

# Editorial Page

## It's NOW!

The final stages of the Community Centre Campaign are rapidly being reached. After weeks of planning and preparation by the committee the canvassers are NOW ready to visit the homes of the area to assist in preparing pledges. For many weeks the committee has been meeting to iron out the problems, prepare the publicity, prepare the material to be used, instructing the canvassers and organizing the mechanics of the canvass.

During this time, representatives of the committee have been attending organizations' meetings to inform the people of the necessity and plans for the campaign. The reception these speakers have received has been most encouraging and indicates a strong desire and interest in the project.

NOW the final stages have been reached and the canvassers will this week be phoning residents to arrange a suitable time for a house call to help the residents complete their

personal pledge during the week of May 15. The canvassers have attended a "school" where the complete program has been explained to them. They have been instructed not to "high pressure" any resident. The canvassers are all your neighbors and friends and it is the committee's hope they will be received in your home as a neighbor and friend. Anything they can explain to you they will endeavor to do. They understand the project, they are in favor of the project and they have pledged to support the project.

They will do anything they can to help you decide on your pledge. They have many calls to make so don't expect them to waste their time if you indicate you are not going to support the project.

Remember there is one thing in the campaign left to do and that is for you to pledge and the time to do that is NOW.

## Something Special

There's something special about Sunday, and there's something wrong too. That's our conclusion when we remember that this Sunday is Mothers' Day across the continent.

Mothers hold a very special place and they deserve every recognition that the day will bring forth. All the sentimental songs will be uncovered and all the TV programs will have special numbers dedicated to "mothers everywhere"; all the newspapers will carry editorials, most people will wear flowers in their lapel when they attend Church on Sunday, and most children will make a special effort to contact their mother if she is still living. We find no fault with any of these practices.

Mothers everywhere make a very special contribution not only to their own generation but through the influence their actions have on the next generation they raise from childhood. No one is closer to the children than the mother and it is this influence that is so powerful.

There's something wrong about Mothers' Day though.

Why do we have to have it? Surely it

is a sad commentary that we have to have such a day, to remember the mothers of the nation. Surely their contribution is significant enough that they receive recognition more frequently than once a year.

With the year getting annually more cluttered with special weeks and special days it seems a shame to put Mother's Day in the same bracket with be kind to animals week, correct posture week, better hearing month, foot-health week, and an endless list of others.

It is quite likely that few families restrain all their affection and indications of honor to Mother for Mother's Day alone. Her work is year-round and no doubt some of the remembrances and signs of encouragement come from day to day.

We hope mothers everywhere receive fitting remembrances on Sunday and that they receive the smaller more personal expressions of love they deserve the year round. Then there will be no fault to find with one day set apart as Mother's Special Day.

## Price Boosters

There likely are very few adult Canadians who haven't done some shopping south of the border. The lure, of course, is lower prices — though when travel expense is counted in the savings may be entirely illusory. But there is no doubt that prices are lower over a wide range of manufactured goods. Contrary to what might be assumed, that difference is not due solely to the economies of mass production and mass distribution possible in the U.S. No small factor, it has been established by Ronald Anderson of the Toronto Globe and Mail, is the difference in hidden taxes between here and there.

"Commodity tax rates — the hidden taxes hidden in the price of goods — almost without exception are higher in Canada than they are in the United States," writes Mr. Anderson. "In most instances they are at least twice as high. This accounts for a large part of the high retail prices in Canada of many consumer goods, compared with prices across the line."

"Major difference is that, while Canada imposes both a general sales tax and excise taxes and duties, the United States does without the general sales tax."

"The weight of commodity taxes on a car amounts to 18 1/2 per cent of the manufacturer's price in Canada, but only 10 per cent in the United States. Sales and excise taxes on

one model of a low priced car in Canada amount to \$396; the hidden taxes on a similar model in the United States total only \$189.

"The hidden tax on a cigaret lighter is 10 per cent in the United States and 21 per cent in Canada, and on a movie projector, 5 per cent in the United States and 11 per cent here."

