

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Excellent selection

The selection of Janis Fread as Acton's Citizen of the Year is one we heartily applaud. The tremendous amount of enthusiasm and work she has lavished on this community in so many different spheres can never be fully appreciated.

She has been the sparkplug behind many community activities, not only as the coordinator of the Business Improvement Association (BIA) and as an officer in the Agricultural Society, but in the special events she makes small town living enjoyable. She has always given more than required to ensure the success of an event, sometimes pulling others less enthusiastic, with her.



Invariably, when it is time to select a Citizen of the Year, there is speculation on the choice. At The New Tanner office there were several names mentioned but there was a general concensus that it was time a woman was selected.

Voila! The selection committee of former Citizens of the Year thought so, too. And their choice was one few could argue with.

The Citizen of the Year award will be presented to Janis at a dinner in April and it is a time we can express our appreciation for the energy and enthusiasm she has brought to Acton - and Halton Hills.

Who was St. Patrick?

Who was this St. Patrick whose feast day is celebrated every March 17 and who has been called the "Apostle of Ireland?"

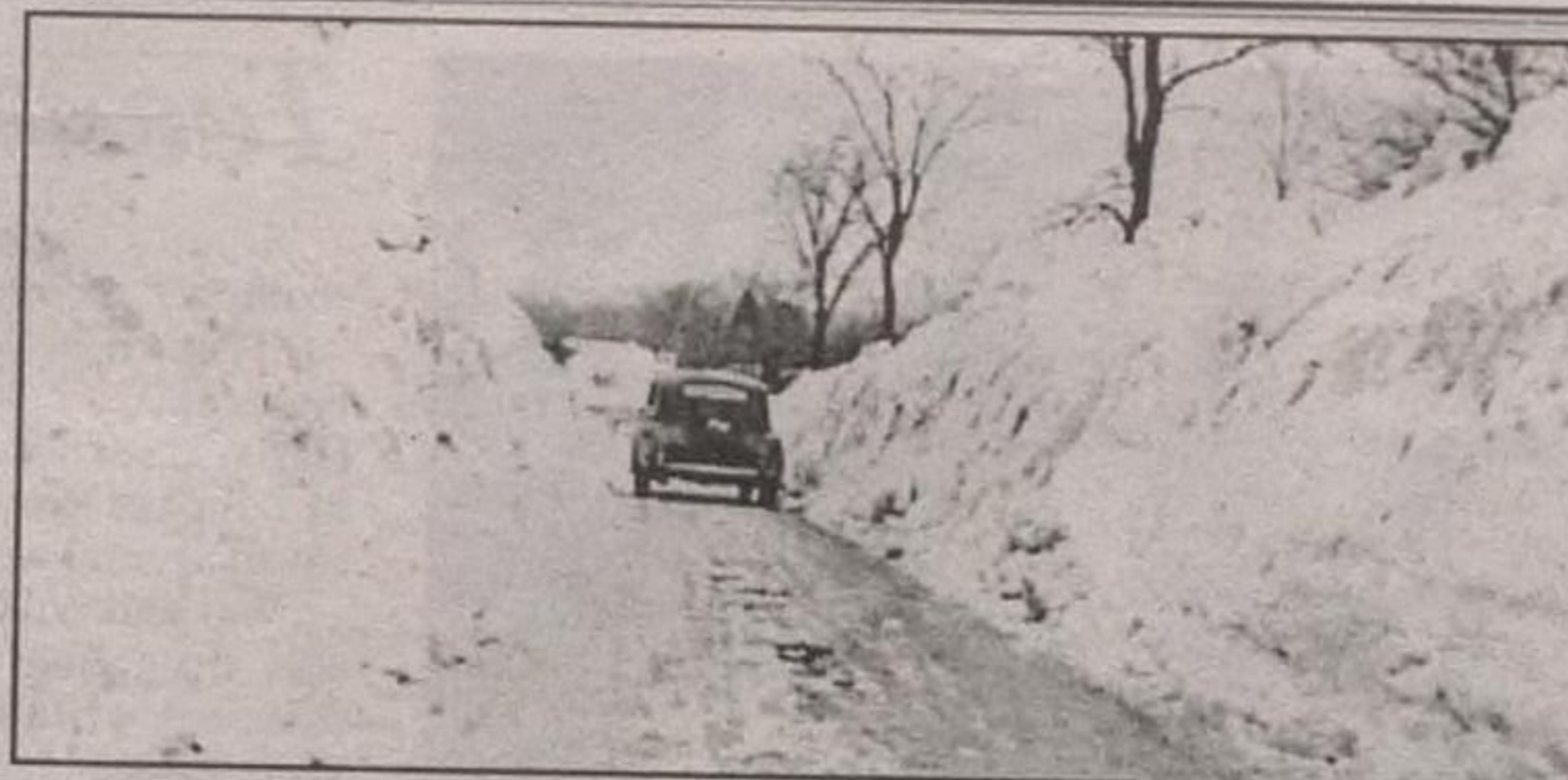
There's some controversy about where he was born. Some claim his birthplace was a village called Bannavem Taberniae near Dunbarton-on-the-Clyde, that's Scotland isn't it? Or at the mouth of the Severn River in England. Others maintain he was born in Brittany which is the Celtic part of France.



