

# Editorial Page

## Grimsby Gets a Shock

The town of Grimsby has been notified by the Ontario Municipal Board that no further applications for the town for capital expenditures other than hydro and water will be considered by the Ontario Municipal Board.

The board's decision to limit capital expenditures for the next five years came along with its granting tentative approval of a \$150,000 sewage works project which council has placed with the Ontario Water Resources Commission.

"One ray of hope remains," states the Grimsby Independent, and this "revolves about the assessment picture. A substantial increase in the town's assessment could alter the board's stand."

In its letter to the town council the OMB requested "that council prepare and submit to this board at your early convenience a forecast showing anticipated expenditures on behalf of the town and all local boards including school boards, year by year, during a period of the next five years."

The board also asked that this "forecast" include a statement showing capital debt requirements each year during the next five years together with increases in assessment "reasonable to be expected and the basis upon which such anticipated increases are computed."

As the Independent remarks, it was a "shocker" to the Grimsby Council.

—Burlington Gazette

## Bookkeeping Error

It might not look possible to make a vote-winning election issue out of a politician's failure to return a library book. But Mr. Jean Lesage, Quebec's new premier, successfully performed this trick last month.

He says that "high personage" in the Union Nationale, the Quebec party that went down to defeat, borrowed a book from the legislative library in 1947 and hasn't returned it yet.

This in itself doesn't sound heinous; but the point of Mr. Lesage's story is the book's title. It's called "L'Art de Tromper d'Intimidier et de Corrompre l'Electeur", or, being trans-

lated, "The Art of Deceiving, Intimidating and Corrupting the Voter."

Who wrote the book with this intriguing title? Mr. Lesage doesn't say. What was the "high personage" doing with it for 13 years? Mr. Lesage has an answer for that one. His theory is that the Union Nationale's success in deception, intimidation and corruption was neither casual nor accidental but studied and expert.

This incident opens up a new field for political controversy. Has anybody in Ottawa borrowed Machiavelli lately? Or perhaps Stephen Potter's "Supermanship"? To revise the prophet: O that mine enemy would borrow a book.—Financial Post.

## Magical Names

Few people are immune to the magic of place-names. Some of these, such as Samarkand and Vallombrosa, are musical in themselves and their poetical or historical associations only enhance their magic. Others, such as Rome, Paris or London, depend for their spell simply on their history. With others, particularly in England, it's the quaintness that attracts. Witness Stock Poges or Chipping Campden.

Canada is fortunate in having place-names of all types, musical, quaint, historical and commonplace. The musical names have not been widely recognized, because they are unknown to the world at large and not well known to Canadians themselves. The banks of the Saskatchewan were immortalized in a musical comedy song many years ago, but other parts of Canada remain unused. Yet who is to say that the native of Samarkand may not have romantic dreams of Pohenagamooke, P.Q.?

Canada's historical names are often derived from the history of other countries. It must have been an admirer of Lord Nelson who

named three places in Halton County, Palermo, Bronte and Trafalgar; the name of nearby Hamilton is just a coincidence. Strong religious feeling may have suggested the naming of New Jerusalem, N.B. What feeling, if any, lay behind the naming of Cobocok, Ont.?

Religious feeling is also evident in the great number of communities named after saints. Nearly all the saints in the calendar must be represented. One, undoubtedly Welsh in origin, is St. Jones Within, Nfld. The date and occasion of his canonization are not available in any handy book of reference.

The trail of the homesick Scot may be traced across the map of Canada—from New Edinburgh, N.S. to Fife, B.C. There are three places named New Glasgow, one in Prince Edward Island, one in Nova Scotia and one in Quebec.

There are quaint names in plenty. Possibly the inhabitants of the places called Quaw, B.C., and Witless Bay, Nfld., are so used to them that the names sound commonplace, but to the outsider they will suggest curious stories lying behind them.