"A U.S. purchaser pays taxes equal to 10 per cent of the manufacturer's price when he buys a phonograph, radio or television set, but a Canadian pays 26 per cent. On gas, electric and oil appliances, the U.S. rate is 5 per cent and the Canadian is 11 per cent."

It has been suggested recently by politicians hard put to find all the money they would like to spend, that the British North America Act should be amended to permit the provinces the right to collect indirect taxes, since 1867 the prerogative only of the federal government. The argument is that a provincial indirect tax would be much "more efficient" than a sales tax at retail level, which now must be shown on the price tag. No doubt the retail sales tax is an inefficient tax and an unjust burden on the retail businessman who must collect it, but the other would simply become another hidden price booster, leaving governments even more room to imply that they have no responsibility for high prices and that the culprit is inefficient, avaricious business.

## Rights and Space

Now that both the Americans and the Russians have got someone into space the side issue of whether to publicize the failures as well as the successes is developing into the main topic.

There are those who agree with the Russian system of being sure of success before announcing it, and waiting long enough so no other scientists can check on whether you're telling the truth.

There are those who suggest the American way of having live television coverage, full information on what the astronaut will eat for breakfast and complete details about the agonizing countdown, is preferable.

Certainly the Russian way leaves room for doubt that is not left in the American plan. More significant though is that the Russian way ignores the basic right of the citizen to know the actions of his government.

## "Mayfaring"



—Photo by Esther Taylor.

## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY



This Sunday is Mother's Day and, sentimental old thing that I am, I get all choked up when I think of all the mothers in the world. Just think of all the wonderful mothers, celebrated in song and story.

The first one, of course, was Eve. We don't know too much about her as a mother. Except that she got us kicked out of the Garden of Eden, and we've had to work for a living ever since. And she did make rather a batch of bringing up those boys of hers, Cain and Abel. One of them clobbered his brother, and ever since, people have been going around, bleating in a most tiresome manner, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Then there was that Greek mother, Clytemnestra. She was rather a lively old skirt, who married her own son, after he grew up and killed his dad. He was so annoyed when he found out that his wife was not only old enough to be his mother, but WAS his mother, that he is reported to have plucked out both his eyes and handed them to her. It was from this modest beginning that the delightful custom developed of giving mother a little token of your esteem on Mother's Day.

In Roman times, there were some dear little-old mothers, too. Their only fault was an inclination to spoil their kids. That's what happened to Nero. When he was little, he was always playing with matches. Instead of smacking him, his mother thought it was sort of cute. Well, you know what kids are. Next thing she knew, he was emperor, and tried to burn the whole city of Rome. History is full of these devoted mothers, who played such a splendid part in moulding the little minds of people like Henry VIII, Jack the Ripper, and Adolf Hitler.

In many cases the role that a good mother has played has not been given its proper due. For example we hear a lot of Johann Sebastian Bach, the composer. But what do we know of his wife? That Bach had something like 22 children. Modern mothers who have a child or two entered in the local music festival think they have a lot to put up with. Imagine what Mrs. Bach went through with all those little devils hammering all day on the clavichord.

In the field of literature, there are some tender mother figures also. Some of them were stepmothers, like Snow White's old lady and Cinderella's. These are people who will go a step further than your own mother, in trying to get rid of you. But we have real mothers, too. There's Mother Hubbard, who wore those long black dresses. Later inflicted by the missionaries on the girls

in the South Seas, so her dog, fed up with that no-bones-in-the-cupboard routine, would not take a bit out of her leg.

Many mothers have been made immortal in song. There's that jolly old trout, in the lilted English folk song, who has been urged for generations to get her "Knees up, Mother Brown". And there's Mother Machree, whose doleful charms are howled mournfully by the Irish on every pretext. And, of course, there's that grand old song, dedicated to your mother and mine, "M is for the mess you made of us kids, O is for the old..." and so on.

