

# The Acton Free Press

Founded in 1875

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Editor: Gord Murray  
 Reporter/Photographer: Eric Elison  
 Sports/Women's: Dana Walzmann  
 Rockwood News: Jennifer Barr  
 Contributor: Helton Murray  
 Darkroom: Ken Bastin

TELEPHONE (519) 853-2010

Business and Editorial Office



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## Send in Citizen ballots

By this time next week the 23rd Acton Citizen of the Year will be known.

This year the selection committee, formed by the Acton Chamber of Commerce, tried to abandon ballots, but public apathy forced a return to this unsuitable way of nominating residents for this important award.

The committee felt written Citizen of the Year submissions would be more enlightening and valuable to them in their deliberations.

Their reasoning appears correct.

A thoroughly considered selection would be enhanced by a written submission since more reasons for the person's nomination can be given in a letter than in a single line on a ballot cut out of this newspaper.

However, public apathy towards this award, as evidenced by the fact no written submissions

were offered, has forced the committee to revert back to ballots.

In light of the fact the Citizen of the Year award is the highest which can be bestowed on any resident of this community, this apathy is deplorable.

It is definitely a community award too, since citizens nominate the potential recipients.

Anyway it's back to ballots again this year, and residents have just tomorrow and Friday to send in their nominations to the Acton Chamber of Commerce, Post Office Box 416, or drop them off at the Community Services Centre.

If you haven't sent in a ballot, sit down and give some thought to who you know has given a lot of themselves to enrich life in Acton the past year.

Naming someone Citizen of the Year is a great way to thank someone who has made Acton a better place to live.

## Applaud voter turnout

Voters in Halton riding, including Acton, deserve a big round of applause.

The turnout of over 76 per cent of the eligible electorate in Halton was phenomenal, especially considering the fact it was the second federal election we've had to en-

sure in less than a year and most of the issues were reshapes of last spring.

High voter interest, evidenced by 52,197 cast ballots, is a tribute to not just the candidates but the hundreds of workers who helped make the election interesting enough to the electors of Halton.

## Memories of Ireland

Catherine Graham of RR 1, Limehouse, writes an article for St. Patrick's Day (March 17) annually for this newspaper. This year she tells us something of her birthplace in Mourne, County Down, and her memories of Ireland.

**MOURNE, CO. DOWN**  
 by Catherine Graham

I have never written anything about Mourne where I was born, a rather picturesque place. As a rule one never forgets the place of their birth regardless of the country.

Mourne was named by the McMahon clan who went there in the 13th century from Co. Monaghan. The place they left was called Cremourne so they conferred the name Mourne on their new surroundings. Killeel is the market town. In my young days we used to help Father bring his cattle there, to the fairs held monthly. We always looked forward to this as you could have bought anything from a needle to an anchor at the stalls there. Those days are gone. All cattle go now by truck up to Newry.

A lot of Mourne men were fishermen especially those that lived near the coast. I can still see the clustered lights of the little skiffs out on the water at night. Many of course, were stonemasons. That meant they made their living cutting and dressing the blue granite foun in the Mourne Mts. You find many good stone houses there, (I was born and lived in one), also headstones and stone ditches, many of the latter centuries old.

Potatoes are the main crop (many's the day I gathered the spuds). They are exported as far away as Africa. A visit to Mourne would not be complete without going to see 'The Silent Valley.' Here you see a magnificent engineering feat, amidst quiet and majestic beauty. Here was built the reservoir in the "Mournes" that supplies the city of Belfast with water.

Percy French, the Irish poet, visited Mourne often and wrote a poem about it. I shall include a verse.

**The Mountains of Mourne**

O Mary! this London is a wonderful sight  
 Where people are working both day and night  
 They don't grow potatoes or barley or

wheat,  
 But there is gangs of them digging for gold on the street.

At least when I asked them, that's what I was told.

So I just took a hunt in the digging for gold.  
 But all I found there, sure I might as well be,  
 Where the Mountains of Mourne,  
 Sweep down to the sea.

A monument was put up some years ago at Newcastle (near the Mournes) to Percy French. He lived in the last century.

