

## "Now That April's Here"



Photo by Esther Taylor

### Let's Finish the Job . . .

The decision, reached last Saturday by the Community Centre fund raising committee, is encouraging. The committee decided to re-approach the contributors to ask that the pledges made in the campaign be continued for an additional two months.

The committee decided such a canvass could only be undertaken if every contributor is given a complete accounting of all funds raised and the method in which they were spent to produce the Centre we now have.

Preliminary discussions indicate such a statement will be given every contributor. Those contributing by payroll deductions and bank deductions will be requested to continue their pledge for an additional two

months. Cash contributors in last year's campaign are asked to make an additional contribution.

While final accounting has not been completed, because the deduction time has not finished, indications are that there will be a deficit of approximately \$2,000. This is the amount of pledges which have not been honored, as yet.

If the campaign for the additional funds is successful, and there is no reason to suspect it won't be, the deficit will be covered and funds would be available for painting, parking, floor, and the multitude of smaller jobs required to give us a final and complete Community Centre.

Let's finish the job.

### An Open Letter . . .

Dear Sir,

For some years now, like a host of other small businessmen, we've been your unpaid collector of a thing called Federal Sales Tax.

It has been a little inconvenient for us and it has made our bookkeeping, invoicing and collection a little more complicated but we've tried to be pretty reasonable about it.

We have to keep a complete set of invoices of every job we've printed for your special purposes and they do crowd us a bit but we haven't kicked.

Like every other businessman, we regretfully don't get paid for all the work we do but we still have had to pay the Federal Sales Tax even though we not only got stuck with the cost of the materials and labor but also the tax. We haven't complained too bitterly except perhaps under our breath.

We haven't objected to the arrival of your auditor on the most inconvenient day of the week because we realized he had to maintain some sort of schedule. We only had a newspaper to produce and everyone regards that as simple so we didn't register any dismay.

Getting fined because we were in a hurry one month and neglected to file a return didn't upset us too much because we realize the government has to be pretty strict with the small businessman for his tardiness. We paid up and shut up without a struggle.

It has always bothered us a little that your auditor appears only every two years but then Canada is a pretty big place and a big government dealing in millions can hardly be expected to drop in and see us just to pass the time of day whenever we think about it.

Really about the only thing that got us

upset was a recent letter from your Customs and Excise department. It told us that back in 1959 a customer ordered work from us and certified it as tax exempt.

We trust our customers and delivered the job without collecting your percentage. Now you tell us we have to get after that customer, collect your share and pay a penalty ourselves for not having collected in the first place.

And when we phoned to complain about this situation we were told there was no such thing as appeal. We should write to you personally.

We also suggested to your representative the problem was between him and the customer. Your auditor was dismayed at this suggestion. We were the vendor and collector, he told us. We had to collect. Of course he may not be quite as aware of the importance of customers in this day and age but we would like to think you might have some knowledge in this direction.

Now we're prepared to admit the amount isn't large but quite frankly we're a little tired of being on the losing end of this job of collecting your funds. And if the government is going to keep pushing small businesses around and offering the incentive to the big boys pretty soon we just might be a country where the little fellows have all lost their initiative and desire to operate a business.

As Canadians we'd hate to see that. We're entering our appeal perhaps on behalf of a lot of other businessmen who just may be aggravated at increased demands and arbitrary decisions.

We're writing to you at the suggestion of your representative. We will appreciate the courtesy of your reply and consideration.

Yours truly,  
Jim Dills  
Dave Dills

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### Back in 1912

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 18, 1912.

It was reported on Tuesday of this week that Mr. A. O. T. Beardmore, who had been in England for several weeks, was a passenger on the ill-fated Titanic. This was not the case. Mr. Beardmore had booked passage on the steamer, but later cancelled it, having decided to return home on a later boat.

Dr. Cox is out this week with a new Ford motor runabout. The new vehicle is attracting quite a bit of attention as it passes along the street.

After hauling logs into Henderson's saw mill all winter, the employees have begun the summer operation of sawing the logs. The establishment is usually quite busy for the entire summer time and affords good employment to a few residents.

The case against Sidney Thurlow for illegally selling liquor in Acton was dismissed when he appeared before Justices H. P. Moore and A. E. Nicklin. Morris Saxe, the Main Street merchant, was the main witness for the prosecution.

