Facts · And · Fancies

FRANK FAIRBORN, JR.

True independence is never afraid of appearing dependent, and true dependence leads always to the most perfect independence.

LIKE PHOENIX: IT AROSE FROM THE ASHES

Like Phoenix, West Lincoln Memorial hospital has arisen from the ashes. The grand new hospital will be dedicated and officially opened to the public on Sunday afternoon next. What a great achievement by the people of the great West Lincoln Fruit Belt.

Reeve Leslie M. Lymburner of Caistor Township, Warden of Lincoln County, will be the officiating master of ceremonies, and correctly so, for Caistor Township has a stake in this hospital the same as the other five municipalities concerned, and also has the County of Lincoln of which he is the "Prime Minister."

It has been a long hard fight since that cold, bleak day of January 29th, 1947, when the call came in that West Lincoln hospital was on fire. But the fight has been won, as is attested by that wonderful one story "T-shaped" building that now stands on beautiful Number Eight Highway half-way between Grimsby and Grimsby Beach.

Set among the peach trees and surrounded by beautiful homes and with a marvellous memorial garden in the formation of construction it will not only be a home for the relief of the suffering but will be a thing of joy and beauty for a great concourse of summer visitors.

The battle of reconstruction has been a long, tedious one, for the "Grand Old Man of the Fruit Belt," A. R. Globe, and all his wonderful band of assistants, but it has been a long hard battle by Miss Doug MacRobbie and her faithful staff, first the fire and then the temporary hospital and now the fixing up of the new institution and the settling of the new nurses' home.

We must be thankful that we have had Miss MacRobbie, Miss Grace Lewis, Miss Templin and all the other ladies that go to make up the nursing staff at West Lincoln hospital, also all those registered nurses, now married and raising families, who so generously give of their time to help out at the hospital.

The dedication on Sunday will be a particularly happy one to a little band of men in Grimsby. In fact it will be a gala day, and what better day for a gala affair such as this. I now refer to that little band of men that fought for eight hours a losing battle against the Fire Demon and at nine o'clock at night, like the Arabs, folded up their hose and equipment and went home.

Drenched to the skin; half frozen; broken hearted; what a bedraggled lot of bunch of boys they were when I watched them that cold January night, until midnight, hanging hose and cleaning equipment, getting ready for the next call.

As in so many other cases men work silently, but while working they are thinking, that must have been the case in this situation, for at 10 o'clock the next morning, "Old Sandy" Globe was notified that there was $1,000 at his command if they were going to rebuild West Lincoln Memorial hospital. That was before the rebuilding fund ever had been created.

Folks, that money came from Fire Chief Alf DePage, and the men of the Grimsby Fire Department, the men "who fought to win and lost." I hope that they have an honored position at the dedication ceremonies.

To all the people of this great Fruit Belt, I say, Thank you for the manner in which you have risen to the occasion and have rebuilt West Lincoln Memorial hospital, a hospital, small as it was, was a credit to the district that it served. Now with added accommodation, more modern equipment and appliances will be still a greater credit, you should be proud that it is yours, so therefore support it generously any time that the call comes. In other words be Firemen.

LARGER GRANTS RAISING SCHOOL STANDARDS

Premier Frost's pride in the assistance which the Progressive Conservative administration has given to the public and secondary education in the province since 1945 is fully warranted. The increased financial aid in the form of large school grants is now being reflected in better school buildings and facilities in many municipalities and a higher level of standards of education which would not have been possible had it not been for increased provincial aid.

Prior to 1945 the Ontario school grants were less than ten million dollars per annum. In that year they went up to $26 million and have increased year by year until in the present fiscal period the Government's grants to school boards will be slightly over $37 million. Out of every dollar of provincial expenditures twenty-five cents now goes for education.

Premier Frost has recently given some interesting figures on the expansion of new school facilities in the province. Between 1945 and the end of 1948 there was $25 million spent on new schools and a similar amount will be spent this year. New accommodation is being provided for 75,000 pupils and another 75,000 are being taught with improved facilities and in renovated buildings.

A portion of these capital expenses is borne out of the provincial grants, though the exact percentage cannot be determined owing to the varying costs per pupil in the school districts. The higher provincial grants have made it possible for school boards to finance new buildings which, without this assistance, could not have been built.

Gradually the "little red schoolhouses" are being replaced throughout the province, and leaving aside the nostalgic memories of those bare and often unkept edifices, it is a good thing. Spartan surroundings and the hickory stick are not necessary for implanting knowledge. Brighter classrooms and better educated teachers give greater opportunities to all pupils.

NEIGHBOURLY PROPAGANDA

On a recent Sunday morning, the C.B.C. "Neighborly News from the Ontario and Quebec Weeklies," given "in co-operation with the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association" purported to summarize the views of weekly editors on the question of the C.B.C.'s proposal to have the radio licence fee doubled. One paper was quoted as being in favor, one against and one maybe, thus giving the impression that the weekly editors are about evenly divided.

