

## THE WAY WE WERE



Esquesing Historical Society

In this 1920 photo, Miss Morrison poses with her students from Ligny School S.S. No. 1. Located on 5th Side Road, just west of 25, it was built in 1874. Purchased by the Scotch Block Women's Institute who renamed it Ligny Hall, it was used as a community gathering spot until the group sold it. Still standing today as a private residence, it is the second oldest remaining frame school house in Halton Hills, and is listed on the Halton Hills Heritage register. Text courtesy of Heritage Halton Hills.

## OPINION

## Woman asks for help finding her father's medals

To the editor:

To the people from Scarborough or Oshawa who bought my brother's trailer full of machinery, tools and personal things - left in it by accident were my father's war medals.

Since my brother is wheelchair-bound, he did not get a chance to retrieve the medals, but his friend, Alep, who took over that part of the deal, said he

could not find the medal box.

The medals were left with the buyer, who must have found them because they called Alep but forgot to leave their phone number.

If you did find the medals, please see my address below.

I really want the medals back home where they belong.

My father was a proud soldier who was a Second World War and Korean War veteran. Also, he left letters to my mother from Korea.

I would appreciate all the help anyone who may have bought the medals could give. Please contact me at 1127 5th Ave. N.W., Moose Jaw, Sask., S6H 3Y6.

**Christine (Peterson) Rasch**

## OPINION

## There's a conspiracy within the clothing industry

*Old shirt proves we aren't getting bigger, writes Ted Brown*



**TED BROWN**  
Column

I've come to the conclusion that there's a conspiracy out there against us old guys.

And it's the garment industry who is at the root of it. You see, I think they're changing the sizes of shirts, making them smaller to save material.

Now before all you younger people out there start to smirk and roll your eyes, hear me out on this one.

A couple of weekends ago I was doing some odd jobs around the house. I pulled on my blue jeans and dug through my closet to find a shirt to wear.

Buried under all the other shirts was one of my old favourites - it was my burgundy flannel shirt.

Now this shirt has long gone past its best before date - it's not really presentable enough to wear in public, with its threadbare collar and faded colour.

(But having said that, judging from some of the outfits I see with blue jeans sporting ripped knees and butts, I could be convinced to rethink that one.)

Finding that old shirt opened up a flood of emotions as I pulled it out and proudly wore it for the entire day. It's one of those real comfort shirts, one that always makes me feel good when I wear it. It's kinda like an old friend that hugs ya when you pull it on and do up the buttons.

So life was really good, all day Saturday.

Later that night, as I removed my old shirt and

tossed it into the clothes basket, I noticed something about it.

The collar label read "large." And it fit me like a glove?

Hmm ...

Lately, when I've bought a new shirt, it has to be size XL or I feel like I'm being strangled in it. Not only that, but the sleeves of an XL hardly reach all the way down to my wrists. Yet this 'old' size large shirt fits like it was tailor-made for me. No XL here, just a simple large.

I became suspicious - hence the conspiracy theory.

I suddenly thought of the number of times old guys like me have endured the painful and cruel comments about our pot guts and additional pounds, when in fact we're still those lithe, svelte physically fit, six-pack equipped male role models that we were 20 years ago.

But those clothing conspirators have made us feel old, fat and unfit.

I felt like writing an expose. I even have the proof in my hands - my old burgundy shirt.

But until I do all my re-

search and gather all the facts, that shirt is being kept in a protected place. It's evidence dammit!

The more I thought about it, I realized these conspirators weren't working alone.

The women in our lives are involved too.

Yes siree, they are as guilty as the garment industry - they're all in cahoots.

Think about it, what guy in his right mind throws out a perfectly good shirt in his closet?

Never. He'll wear it until the last fibre of cloth has been worn to the max.

But we all know who does toss 'em, right?

It's our wives.

Yup, they stand there, smile sweetly and look us right in the eye, saying they're just "purging" our closets. I now know that's not true. They're actually destroying evidence.

But I'm on to the game, and so long as I keep my old burgundy shirt in a safe place, one thing is certain. I now know I haven't gained a pound, or gotten one fraction of an inch "bigger."

Guys, it's time to take a stand and protect those wonderful old clothes we've held dear for so many years.

If we don't, I shudder at the countless possibilities.

Like, next thing they'll be tossing is our lucky underwear.

- Ted Brown is a freelance columnist for the Independent & Free Press.

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