

ON WATCHING A SMALL TOWN GROW Says Winged Bird May Be Goshawk

High School essays rating a 100 per cent mark are not so common that they don't deserve some special attention. The following nostalgic piece of writing, submitted for publication because of its perfect fitting, won done by a Grade 11 student, Karen Bradley of 35 Normandy Boulevard.

the War, she later told me that she could hardly stand it — it was such a small place — so peaceful.

Dad came out of the War and they both decided that this was the perfect spot to raise a family. No city crowds, no street cars, no dirt, and no cramped playgrounds. Just fresh air and lots of it. Not much entertainment, but that depends on what you did in your spare time. If you liked the outdoors and wide, open spaces, this was a paradise.

They bought the house. It was then on the last street in town, newly built and surrounded by farms and an apple orchard. That may seem hard to believe now, but I am sure my older sisters will not forget it. They told me there was many a time they had to chase the farm animals out of the garden. They also went picking apples (when no one was looking) for their favourite — apple pie.

This was the ideal town. Not a village, far from being a city, just the right size. An adequate supply of neighbours, a few stores and lots of fresh air.

Along marched Time. After ten years a new builder came to town along with a new factory and of course, more people. A new subdivision popped up where the farms used to be. The farmers got a good price for their precious land.

A few more years and a couple of new factories later, the population increased once more. There was also the addition of one or two more stores downtown. It was about at this time that the movie theatre was burned down. This caused great excitement and the familiar question arose. "What is there to do now?" The arena seemed to be a good solution, and if hockey and skating had been popular before it would flourish now. In the summer there would be the recently built swimming pool. No more swimming in the creek, son, we are a fair-size town now!

Some children still went for hikes, picnics, and bicycle rides though. These children learned at an early age how to fish. At the old "swimming hole," I myself, can remember many a time when I went fishing with my brothers and sisters. (How could I ever forget. I was usually elected to bait the hooks or carry the gear.)

Another five years passed and here we are. Several new factories and three new housing projects have appeared. There are few trees and no more farms where they used to be so numerous. Few children go for hikes or go fishing any more. Why? I can't answer that question, but if they look long and hard they might find a few hiding spots.

Find enough time from your modern toys, young man, and you might find a very interesting hobby "out of doors." My friend and I did go for that walk. Instead of the lovely trees we used to climb, there stood rows of identical houses staring at us. They seemed to be mocking us, telling us to "get up with the times." It is hard to do that, though, when you love the outdoors and the familiar landscapes which have disappeared. Very hard.

A few months ago on a warm spring day, I asked a friend of mine if she would like to go for a walk to a spot we called "the orchard." "What orchard?" she replied, and I realized that the orchard was gone, never to be again.

On the land which used to be plentiful with apple trees, and a favourite spot for hikes, there now stands a new subdivision. Actually it is not really new, it is about five years old. I really am behind the times. There have been at least three more since that one. It seems hard to believe but "time marches on!"

Not long ago, this town was very small (population 3,000) and everyone knew everyone else. It was a friendly place to live in and neighbors were always willing to help when tragedy struck.

But we are "growing up." Since the arrival of a few new factories, the town has doubled and redoubled its population.

Many people who have moved, probably do not realize how much a town can change. Living in this town all my life, I feel I have some authority on this subject.

I had noticed our town changing before, but it was not until this autumn, that I realized how fast and how drastic these changes were being made. I worked for ten weeks in a small town with a population of one thousand. The people there are so friendly and neighbourly, it was hard to realize these kind of people exist still.

I feel that it is the size of the town which makes the difference in the people's attitude towards each other. In small towns the people need to depend on each other, so they cannot be enemies with too many people, because of the unity of the community.

Maybe you feel I have gotten off the subject, but I am trying to give some background.

I came back to town in September and I was truly shocked. I saw the "outskirts" of town filled with houses. I was nauseated by this sight.

What happened to the lovely trees and the picturesque farms? The answer to that question is that Time has captured them in a whirlwind of progress.

An example of this progress is the building in which we are sitting. Yes, the High School. Ten years ago, when my oldest sister came to school here, there were, if I remember correctly, about ten classrooms and a handful of teachers. We now have about ten times that number of classrooms and approximately eighty teachers. That is progress.

My parents both came from a large city. When my mother came here for a visit during

The huge winged poacher home said he has noticed many that has been playing tag with more in this vicinity than in past years. He said they have pets and small livestock on Georgetown's western outskirts may be a Goshawk according to Peter Snider of Wynfield Nurseries, R.R. 3, Georgetown.

Mr. Snider who has seen and identified Goshawks near his Mrs. W. Burt who lives on the 6th Line is the latest to

report sighting of a large mystery bird to The Herald. She said she watched it pick off a mouse as it scurried across the snow near her house one morning. "It almost got our cat one day, about a month ago, and gave it such a scare it won't go outside now" she said. An Ann Street resident and a Ballinafad area farmer have also reported seeing the bird in action. They said it was large enough to be an eagle.