### Poetry

We hear very little about poetry these days. In years gone by, it was certainly very much part of our lives, not only in school, but at home and at work. When helping our parents on the farm they were always reciting poetry. This had a twofold advantage, in that it was entertaining and helped keep us on the job.

The classical poems are beautiful to read. Of course they always rhymed, but modern poetry, while quite interesting, does not rhyme. It, however, is still classed as poetry.

Sad to say radio and television has more or less taken over today, and this affluent age, has in the long run, robbed us of a richness we didn't even realize was there, "poetry". With St. Patrick's Day coming up, I want to speak about a poem my father often recited, "The Bells of Shandon". It was written by Francis Mahoney, who wrote under the pen name of Father Prout. He was born in Cork in 1804 and was educated in Ireland.

Francis studied for the Priesthood but did not finish hence the name Father Prout. He took up a literary career in London, and became a correspondent for 'The Globe' in Paris, remaining there until his death in 1866. Here is the first verse of "The Bells of Shandon".  
 With deep affection and recollection  
 I often think of the Shandon Bells,  
 Whose sounds so wild would in day of childhood  
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder, where e'er I wander  
 And thus grow fonder, Sweet Cork of thee,  
 With the Bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

The beloved bells still ring out over that lovely city by the "Lee" just as they did in Francis Mahoney's days.

