

Letters to the editor

Georgetown's big heart shines through

It doesn't seem to matter how big Georgetown gets, it's still a small town at heart.

My father passed in January and my mom in May.

My mom used to get her hair done at Trendz downtown Georgetown.

When my mother passed, they sent a huge bouquet to the funeral home.

Very kind as she hasn't been a customer since she moved into the retirement home in Milton.

Often times parents brag about their kids, but this time I'm going to

brag about my parents.

They were such a warm loving couple, every Wednesday they would go to Tims.

They became friends with one of the employees Karen and she sent them birthday cards and attended my mom's funeral, even feeling at home enough to come to the cemetery.

She's a lovely addition to our family.

G. Greenhill

My own ancestors in the attic

Years ago History Television aired a series called *Ancestors in the Attic*.

Hosted by Jeff Douglas and Paul McGrath, it featured viewers inquiring about their ancestors, as Jeff and Paul (and other genealogical experts) researched, tracking down information for the viewer.

It was quite interesting. On occasion they'd take the viewer to some ancestral location—a famous place, building, or even a grave.

Last weekend, the Sidekick and I visited our own version of *Ancestors in the Attic* literally, rather than figuratively.

A few weeks ago, I wrote about sprucing up the kitchen.

As we all know, that requires prep time. There has been one job we've both been dreading—cleaning out the attic.

You know how a project goes, where you start out with that "Oh this will only take a few days, a week at most, type of thing.

Then someone suggests, "While you're doing that, you really should

And the project takes on humongous dimensions.

Hence cleaning out the attic.

I always snort in derision at those television depictions of what an attic is like.

They all resemble the one in the movie *Christmas Vacation*, where everything is stacked neatly in labeled boxes, and the attic is accessed through a drop-down ladder.

There is always a dormer window allowing the sunshine to stream in, and a place at one end of the attic where the kids can play dress-up.

Not in my attic world.

First, let me describe the attic over the kitchen.

It has less than five feet of headroom and is dark, dusty, and small.

Over the years, it has stored the Brown family Christmas decorations, old toys, books and baseball trophies—in a less-than-ideal environment.

I'm not sure who decided that the attic would be a good storage place, but it goes back generations, probably to my great grandfather.

But since we decided to install a new drywall ceiling in the kitchen, it made sense to clean out the attic, paving the way for a vapor barrier, etc., and be ready to have a load of insulation blown in.

I crawled in with some trepidation. It was dark and the quartz halogen light I'd hung on a nail was waking up some of the hornets who call that space home.

I was expecting some rogue squirrel to bolt from under a box, but nothing happened.

Over the years, I've been into that attic numerous times.

I did have a vague recollection of the inventory in there. At the same time, it'd been a while.

One item at the far end of the attic caught my eye. It's been there for generations.

It's a Thomas A. Edison phonograph, complete with the large curled horn like the one that was prominent on the RCA logo with the dog.

I lifted the phonograph base out. It was quite heavy and I passed it out to The Sidekick.

Then the horn. Along with it was a wooden box of the cylindrical recordings about 18 of them, still in their cardboard tubes.

The last patent date on it was 1904 so it had to belong to my great grandparents.

More ancestors in my attic.

In spite of the fact it was a dirty, backbreaking job, it was kinda neat.

Generations of school books and some of my kids' toys completed the inventory, and now the attic is ready for the next step.

It's one of those jobs we dread, yet once it is finished, we say "Whew, that wasn't so bad."

And with the countless boxes of books and items, I have lots of stuff to itemize next winter, as I sit in front of the fireplace, a glass of wine in hand, steeped in a sense of history, pondering my own *Ancestors in the Attic*.



TED BROWN

The Way We Were



In this photo, construction of Centennial Senior Public School in Georgetown nears its conclusion. Opening in September 1966, and now known as Centennial Middle School, former and present staff and students will gather this Friday and Saturday to celebrate 50 school years of memories and fun.

Learn more about Heritage Halton Hills at www.haltonhills.ca/committees/heritage. Photo courtesy of Esqueing Historical Society/text courtesy of Heritage Halton Hills

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