We know of a certainty that Patrick was of Romano-British origin and was born in 389 A.D. His full name was probably Patricius Magonus Sucatus, obviously a Roman name. As a young man, according to his brief "Confession," he committed some fault and although he was born into a Christian family - his father Calpornius was a deacon - he apparently lived a dissolute life.

At age 16 Patrick and some others were seized and carried off by sea raiders to become slaves in Ireland. Research now indicates he was a swineherd in County Mayo for six years before escaping back home. During his stay in Ireland he reformed his life, and prayed constantly and returning home studied and was ordained a priest.

Around the year 442 Patrick went to Rome and met Pope Leo who took a special interest in the Irish church. The Pope sent him to Ireland to evangelize and unify the church. He is credited with converting thousand of Irish to Christianity.



April 15, 1940

SNOW BUSINESS

You think we've got snow? Back in 1940, a scant 61 years ago, veterinarian Dr. Frank Oakes had to drive through towering snow banks on either side of the Second Line (Reg. Rd. 25 on Hwy 25 if you prefer) until the end of April. These photos taken on April 15, 1940, show you just how high the snow was. Farmers with sick livestock had to bring their animals out onto the Second Line because Dr. Oakes couldn't drive up the farm lanes, Mrs. Oakes attests. Photo loaned by Mrs. Betty Oaks.



April 27, 1940

Thank God, I'm a country girl but it doesn't help the roads

By ERIKA FORD
The New Tanner

I'm a country girl. I love being a country girl. And despite the jokes, the taunting and the name calling (hick, red neck and my favourite, bumpkin) throughout school; I thank God I'm a country girl. That is until I started driving. It was then I realized just how little country roads are maintained.

I thought my anger had finally subsided - for this season at least - but then I woke up on a recent Monday morning to more of the wonderful white stuff. I looked at the clock before heading out to clean off my car, 9:45 a.m. - the roads should be fairly clear. Years of experience laughed at my optimism.

The roads had not yet been plowed, neither salt nor sand laid down. So I slid down the hills and slipped around the corners and chanted "I think I can, I think I can" while my car tried to get traction up the hill on Churchill south. I arrived in town and was shocked to see that the roads in town had not been cleared either. Town/city roads are usually cleared rather promptly, while us

bumpkins have to wait a few days.

So the day passed by, the snow continued to fall while I stared grudgingly out at it all day, cursing my younger self for ever loving the stuff. I headed home, and noticed the roads were better. As I turned onto my road I saw a familiar site. The road was plowed, but only one half of it.

So I contemplated my path; I could either try to drive through the four inches of snow on my side of the road or drive on the wrong - but clear - side of the road. I continued home, feeling very British, when I approached the first of two 90 degree corners. Only one lane was cleared (still the wrong side of the road), but the Town had graciously put down two squirts of sand, each about three feet long, a foot wide and about twenty feet apart from each other. The second corner, a very tight hairpin had also received the same royal treatment. To finish my typical winter drive home, I slid passed my driveway and had to reverse back to it.

That was just one day's experience. And I know, living in the country I should expect that service takes

a little longer to get to us, but essential services like snowplowing, salting and sanding should not, at the expense of drivers' safety, be delayed.

My sister flipped her car this winter, ending up in the ditch on her roof. She had to climb out a rear door the get out of the car. She lost control of her vehicle when she hit a drift blown across the whole road. She probably would have regained control of the car, had she not hit a second drift, also across the whole road. For whatever reason, probably budgetary, snow-fences are no longer put up during the winter months. Anyone travelling roads bordered by empty fields must have noticed the drifting and blinding snow that these fences used to stop. And this is not just a country road issue, drifting and blowing snow can also be a problem on more major routes like Regional Road 25 and the 401.

The hairpin turn I alluded to earlier has been a major hazard the whole winter. For most of this year, that turn has been a single lane, because of the major snowfalls we have been dumped with, and the

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