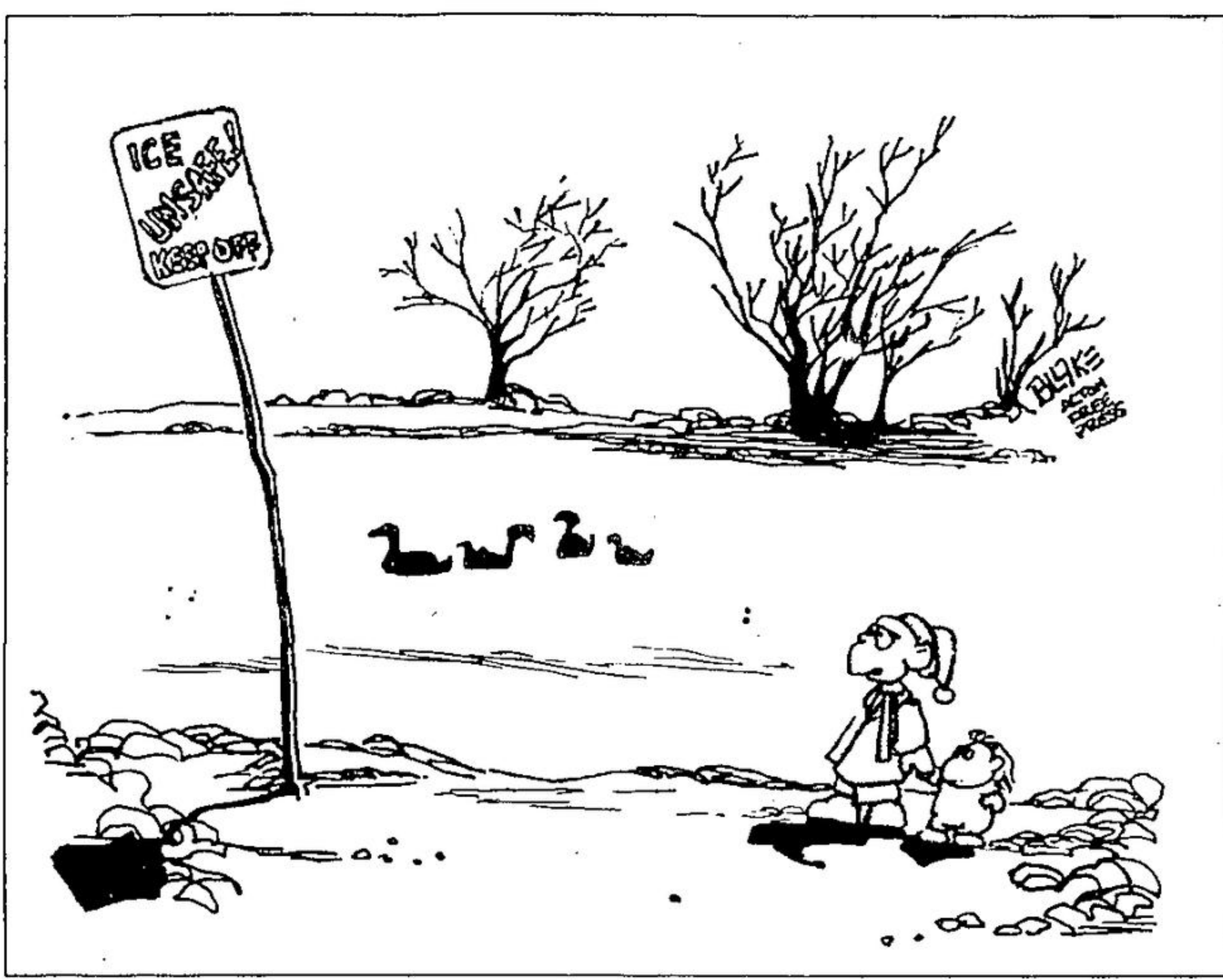
## Tribute to Emerald Isle

Editor's note: Elizabeth O'Rourke sent along the following poem in celebration of Ireland and St. Patrick's Day which is this Monday, March 17.

**The Legend of the Emerald Isle**

Once upon a time God looked down from Heaven and decided the earth was too drab and cheerless  
 That it needed more beauty and gaiety and laughter  
 So He created an Isle in the midst of a lovely sea  
 He took the green of an Emerald and painted the trees,  
 The green of an apple and made the grass

light and lovely; and the green of precious jade and coloured the hills and valleys.  
 And He chose a special ray of sunlight to shine on this Isle, and selected the balmy-breezes to blow there: Then He decided that such a beautiful Piece of green earth should belong only to the most special kind of people.  
 So He gathered together the music of a bird's song  
 The soul and heart of a poet, the twinkle in the star sheen, and the laughter of angels  
 And blended them together into a group of wonderful people He called the Irish  
 And He named their dwelling place  
 The Emerald Isle.



"IT SAYS, 'PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE DUCKIES!'"

## Back issues

10 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Acton Free Press Wednesday, March 18, 1970

Acton mayor Les Doby has told a distraught Darcy McKeough that he was very disappointed in his decision to defer regional government in Halton and Peel until there was more consensus to change the present system. He could see no benefit in the stall.

Sunbonnet Sue, the Robert Little operetta, is all set to go. Becky Baxter and Jim Krapek headlining the Thursday cast and Debbie Bousfield and Billy McGilloway the Wednesday cast.

New changes in the Catholic liturgy will be introduced at St. Joseph's this Sunday. English will be used exclusively, there will be three readings from Scripture, one more than now, as well as changes in the rites. Father Morgan has been instructing parishioners in the new liturgy.

Alex K. Mann was honored for his long service to Knox church. He was presented with a reclining chair. He was an elder for 45 years, and clerk of session for 28 years.

Nassagaweya township council opposes a hydro line arcing across the township.

A 155-lot subdivision at Brookville was approved, south and west of the township offices.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Milne of Rockwood celebrated their 50th anniversary.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Acton Free Press Thursday, March 10, 1960

Nearly 700 braved the near zero weather at the arena to view the program presented by the Galt Figure Skating club during the annual Minor Sports Booster Night. Herb Cook and Bob Loutlet in comic outfits attempted to repeat the feats of the Galt skaters. There was a Squirrels hockey game. Acton Citizens Band and the Pipe Band played.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Masales celebrated 60 years of married life.

There will be dial telephones in Acton by 1962.

A surprise presentation was made to Ted Hansen, who has completed 17 years as organist of the church. His predecessor Fred Salt, who was organist the longest, resigned after 17 years, so Mr. Hansen is beginning to set a new record.

The Duke of Devonshire chapter held their officers' tea, with 25 teachers as guests, at the home of Mrs. Beatty.

The newly-formed Rovers enjoyed an outing with their leader Ron Smith to his property in Nassagaweya.

Sweaters were presented by Y board members to the group leaders assisting Y secretary Sid Saitz, Chris Norfolk, Vic Roach, Frank Cooper, Ruddy Holmes, Fred Dawkins, Pete Hurst, John Creighton and Bob Foyers Jr.

