

Editorial Page

Without Derision

In a Canadian movie theatre shortly after the rebuffs delivered to President Eisenhower in Paris and Tokyo, scattered laughter was the response to a U.S. newsreel commentary that praised America's post-war effort to guide Japan into the pattern of democratic government. It is an unfortunate response, to many areas we may rightly find fault with our neighbor but with regard to foreign policy we would be best advised to temper our criticism with understanding rather than derision.

As a perceptive outsider looking in at the U.S., Patrick O'Donovan of the London Observer, that paper's Washington correspondent over the past four years, has written a thoughtful and helpful appraisal of America's present predicament. He notes that the U.S. has been and is unique among world powers in that while other countries pursue special interests, the U.S. has had only the goal of world-wide freedom for mankind on the American pattern.

"It seemed hard to believe, to an American," writes O'Donovan, "that this way would not eventually be copied. The jolt came after the Second World War. The U.S. has had its share of killings in both good and different causes. It was not the horror of the war that shocked them but its aftermath. Supreme in the new peace, they found their rest and unchallengeable power all but pow-

erless. Without the tragic cynicism of the old nations, they expected all the blood-letting to produce results and they found themselves as far from their goals as ever.

"They were neither loved nor thanked for what they had done. They believed they had played a considerable role in obtaining freedom for India and Indonesia. (They were right). And both nations became not only independent, which was fine, but critical—which was inexplicable."

Now, writes Mr. O'Donovan, the U.S. is learning that in diplomacy, good intentions are not enough. "A country whose chief aim is the abstract rule of a justice formed in its own image, which hesitates to interfere and is dogged by practical uncertainties, is at a grave disadvantage when faced by another that wants West Berlin. It is at a disadvantage even before a Cuban Castro who can attack it in its own holy words. It is even, at times, the victim of a Britain that knows precisely what it wants trade on favorable terms, access to raw materials, oil and a complaisant Europe."

In foreign affairs the U.S. is having a rough time, and not entirely undeservedly so. As neighbor, friend and ally Canada presumably has some rights of criticism, but let's stay out of the not-uninspired chorus of derision.

Housewives' Choice

If there is one thing the experts are agreed upon it is that, when it comes to devising gadgets calculated to satisfy the consumer's every whim, human ingenuity has gone further on this continent than any other, so much so that we suspect that some businessmen and grey flannel types are worrying as to whether there is anything at all left to invent.

Well, they can stop. There is. One hundred or so housewives were asked at a recent convention if they could think of any products not at present on the market, or known to them, which would simplify home management. They had no difficulty at all in doing just that.

High on their list was a toothpaste dispenser that measures automatically and has no loose cap; "childproof" wall paint; a device to remove static electricity from dryer-dried clothes; disposable over and broiler liners; picture-thin television screens for wall hanging; pouring spouts on drug and

medicine bottles; disposable underwear and socks.

Also desired: no-mildew leather; a dishwasher with shelves that could be taken to the cupboard; a cheap recorder for home telephone answering service; a car-wash system for home garages; beds that rise and lower; and carpet sweepers with magnets to pick up bobby pins.

We pass along these requirements to the appropriate quarters, fully confident that, when filled, more will be forthcoming.

In fact, though we yield to none in our respect for the talents of our industrial inventors, in this matter of ideas for better living we wouldn't doubt but that our womenfolk can out-think them any day of the week.

After all, it only took a mere hundred of them to produce the above list. Now just imagine what one hundred million could do . . .

Dragging it Out

Parliament has been sitting for nearly six months. The session began on Jan. 14 and at an early stage Prime Minister Diefenbaker predicted adjournment by Dominion Day.

As it turned out, he introduced his Bill of Rights on July 1 and this was only one of many items of new or unfinished business still on the Commons agenda.

There are two reasons why Parliament should have adhered to the original program and finished its work by the end of June. One is that by July, members are bored, eager to go home.

The other reason is that attending parliamentary sessions is not supposed to be a full-time job. MPs need to spend time in their constituencies and do some traveling about the country. They are also entitled to an opportunity to look after their private

business affairs. Good men can't be attracted to national politics on any other terms.

It's customary to blame the members collectively for dragging out the debates and they do waste many days in purely partisan wrangling. But the government must share responsibility for this session's delay. Its amendments to the Combines Investigation Act were not given second reading and referred to the Banking and Commerce Committee for scrutiny until June 6. The Radio and Television Committee wasn't set up until June 21. A dozen other major items of business were equally late or later.

The parliamentary system isn't necessarily immortal. If its survival is in the public interest, it needs a more rational timetable, and efficient stage management.

