THE WAY WE WERE

Irwin Noble, Fred Steen and Cal McIntyre, assisted by Halton Dairy Princess Marion Hunter, were Georgetown milk producers in March 1963.

EHS photo



OPINION

MOM FOUGHT THE LAW ... AND THE LAW WON

UNWITTINGLY **OUTRACING POLICE COST HER. WRITES** TED BROWN



BROWN Column

When I drive to town, part of my usual route is on 17 Sideroad.

And 17 Sideroad is one of those roads Halton regional police regularly trawl for speeders.

Having driven that road all my life, it's just a natural reflex for me to engage my cruise-control, set it at 65 kilometres per hour, thereby alleviating the urge to

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speed - especially when I see a police vehicle parked in a driveway, watching for offenders.

I'm good with that - Halton police are doing their job, making those drivers pay the price for driving too

Recently, I drove by an unmarked police vehicle (they come in all shapes and styles these days) and I thought about my mother, and her one brush with a police vehicle, the day she fought the law - and the law won.

For years, it was the best told family story.

Now we're talking decades here - 1960s, long before regional government was implemented, when most little communities had their own police force.

Georgetown was no exception - the Town of Georgetown Police Force had a handful of police officers, a chief - and two police vehicles.

One was your regular black and white cruiser. the other was a Chevy van. I'm pretty sure every teenage male driver in town was familiar with that van.

Dark blue in colour, it was a no-frills Chevy with an in-line six-cylinder engine that was considered to be gutless as hell.

But in spite of being gutless, we teens all gave it a wide berth. It was kinda sneaky, and many of us guys got tagged by it late at night.

At that same time, my parents' good friends Ruth and Paul had a similar van. It was the same colour, and it too was equipped with an in-line six-cylinder engine.

My sisters and I affectionately called them Aunt Ruth and Uncle Paul, as they were close family friends. Uncle Paul was also known to be a prankster.

One day, Mom was driving through Georgetown, back in the days when there was still open farmland along Highway 7, between Georgetown and Norval.

Mom had a fairly heavy foot at the best of times, and I suspect she wasn't holding back that morning.

She was on a mission, driving to her sister's farm on Heritage Road, east of Norval, to pick apples for applesauce.

Leaving Georgetown, she noticed (what she

thought was) Uncle Paul's blue van pulling up on her.

He was almost riding her bumper.

"That smart a**, tailgating me like that," she thought, "I'll show him."

She was driving our '66 Pontiac, the first car we owned equipped with a V8. It wasn't a rocket, but it could certainly outrun a Chevy van.

So Mom hammered the pedal to the metal, and that 283 V8 under the hood came to life, as our '66 Pontiac left "Uncle Paul" - and his gutless in-line six Chevy van way back there, in a cloud of dust.

Unfortunately, she soon realized it wasn't Uncle Paul.

When the officer in that "gutless" six-cylinder blue Chevy van finally caught up with Mom - east of Norval at that - he wasn't remotely amused.

I guess Mom tried every trick in the book to talk him out of writing her a ticket (short of bursting into tears - but she had pride ya know).

He wrote her a ticket for speeding, and also told her she should be thankful he didn't charge her with failing to obey a police officer and other miscellaneous charges - you know, like outrunning the cops.

Later that night, as my family gathered around the kitchen table with bowls of fresh applesauce in front of us. Dad made one subtle comment.

"Geez Doris, this is pretty good applesauce," he said, "But I guess it should be - it only cost about \$5 a bowl."

Ted Brown is a free*lance journalist for the* IFP. He can be contacted at tedbit@hotmail.com.

Upper Credit Humane Society Thrift Shop - March auction

Featured items include: Vintage toy cars, virtual reality goggles and more! The Upper Credit Humane Society March 2019 auction will take place on Saturday, March 30, 2019 with live bidding beginning at 4:30 p.m.

Book bidding is available in advance at the Thrift Shop at 68 Main St. North in Georgetown, ON. Telephone bids are not accepted



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