He deposed that he was driving up Main Street one morning when Sidney Thurlow got in his rig at the post office. Mr. Saxe said when he remarked he had a toothache, Sid produced a bottle of whiskey and a little glass and treated him. He stated he drank the whiskey right there on the rig and Mr. Thurlow put the bottle and glass back in his pocket.

Mr. Saxe stated he did not buy the liquor when questioned by the counsel for the defendant. When he couldn't recall the exact date he was given the liquor and stated no money had changed hands, judgment was reserved and then, later, the case was dismissed on lack of evidence.

The amendment to the Liquor License Act passed last week prohibiting the storing of liquor in municipalities where Local Option is in force, is very timely. It forestalls the proposed action of a Waterloo Brewery from opening a warehouse here in Acton.

The concert sponsored by the Women's Institute in the town hall on Monday evening was a huge success and the members supplied the talent for the evening.

Citizens are reading their gardens in anticipation of planting flowers and vegetables for the summer ahead.

### Back in 1942

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, April 23, 1942.

The community and a wide circle of friends were shocked to hear of the sudden death of Robert J. McPherson. He had been about his usual during the day and retired in the evening without complaining of ill health. During the night, he suffered a heart seizure and passed away suddenly. No citizen in Acton was better known than Bob McPherson. For 17 years, he served as municipal officer and chief of police and all other duties of the incumbent with that position.

Mr. Joe Whitman was appointed as secretary during the monthly meeting of the Halton Garage Operator's Association. The Acton man replaces A. Benton, who resigned from the position.

Custom receipts at the local office in Acton show a gain of nearly \$100,000 over last year. The increase in business in Acton's industries accounts for the big increase and customs officer W. Middleton has been kept quite busy during the month.

Among the graduates of bomber pilots who last week received their wings was Jimmie Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jones, Acton. The class graduated at the R.C.A.F. Flying School at Bramford.

The supply of maple syrup in the district is running rapidly for most consumers and suppliers complained of the cold snap which stopped the flow of sap.

Young Terry Coles had the misfortune to be struck by a car driven by a Milton man on Mill Street yesterday afternoon. He suffered a minor scalp injury but fortunately escaped more serious injuries.

The dances being held at the Y.M.C.A. have been greatly appreciated by the younger crowd and every Friday, they are out in good numbers to enjoy themselves. It is a credit to the secretary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Gray, to look after the youngsters and keep them off the street.

The Limehouse Women's Institute has been a busy group the past while and has certainly done its share as far as war work is concerned. The number of quilts, socks, dresses and other knitted goods sent to the Red Cross is a great credit to the small organization.

## NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

**BURLINGTON**—The final Miss Canada Pageant here may have been the one last year. The Pageant has been beset by troubles, and several directors have quit since last year's Miss Canada was dethroned for not living up to her commitments.

**GEORGETOWN**—Night school classes have folded up through lack of interest after nine years of successful operation. However the high school board has been asked to offer night courses in art and sewing, due to a demand for these subjects.

**BRAMPTON**—What's the current population? Assessor Bob Kline declared it's 19,185, while a sign on the west side of town says 17,500 and one on the south entrance calls it 18,550.

**OAKVILLE**—The local Coin Club has drawn up a medal commemorating the amalgamation of Oakville and Trafalgar, which will be struck this year. The club has asked council for a \$50 grant to help circulate the coins.

**STREETSVILLE**—The public school board has decided to notify the Ontario Municipal Board of a 1961 deficit totalling \$4,621. Board members blame the recent construction of kindergartens for the deficit.

**MILTON**—It's White Hat Week in Milton and 10-gallon size hats are flooding the town as the Rotary Park development fund swells. Rotarians are giving a white hat in receipt for every \$3 donation to their park fund, with children's size "Receipts" for every \$1 donation.

### Fitting Finale to Year's Study On British Guiana on Thursday

Spring flowers decked the classroom of Knox Presbyterian Church last Thursday afternoon, for the Easter Thankoffering meeting of the Afternoon Auxiliary of the Women's Missionary Society.

The devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. O. J. Noran, Mrs. R. R. Parker and Mrs. Wm. McLeod, and included portions of the Easter Story from the Scriptures, with a beautiful poem by Susan Coolidge, based on the story by St. Mark.

