



Colin Rowe

Bowmanville

Clarington Concert Band, no local parade would be the same without his smile

I came from Toronto as a retired civil servant, but I've never really retired. I worked in the same government ministry, the Ministry of Community Social Services, for 49 years. It's might be a record. I retired and then started the three year jazz program at Humber.

I remember my dental hygienist, who was a girl from South Africa, she lived in Bowmanville and told me that she moved out because she found the town racist and she was afraid. And

there I was thinking "geez, I'm living the dream here." Her experience before I moved here was a whole lot different than mine.

There was also a place called The Acres. In the good old days it was a dance hall, and it was always hopping on a Friday and Saturday night. A lot of the migrant workers from Barbados and Jamaica were going down there to party and the girls who knew they got paid on a Friday were down there too. Many a mother have warned their daughters about going to The Acres.

These days to see what had been apple orchards and corn fields turned into developments, that's hard. All these houses with no space between them. New subdivisions with new people trekking to Toronto for work. No time for community involvement.

