



PERFECT SETTING for wildfowl is the 500 acre reservoir lake at the Mountsberg Game Preserve. Hundreds of ducks already are using the six-foot deep reservoir as a stopping-off point before the annual flight south. This Hungarian Pointer is aware there are other dangers of the deep under these logs. — (Staff Photo)

Free Press Editorial Page

Grass roots are heard . . .

How closely do Government officials in Queens Park and Ottawa watch editorial comment and reports in weekly newspapers?
Aurora mayor Dick Ellingworth told members of the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association that various department heads in both governments give weekly newspapers careful perusal. And he has proof.
Addressing OWNA members at their annual golf tournament at Aurora last week, Mayor Ellingworth told of a phone call he received from the Department of Environment in Toronto, shortly after he and his council visited Acton to inspect the town's water pollution control plant.
"Did you really mean all those things you said, as they appeared in the Acton Free Press?" the enquiring voice wanted to know.
Having been mailed a copy of the Free Press himself, the mayor was in a good position to reply. "Of course I meant them," he told the caller, "and I was quoted correctly."
During the plant tour the Aurora mayor told the Free Press that Aurora had four more years to go before a contract with a leather company was terminated, which made it mandatory for the town to accept all the plant's sewage.
Odors, he said, are not a problem exclusive to Acton. Aurora also had two other plants which contributed to the problem there.
Government officials were apparently very much interested in

what he had to say on the town's problems, proving of course that comment from the weeklies can reach the right ears and often does.
Too often perhaps residents of the smaller towns and rural areas feel they are hamstrung when it comes to making their opinions known; figuring government circles listened only to the large centres and the high circulation daily newspapers. This helps to dispel that impression and we know for a fact that the various members of Parliament, both provincial and federal, keep a close eye on the weekly newspapers in their ridings.
Government realizes that larger centres and newspapers have no prerogative on ideas or informed opinion.

130 jobs are lost . . .

It seems a certainty now that the Mason Knitting Co. has closed its doors after 45 years of operation in Acton. The building is for sale and although a few employees were called back for inventory disposal, the town has lost about 130 jobs as a result of the firm's bankruptcy.
Financial difficulties of the company came to a head in May of this year when the Bank of Nova Scotia enforced Section 88 of the Banking Act which allows a bank to make claims against inventory when accounts receivable are used as collateral for loans. Inventory of the company was seized and sold by the firm of McDonald, Currie and Co., acting for J. S. Whitehead, an agent employed by the Bank of Nova Scotia.
Bankruptcy was declared in the latter part of June, and so a company which grew with the town and provided steady employment for over 45 years will close its doors. Unfortunately, the plight of the company followed by a few months consolidation with the firm of S. Lennard and Sons Limited of Dundas. The Dundas plant was closed, which makes the score 2-0 now.
It is impossible to list the economic and other effects of the shutdown and subsequent bankruptcy. Jobs lost are mainly positions held by women, creating an even worse dearth of job situations in a town which has few enough as it is. The money from the payroll, most of which went back into the economy of Acton, is lost, although a certain percentage of employees have found positions elsewhere.
Many others have not yet found jobs to replace steady work at the Acton company. They must rely on unemployment insurance benefits, which dry up after a year.
According to information supplied this newspaper the company's demise was hastened by a lack of working capital. If it had been available it is

quite possible this long established and well known firm could have kept going.
One concerned citizen suggested to the Free Press that if the money which the unemployment insurance people must hand out to employees of Mason Knit had been used for an infusion of capital instead of benefits, the company could have kept working, it is quite likely they would have the money returned from profits and they would have 130 fewer unemployed to worry about.
That certainly makes sense, providing, of course, the firm has careful management.
Mason Knit has a long history of solid, capable management in a very competitive industry, when it was under the ownership of the Mason family. It naturally makes one suspicious of large conglomerates and consolidations, including the quality of management, when a firm folds up a few years after they have acquired control.



Don't worry. Not me. I hope to live for at least two, or even three years more.

But I sometimes wonder what I would do if I were told that I had exactly one year to live. And I'd like you to think about what you would do.

This is not a new theme, but it's always an interesting one when it comes up in fiction or philosophy or just a plain gab-fest.

Let's suppose. Suppose you have been to the doctor and have learned that you have a fatal illness (make up your own) and will die in approximately one year. You won't be sick or in pain until the last hour and you'll go out quickly.

How would you spend that year? What you would do would certainly reveal very clearly what sort of person you really are behind that facade that most of us wear daily.

There would be the initial shock, of course. Humans have some weird idea that they are immortal, until they finally are stricken by some deadly illness. But after the shock wore off? Then we'd see a separation of the men from the boys, the sheep from the goats.

Some people would become constant

whiners. "Why does God have to do this to me? I've contributed to charity." And so on. Some of these would become so bitter they would turn against God, their friends and relatives. A pretty sour way to go.

Some would be so depressed they would crack up mentally and become vegetables. Others would adopt a fatalistic epureanism (if there's such a thing). Their attitude would be, "If I'm gonna go, I'm gonna enjoy it." They would escape into alcohol, drugs, sex; not necessarily in that order.