Bud Evans was chosen chairman of the planning board with Joe Whitham vice chairman.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Acton Free Press Thursday, March 13, 1930

The annual World's Day of Prayer meeting, held in the United church Thursday afternoon, was well attended. Mrs. H. P. Moore, Miss Maggie Warden, Mrs. A. T. Brown, Mrs. (Rev.) Sawyer, Mrs. William Thompson and Mrs. Malcolm McLean took part.

For the third time since the installation of the fire alarm siren several years ago, a false alarm of fire was sent in to Chief McDonald. The party stated the fire was at the Acton Tanning Company. The suspected party was rounded up and lodged in the cells. He pleaded guilty the next day and was fined \$60 and costs.

Mrsrs. Beardmore have applied for additional horsepower for their plant and hydro has agreed.

It was the privilege of another one of Acton's venerable couples to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Holmes, at their home on Bower Ave. Mr. Holmes is the only surviving son of a family of ten and Mrs. Holmes the only surviving daughter of a family of nine. They moved to Acton 42 years ago.

Emma Robinson was elected regent of Lakeside chapter of the I.O.D.E. and Mrs. R. P. Watson first vice regent.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Acton Free Press Thursday, March 11, 1880

About a week ago, Messrs. Robb Bros. of Stratford came to town in search of ice for packing and shipment. They examined Dr. Morrow's pond and finding it to be of superior quality and good thickness, purchased all the ice and immediately employed men and teams to harvest it. About 100 cords were teamed to one of Bennett's hotel sheds and packed in sawdust; 30 cords to a building near the G.T.R. depot and an ice house 140 feet long, 24 feet wide and 12 feet high has been built on the shore of the pond.

## Trouble is travel is wasted on kids

Sometimes I am convinced I was born 30 years too soon. When I see the wonderful opportunities for travel young people have today, I turn pea-green with envy.

When you and I were young, most of us didn't get much farther than the next town. A minority visited the city occasionally, and it was considered a big deal. A whole lot of people never did get to see a big city in their entire lives. And were no worse off for it, of course.

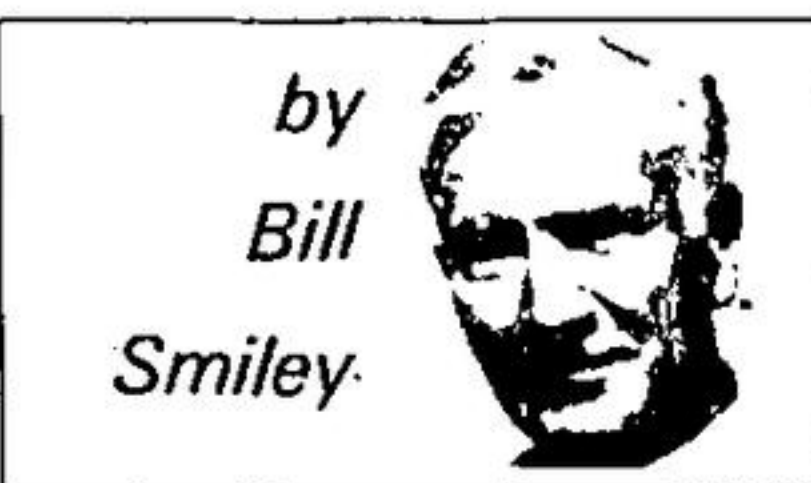
Man, how that has changed. Nowadays, young people go galloping off to the four corners of the earth with no more thought about it than we'd have given to a weekend in the city. They're so blasé about it that it's sickening to an old guy like me, who has always yearned to travel, and never had the time or money or freedom to do it.

In my day, during the Depression, the only people who could afford to travel were the hoboes. They could afford it because they didn't have any money. They rode free on the tops and inside the boxcars of freight trains. And they didn't have any responsibilities except the next meal and a place to sleep.

Looking back, I was one of the lucky ones. Most of my generation of youth were forced by circumstances to stay home, get any job available, and hang on to it like grim death, never venturing forth on the highroads of life. I was the envy of my classmates, when, at 17, I nabbed a job on the upper lake boats, and could come home bragging of having been to such bizarre, exotic places as Duluth, Sault Ste. Marie, Detroit, the Lakehead.

