracted by her for only a moment, but it was all 006.9 needed. He swung the Nikon to his eye and pressed the shutter release.

The Nuge reeled towards agent 006.9.

"A trick camera!" he yelled. "I should have known. You were posing as a photographer."

(For those who missed it, that was a pun; posing... photographer, get it?)

The Nuge hit the floor as the Nikon dealt its lethal Kodak moments.

With him captured in 36 exposures, the world's paper clips were once again safe.

Lotsa and 006.9 ran for the parking lot as the building's self destruction system exploded and they jumped to the safety of their Astro Topaz as 006.9 pressed the button converting the car to a full-blown Lear Jet with an executive suite.

As the jet streaked across the sky, 006.9 and Lotsa sipped their drinks.

She smiled invitingly, the wine goblet dangling in her hand as 006.9 threw back another Sleeman's.

As the closing credits ran, 006.9 and his lady friend embraced while the business world breathed a sigh of relief. He's done it again; saved the world.

Meanwhile, in the rubble of a publisher's office, something stirred under the desk.

"Revenge, I must have revenge..."