## Any Other Name

To the economic planners of the socialist school, profit is without honor. Nevertheless that device of decadent capitalism is being tried out in that stronghold of socialism, Russia.

The USSR's internal trade system has been remarkable for its inefficiency in both the production and distribution of consumer goods. In an attempt at reform Premier Khrushchev personally is backing what he calls "material interestedness," that is financial reward.

"This capital," says Max Frankel of the New York Times, writing from Moscow, "is beginning to see and feel the results of a rapidly developing trend toward freer economic competition among state enterprises and organizations. Several developments in this direction attest to the growing influence of some of the most forward-looking Soviet economists and administrators, who insist that the best way to improve production, distribution and the quality of goods and services is to increase the financial stake of those directly involved."

"One potentially far-reaching experiment now is being conducted in the Soviet internal trade system. Some retail stores have been given the right and the power henceforth to demand from factories the kind of goods their customers want. They will no longer be

obliged to accept everything dumped on their shelves....

"The experiment in relations between retail stores, wholesalers and suppliers... undoubtedly was inspired by widespread dissatisfaction with the quality of staple consumer goods, such as shoes and fabrics, even where quantitative needs were beginning to be met. Worse than that, many unwanted goods are rotting in warehouses. Many students of the Soviet system, including Russians, have attributed this to a lack of incentive and economic pressure on producers, distributors and sellers."

By any other name, profit still is profit. Having given the Socialist system a good try, Russia seems to have recognized that capitalism's system of competitive enterprise and reward to efficient management is the better way. It would be a good bet that if Khrushchev is able to obtain a fair trial for his experiment in the wholesale and retail field, it will eventually apply through the whole structure of Soviet industry. From the point of view of the Western nations it may be hoped that the attempt is not torpedoed by the die-hard socialists. Permitting the profit motive to function could considerably improve living standards of the Russian people. In time it might start them questioning whether Marx was right in his condemnation of capitalism.



"Ship Ahoy"

—Photo by Esther Taylor

## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Most of us who are taking the special summer crash course for hedging high school teachers are finding it pretty strong meat. It's especially invigorating for refugees from other fields, like myself, whose peak of intellectual exercise in the past decade or so, has been working out a crossword puzzle, or watching the late, late movie.

Thus, we have former insurance salesmen laboring over Latin. We have men who were in the retail business annihilated over algebra. We have married women who have learned nothing since they left college, except how to run a lot of push-button kitchen machinery, aghast over the geography of Africa.

But every second week, the pressure of study is relieved. As a special treat, we are allowed to play a game. At one time it was known as Daniel in the Lions' Den. Later, it turned up as The Spanish Inquisition. Now it is simply called Practice Teaching.

A week of this can shorten your life by 10 years. Which is a little hard on us middle-aged types who are already worried about being able to hang on until we get the superannuation, some 30 years hence. A friend of mine on the course suddenly crumpled the other day. We rushed him to the emergency department of the General Hospital.

They gave him about 37 tests of various kinds. They asked him a lot of questions. He kept throwing up and complaining of pain. Finally, they told him rather vaguely that he had a virus, gave him a prescription for some expensive medicine, and told him to go to bed for a few days.

I could have saved everybody a lot of time and trouble. I knew what the "virus" was. My friend had to practice-teach mathematics

the next day. Last time he studied mathematics was a few years after the first World War. Or maybe the Boer war. Anyway, he's lurking happily in bed, clutching the little note from the doctor which excuses him from practice-teaching this week.

There is a hilarious logic to the practice-teaching sessions. If you're going to be teaching Commercial in September, your first practice-teaching assignment will be a lesson in grade 12 French. If you are teaching nothing but English this fall, you are likely to be assessed in front of a class in grade 11 Geography, which you last studied about the time Mussolini was shouting from a balcony.

This element of suspense adds a great deal to the game, giving it a distinct flavor of that old parlor pastime, Russian Roulette. It has one of two results. Either it imbues the student-teacher with unwarranted self-confidence, or it marks him for life.

