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NOTES and COMMENTS

The Brink Of Winter

The editor of the Ottawa Journal must have lived in the country some time or other, and a way back quite a few years too, for what he decodes in an outburst of editorial writing is or was quite correct 25 years ago. So far as the habits of the animals go, they do not change, but many farm homes have changed to cement foundation, and instead of burning pine stumps most of them around this district use coal and some use electricity or gas for cooking. However, the Journal's article is a grim reminder of the weather ahead. It reads:

November is the shadow of things to come. This is the end of a cycle. Woodchucks are curled in their grass-lined dens below frost line; queen bumblebees are in hibernation beneath logs and rocks; skunks come around farm buildings and muskrats in the swamp put last touches on their grass igloos.

Farmers bank their houses and make farm buildings snug against oncoming winter. Men go to pine groves for loads of kindling material and check the tiers in the woodshed. Winter birds come around the farmstead and look for food on the windowsill feeder. Day by day the time of cold draws nearer. You can hear the wild laughter of the giants in the hills and wind howls around the house corners—a sound that one will hear often in the next four months.

He who is wise accepts the seasons as they come; the cycling months are part of a primal force. November is not the most enjoyable time of year, but in its gradual chill and shortening days, in its light and storm, man can glimpse the Great Power that regulates the seasons of this small bit of matter we label a planet.

Opposition Ideas

During the era of Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King there always was great reluctance by the government to accepting any amendments offered by opposition members. The attitude appeared to be that it would be demeaning to admit that opposition members would have anything constructive to offer.

But, often, after the lapse of a year, the government would bring in a measure itself, claiming it as its own idea, along the lines originally suggested by the opposition.

Rt. Hon. Louis S. St. Laurent doesn't seem to hold with this theory, says the Windsor Star, that nothing good can come from opposition benches. So he has accepted an important amendment, offered by C.C.F. Leader M. J. Coldwell, to the bill which empowers Canada to amend its own constitution. Mr. Coldwell urged this power of amendment should not extend to the British North America Act stipulations that a parliamentary term must not exceed five years, and that Parliament must meet at least once every 12 months. The purpose is to make it difficult for any parliament to extend its own life, temporarily or permanently, or for any government to rule without recourse to Parliament.

The government has added a proviso of its own, to this proposal by Mr. Coldwell. A government may extend its life, by a two-thirds majority of Parliament, in event of war or other emergency. There is no quarrel with that. The point is, Mr. St. Laurent was willing to accept what was a sound suggestion by an opposition party.

Can Pop Affect Liver-Like Whisky?

By experiments on white rats and dogs, a team of Toronto research-workers discovered cirrhosis of the liver can be contracted as easily by soft drinks as it can by drinking whisky.

Too much sugar, they found, causes the same type of liver damage as alcohol. They suggest that choline, a vitamin, can help protect the liver from fatty degeneration—a symptom of too much alcohol or sugar.

The scientists say their findings after several years work has upset a widespread belief among medical men that cirrhosis of the liver is caused by the poisonous effect of alcohol.

The experiments were carried out in Toronto's Banting Institute by Dr. Charles Best, head of the research department, Dr. W. S. Hartroft, Dr. C. C. Lucas, and Dr. Jessie H. Rideout. Their report was published in the current issue of the British Medical Journal.

The report cited the case of a man, a victim of the malady, who was a teetotaler but who drank a dozen bottles of soft drinks daily. He worked hard and didn't eat properly.

The scientists say the key to the situation is the compound choline, a member of the vitamin family. If enough choline—or substances which permit the body to produce choline—is present in the system, the liver is protected from fatty degeneration.

Could History Repeat?

No doors slammed. No rappings drummed a tattoo on the crumbling walls. There wasn't even a ghost left in the "lost" city in the heart of the "Desert of Death" in Afghanistan which three American anthropologists—rushing through the blazing heat—rediscovered last August.

