



IT'S HAYING TIME

Clouded issues...

Impact of the White Paper on Tax Reform—good or bad?

Canadians are asking questions about the White Paper but becoming more confused as conflicting views from accountants and economists clutter up the issues.

Most seem publicly assert reforms in the tax structure are needed to relieve some of the burden on the poor. However, few agree on the proposals submitted.

When M.P. Rud Whiting spoke to an audience here recently on the White Paper, we expected to hear an avalanche of dissent but it appears there is a large segment of the population which is uninformed on the objectives of the controversial document and interested most in hearing what it is all about.

Many of the proposals in the paper, purportedly to be discussed by the electorate, are beyond the scope of the average person. They can deal with the usual bread and butter financial issues which crop up each day, but national finance is beyond the average person's knowledge—not intelligence.

When the government estimates revenues would increase by \$630 million after a five year run-in period under the proposed system, few know whether that is good or bad and we are beginning to think that includes many of the nation's economists and accountants. Most people depend on the advice of the people in finance to act intelligently on matters. When the advice conflicts and is clouded by political considerations it is difficult for the average person to make up his mind.

Certainly some of the attacks on the White Paper on Tax Reform have been dictated by those who wish to retain the privileges accorded wealth and private business. But there are others who honestly think the system advocated would hold back rather than prod the country's

economy. It could also be detrimental to many small businesses if the present proposals are incorporated into the reform.

That's part of the difficulty for those who wish to publicly attack the White Paper. It is like attacking a will-of-the-wisp. Like Don Quixote charging at windmills, the target is elusive. The government merely has to announce that the question is under further study, like they have with small business proposals.

Perhaps we are wrong, but we think firm proposals for reform would be preferable than ideas for reform which are kicked around and bandied about until no one except those closest to the tax structure knows what it is all about.

We have received several briefs from those in the country who would be hit hardest by the proposals. Surprisingly, according to Mr. Whiting's figures they represent only a small percentage of the taxpayers of the country.

The most recent is from the Canadian Bankers' Association which claims the proposed restructuring would result in an undue shift of the tax burden on taxpayers in the \$9,000-\$16,000 range. This in turn would reduce savings, investment and work incentives of this "crucial segment of the population."

No mention is made of the effect the saving would have to the large bulk of the population, which, believe it or not also has many people who try to save, invest and work hard to make ends meet.

Relief from taxation might enhance chances of many of the small wage earners have of joining this select group.

This is meant as neither a defense or attack on the White Paper but we do think individuals should mull carefully every bit of advice about the proposals before they support or condemn the proposals.

Show me a teacher in June and I'll show you a character with a crumpled shirt, a wrinkled brow, and a desperate look in his eyes.

His spirit is treading the lush green of the golf course. His inward eye is contemplating the dark swirl of water under a log in a trout stream. And his winter-fat pudgy body is there in the classroom, which is more like a steam bath. Room temperature, 90 degrees.

Before him loit about 30 students, eyes glazed, minds turned to something important, like a swim, or a joyride, or just lying in the sun.

Chief difference between them is that the kids are arrayed in their coolest, while he, adhering to some ancient and ridiculous tradition, quietly steams in his swaddling of shirt and tie, jacket and trousers.

The students are there only because they have to stick around to write last-semester tests, and find out whether they've been promoted or have to write the "finals". The teacher is there only because somebody, in his infinite wisdom, has decreed that school will continue until a certain day in June.

Pantyhose, the current weightless underwear stocking combination popular with the women, are being cited, of all things, as a safety driving factor.

"Driving by the seat of her pantyhose makes the lady motorist of today safer on the road", according to the public service division of British Leyland Motors Canada Limited.

They (pantyhose) give comfort to the lady driver and allow top concentration while on the road, the survey found.

Pantyhose, of course, replace the girdle, which was the main piece of armor worn prior to the introduction of this combination hose-underwear, which probably got its inspiration from men's long-johns.