It is not so. Most weekly papers are opposed to any increase. Most papers, daily and weekly, don't care much for the C.B.C.'s policies in general. And weekly editors accurately reflect views held in their communities.

Not much sympathy can be expressed for the C.B.C. in its poverty. The C.B.C. recently squandered a couple of millions of dollars on an unnecessary extra station at Toronto, already served by its own No. 1 station and a half-dozen other private stations. C.B.C.'s new station, running for a year or so, has the distinction of having the smallest group of listeners of any station around.

C.B.C.'s purpose in spending these millions was to have a mother station for a second network to corral more advertising revenue.

Meanwhile, the purpose for which the C.B.C. was created—to serve the areas of Canada which cannot be served commercially—is neglected. Thousands of radio-licence buyers cannot hear C.B.C. stations under most conditions. A system of relays such as was provided in parts of the Rocky Mountains could be provided for less than was spent on the station that so far is a flop at Toronto. If the relays were provided C.B.C. might not be so poor and at the same time would have a better case for a higher tax.

THE CARNEGIE FORMULA

Andrew Carnegie, of steel and library fame credited with saying "Give me the man who saves — and then makes sure that his savings work for him."

Starting without education or money, Carnegie became one of the world's great builders of industry — as well as one of the world's greatest educators and philanthropists.

He himself was the perfect example of his own credo. Through his Scotch ancestry he probably inherited his instinct for thrift, and out of the wise use of his small early savings, he bought his first small share in a small steel plant, which he steadily expanded to huge proportions.

His formula for selecting his associates is still followed by many firms in the selection of men for promotion to key positions. Briefly it is that the man who is thrifty and shrewd in his own affairs is the man most likely to exercise the same traits on behalf of his company.

One of the notable developments of recent years in Canada has been the cultivation of the thrift habit through the purchase of government bonds by the Payroll Savings Plan method now adopted by most leading companies. Hundreds of thousands of Canadians, first started a systematic plan of saving in this way, and have kept it up ever since. They maynot become Carnegies, but thousands are becoming home owners, making better provision for the future, accumulating enough to start their own businesses or otherwise preparing to satisfy their individual desires in their own way. Everyone has something to save for.

The new Fourth Series of Canada Savings Bonds will shortly be on sale — and many companies are again making the Payroll Savings Plan available to all employees. The plan is designed to make saving easy — and it does. You hardly realize you are saving until one day you get your bond and your savings in a chunk. Andrew Carnegie never had it half so easy!

†

PSALM 72:8

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

The Fathers of Confederation had that in mind when the title "Dominion of Canada" was incorporated into the Act of Confederation. As W. L. Clark, in The Windsor Star, points out, the verse fitted so well; Canada stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes to the North Pole.

And yet a group of Quebec M.P.'s want to eliminate "Dominion" and re-name this commonwealth simply "Canada," which, as we remember it in school days was the Indian for a collection of huts.

The movement did not get anywhere in Parliament the other day but it is obvious enough, as The Windsor Star columnist says: "The Quebec men keep trying to whittle away."

†

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Twenty years ago this month, on October 24, to be exact, and continuing for 23 days, there occurred the world's greatest stock market crash, the bursting of a cosmic balloon felt in every part of the world, as severely economically as the atom bomb was felt in Hiroshima.

It was a quiet morning in Wall Street. There had been 20,000 shares of General Motors stock offered and taken; 20,000 shares of Kennecott. The ticker lagged for an hour or so, and then, at 11 o'clock, a flood of selling orders hit the tape. The clerks at the Exchange scribbled the quotations down on the blackboard and looked around confidently to record the sales. There was no takers. Groups of traders tied up in conversational knots swallowed their words suddenly as if they had been caught talking in church. No one made a move. Prices wavered, dropped a little and then dropped again. And still no buyers appeared. No buyers at any price.

Then the lid was off; the panic was on. Orders swamped the exchange from every part of the country, showing how sensitive the stock market organism can be. By time of lunch, the ticker tape was two hours behind and after that no one knew what was happening. Prices ,as one writer recalls, went down with "ferocious violence." By the hundreds of thousands people gathered in the streets of the financial district of New York City. Bootblacks called off work, stenographers by the thousand quit, women left children playing on the street, girls walked away from their counters and customers followed. Even Mr. Churchill was there, feeling relieved, no doubt that he was no longer Chancellor of the Exchequer in Britain. His visit was followed by that of the New York Police Commissioner with 400 officers and 100 mounted men. But the crowd was quiet. It wasn't like the run on a closed bank exactly.

