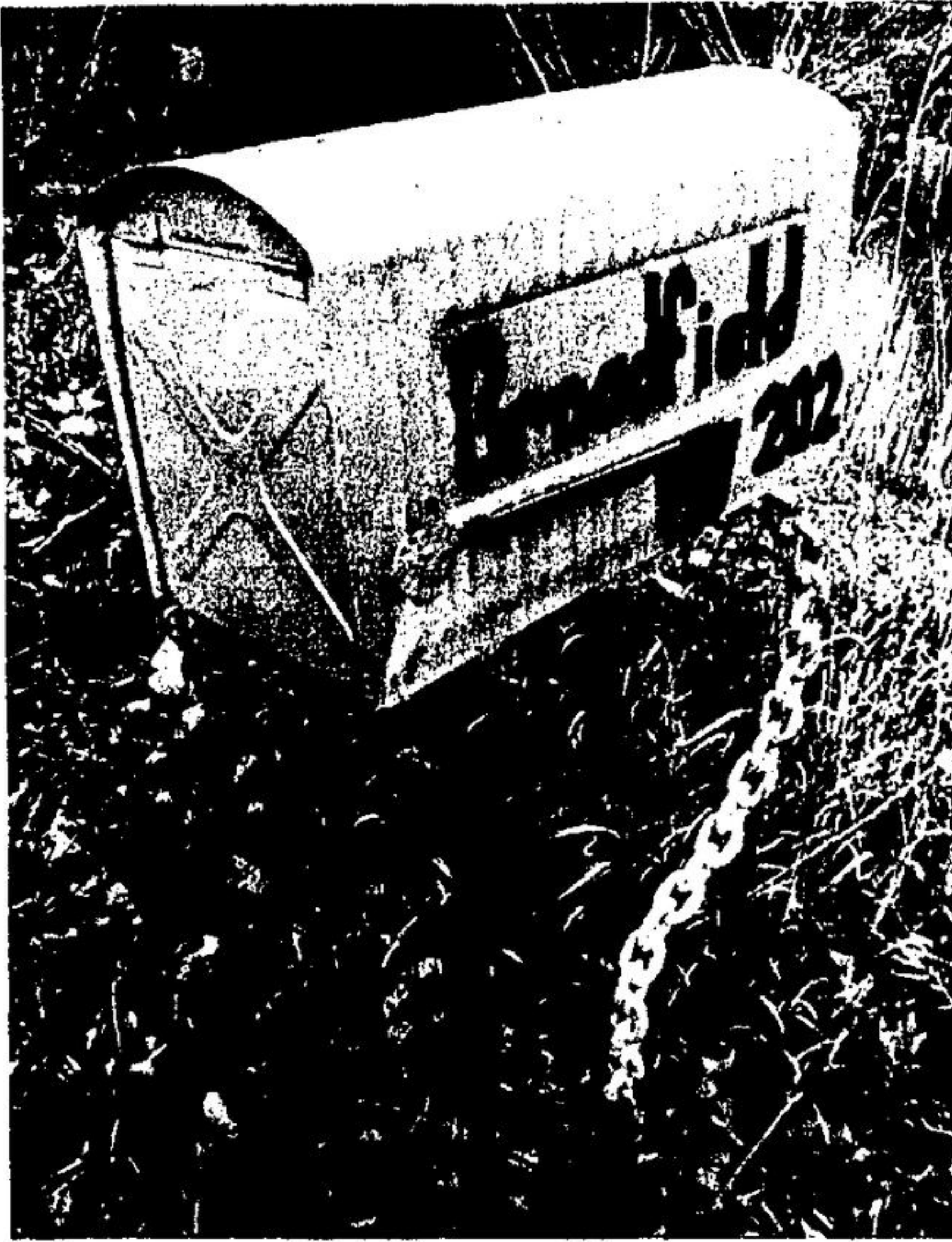




INSTEAD of the conventional wooden post, George Camplin of RR2 Norval decided to hang the box off the road by two long chains. Snowplows can push the snow off the road and leave the box intact.



After all, you're probably thinking, I'm nothing but a great big bedroom from which, bright and early every morning, my fellow citizens and I trundle off to Toronto. How can I say a bedroom is a great place to be? Well, ignoring the obvious direction I could take that statement, I'm going to explain, Georgetown, why I think you're a pretty good place to be.

Sure, you've got your Highway 7 strip filled with drive-ins and pizza parlors. Nothing different from a lot of other towns.

Sure, you've got a nice mixture of new homes and old homes. Having wandered around some of your side

There's news in those boxes

Gone are the days when the Eaton's catalogue was just about the only exciting piece of mail the family ever received. Today's mail includes bright brochures, catalogues galore, newspapers, the inevitable flood of bills and, yes, occasionally, even a letter or two.

The mail system, to handle the change, has changed too. Helping it struggle that long up-hill road, regardless of ice, snow or sleet, have been the men known as the rural mail carriers.

Rural mail delivery in the Georgetown area began in 1910 along a route which eventually wound its way to Ballinacree. Instead of hard trips to the Georgetown Post Office the service offered its rural customers the convenience of home delivery, something which town residents didn't receive until 1959.