Girdles are now number one on the road menace list for ladies.

Reason?

They become uncomfortable quickly and the resultant squirming by the wearer behind the wheel reduces concentration. On top of that, pull from the elastic stocking stays tends to lift lady's feet off the control pedals of the car.

The lady naturally tries to overcome this constant, binding contraction. So she often pushes against the pull and winds up going faster than she really intends.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

It's not exactly what we in the so-called profession's jargon call "a good learning situation."

Someday, someone with some common sense is going to close the schools on the first day of June, and open them on the first day of August. June is a month for joy in Canada, not imprisonment in a sauna bath. The days are long the mosquitoes haven't really found the range and the world is green and glorious.

By August the sun has lost some of its blast, the days are shorter and that first wild list for the lushness of summer has abated. School could run from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m., and there'd still be a decent chunk of a summer day to be enjoyed.

It's not only the heat that makes June rough for teachers. It's the last-minute panic. There are 64 memos from the office, telling you to be in three places and doing three different things, at the same time. Or so it seems.

There are the final exams to set, supervise and mark. There are marks to be mustered that would murder a mathematician, and written down in six different places. There are new books to be ordered, and old books (about 10,000 in my case) to be sorted and counted and stored. And everything is to a deadline that always seems to be yesterday.

Some of the young, new teachers find it a traumatic experience. Something like trying to milk a cow while looking over your

shoulder for the dangerous bull known to be in the same field. The oldtimers just get irascible, and ignore the bull.

But who can complain? There is the deep satisfaction of knowing that Joe Doe has passed and somebody else will have to teach him next year. That Naughty Nancy, she of the cocky walk and the talky talks has her ring, and will be driving nobody crazy next year except the poor simpleton who gave it to her.

There is the sincere satisfaction of knowing that some of your graduating students will probably contribute a lot more to the world than you have, as doctors, nurses, teachers, engineers.

There is a special touch of sadness when the kids in the two-year course who are finished with education, probably forever, imprecisely tell you they have enjoyed their year with you. Their future is not in pastel shades. They seem so young and vulnerable. You have a great wish that at least they'll find happiness, if not affluence.

And finally, there are two glorious months ahead in which you don't have to leap to your feet and scuttle somewhere like Pavlov's rats, every time a bell rings. I think I'll stick it for another year.



Id Pepper

by hartley coles

Traffic policemen naturally take offence when they see the ladies whiz by at 70 in a 40 mile an hour zone, not realizing they are merely adjusting stockings, held up by girdles.

Most women, according to the survey, are not worried so much about their figure as they are about keeping their hose high above their knees. The pantyhose does both and the worry and the squirming are gone.

Naturally, if you are like me, you suspect the lads from Leyland Motors must have moved their stock from the girdle to the pantyhose companies, in order to come up with that and the next bit of advice. They suggest ladies wear pantyhose when driving if they want to be more comfortable and safer, too.

One lady of my acquaintance who recently was nabbed doing 75 in a 30 mile zone, however, throws the whole theory into a cocked hat.

She was wearing pantyhose when an alert officer of the law nabbed her.

Newspapermen's notes are notoriously difficult for anyone else to decipher but the writer. Recently when it was suggested that a court seize one particular reporter's notebook, the judge decided against it after receiving advice that likely no one else would be able to understand them, anyway.

I scoffed when I read that particular juicy item. Anyone I reasoned mentally, could take my crisp, clear notes and make a story out of them. Likely any other newspaperman would be just as careful as me.

Couple of weeks ago I had the opportunity to test my theory. I took notes over the phone but had to dash out somewhere.