Many guests were present from the local churches and those of surrounding districts. These were gathered and during the taking of the offering, Mrs. M. McCullough contributed fine piano numbers. Mrs. Shortill of Balinfad rendered two greatly enjoyed solos, "The Lilies" and "God Speaks to Me."

**Fitting Finale**

The highlight of the meeting was the visit of Rev. R. D. Duncanson of Norval. Mr. and Mrs. Duncanson and family have recently returned from British Guiana, where Mr. Duncanson was formerly on the staff of Bethel Seminary, Georgetown, and lately, teaching in Berbice High School.

The Presbyterian missionary study for this year has been the country of British Guiana and Mr. Duncanson's visit was a very fitting finale. All the more interesting was the thought that the Duncanson family were friends of the late Mary Ellen Anderson.

By picture and comment, Mr. Duncanson showed the condition of the country and the life of the people, as exemplified in the elevated houses and schools; the stores, markets and bauxite factories; the hole-filled roads and lil-filled trenches; the sugarcane and rice plantations; the vegetation, much of it very beautiful, and the appearance of the people.

He told of the recent troubles between the local government and the New Progressive Party, occasioned by the tension existing between races, and answered questions asked of him by the audience.

A delicious lunch brought the afternoon of interest and instruction to a close.

**Bus Tour**

Halton Holstein Breeders took their annual bus tour on Tuesday, April 10. This year's trip centered around three leading Holstein herds. First stop was at Daneshill Acres. This herd is recently established near Orillia.

Dunrobin and Eimcroft Farms at Beaverton was the second stop. The owner, George McLaughlin, is the immediate past-president of the Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada.

Final visit in the tour included the herd of Rosybrook Farm at Brooklin. This herd is one of Ontario's top show herds and breeders had an opportunity to see some of the famous showing cattle.

## Sugar and Spice . . .

I look forward with the keenest anticipation to the annual church drive for funds. Every year, I volunteer as a canvasser, because the experience provides a capsule commentary on human nature, concise but comprehensive, and I enjoy every minute of it.

Like everything else, the "drive for funds" has been elevated. Just as the caretaker has become a Superintendent of Maintenance, the battle of the bucks has assumed the disguise of a Sector Project, or a Visitation, or an In-Gathering.

But the victims aren't fooled. They recognize you the minute they open the door, just as readily as you penetrate the Halloween garb of the neighbor's little girl, the minute she says, "Twick or tweet, Mr. Smiley, I bet you don't know who I am. I'm Mary."

There's nothing new about the church needing money. I'll lay odds that St. Paul was telling potential Christians to put up or shut up a couple of thousand years ago, nearly. And he probably got the same answers then.

Such as: "Well, we've had a lot of expenses this year, with the new house"; and "It seems the church is always looking for money"; and "We donate pretty heavy to other charities, y'know"; and "Seems to me that preacher has a pretty good thing, free house and all"; and "I ain't gonna sign no pledge"; and a hundred and forty others.

As civilization has become more complicated, the need of the church for money has become greater. Maintenance costs were low, I understand, in the catacombs. Light, heat and insurance didn't amount to much, and the rector didn't need a car allowance, and the telephone and the organ weren't invented yet, and Sunday School supplies consisted of a stick and some sand.

Then the Christians made the mistake of moving to such inclement climates as that of Britain, and that was the end of the inflationist budget. They had to move indoors, and promptly walked up to the ears into a morass of carpets and new roofs and stained glass windows and furnaces and seats and baptismal fonts and choir lofts and such.

As if that wasn't enough, along came this crazy, socialistic idea that ministers and their families should eat as well or nearly as well as the rest of us. Ever since, most churches have been staggering along in sorry financial condition.

When I was a boy, the problem was dumped in the parson's lap. If he wanted to eat, he preached. Some of the most fiery sermons I heard in my youth were those based on the need—may, the duty—to give more than two-tenths a week to the church. The minister would work himself into a regular paroxysm on the subject, while his flock just sat there and looked at him, coldly.

variable flame by a special speaker, who tells the canvassers how to crack the hard nuts.

