

Warn of illegal gas containers

If your neighborhood gasoline station attendant refuses to fill the old gas can you've been using to carry gas for your boat, lawn mower or snowblower, there's a good reason.

Many of the gasoline cans sold in Ontario in the 1960s and early 1970s are illegal now, points out Halton Region Fire Prevention Committee.

Since Jan. 1, 1976 only four types of approved portable containers are to be filled at service stations, marinas and other gasoline outlets. The Ministry of Consumer and Commercial Relations has publicized the new regulations and the operators and

employees who handle petroleum products have been advised.

But the Fire Prevention Committee is concerned that many citizens still don't know which gas containers are illegal and which are approved. Those which have not been approved can be a fire hazard, the Committee Chairman Insp. Peter Campbell, Oakville's Fire Prevention Officer points out.

The types of containers which may be filled at gas outlets are:

—Portable containers of metal or plastic, one gallon to five gallons in size. They must bear the label of ULC



THESE GASOLINE CONTAINERS are approved for use in Ontario. Look for the CSA or ULC label when buying a gasoline container, suggests Halton Region Fire Prevention Committee.

(Underwriters' Laboratories of Canada) or CSA (Canadian Standards Association) and they must also be in reasonable condition and have all necessary caps in place:

—Portable fuel tanks of metal or plastic, up to seven gallons in size, for marine use. Those sold after Aug. 1, 1975 will bear a ULC or CSA label, but those sold before that date have no label:

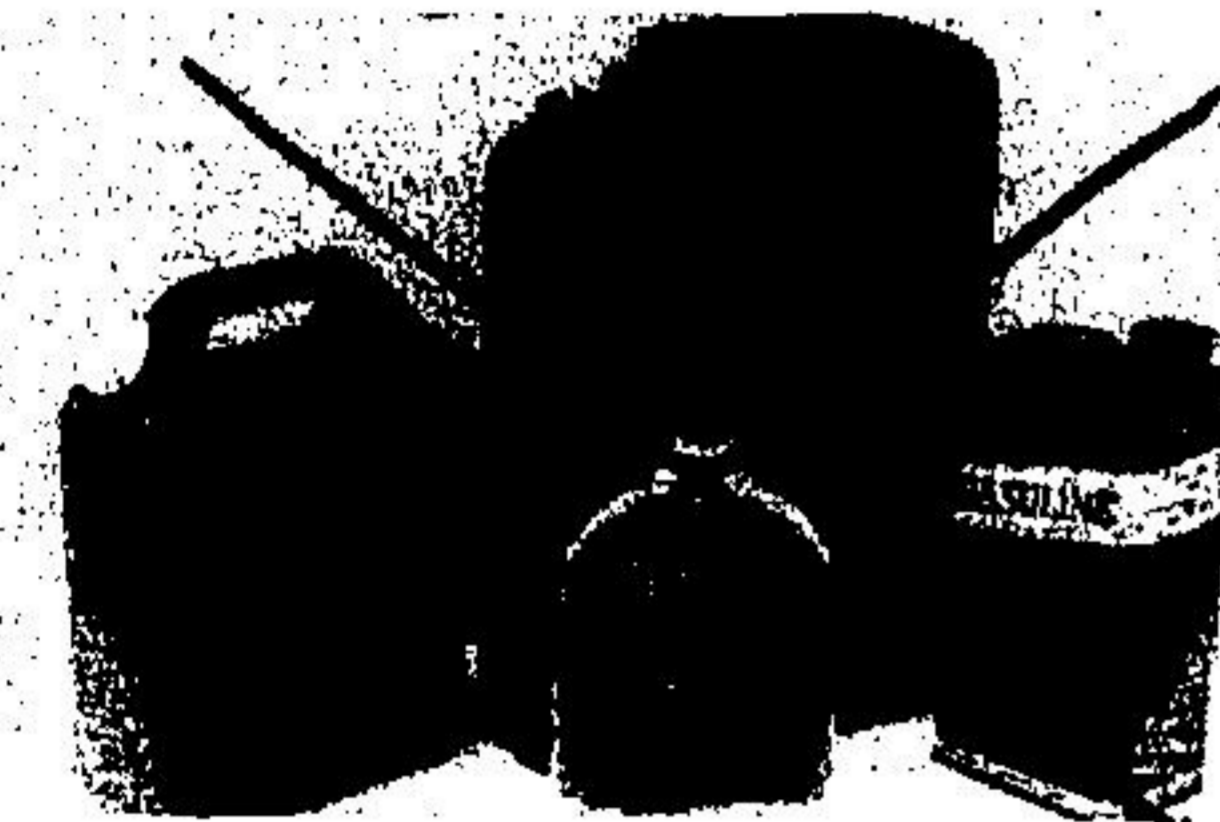
—Metal jerry cans (the World War II type) bearing an embossed mark in the metal in the bottom of the can. The mark can be ICC-5L, BTC-5L, DOT-5L or CTC-5L and it must have the required gasket and closure in place:

