

Joshua - Age 12

Cavity Free
Winner!!!



Georgetown
DENTAL ASSOCIATES

Dr. Lisa Lindstrom
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THIS OCTOBER 31ST
SOMETHING SCARY
WILL HAPPEN



GEORGE

turns

40

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Love Brenda

Kaitlyn and Nicole

DR. VALERIE KUMAR

will be retiring from
her longstanding
practice in Gynaecology at
the end of this year (2000).

Further enquiries should be
directed to her office at
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GHOST STORIES

Heritage Halton Hills, a committee of volunteers appointed by town council to help council make decisions about designating properties under the Ontario Heritage Act, has embarked on an ethereal project for 2000—to recognize the ghosts of our past.

There is a lot of interesting folklore surrounding the history of ghosts in Halton Hills and the intent of Heritage Halton Hills is to collect some of these stories to encompass

them into walking tours for each of our communities.

In keeping with the Halloween spirit(s), Heritage Halton Hills offers the following true tales of local hauntings.

If you have a story of a Halton Hills haunting, please forward your experience in writing to: Heritage Halton Hills, 1 Halton Hills Drive, Georgetown, Ontario, L7G 5G2.

GHOSTS GALORE

When one thinks of ghosts they are generally attached to a haunted house, that is one haunted house. How about a haunted neighbourhood? This story is based in a neighbourhood in old downtown Georgetown and begins in the then newly-built home of a busy young family. All names have been changed at the request of those interviewed.

Mary and Frank Morgan had just sat down to dinner with their three daughters. Darlene's fifth birthday was fast approaching and the guest list was under discussion.

"Can I invite Frank?" Darlene asked.

"Sure" replied her mom, "is he in your class?"

"No."

"Does he live near here then?"

"No."

Puzzled, Darlene's parents and two older sisters began detailed questioning about "Frank". To their horror Darlene recounted how Frank visited her regularly in her bedroom at night. Frank was a man, "as big as daddy" with short cropped hair.

Sometimes Frank would take Darlene to visit his mother who lived way downstairs. She requested that lights be left on at night so that she and Frank could find their way back more easily from these jaunts. Years have passed and no one has been able to dissuade Darlene from her contention that Frank exists.

No one else in the family ever saw Frank but two of them definitely heard him. Darlene's older sister's bedroom was on the ground floor. She complained to her mother that she was constantly being awakened by her mom, who was moving around and doing the laundry between midnight and 1 a.m. No one in the Morgan household was up, never mind doing laundry at those hours.

The clincher came one night as Mary Morgan read a book in bed, waiting for her husband to come home.

She heard the front door open, heard him take off his shoes and called out that she would be down in a minute. When she got downstairs, the front door was closed, there were no shoes and her husband had not come home. There was no one there.

Within a year and a half of moving into their new house, the Morgans had moved out.

Just three doors down, Trina and a friend were babysitting a neighbour's son and daughter. The children were fast asleep and the girls sat chatting and doing their homework.

Suddenly they heard distinct heavy footsteps descending the back staircase. They went to see which of the children had gotten up and put boots on to come downstairs. The footsteps continued but there was no one there!

The two girls raced out of the house in stocking feet, screaming. Trina would not return to the house until an adult promised to stay with her. The children were still asleep in their beds.

A few doors away from the Morgan house, in the other direction, lived a police official. He and his wife didn't mind their ghost. They had gotten used to the nightly footsteps up and down the staircase.

Was this the same ghost who frightened Trina and her friend or who visited with Darlene

Morgan? It is quite possible.

Remember that the streets of old Georgetown weren't always so densely populated. In the early days, people bought large tracts of land that over the decades have been divided and subdivided. Newer houses have been built on land that once formed the gardens of largest homes.

It is possible that Frank has some history with the large house on whose property all of the above mentioned houses were built. Perhaps one day research into the history of this old home will turn up the key to the mystery of Frank.

A DAINTY WIFE

Although the house is 108 years old, it has been lived in by only three families. When Mr. McLean first saw this solid brick house on Bower Avenue in Acton, he knew he had found "a dainty home to match his dainty wife".

The McLeans, the second owners of the home, lived there for many happy years and although never blessed with children, they led an active life, hosting summer garden parties and other social activities.

Sadly, Mrs. McLean became ill, causing her to be hospitalized. Her husband moved out of their bedroom to the spare room and kept the master bedroom exactly as it had been when they shared it.

When she died in hospital in 1968, he sold the house and moved.

Mrs. McLean had always kept the house neat and tidy and in "apple-pie order" and perhaps it was her house-proud ways that made it very difficult for her to leave.

The family who owns the house now, purchased it in 1968 and their children were the only youngsters to live in the house.

It was their youngest daughter, when 2 1/2, who first "met" Mrs. McLean. The youngster complained to her parents the lady who came to visit her at night would just stand in the doorway and not come into her room!

Doors would inexplicably close, the dryer would suddenly come on at 2:15 a.m. and run for 45 minutes. The man of the house, an electrician, could find no mechanical reason for this to happen. At the same time, the toilet would flush for no reason.

The family became so exasperated with this nonsense, they announced that unless "Mrs. McLean" behaved, the family would have "her" put out. Things settled down a bit after that.

Years later, the man of the house was home alone one day, when he heard the door of the master bedroom slam shut at precisely 4 p.m. When his youngest daughter, now grown up, arrived home from work later that day, she told her father that Mr. McLean had died that afternoon... at precisely 4 p.m.!

The daughter has always been the most receptive to these occurrences and notes there seems to be a lot of unexplained activity every October.

When the family decided to build an addition on the back of the house a few years ago, there was quite a commotion caused by Mrs. McLean, who obviously didn't like the disruption.

Things have been more settled recently, but whenever the daughter comes home for a visit, she can still sense a presence...