Financial Post.

For Lawyers Only

Proposed amendments to the Income Tax Act were introduced in the House of Commons on June 6, when there was so much other unfinished business to be dealt with by Parliament that the hours of sitting and talking had been lengthened, and there was some possibility that an autumn session would be required. It is questionable whether the amending bill will receive much serious consideration from members who are looking forward to a pleasant summer in the mountains or by the seashore.

It may be fortunate that some of the members are lawyers and that some of these may be specialists in income tax matters, for only those belonging to that small class are likely to be able to produce intelligent criticism of the Bill. A cursory reading of its 22

pages reveals nothing that is going to help the taxpayer. It may be assumed that if the bill is necessary at all, its purpose is to facilitate the work of the taxpayer's natural enemy, the income tax collector.

One sentence picked at random from section 2 of the bill consists of 205 words, punctuated by only six commas, one semicolon and a period. A former member who tries to get through that bit of deathless prose to discover a meaning will feel as if he had come to the end of a hard day's ploughing, and that is only part of one section. It is true that there are explanatory notes, but internal evidence suggests that they are the work of the same master scribe, whose doubtless an enthusiast for the novels of Henry James.



Photo by Esther Taylor

"Pony Tail Mermaid"

Sugar and Spice . . .

Yes it's true, all right. It's taken almost 14 years of quiet plotting to organize it, but I've done it. I've GOT AWAY FROM THE FAMILY. That may not sound like much to you young people. But every father, every mother, knows it's just about the next hardest thing to walking out on top of the waves.

I'm attending the special summer course for high school teachers. Don't ask me why. It's all rather confusing. Except that as I watched those teachers' salaries go up and up, and I pondered over that big, fat two-month vacation every summer, it suddenly dawned on me that I was a dedicated teacher.

So here I am. Normally I'd be sitting at the kitchen table writing at 2 a.m. The ash tray would look as though an Indian princess had just been cremated on it. I'd be on the third pot of tea. And the Old Lady would be hollering down that I was out of my mind and why didn't I come to bed like normal people.

But I've got clean away from that bourgeois and distracting atmosphere. I'm sitting in a cell in a man's residence. The ash tray is piled high with butts. There's no tea. And there isn't a sound to disturb me. Except the bird in the next cell pounding the wall and offering most rude suggestions about what I should do with my typewriter. It is only 2 a.m.

Ten years as a dedicated editor have left me thin, harassed, twitching, and with an abiding

hatred of the telephone. So it is with a deep sense of nothing that I turn over the editorial chair to my temporary successor. Guess who it is. This will murder you. It's none other than The Old Battleaxe.

For the past ten years, she has told me, and believed, that all I do is sit in the office and talk to people. She has compared this leisurely life to her own lowly estate: scrubbing floors, doing the laundry, painting and wallpapering, putting out the garbage, and a lot of trivial stuff like that.

That's why I can't understand why she gets so sure when I rear with laughter, every time I refer to her as the new editor. All of a sudden, she has not only changed her tune, but the words as well. She wails: "But what am I going to do? I won't know where to begin." And when I tell her all she has to do is sit in the office and talk to people, she turns white.

She's been editor for one week now, and already she's got an ulcer. Also a bad heart, high blood pressure, the jumping cancer, and a lung condition. I assured her that all these symptoms will vanish as soon as she gets the paper out on Thursday, and she can go back to being a plain, ordinary, neurotic housewife. Until Friday.

When this deal first came up, she was full of sympathy for me. "I certainly don't envy you," she said. "Sweltering down in the hot old city, studying like mad, living like a

monk." This was when she thought somebody else would be editor, and she'd be lolling around all summer, taking the kids for swims, and waiting for me to get home Friday nights.

Now the refrain goes something like this: "I certainly envy you, I'm stuck here with the kids, and the paper, and the house, and you'll be down there in the city, meeting interesting people, nothing to do but sit in lectures. I suppose you'll study for an hour in the evening, then go out to a nightclub, or to some interesting place to eat, every night."

I don't know how she figures I can do this on the \$9.75 she allotted me to live on, but she's positive I'm going to be hanging around cocktail bars, forming liaisons with beautiful women, living it up with old friends, and arriving home every Friday night, gaunt, frayed and good for naught.

The other night, before I left for another wild week of debauchery at teachers' college, I pointed out to her that this deal works two ways. "Think of the fun you'll be having," I told her. "There's the thrill of answering that wildly ringing phone at 3 a.m., excited because you know it's a big story. It may be only one of the town drunks, wanting to tell you about this here letter-to-the-editor he's composing, but you never know."