—Metal transportation drums, 10 to 45 gallons in size, bearing the same embossed marks as metal jerry cans.

Campbell said probably the most common type in use by homeowners in recent years has been what is commonly known as the "syrup tin" type. It was a red-painted metal can with yellow markings and two metal caps. This type of can was originally intended for syrup and was not designed to prevent the escape of gasoline in liquid or vapor form.

All metal portable containers on the market before Jan. 1, 1973 have been tested and none passed the new CSA requirements.

Home owners who have one of the illegal containers around their home or cottage should get rid of it right away, the Committee suggested.



ILLEGAL TYPES of gas containers are pictured here. The glass vinegar jug is probably the most dangerous. Others shown are a plastic container without CSA or ULC labels, a metal jerry can and a syrup tin type.

FLASHBACK

The scow at Niagara Falls

By John Fisher

Many tourists who come to relax at Niagara Falls indulge in rainbow searching. They scan the sky for the arc of colours caused by the sun's rays in the mist. I have enjoyed that too, but my favorite sport at Niagara is scow-gazing. I have discovered others who are fascinated by the rusting old scow hanging by its teeth almost at the brink of the precipice.

There is a group of us who see mystic qualities in this forlorn rectangular hulk that looks as if it might be sucked into Niagara's vortex any second. The soothsayers of Niagara have been predicting the imminent demise of this scow ever since it took up its perch sixty years ago. It's still hanging in and that's what fascinates those of us who belong to the scow-gazing cult. As long as it hangs there we

know that all is right with Niagara. It's like taking the pulse of Niagara.

The best place to see it is at Table Rock House on the Canadian side just past the Hydro plant beyond the Niagara Parks Commission restaurant and souvenir shop. Look carefully because it is difficult to spot the old scow. The water here is turbulent and the waves often frame the rusting hulk in spray.

How a nameless scow became one of the attractions at Niagara Falls is a bizarre and scary tale. It all started one afternoon, August 8, 1918, when the tow line to an Ontario Hydro tug broke and the scow was cast adrift. It was now in the clutches of the angry Niagara River in its race down the slope of the escarpment. Faster and faster it yawed and headed straight for the brink of the Falls and instant death for

the two men aboard it.

They shouted and screamed but no one could hear their pleas above the roar of Niagara and besides, there was nothing anyone could do. They were tossed like a cork -- the arms of the reaper were reaching out. Just a few more seconds left. The men abandoned their waving and screaming and turned to the bottom of the barge. With their pick axes, they poked holes in the floor and let the water pour in. The weight slammed the craft against a boulder and the men were hurled to the floor. They were halted temporarily but each assault from the tumbling waters shook the scow. It rocked and lurched.