NORTH HALTON SUPERINTENDENT — E. S. Lavender is the new superintendent of the North Halton School Area and has recently set up his headquarters in Harrison Public School on Rexway Drive. His appointment was made at a January Board of Education meeting. Mr. Lavender's responsibilities cover all classes, kindergarten to Grade 13, in Georgetown, Acton, Milton, Esquesing and Nassagaweya.

Dances, Discussions is Plan of Youth Group

by Ralph Hawes
Seems that every day this week, we have been busy making brief notes on scraps of paper which we have gathered together this evening as we get underway with another wring-up of the notes. In this PRO business, it is either a feast or famine.

Tuesday evening we were at a meeting with the youth of the town regarding the use of the branch auditorium on Sunday evenings. The meeting was chaired by Ron Lincoln with Mrs. Hayes of the Ladies auxiliary and Mrs. Denison of the Parks Board all of whom are interested in youth. The committee of the teens was Charles Biehn, Farley Helfant, Eric Peavoy, Jim Egerton and Dale Carleton. Prior to the meeting the impression was that the hall was needed for weekly dances. Not so, say the teens. It would be used once a month for dancing, other evenings would be discussion groups, film showings. Briefly, the hall would be used for a place for the teens to go once a week. It would be available from 8 p.m. to 11.30 p.m.

The ultimate aim of these young people is to obtain a place of their own. Perhaps in some small way, the branch can help them by starting them off with a roof over their heads once a week. The branch executive under the chairmanship of vice president Lloyd Boyd, granted permission to the teens. The first night will be Sunday, Feb. 16. We understand a dance will be held.

At the executive meeting which we attended after the meeting with the teens, it was reported this year's membership is 131. This is paid up members. Come on fellows. We can do better than that.

Harry Bottoms, the Branch Sgt. at arms, received the blessing of the executive and will take his initiation team to Brantford, Feb. 16; to Welland March 9; and Bronte, March 16, where officers' seminars are being held. The team will demonstrate the correct procedure of initiating new members. This is quite something for the branch team for they will be demonstrating to well over 50 branches from District 'B'. We believe branch 120 is the only branch in this district to have a team.

Harry called the team of 16 plus four spares to a practice at the armory on Sunday. He was quite disheartened when only 12 of the team reported. There will be another practice at the branch next Sunday. Harry and the executive feel that the team must be perfect and practice makes perfect.

The branch executive donated \$30 to the Mentally Retarded Association for prizes which will be won by students writing the best essay on the Mentally Retarded. Ways and Means Norm Ward Elimination Dinner tickets are these interested. This is for

the fourth semi annual stag which will be held on Friday, March 7. Get your ticket early. They never last long.

The Branch pipe band held an election of officers for 1969. Results were: John Norton, chairman; Murray Taylor, treasurer; Doug Weir, secretary; committee, Sam Archibald, Joe Goudie, Ross Irwin, Bill McFarlane; Merv Allen Pipe Major; Scotsmen all.

For the third year in succession Ken DeRose and Harry Bottoms have been top men at the playoffs for the Fred Gilmory and Mrs. Denison of the Parks Board all of whom are interested in youth. The committee of the teens was Charles Biehn, Farley Helfant, Eric Peavoy, Jim Egerton and Dale Carleton. Prior to the meeting the impression was that the hall was needed for weekly dances. Not so, say the teens. It would be used once a month for dancing, other evenings would be discussion groups, film showings. Briefly, the hall would be used for a place for the teens to go once a week. It would be available from 8 p.m. to 11.30 p.m.

The branch ladies did well for themselves last week when five teams qualified for the regional playoff in darts. Branch 120 won the Zone competition with ease, taking first, second, third, fourth and sixth spots. The teams finished in this order: Team one: Ann Nicholson, Jean Garbutt, Vi Coburn, Maud Norrie; two: Marg Hedley, Em Sargent, Dot Day, Wilma Unsworth; three: Lottie Bottoms, Dot Lusty, Greta Stoddart, Jean Lockhurst, Marion Carney; four: Reta Rudiger, Joyce Markham, Jan Emmerson, Marion Finley; five: Brampton; six: Bernice Emond, Nel Chaplin, Marg Arnold Peg Harley, Marg Harley.

The Friday night dart shoot was a Boyd night. Lloyd and his wife Pat won four out of ten prizes. Quite a good average. This is how it was done. Lloyd Boyd, Alf Sykes, Al Mahaffy, Ray Wisland, Denny McCartney, George Dyce, Pat Boyd, Lloyd Boyd, Lloyd Boyd, Murray McKellar.

It's luck. You have it or you ain't. Should mention here that Lloyd and Pat give a lot of their time on Friday evenings helping Joe, Norm and Bob, the three regulars of the dart shoot.