That is what the Boston Post says of Peshawarun, once

a thriving metropolis in the time of the Crusades. The legions of Alexander the Great were billeted there when he was conquering the world.

Six miles long and four miles wide, with a population than ran as high as 100,000, it dropped from the sight of man for centuries and from the minds of all save scholarly historians who wondered what happened to it. Says the Post:

"If there was disappointment for the archeologists and the biblical students of the world that several expeditions this summer to Mt. Ararat failed to find the remains of Noah's fabulous ark, Peshawarun makes up for it.

"It seems incredible that a whole city, occupying a land area that would run from the State House on Beacon Hill to Franklin Park in Dorchester should cease to be. The buildings, aqueducts and fountains still stand, relatively intact. But no human remains.

"So gib it defied the desert sands to burying it completely from sight, it stands in testimony to what some of us moderns forget—life is basic. Peshawarun didn't die. It was not buried like Herculaneum. It was deserted. Its population fled, leaving homes and treasures behind because of a compelling need. Search for water drove them over the desert to greener distances where springs bubbled.

"Peshawarun's fate is not new. The rings in the wooden roof beams of the deserted homes of the cliff dwellers of our Southwest—narrowing year after year in size—tell a similar story of drought, causing abandonment of whole settlements. It was water or perish."

Of late there have been strident voices raised in our land. Conservationists have warned us that if we continue to strip our forests, impoverish our top soil and waste the water which the rains and moistures provide, future generations, not too far off, are going to face an appalling problem. They have sought to awaken us to a future plight. With some success they are making progress. But much needs to be done. Peshawarun, the city that was, should warn us prodigal Canadians not to destroy our substance.

From Stouffville To Australia

(continued from front page)

Mesa, pulled off the road on to the desert and parked for lunch. Quite an experience!

Late in the afternoon, we arrived in Las Vegas. Everything here was in screaming contrast to the surrounding desert. Bright lights, traffic jams, a riot of beautiful grass lawns, palm trees, wide streets, and people everywhere. We found a very nice trailer camp, one of the most modern we had been in. This was on the west side of the town on the same highway where the famous "Flamingo" club is situated. No, we didn't stay home after we got the trailer parked. We wanted to see what was cooking in town—so after a bite to eat, we went searching for the bright lights. I wish to say here and now that Las Vegas at night is a unique experience. The place runs wide open 24 hours a day, except of course some of the more sedate department stores. Anywhere on the main street, you can stand still and listen to the chatter of hundreds of slot machines. If you go to buy groceries, there are slot machines on the way out the door so you can conveniently deposit your loose change.

The main gambling houses are, of course, the number one pastime, interest and business. I took some coloured shots of these at night. The streets are lit up so brightly that I'm sure they will result in something interesting.

Next day we looked over the scene in daylight, and it was just as colourful. In the morning, I went picture-taking by myself, and with my gift for exploring the unknown, I got myself into several of the more exclusive places. It seems these big gambling houses are just about everything to all people. The better ones are a combination, hotel, museum, swimming pool, tropical gardens, nursery, dance hall, gift shop, riding school, golf course—in short just about everything except a meat counter and grocery store. Heavens, I almost forgot, one of them boasts a little church on the front lawn where you can get married with all trimmings at short notice! What a place! What a town!

Another spot worth mentioning is "The Hitching Post"—this is a "Wedding Chapel" open 24 hours a day. A large sign on the front lawn advertises "Immediate arrangements, including license, organ music, corsages, pictures, recordings." I took a coloured picture of that one!

We went into town again to do some shopping in the afternoon, and a Canadian from Nova Scotia saw our license plate and stopped to ask us about Canada. He was in the US air school, a few miles out of Las Vegas. We drove down to have a look at Boulder Dam but arrived rather late in the day to do it up right. However, Peter and I went on the main lecture tour, which took about three-quarters of an hour. Both of us were duly awed by the stupendous workings inside the dam. It was dark when we got back up to the car again, so we bought three 35mm slides of the dam in lieu of taking our own pictures.