Today's youngsters would sneer at such bourgeois travels. They exchange anecdotes about Morocco and Moscow, Athens and Australia, Paris and Port-au-Prince, Delhi and Dubrovnik. Fair nauseates me, it does.

By the time he was 22, my own son had lived on both coasts of Canada, been to Mexico, New Orleans, Texas, Israel, Ireland, and a hundred other places that are just names in an atlas to me. He's been to Paraguay, South America, and has visited



Argentina and Bolivia. He speaks four languages. I speak one, not too well.

My nephews have seen more countries than Chris Columbus or Sir Francis Drake. One's an airline pilot, and knows Europe, North America and the West Indies the way I know my way to school. Another has worked in the Canadian north, Quebec, the Congo, Jamaica, and Costa Rica.

My nieces are just as peripatetic. They've been to the West Coast, France, England, Russia. A four-day trip to New York, for them, is scarcely worth mentioning. Migawd, I'd have given my left eyeball to see New York when I was their age! I thought it was pretty earthshaking the first time I saw Toronto, Toronto, ye-e-c-h!

Thousands of university students annually take a year off, borrow some money, stuff a pack and head out for a year of bumming around Europe, the Mediterranean, North Africa, India. Rotten kids!

In the last decade, the travel bug has spilled over into the high schools. Some of them are beginning to sound like agencies, with frequent announcements over the P.A. system:

"Will the group going to Rome in the winter break please assemble in Room 202 at 3.30 for a lesson in tying your toga."

"All those taking the Venezuela trip, are requested to see Mr. Vagabond in room 727 at 3.15 today."

"Those who are involved in the spring break trip to the Canary Islands should have their passports by March 1st."

## From the editor's desk

by Gord Murray  
 I received an interesting call from an Esquensing farmer I'd like to share with you readers.

This gentleman was most concerned with what he considered a lack of Halton Hills council news in the pages of the Acton Free Press the past few months. He thought we weren't putting in as much council news as we have in the past.

I assured him, and I assure you, council news pertaining to Acton and Esquensing is being reported.

The problem is, council has been a little quieter than usual the past couple of months.

Not as many items have been coming up at council, general committee and planning board. Meetings haven't been running nearly as late as normal.

A week ago Monday council adjourned after just 75 minutes. I can't remember in my five years covering council, a shorter meeting.

Presumably once the budget is struck things will liven up at Halton Hills council

and we'll be bringing you more news regarding what is being done with your tax dollars.

I like many voters, wondered during the recent federal election what happened to the Liberal platform the party brass and caucus hammered out during the Christmas break.

Following the naming of the new cabinet I've developed something of a theory.

What I suspect happened is that once the platform was developed the Liberals had heard enough of the New Democratic campaign to realise the two parties shared many of the same ideas. The Grits couldn't very well say the same things, so they said little.

For instance, Marc Lalonde is the only Liberal I heard calling before the vote for natural gas exports to the United States to be terminated. That was an NDP plank. Now Lalonde is the energy minister and gas exports could well end.

Ed Broadbent repeatedly called for Canada to get control of its own economy by developing the manufacturing sector

## and not continue exporting our resources for processing elsewhere. Clearly a platform of economic nationalism. So who is Canada's new Industry, Trade and Commerce minister? Herb Gray that's who, a man who has been advocating economic nationalism for some time.

The new finance minister, Allan Rock, is expected to move the nation's economic policy away from the right where Pierre Trudeau moved it in 1977 and 1978 and Joe Clark kept it in 1979. McEeachen will be either a middle of the road or possibly left leaning finance minister.

If restraint was going to be a big priority with the Liberal government then why did Trudeau appoint such an inexperienced, albeit highly qualified, man as Donald Johnson, President of the Treasury Board? The NDP said restraint in these economic times just wasn't the top priority. Likely it won't be with Trudeau's government either. The veterans will chew Johnson to bits I'd bet.

Likely more examples of Liberal policy being similar to NDP platform planks will materialise in the weeks and months ahead.

Would I trade? Not on your life.