Everybody agrees that if everybody else gave what he should, the church would be rolling in greenbacks. The list of church members is produced. It is huge. It looks as though there'll have to be an addition built to the church, by the time the campaign is over. About here, the minister tries to point out that it is the missing member's soul we are after, not his roll. But nobody pays any attention.

When the volunteer canvassers are in a fine frenzy of unselfish inspiration, their own commitment cards, or pledge cards, are handed out to them. If the chairman is on his toes, everybody defiantly increases his giving by a buck or 50 cents a week, glaring at his fellow-workers.

And right there, though not too many realize it, is the climax of the entire campaign. Oh, it runs its course, like a spent rocket returning to earth. The canvassers are blessed on Sunday morning, they have a lunch after the service and they go out in pairs, determinedly clutching their cards and their leaflets.

To their amazement, as the figures are tallied, they learn that the campaign has been a complete success. She's gone over the top. How come? Because they, and their fellow-canvassers, carried away by the spirit, temporarily had increased their own donations enough to make the total, before they ever went out. But it's good fun, good for the soul, and good for the church. So I'm looking forward to next year's campaign.

After this system proved to be an utter flop, and the faithful proved as bloodless as stone, the new method came into its own. It has turned out to be immensely successful. Church revenues have skyrocketed. Unfortunately, what with inflation and the like, church expenditures have managed to stay ahead of revenues, until it now costs as much to operate a fair-sized church as it did, 70 years ago, to operate a fair-sized town.

Today's campaign is highly organized. The made pillars of the church, and a few females, are wheedled into declaring their willingness to give. There are training sessions, which are a cross between a sales meeting and a pep rally, for these volunteers. Tremendous enthusiasm is aroused. This is fanned into a

### Menuettes Meeting Festival in News

(Intended for last week)

The Limehouse Menuettes met at the home of Joy Patterson on April 7, with 12 members present. Maureen Williams, Eleanor Karr, Diane Riesebrugh and Betty Anne Brown all helped to make a tossed salad, assisted by their leader, Mrs. Brown.

**Top Singers**

Congratulations to all who took part in the music festival last week, especially to Garry Heister, who won the gold medal, Mary Bos, who won the bronze, to Mary Lou Brown and Margaret Arnold, who took third in a duet, and to the double trio, who won the shield. This group included Margaret Arnold, Mary Lou Brown, Linda Williams, Rosey Guthof, Mary Bos, and Janice Riesebrugh.

We are pleased that Mrs. W. Mitchell is making satisfactory progress in St. Michael's Hospital following an operation on her eye Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. S. Smith, Mrs. Les. Hutchinson and son Jimmy of Weston visited the Patterson's on Saturday.

### POET'S CORNER

**LEAVES OF TIME**

The leaves upon my garden blow  
And yet it is not time,  
For Spring is here and Autumn  
now  
Is for another clime.

But leaves of history ever blow  
In Autumn rain or Summer shine  
And on one fragrant, windswept  
leaf,  
The name engraved may well be  
mine.

I think about the leaves of lives  
Which ever pass our way,  
To settle o'er the distant fields  
And on the mountains gray.

With none to care whose name  
they bear  
Or whose last breath they  
breathe,  
And on their go through valleys  
fair.

As history forms its wreath,  
Oh! may they all my garden pass  
As on their way they go,  
And touch each loving flower  
and grass,  
The way God's leaves doth blow.

For names are sought, engraved  
by man  
On leaves, earth winds have  
blown,  
As ever since the world began,  
The Lord engraved His own.  
—David E. Cohen

A kavak is a canoe used by the Eskimos.

World's principal commercial fruits include the grape, apple, orange, plum, pear and banana. Covering inquiry will prevent prosperity and the ultimate triumph of any cause.

## PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

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## The Acton Free Press

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.  
Founded in 1875 and published every Thursday at 59  
Willow St., Acton, Ontario. Member of the Audit Bureau  
of Circulations, the C.W.N.A. and the Ontario-Quebec  
Division of the C.W.N.A. Advertising rates on request.  
Subscriptions payable in advance. \$3.00 in Canada; \$4.00  
in England and other Commonwealth Countries; \$5.00  
in the United States and other Foreign Countries;  
single copies 7c. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post  
Office Department, Ottawa.

The only paper ever published in Acton

G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief  
David R. Dills, Managing Editor

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 853-2010