"And don't forget, you'll be attending banquets, and all sorts of interesting shindigs, as The Press. Provided they don't forget to invite you, and there's a place left for you, and you take eight pictures and print them all, and you report verbatim the hilarious toast to the ladies."

Oh, I cheered her up with a lot of fascinating facets of the editor's job like that, and when I left, she'd stopped crying and was working on an editorial about closing the pubs at 6 p.m.

Highways 6 and 7 Rerouted in Guelph

The Ontario department of highways has approved the rerouting of provincial highways through Guelph with the naming of a number of streets as connecting links.

The new arrangement of highway connecting links carried Highway 7 by way of Woodlawn Rd. to Silvercreek Rd., down Silvercreek to Waterloo Ave., along the Silvercreek Parkway in the reclaimed area as far as Wellington St. Then it continues along Wellington St. to Wyndham St., along Wyndham to York Rd. and then to Victoria Rd. by way of York Rd.

Highway 24 will proceed from Waterloo Ave. along the Silvercreek Parkway to Wellington St. along Wellington to Wyndham, then up Wyndham to Eramosa Rd. and then along Eramosa to the city limits.

The route of Highway 6 through the city is along Gordon St. from the city limits in College Heights, up Wilson St. to Macdonnell then up Norfolk St. and by way of Norfolk and Woolwich to the city limits.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1940

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 18, 1940.

Some time between midnight Tuesday night and opening time Wednesday morning, thieves entered the premises of the Acton Machine Shops and stole tools and equipment, valued at from \$400 to \$500. The complete loss is difficult to estimate as it will take some time to make a complete inventory of the missing articles.

Entrance was gained by forcing a rear window and then opening a section of the steel sash at the rear of the building. It is quite evident that it was mechanic's tools that were the object of the burglars.

Chief Harrop is investigating the case and has called in the assistance of the provincial and city police.

John Lambert was chosen by Acton Public Utilities Commission to fill the position made vacant by the enlistment of Gordon Smith. There were seven applications for the position. Mr. Lambert will commence his new duties immediately. He is a property owner and has been a resident of Acton for many years.

During the council meeting Tuesday evening it was learned the old fire engine had been sold to L. Waxman for scrap metal. The old machine brought \$75. The highest tender received was bid at \$10.

Reeve J. B. Chalmers reported to council Tuesday evening that all hand equipment had been collected and it was decided to have the uniforms and equipment stored until a new band is organized.

A new boiler is being installed at the United church and the building is undergoing some renovations to make it a more modern looking structure.

Rev. E. Brillinger, a former rector at St. Alban's church, Acton, is now Hon. Capt. Rev. E. Brillinger and is attached to the depot of the Hamilton Light Infantry.

Recent heavy showers have assisted the growth but the having been retarded on account of too much moisture. Farmers are busy seeding but would sooner be storing hay in the barn for next winter.

BACK IN 1910

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, July 21, 1910.

Promotions have been the order at the Merchants Bank this week. Mr. F. A. McLean has been promoted to the position of acting manager. Mr. Frank Havelle is now in the cage and very satisfactorily performing the duties as teller. Mr. Heber Williams has been promoted to ledger keeper and Mr. J. Campbell Clark has given up the study of law and has taken the position as junior.

The new stone and cement bridge on Main Street over the creek is about completed. It is a substantial structure of ample capacity for the stream. The abutments are constructed of stone and cement and the flooring is cement supported by steel piping. There is an iron railing on each side and the bridge throughout is a very worthy structure.

Last Wednesday a valuable brood mare belonging to Mr. Clinton Swackhamer, Churchill, in some manner broke its right hind leg behind the hock. Mr. Swackhamer had the mare and her colt in a box stall. The animal was valued at \$150.

The builders commenced their operations on Mr. Neil Patterson's new block on the site of the Acton House—which was for more than half a century occupied as a hotel property—yesterday morning. The new building will be a two-storey structure with heavy stone foundation. The first storey will be occupied by the bank and the other section by Mr. Patterson for a meat market.

Last Sunday morning early, Rev. W. H. Douglas let his driver out of the stable at the parsonage at Rockwood to graze for an hour on the luxurious grass on the roadside. While he was at breakfast the horse wandered onto the G.T.R. crossing; a freight train came along, and the animal was struck and killed. He was a fine driver and was valued at \$150.

No time of the year is more delightful for a drive through the country than the present. The new-mown hay, the golden grain, the growing crops and the attractive landscape all lend a part in making such a trip an enjoyable one.

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