Some people would become instant Christians or whatever. They would be filled with a terrible fear of the after-life, and would spend their 12 months on their knees, in church, and desperately doing "good works" in an effort to make up for all the bad works they had done in the rest of their lives.

Now, not one of us, gentle reader, would fall into any of those classifications. Question is, where would we fall?

First decision I would make would be not to waste one second of that year. If every second in the year were used fully, the one year could be more rewarding than all the previous ones put together.

many more good years in retirement, and remarked: "It is easy to see who is liked and respected in this town."

It is also easy to see why.

+ + +

Being the purchaser of a fairly new car recently we were more than interested in an article which Jack Holmes brought in for us to peruse, advocating a change in the law to drive out dishonest dealers and make the buying of a car no more unpleasant than the purchase of a \$300 refrigerator.
Clipped from the Toronto Star, the article contends the present system of buying cars makes it virtually impossible for a consumer to get a clear idea of what he will get on a trade, and often he cannot even discover the proper price for a new car with the options he wants.

Our experience bears out much of what the article says, although after a few trips further afield to compare prices and selling methods, it was obvious that dealers in town and district were much more obliging and honest in their dealings than the larger, more impersonal firms. Dealers here gave us a price without too much quibbling, and appraised the possible trade-in realistically without promising returns which would later be rescinded when it came to the cold, hard bargaining about money.

In one outside dealership encountered, however, we went through two salesmen and the assistant sales manager and came away feeling very unsatisfied and suspicious of the system. It seemed the aim of the salesman was to get your name on an offer to purchase at any price, and then to work from there.

Our reluctance to sign anything until we knew how much we could expect to get for a trade-in and how far down the car dealer would go for his product, was a source of annoyance to the salesman. As they exerted more pressure we became more stubborn

Next, I would make a superb effort to love my neighbour as myself. This is a tough one. In the first place, it's extremely difficult to love oneself. Most of us seem to, but many of us secretly despise ourselves. In the second place, some of us have appalling neighbors (we don't). But I'd have a good whack at it, not as a "hedge" to make sure of getting through those pearly gates, but because I believe in it. Good old love.

My first action would be to divest myself of all material possessions, except a toothbrush and a few clothes. Would even get rid of my razor. The proceeds? I wouldn't give them to the poor. The hell with them. They can go on welfare, and it would be only a drop in the bucket anyway. And I wouldn't leave them to my family, either. They could go to work for a change.

I'd quit my job, take the whole \$500 of my estate in one-dollar bills, and burn them, one at a time, to the screams of anguish from on-lookers. That would be cutting the umbilical cord of the system and I'd be free for the first time in many years. Then don the knapsack, pick up the begging bowl (a wooden salad bowl) and take off.

I'd see every inch of Canada I could see. And I would savor every sight, sound, taste, touch and smell (even whiskey-breath and onions) I could come in contact with in this most wonderful of worlds. Might die in a ditch, but what's the difference?

How about you? Put down carefully and briefly what you think you would do with a year to live. Send it to your local editor. I'd like to reprint some of your ideas.

Hey, I might even get a divorce, remarry, and make some other woman's life miserable for a year. Just an afterthought.

and despaired of ever working out any kind of a deal on that system.
This article by Robert Brow says a few simple changes in the law could make the buying picture more appetizing to the public.

He suggests it would be necessary to separate by law the two transactions involved in the trade. Any contract that included both the sale and purchase of a car, or an exchange price would be illegal. This would cut out a large amount of the horse trading and hidden pricing that confuses and upsets the car buyer. And the prospective buyer could sell his old car wherever he could get the best price.

Second he suggests every place of business licensed to sell new cars should be required to post a price list for that business day, including various options. Dealers should be allowed to raise and lower prices from day to day, advertise special sales and so on, but any deals made during the day should be according to the price list of the day.

Third suggestion was that every used car for sale should have a price tag attached which a customer can see, with a list of all the equipment on the car. And if the buyer could get credit for the sales tax on the used car which he has sold.

These changes in law would rapidly drive the dishonest dealers out of business, insists Mr. Brow, and the best car dealers would be able to do business in the honest way they prefer. Salesmen could give a straight answer instead of evading direct questions with phrases such as "Make me an offer."

The suggestions do sound feasible and if they could do anything to take the sting out of buying a car would be worthwhile both from the viewpoint of the customer and the many dealers who would prefer to play it straight.

New helmet standards overdue . . .

The recent revelation by the Canadian Standards Association about the shock-absorbing qualities of hockey helmets will send chills down the spines of parents with sons who love to play hockey.
CSA say that many materials used now, to make helmets look protective really have no shock-absorbing qualities at all.
Good news, however, has come from examination of the various sports

helmets. Now CSA expects to produce the first draft standard for helmet manufacturers in time for the next hockey season.
The need for a standard was brought home forcefully again when a 16 year-old Toronto schoolboy was killed when struck by a puck on the left side of the head below the temple. This tragedy prompted CSA technicians to re-examine methods of testing head protection.
The old method of dropping a weight

form various heights on the top of a dummy is inadequate. It cannot measure force on other parts of the head.
This is why CSA engineers are investigating more sophisticated test equipment.
The Financial Post says the upgrading of materials to absorb shock will be the first step towards greater safety on the hockey rink. The next should be to insist that all players—pros and amateur—either wear the helmets or stay on the bench.