I turned to the charming lady who occupies the next desk and in my most congenial tones said: "Would you mind making a story out of these notes which I just took over the phone?" It was a Rotary club meeting. The lady nodded agreeably and as I left for some other function, started to type the story out.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 22, 1950

The 46 members of the graduating class of Acton Public School were guests of honor when the Home and School Association sponsored their second annual graduation banquet in the Y.M.C.A. Chairman Hewitt Sirrs proposed a toast to the King and Les Duby led a sing song. Pauline Papillon proposed the toast to the school and Dr. F. G. Oakes responded as chairman of the school board. Paul Lawson and Terry Coles presented an aquarium to the school. Marilyn Mellor thanked the Association for the class pictures which were presented to each student by Mr. Parke Parker and Dr. Dirrs.

Mrs. W. Wolfe, regent of the Duke of Devonshire chapter, presented \$5 each to the top students Paul, Lawson and Carol Fetterly. Maureen Kinread introduced the guest speaker, Mrs. Skuce. Mr. McKenzie was presented with a leather wallet from the class by Diane Dawkins.

Acton's garden party season got underway Monday evening when Knox church choir sponsored the John Rockwood troup in Acton park.

Acton citizens will gather in the park Sunday afternoon to commemorate Acton's adoption to town status.

The first village council was formed in 1873 with the late W. H. Storey as reeve.

A combined choir will sing and the Boys' and Girls' band will play. The entire collection will be sent to the Manitoba Relief fund.

Free Press

back issues

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 17, 1920.

It was a happy thought indeed when the holding of a union picnic of the employees of Messrs. Beardmore and Co. of Acton and Toronto was conceived. The consummation of the event last Saturday was all that could be desired. There was healthy rivalry in the long list of athletic competitions but withal the utmost good fellowship prevailed. The special 10 a.m. electric cars from Toronto were unfortunately derailed and the hour's delay meant the tour of the tanneries was cancelled. Dinner was served in the armories with walls whitewashed and decorated with flags and bunting. Plates were laid for 300. Full justice was also done to the supper at five o'clock. After children's races, panoramic photographs were taken. In the ball game the Toronto players completely outclassed the home team 18-2. Acton players were Kennedy, Roy Brown, G. Beardmore, Masters, Fields, Gibbons, Wood, Kaley.

After prizes were presented, the band of the Ontario Rifles which had accompanied the group from Toronto enlivened the day's pleasures with a generous program. At the same hour a dance was held in the town hall with the Hawaiian orchestra. Promptly at nine o'clock the special cars pulled out for Toronto. They voted their fellow-employees in the Acton works a jolly, friendly, likeable bunch and they admired the town's many attractions.

Working on the local committee were A. O. T. Beardmore, John Clarke, H. Tasker, T. Beardmore.

Jim Ross was in his glory in his brow kilt and Dave Robertson's voice was a feature. None enjoyed the picnic more than Mr. McIntosh, one of the oldest employees. Harold Wiles did a land-office business in his pretty refreshment booth.

When the Acton and Toronto groups assembled in the park with their families they were 1,000 strong.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, June 20, 1895.

Mr. John Agnew is now the possessor of one of the most unique family turnouts to be seen anywhere. Last week he bought in Brimpton a pretty piebald pony and dog cart and harness to match. The pony is a quiet little animal and Mr. Agnew and his family enjoy the daily drives immensely. Reeve Pearson's boys also have a pony and outfit which afford genuine pleasure.

The open air concert by Acton Cornet Band in Franklin Square on Monday evening was thoroughly enjoyed. These concerts are manifestly appreciated and in consideration of the courtesy by the band the modest request to the council for a grant of \$25 should be favorably entertained. It is two years since any grant was made the Band by the Council.

King Alfonso of Spain and his sister have the measles.

The protest entered last week before the executive of the Halton County League, Acton vs. Georgetown, came up for hearing at Milton Saturday. The appeal was sustained and Acton was given the game. Georgetown is very much dissatisfied and will, it is rumored, withdraw from the League. That action, if followed, will harmonize with the well-known childish stanza "I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more; you can't holler in our rain barrel, you can't slide down our cellar door."

Touring cyclists pass through town daily on holiday trips.



Photos from the past



All those attending the Beardmore and Company picnic in Prospect park in June, 1920, posed for this giant group photograph