So you get up there in front of the class, lesson notes fluttering hysterically in your hand, sweat running down your spine. A strange, trembling voice tells the class to turn to page eleven-seventy-seven. You open your mouth again to begin teaching, and your mind goes stark, staring blank.

The students observe you with the bold interest of sharks about to rend a diving whale. Your fellow student-teachers watch with aching sympathy. Your critic teacher eyes you with a fine blend of impatience and disgust. All you need is a chair in one hand and a whip in the other, and you'd feel like an apprentice lion-tamer on his first trip inside the big cage.

As you go through the lesson with all the enthusiasm and spontaneity of a zombie, your inner mind churns: "What am I

doing here? I never wanted to be a teacher anyway. They talked me into it. Who can possibly stand teenagers all day? I'm so mad, I want to go home to Mom and the kids. Help!"

Oh, I tell you, it makes your heart bleed, to see some poor devil, who used to be the confident president of the Rotary Club back home, standing there, craven, gray, perspiring. It almost makes the tears start when you see some girl, happily married for nine years, who had worked her way up to District President of the Women's Institute in the home town, up there with her knees knocking, mouth twitching. It shouldn't happen to Lumumba.

I don't worry about the student teachers who are just out of college. They're almost as cocky as the teen-agers themselves. It's the older types, on the come-back trail, sporting the wounds of the years bravely, who wring your heart. You feel like saying: "There, there, old boy. I promise we'll send you back home, to the good old boring job you left for the glitter of teaching, on the first train, as soon as you come out of shock." And to the girls: "Never mind, Mum. I'll bet you're a darn good cook, anyway."

Experienced teachers do a lot to cheer you up, though. One fellow was telling me the other day that it's not so bad, once you get started. In the next breath, he casually informed me that three teachers of his acquaintance are now happily cutting out paper dolls, or making like Napoleon, on a permanent basis.

One good thing about it. Those of us who make the grade will be steady, dependable teachers. Never again will we think the grass on the other side of the fence is greener, or more succulent than the burdock we are chomping.

## Fred Euringer Gets Nights Off To See His Play

Fred Euringer will get two nights off from his roles at the Stratford Shakespearean festival next week. He will be able to attend the premiere Tuesday and repeat performance Saturday of his first play, Blind Man's Bull, at the Avon theatre.

Two weeks ago he thought he would miss the productions, since he is a member of the company in Romeo and Juliet, King John and Midsummer Night's Dream at the new festival theatre.

His play placed fourth in a competition sponsored by the Festival Foundation. There will be several carloads of friends from Avon going up. The young actor and writer's mother, Mrs. Sophie Euringer, has suggested that anyone wishing a ride up might contact her.

**HIS OWN PLOT**  
An obstinate man who refuses to yield an inch of ground to another driver increases the likelihood that, at an early date, he will get six feet of it for his own.

# THE GOOD OLD DAYS

## BACK IN 1940 BACK IN 1910

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 15, 1940.

Ralph Denny, son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Denny, fourth line, just east of Acton, had a narrow escape from serious injury and possibly death when he was attacked by the five-year-old Ayrshire bull kept at the farm. Ralph was leading the animal along the passageway to the stable from his pen when the bull suddenly lowered its head and attacked him.

He was thrown into one of the cattle stalls and managed to get over the head piece of the stalls. The bull charged against the steel frame and crushed Ralph's left leg. In spite of the injury, Ralph left for Niagara camp Monday morning with the local platoon of the Lorne Scots.

On Sunday night the C.N.R. station at Acton was entered. Apparently the marauders were disturbed and left without taking anything. Entrance was gained by breaking a window at the rear of the building and unfastening the catch on the lower sash. Chief Harrop and local police are investigating.