Free Press back issues

Musings from the Editor's desk . . .

Being connected with the reception and retirement of Father V. J. Morgan in the last few weeks, it was not only revealing but gratifying to see the response of people of various faiths to a man who has been closely connected with the town and district for over 30 years. There was genuine fondness and respect for a man of the cloth who believes that the first and greatest commandment is to love your neighbor as yourself.

Contrast this with the bigotry and intolerance, hatred and fighting which marks the present struggle in Northern Ireland and it makes one glad that these ancient quarrels and misunderstandings are a thing of the past here.
Father Morgan has left his mark on his parish, where he said Mass faithfully twice each Sunday and most weekdays, when possible, and on the people of this community as well. He often remarked that two parishes he ministered to during most of his active priesthood—Macton and Acton—bore a phonetic resemblance as he applied the lessons of the seminary training with zeal.

During his tenure here the many changes in the Catholic Church started at Vatican II, and then given to us by bishops and priests of dioceses around the world to implement. Unlike some parishes where alterations were immediately introduced, Father Morgan made the necessary changes gradually. They couldn't all have been easy, for the liturgy and ceremony of the pre-Vatican II church were beautiful and meaningful to the priest and parishioners, and carried with them the weight of tradition which reached back in instances to the times of the apostles.

Father Morgan is essentially a man who believes in reducing complicated issues and problems of the times to simple terms so ordinary people can understand them. His sermons reflected this view.
A local lady of another faith attending the reception given by his parishioners, looked over the throngs anxious to wish this priest

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 27, 1951.

Oh, how it rained! The fall fair will go down in history as the wettest event in the 32 years of its history. The attendance Saturday was 2,500 — not quite half the usual crowd but certainly a loyal group of supporters for such weather.
The jumping classes took the major part of the program in the arena Friday night. The vaudeville features were entertaining.
Winners in the pie eating contest were Bob Cox, Tom Oakley and Jim Wallman. There were over 20 entrants.
Freckle-faced winners were Bob Cox, Pat Sterritt, Theresa Arbc, Don Dawson and Ricky Ironsides.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 22, 1921.

The showers and cloudy morning yesterday did not hinder the merry tune of the turnstile yesterday afternoon at the park when visitors to Acton Fall Fair crowded in. As the Free Press went to press before noon, to permit the staff to spend the afternoon enjoying the exhibition with the rest of the folks, our report of the proceedings of yesterday is deferred to the next issue.
Rarely has the hall display offered so attractive an appearance and there was a surprisingly large showing of entries. The classes in fine and decorative arts were fuller than usual. It was a matter of much local pride that the entries of Miss Mary K. Gibbons, young daughter of our townsman Mr. Thomas E. Gibbons, won a large number of prizes in these classes.
An attractive exhibit was the display of bathroom and kitchen fixtures shown by W. F. Mooney. One piece commanded much

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, September 24, 1896.

There is much dissatisfaction along the line of the G.T.R. with the withdrawal of the midnight train. Councils and Boards of Trade at Stratford, Berlin and Guelph are taking action seeking from the railway authorities the restoration of the train. Guelph council Monday passed a resolution urging the necessity of increased railway accommodation between Toronto and Guelph and requesting that a train leave Toronto not earlier than 10.30 p.m. each evening except Sunday.
For several years Mr. Frank Worden has been suffering from weak lungs. He taught school but the confinement aggravated the trouble and latterly he has been farming with his brother. However, the insidious disease consumption had securely fastened itself upon his system and the result was inevitable. The funeral will take place this afternoon.
Officer Graham now gets about town on a wheel.
The ex-treasurer of Guelph was committed on a charge of embezzling city funds and has been in jail ever since.
Miss Prately of Brampton who returned the other day from a visit to England, was unfortunate in regard to her luggage. By some mischance her belongings were put on an Australian steamer and are now on a three months' voyage. It may be next spring before she recovers her property.
Esquing fair today and tomorrow at Georgetown.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
PHONE 853-2010
Business and Editorial Office


WOMEN'S NEWS ASSOCIATION
MEMBERSHIP COMPETITION

Founded in 1915 and published every Wednesday at 58 Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the C.W.N.A. and OWNA. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions available in advance: \$6.00 in Canada, \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada. Single copy 15 cents. Second class mail registration number 2515. Advertising accepted on the condition that in the event of typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate in the event of a typographical error. Advertisements for goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Printed and Published by D.L.S. Ltd.
David R. Dils, Publisher
Harley Coles, Editor
Don Ryder, Adv. Manager
Copyright 1971