Georgetown now has five rural mail routes set up throughout the surrounding area. The biggest of the routes, RR2, consists of 320 customers and is serviced by Jack Morrow. Kenneth Kirkwood handles the 260 homes on RR1 while John Davidson takes care of the 255 RR3 residents. Ed Hancock handles both RR4 and RR5 which include a total of 225 residents.

As if to make the rural mail carriers' jobs a little brighter, residents along their routes have gone out of their way in adding variety to the assortment of mailboxes into which each day's assortment of news is stuffed.

According to rules and regulations a mailbox must be four feet off the ground, accessible from the side of the road and should be able to hold the mail you normally receive. But as far as the RR customers in the Georgetown area are concerned, that's where all similarity to normal mailboxes ends.

Vandalism is taking its toll however, both in the boxes already dotting the roadsides and in the desire by residents to create new ones. Fewer custom boxes can be seen now.

Winter creates further excitement when the old game of "find the box" begins anew. Somewhere under a pile of that snow left by the snowplow is your mailbox. If you're lucky you may find it before the spring thaw.

Carriers, too, suffer with winter. Many a carrier has returned from his route nursing a frozen arm.



STAN KRUGER picks up the morning mail from the box that he built to resemble his own home.



THE PAYTONS, when building the box, turned out an almost exact duplicate of their home. Lacking windows, doors and garage the box does have a nicer chimney than the real house. The Paxton home is on the eighth line, RR 1, Georgetown.



THIS WEATHERED box of hill just outside Glen R. G. Green, RR4, Williams, Georgetown, stands on the



PERSONALIZING by decorating with paints and decals can make a work of art out of a plain metal box. Del d'Entremont chose the Canadian flag to decorate the family mailbox in front of his RR5 home. The flag seems to be a popular decoration for many rural boxes.



GEORGE IRONSIDE stands by the four mailboxes across from his home on the 22 sidewalk which were knocked down by vandals three weeks ago. Nameplates were ripped off and the supports for the boxes were completely destroyed. Other boxes were reported damaged along the Eighth Line the same evening.

Congrats—You've got the Johnston Seal of Approval

Hello Georgetown. Listen, I want to tell you something about yourself.

You're not bad. Yup, you've got the Johnston Seal of Approval and, believe me, there aren't a heckuva lot of places that have got that. But why me, you may be asking yourself?

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Sure, you've got a nice mixture of new homes and old homes. Having wandered around some of your side

streets I would have to say you've got some extremely nice and (here's a word you haven't heard for quite some time) elegant homes. But, when it comes right down to it, your homes are not really that much different from those found in 22 other towns I can think of.

Sure, you've got plenty of stores. The razzle-dazzle of the Zellers shopping centre is a perfect counterpoint to the quiet and convenient collection of family stores in the heart of town. But, again, there's no great difference here between you and a lot of other southern Ontario towns.

So, okay, what's the difference? Let's stop for a moment while I tell you a couple of stories.

It was Day One in Georgetown. I came down three weeks ago on a Sunday afternoon to browse around and see what I was getting into. I wanted into a variety store to pick up a paper and wound up talking about the town with a fellow



by BILL JOHNSTON

behind the counter. When I mentioned that I was new to the town he flashed a big smile, whipped out his hand to shake mine and said, "Welcome to Georgetown. I hope you'll like it here." I always thought those words you only saw flaking from a dirt-covered sign on the outskirts of town. Not bad to hear them.

Day Two in Georgetown. Day One at the Herald. Introduced to the staff. We came to this woman who was barely visible over the top of our front counter. Name's Val. "Welcome to Georgetown Bill," she says. "I hope you'll like it here."

Do you get the point Georgetown? The thing I like about you is...you. People. They're great.

Took a walk downtown on Halloween. People were smiling, walking around, greeting others, having a good time. It's nice to see that.

Regardless of Toronto bedroom

psyche, Highway 7 neon glamour, BIG \$ drive, Georgetown is still, by heart, a small Ontario town.

Hello Georgetown. I'm glad to be here.

Comment of the week. If you were downtown during the Halloween fun and festivities you probably saw the two men (?) dressed up as mummies. Heard someone yelling at them, "Hey do your mummies know where you are?"

By now I would hope that you've noticed the Herald's new look. If you haven't, I'll warn you, there's going to be a very disappointed graphic artist going to bed tonight with a tear in his eye.

This is just one of a few signs you'll notice around that something's going on down at the Herald. Call it a new life. Call it a second wind. Call it another

phase in the paper's long history. The Herald is, indeed, changing.

However, scrape away our new looks, our new ideas, even our new happy face in our office and you'll find that we're still your Herald, the home newspaper of this community. We're here to serve you, better than ever before.

Having come from Canada's oldest weekly paper it's not hard to appreciate the importance a newspaper plays in the history of a community. Look through the Herald files. The Herald has chronicled Georgetown's major events, her days of glory, her low spots, her births, her deaths, her everyday life. The Herald has been an important part of this town's life for many years and we aim to continue for many, many more.