

### MORE ON SCHREIBER MILL RATE

The general mill rate remains the same as last year. Public school is down - 2 mills - residential, commercial 2.21. Separate school is down - residential 1.33 commercial 1.51. The High School is up - residential 4.96 and commercial 5.50.

### COUNCIL MEETS IN REGULAR SESSION

The regular meeting of township Council was held April 12th at 4 p.m. Reeve Harness stated he had received the proper specifications and Department of Highways agreed to the purchase of a new snow plow truck. Tenders have been called for.

Registered letters were sent to owners of property in a run-down condition. Permission was granted to the Royal Canadian Legion Auxiliary to canvas the town during May to aid the Salvation Army Red Shield project.

The Port Arthur and District Health Unit requested Council to consider the membership application of Terrace Bay. Schreiber recommended acceptance and adoption of a plan suggested by the Board.

The Creamery Packaging Mfg. Co. of Canada requested balance due them on ice plant installation of \$1,000. They were notified that when their representative came to shut down the plant he could pick up the cheque.

Edmund Borutski was appointed Weed Inspector as called for by law.

Water accounts of \$256.40 and general accounts of \$3,359.05 were passed for payment.

Town Constable Keith Scott's salary was set at \$6,500 per year, effective April 1, as per the terms of employment.

Councillor R.B. Spadoni called attention to lighting on the high way and Reeve Harness will make inquiries.

### MARCH FIRE REPORT

The Fire Brigade reports three small fires in March two from overheated furnace motors and one from overheated cooking pan.

They received instruction on the resuscitator, practised on the Scott Air Pak and recharged the Foamite fire extinguisher. A new gate valve was installed on the pumper truck booster line, also high pressure hose installed for greasing gate valves and pressure relief valves. Extinguishers in the Legion were recharged. Pat Bolan is Fire Chief.

by Bill Smiley

## I'd rather eat spam

One of the great, bruising stresses of modern society to which socialists pay little attention was imposed on me this week. I traded my car for a new one.

This psychological crisis comes to all of us, every two or three years. It bears looking at, as a manifestation of the tremendous pressures we have to cope with, and our grandfathers didn't.

What a snap they had. They went to a reputable horse-dealer and bought a horse. No sweat. They didn't even have to make the agonizing decision of whether to buy a brand new one or a late-model used. There was no such thing as a new horse.

What's more, they enjoyed it. There was some good-natured dickering which usually ended with both parties thinking they had got the better of the deal. Grampa chuckled as he drove his lively gelding home, thinking of how much trade-in allowance he'd received for Old Min, the mare, who hadn't much mileage left in her. And the dealer chuckled as he thought of the gelding steadily going blind, and the fact that the preacher, who knew nothing about horses, was looking for a quiet mare like Old Min.

My point is that it was not the wrenching, exhausting thing that a modern car deal is. The average layman then knew whether a horse was sound. He took a look at the teeth, felt the beast here and there, hitched it up for a trial spin, and made his deal.

There was only so much that could be wrong with a horse. He could be blind, or spavined, or wind-broken. But he didn't rust, there was no chance of his brakes grabbing, his transmission was automatically automatic, and he didn't cost \$1500 a year for life.

And that's one of the reasons I buy a car exactly the way Grampa used to buy a horse. I look at its teeth. That is, I lift hood to make sure there's a motor, and open trunk to make sure there's a spare. I don't feel the beast here and there, but I kick the tires and give the doors a good slam or two. I take it for a little trial spin. And if nothing

falls off, and the color suits my wife, I deal.

There are different types of car buyers, of course. There's the kid who makes \$60 a week. He walks up to the red convertible with 80 yards of chrome, bucket seats and dazzling wheel discs, points to it and says, "Gimme dat one." Cheerfully, he signs the indenture papers which will enslave him for four years, and departs the lot with a squeal of tires. Where else can he find power and sex appeal for a lousy \$80 a month?

And there's the born horse-trader, who deals for the sheer joy of it. He spends most of his spare time in car dealers' lots, badgering the salesmen, disparaging the merchandise, and quoting the terrific deal that Honest John down the street has offered him. He seldom has a car more than six months and is deluded into thinking that his lot is improving with every trade.

But for the average layman today, buying a car is an excruciating ordeal. He suspects the dealer. He fears ridicule from his friends, all of whom have made excellent deals lately. He dreads the interview with the bank manager. He trails from one car lot to another, trying to find a buick for the price of a volkswagen. And the upholstery must match all his wife's clothes.

Not me. Not no more. Life's too short. Yesterday, I bought in 20 minutes. Let my wife drive it home. Oh, there were one or two little things. It stalled, and we discovered the battery cable was loose. The light in the ceiling wouldn't go out and I had to phone the dealer to find out where the switch was. One of the doors won't close. And there was a delightful bit of family excitement when my wife pushed the window-washer button, it stuck, and soapy water gushed over the windshield for five minutes with more suds than a detergent commercial.

But it'll all work out. Three years from now, it'll be just another rust-bucket, almost paid for. And I have probably added a year to my life by buying like Grampa. Try it yourself.