Here was the condition. An Oklahoma school miss, on vacation in New York, had $500 and had run it up to $87,000 in three months. Sam Furman, Milwaukee dry goods merchant, woke up one morning to find himself a millionaire. There were such astounding fortunes as $100 and $250 million; ALL ON PAPER. Then in those hectic 23 days followed a wave of suicides all across the United States, and extending to South America and South Africa, no doubt in Europe, too. The losses totalled 50 billion; millions were made paupers overnight or within a week. The economy of every country in the world slipped down to black depression, Canada not excepted. There are still bitter memories of that time.

What was the cause? The stock market players, by their millions, had exhausted their margins. All of them ran out of capital and credit at about the same time. Just as they later surrendered their half-paid-for homes, motor cars and grand pianos, they dumped their thousands of stock shares ordered on margin, when they could no longer put up enough collateral or real money to hold them. The bull market crashed like a house of cards.

What about it happening again? The marginal buying of stocks in the United States now requires half the quoted price of the stock in real cash. There is no longer any shoestring buying by the bootblacks. Another safeguard is the memory of the 1929 experience. The big and little operators are no longer wild-eyed gamblers on the street; the business, has attained a good measure of sobriety. How long that will last is anyone's guess. But the legal safeguards are not likely to be relaxed in our day.

Another story entirely could be written on the effect of the stock market crash in Canada. Men went to jail over it and many fortunes went down the drain.

†

Where carcasses are, eagles will gather,

• • • •

Marry your son when you will, but your daughter when you can.

• • • •

But I mean such wives as are none of the best.

• • • •

Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famine, rise to lash our crimes but must our wives be wise?

"Every newspaper editor owes a tribute to the devil."—La Fontaine.

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WHERE IS GLEN HURON? The first person that gives me a correct geographical answer will receive a year's free subscription to The Independent.

• • • •

This will be pleasing news to "High" McGregor, "Pop" McVicar and Chief of Police James:

Ottawa, Oct. 13 — Here's some hope for six footers and over who have spent miserably cramped nights travelling in regulation railway berths.

Six-foot-four, 240 pound Donald Gordon, president-designate of the Canadian National Railways, told a press conference to-day that he sympathizes with the "physical peculiarities of large men" on this berth problem and added that he might be interested as C.N.R. president in doing something about it.

• • • •

It's all over, folks. There ain't going to be any more. You lovers of it, will never get any of it, for yourself or your kids or for your grandkids or even your great-grandkids. I thought at one time that I was going to be able to get IT for the people and the kids of this district, but that idea is all shot to pieces now, although at one time the little fellow did go to work and m a k s me 40 pounds, but since then none. I even went so far, with the help of Throckmorton Industrialist Jarvis to offer to form a company to have him make this delicacy, if for no other purpose than to serve Grimsby and the Fruit Belt. No dice. I still always had hope that some day he would come back, and give the public of the Fruit Belt, at least, a chance to know just what this delicacy was like, but no, he always refused. Last Thursday the back was broken. Never again will the people of this district know what PEANUT BRITTLE is. George Kanmacher Jr., or in other words "Little Whizzer," was the gink that made the best PEANUT BRITTLE that ever went down any person's throat. When he closed up the restaurant he closed up Peanut Brittle. He kept all his stew kettles and marble slabes and rollers and knife rollers, whatever they are, but I never could persuade him to start back and make and sell Peanut Brittle. But a lack of other things, including honeymoons, it's all over now. "Little Whizzer" last week sold all the stew kettles, those wonderful marble slabs and above all things the recipes for making PEANUT BRITTLE, to some gink up in New Dundee. I'll bet there isn't a school kid in town that can tell me where New Dundee is. Whizzer, you let me down. No more will I ever eat candy, and I used to eat three pounds of Brittle a week. Such is life.

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The Country Editor
(From the Windsor, Ont., Daily Star)

There's a someone always ready
To help with any plan
To better the community,
And serve, as best he can,
The churches, school and council,
The lecture course and more
Committees than you've dreamed of—
THE COUNTRY EDITOR!

He feels that town and country
Are never separate,
That they best help each other
When they co-operate.
For home trade is his slogan,
"Mail-orders" make him sore,
Spends his money where he makes it—
THE COUNTRY EDITOR!

He'll give advice on farming,
On raising hogs or hens
On politics and oiled roads,
He editorials pens.
Religions, art or gas wells,
Ancient or modern lore,
He'll answer all your questions—
THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

He owns no automobile,
Drives no heavy loads
Of corn or wheat to market
That he should need good roads,
But "good roads" is his hobby
That he is working for,
He'll never cease to ride it—
THE COUNTRY EDITOR!

When at last his work is over
Do you think that he
Will be contented just to rest
Through all eternity?
No, in heaven there'll be a place
Where, for evermore,
He can help to push and boost—
THE COUNTRY EDITOR!

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