Dr. and Mrs. R. Gordon Agnew and three children arrived this week from Chengtu, China, after a very thrilling trip by plane, ocean liner and motor coach. Mrs. Agnew and the children are visiting at present with her mother, Mrs. H. Caldwell Knox Ave. The day the Agnews left Chungking the city was bombarded by 200 planes. They reached Hong Kong two days before the city was ordered evacuated. Dr. and Mrs. Agnew will remain here for a year on furlough and take special courses to fit them for their work in the mission fields.

Acton platoon of the Lorne Scots left Monday morning for a two week training period at Niagara-on-the-Lake. 54 men were in the group under the command of Dr. A. J. Buchanan, Lieutenant.

The exterior of the Mason Knitting Co. building is being repainted, also the block containing Barr's store and Morton's barber shop.

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, August 18, 1910.

Oliver Moffatt, the oldest son of Thomas Moffatt of the fifth line, Esquimaux, was severely injured in a runaway accident at his father's farm on Tuesday morning. The young man, who is about 17, was engaged with a team and hay rack in drawing in grain. About 8.30, as the team was going out of the barn, they made a sudden dash down the gangway.

The young man succeeded in stopping them and then climbed the ladder in front of the rack. When near the top, the ladder unfortunately gave way, throwing the young man down on the horses. He fell first on the tongue and then to the ground and the horses, frightened, commenced to run, carrying the heavy wagon over his back. He was severely cut on the back and badly lacerated under the arms. He is resting quietly.

P. Sayers and Son, Nagsaweya, certainly have no complaint to make regarding the crop this year. They had five acres of "Abundance" wheat, sown on summer fallow, which averaged five feet in height and was so heavy in the field that it required a day and three-quarters to cut. 19 large loads were taken from the field, over 54 bushels to the acre.

What with oppressive temperature, typhoid laden water, an incoming horde of country visitors at Fair time and threatened street-railway strike, we'd rather be in Acton than in Toronto just at present.

Mr. H. Roy Wansbrough's new house at Crewson's Corners is fast nearing completion. It will be a fine residence when finished.

Mr. T. Morton, barber, expects to move from his present quarters to those next Gibbon's butcher shop next week.

Florence Nightingale passed away in London, England, Saturday. She had been ill for some time. She was 90 on May 12.

The showers of the early part of the week laid the dust in a way very acceptable to most citizens. The farmers were not so delighted over them, however.

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## ...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

**MILTON**—The town's water supply is in better shape this summer than ever before, it was reported this week. Several plants have extended holiday periods due to slack business, and many have been away on this year, so the consumption rate has been fairly low. The town's million gallon reservoir and surge tank have been kept filled right along. Last year, watering restrictions were imposed.

**OAKVILLE**—Two local soldiers are off to the Congo conflict. One is presently there in food services with the United Nations Emergency Force and another is preparing to leave for the African trouble spot soon. They are among 275 from Canada.

**GEORGETOWN**—Council has declared a "get tough" policy on delinquent taxpayers. It used to be that delinquents had their names published, but this time council has decided to issue bank drafts on the arrears, and failing any action on this measure is prepared to offer the land for sale if taxes are owing for over three years.

**BURLINGTON**—A fourth high school for this expanding town will be erected on the Guelph Line, somewhere between the Queen Elizabeth Highway and No. 5 Highway, the director of education has announced. He said the new school should be built in five years, and will serve students living in homes in the north end of town who are presently attending the filled Nelson High School.

**STRETSVILLE**—Over 200 took part in an open air church service sponsored by the Baptist Church, held at the Streetsville Memorial Park. "I don't believe a summer slump in church attendance is necessary," said Pastor J. H. Wilson. "The warm reception our open air services are receiving makes me believe in a summer surge."

**ORANGEVILLE**—The Banner notes that Keith Hunter didn't worry too much when a fly gave him a black eye. He was riding a horse, a fly bit the horse, the horse reared, his head and clovered Hunter. No beefsteak remedy problem, however. Keith is a butcher.

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