But enough of this flattery. Every mother knows that, deep down, down around the stomach, she is truly appreciated by her children. They love her dearly, as long as she doesn't interfere with what they want to do. And to prove that devotion, and show how much she meant to them in their formative years, they'll

## G.A.D. About

### Music in the Schools

Have been reading about the musical part of the curriculum in the Public Schools, and recall the days of the early part of the century when music had little part in the school program. At the end of the school week on a Friday afternoon we might have a spelling bee or a mental arithmetic match and sometimes we had a variety concert by the pupils who were drafted for their parts a week or so in advance. I recall a couple of my contributions. They were entitled "My Old Dog Tray" and "Contents of a Boy's Pockets." They were such a success that I was chosen to go to another class and repeat them there.

There were no school plays or music festivals. Maybe you too will remember Rudy, how your boat gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

The whole four rows of the class got in the act it was a mighty river. Volume was the thing that really counted it seemed in those days. For instance I can recall that one day one of my pals and myself decided that we would not participate in the singing that day. We were both detained at recess and in front of the teacher and a black rubber strap very prominently displayed on the edge of the desk a duet number wailed out on the morning air. Oh yes, we had some music in the schools in those days fifty years or so ago. I can tell you there has been real advancement in music in the schools over the years.

Recalling early school days some of you may remember when every class had their names and marks published in the Free Press. Of course now we have report cards.

Well, it's May and we have

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### BACK IN 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 11, 1911.

During a meeting Monday evening of a group of interested citizens, it was agreed to reorganize the Acton Citizens' Band and J. C. Hill was chosen leader. The secretary and treasurer named was G. H. Brown and the committee is comprised of J. C. Hill, G. H. Brown, N. F. Moore and Anson Thurston. A band of about 15 pieces has been organized and a very successful season requests anyone having an old instrument around the home to turn it over to them.

About four o'clock on Friday afternoon Mr. Robert Fulton, who is operating the portable saw mill for Mr. Jeremiah Bell on the north side of Anson's pond, met with a very painful accident. He was edging the lumber as it came from the big circular saw and, after running through a board, was reaching over the saw to remove the edging when somehow he caught his hand and fingers in the index, fourth and fifth fingers on his right hand. The little finger was torn from the first joint. Dr. Gray nursed his injuries and believes the other fingers may be saved.

James D. Loutett, a young man employed by Mr. D. A. Henderson at his saw mill on Main St., met with a serious accident on Saturday, a week ago. He was loading lumber at the G.T.R. station. When reaching over the rear wheel, the sill of the rack broke and the weight of the load came upon his left arm, crushing it badly and fracturing one of the bones between the wrist and elbow. It required a dozen men and a couple of crowbars to liberate the young man from the heavy load resting on his arm.

During the regular meeting of the Council Tuesday evening the clerk read a letter from Linn Barnby, chairman of the Wool Combing Corporation of Canada, thanking the members of the council and the clerk for the wonderful cooperation given his associates during the time of setting up the new industry in Acton and during the time of his recent visit to Acton.

During a coroner's jury hearing last Thursday, no blame was attached in the death of Ray Harding, a 19-year-old area lad, who died of injuries when he was thrown from his bicycle during an accident recently. The young man, accompanied by Russell Johnson, his companion, was cycling to their country homes. During the evidence, it was revealed that only one bicycle had a light. Corporal J. J. Moesker of the Northwinds Regiment at Stratford was the driver of the car involved.

### BACK IN 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 15, 1941.

Extensive changes and improvements are underway at Beardmore and Co., plant here. Since moving the general offices of the company from Toronto to Acton a few years ago the office quarters of the staff have been overcrowded. When alterations are completed the new quarters will be more commodious and provide a better light for the staff members.

During the regular meeting of the Acton Branch of the Legion, held in the form of a Ladies' Night, Wednesday, the past president's (Jewel) was presented to Bud McDonald as well as a presentation of a silver cigarette case on behalf of the members. A fine program delighted the audience with orchestra numbers provided by C. Landshorung, R. Spielvogel, C. Mason and G. Smith. Miss Ricketts led the group in a singing and entertained the gathering with vocal numbers by the prize winners at the Music Festival. Hartley Coles of Georgetown also rendered a vocal solo. Lunch was served by Mrs. W. Coles and Mrs. L. Atkinson.

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