The car draws this week were won by Dan Porty, Blake Inglis, Fred Dickenson, Lydia Thompson and Marg Holmes. We note quite a few car club members are visiting the Branch on Friday evenings and are always made most welcome.

Saturday evening Ways and Means prizes went to Bob Allen and Dave Emond. In the evening at the weekly dance, the

Club Leaders Choose Walter Norrington

Mr. Walter Norrington of R.R. 6, Milton, will head the Halton 4-H Club Leaders for 1969. His 1st vice president will be Bertram Stewart of R.R. 1, Hornby; 2nd vice president is John McKinnon of R.R. 3, Milton. The representative to the Halton Farm Safety Council is Bill Sinclair, Burlington. John McNabb, Georgetown, is the immediate past president.

The annual meeting took place on Thursday, January 30, at the Caravan Restaurant, Milton.



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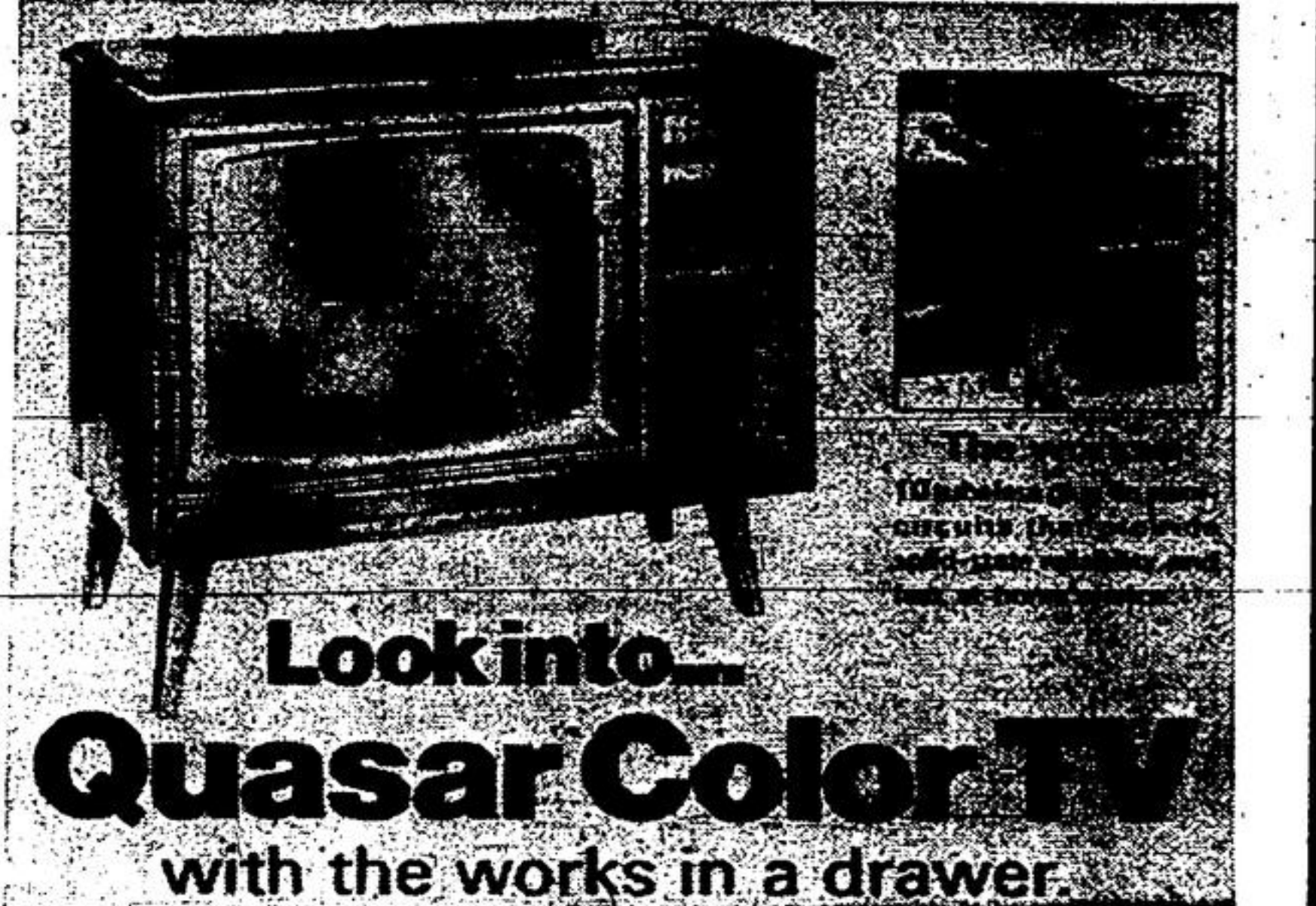
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