People gathered on the shore to pray and sing hymns. The U.S. Coast Guard came up from old Fort Niagara and shot a line to the beleaguered scow. The two men secured the line and looked hope-

fully and frantically at the shore. Hurry, hurry, they pleaded as they made furtive glances at what lay ahead. People on the shore expect the craft to lunge any moment.

The breeches-buoy which was to come along the rope and rescue the men became hopelessly fouled. It never reached them. The sun had set and darkness fell. How could they survive the night? A sudden gust of wind and it would be all over. Despair came over the thousands of spectators who stood on shore. Soon, Niagara would add two more to her list of victims.

The wisest man on the river was summoned. Red Hill Sr., who had spent his life in testing the mood and strength of Niagara, risked his own this night. Hand over hand he crawled along the rope to the barge through those raging waters. Sometimes he would be pushed under, slapped against rocks, gashed, bruised, drenched, but he hung on. It took him several hours in those cold punishing waters to untangle the ropes of the breeches-buoy. An incredible feat, but by daylight, Red Hill Sr. made it to the barge and ended the night of anguish. The two workers were saved.

Their names have slipped away but the steel scow sits there defiant to the beckoning of the cataract and the constant jabs of the current. For sixty years it has defied the prognosticators and the waters of a wild river. It looks as if it might be swept over the brink any moment, but they predicted the same thing sixty years ago. It's Niagara's fascinating guessing game!



Old work scow remains as mute testimony to rescue drama at Niagara Falls 60 years ago.

The Energy Savers

by Richard Charles

The 4 lb. a day grind

When we lug out those loads of garbage or toss them down a chute, we are not only using up our own energy and that of the garbage truck and its crew, but all the energy resources that go into the production of so many everyday things of life that end on the scrap heap.

It seems so futile. We are expert at making things that look attractive in the supermarket and the department store. Then, in no time at all, we have turned them into something unsightly and offensive that we would rather not think about. The sooner someone comes to take it away and burn it or bury it, the better.

If that garbage could come back to haunt us, we might be shocked into changing our ways. Each of us throws away an average of four pounds of it every day, counting all the waste for which we are wholly or partly responsible. That's about 1,500 pounds a year, and if we live to the age of 70, we each score more than 50 tons of garbage in our time. Just imagine what a small family of four can do, and try burying that pile in your own back yard.

Do you know that we spend \$500 million a year in Canada just to collect and get rid of our garbage? Think of the value of the fuel it took to grow, extract, process, manufacture and transport so much stuff in the first place.

Think of the dwindling stocks of petroleum that we turn into plastic and other synthetic materials, and then use for such a brief time. The same goes for many other raw materials that cannot be renewed.

Think of the money and resources we could save if we did without a lot of the boxes, bags and wrappers that we often throw away as soon as we get them home.

Think how much more enjoyable our land and water would be without the pollution that comes from continually making and discarding all that short-lived stuff.

So, what can we do for relief from the daily grind of making four pounds of garbage?

We can serve meals no bigger than our appetites, unless we can keep what is left for another time.

We can buy things only when we need them and try to avoid buying all that packaging as well.

Where there's a choice, we can stop using disposables like plates, cups and diapers made of paper.

We can buy liquids in reusable containers such as bottles and milk jugs instead of cans, plastic bags or cartons.

We can buy things that last longer, especially in furnishings, appliances and clothing.

We can do more mending and fixing instead of discarding.

We can save wrapping materials and use them again.

We can send unwanted household items to charities or second-hand stores if they are still usable.

We can help in collecting bottles, cans and paper that could be recycled into new products.

None of this calls for a return to the Dark Ages, but quite a small shift in our habits that would make life no less enjoyable, and perhaps more attractive. It's not only garbage that's a blight, but all the other things that we allow to rust, rot or fall apart, when they could be rescued with a little more care.

There's a publication call The garbage book that tells how you can help. Write for a copy to Box 3500, Station C, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 4G1. It is issued by the Office of Energy Conservation, Department of Energy, Mines and Resources.



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