I can only add here that our stay at Las Vegas, Nevada, is something we can never forget. Talk about the wild and woolly West—Wow!

On Sunday, we said farewell to Las Vegas, and were soon pulling the old trailer across more desert. Near the California border, vegetation of any sort disappeared completely, and the desert became salt flats—and I mean FLAT. We took pictures, as usual, of the California state line and continued on our way through more salt flats. Then we started to climb. This was by far the longest hill I have ever seen. We climbed steadily for several miles, then at an elevation of about 5000 feet, we looked on the desert and hills behind us. To be quite frank, we were temporarily disappointed in California—it looked too much like Nevada, and Arizona to fit in with our preconceptions.

We watched the sun go down as we traversed the mountain pass, and finally found a trailer park at Baker. This was operated by the "Death Valley Garage." The proprietor had a little monkey whose antics had the children in fits of

laughter for the rest of the evening. A look around revealed a "bob-tail" cat in a cage behind the gas station. The flower beds consisted mostly of skulls and bones of animals which we presume perished in Death Valley, a few miles north of Baker. After supper, Doris and I had a musical evening at the piano in the restaurant adjoining the garage. This was very welcome, as we had not run across a piano in any of the previous places we had stayed.

Monday morning we set out for Big Bear Lake, where we were to meet our friends, Audrey and Bruce Sutherland. California continued to be mostly desert until we came into Barstow, where we stopped for gas, milk, ice, etc. After lunch, we drove on, through Victorville and then on to the foot of the San Bernardino Mountains. Will save the rest for the next release.

Cliff.

REEVE DECLARES COUNTY COUNCIL NOT NECESSARY

Cobourg, Nov. 8.—Reeve W. G. Bowles of Cartwright Township said Monday that county councils have outlived their usefulness and only duplicate what can be done just as easily by township councils.

He told the opening session of the Northumberland and Durham Council:

"I remember one day we came here and voted to attend the horse races. I get \$70 for attending the sessions and, frankly, I don't earn the money—nor do you people, either."



EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

by Don Graham

Everyone should bluff—sometimes!

Of course I do not approve of the kind of bluffing which conceals unworthy motives. But, in certain situations, I think it is desirable and even necessary to hide our real feelings from others.

For example, a doctor of my acquaintance always appeared to be in good spirits. Highly successful and widely beloved in his community, he radiated cheerfulness and goodwill toward all. And his conversation was invariably spiced with humorous comments and stories.

Yet for the last ten years of his life this man was suffering from an incurable and painful

disease! No one except his wife knew his fatal secret—a secret he kept to the very end.

What a magnificent bluff! What an inspiring example for all of us to follow when we are ill, out of sorts, worried or depressed!

By the same token, surely it is also a good policy to conceal most of our minor disappointments, annoyances, and dislikes.

If you are at all concerned about your own or your family's financial security, do not conceal that fact from everyone. Confide in your life insurance agent. He's a trained and willing advisor who can help you build a sound financial plan for the future.

Grandmother's Kettle

Grandmother's eyes would really bug out if she could see what is going on at Canada Packers Ltd., these days. Because one of the most tiresome of her household chores—soap making—is now being done in four hours.

Actually grandmother's laborious method is not as out-dated as it might seem. Most soap produced commercially is still made by her method—in kettles—and it still takes about a week. The main difference is in the size of the kettles.

The new, fast continuous flow method known as the Sharples process is the first major improvement in Soap manufacture since pioneer days.

Many women raised in rural areas can still remember the soap making job. Fat was scarce and carefully hoarded. All dripping was saved from the cooking and went into the big soap kettle along with the fat from the butchering of farm animals. The lye was

leached from ashes of burned hardwood. The rendered fat was mixed with lye and boiled. The spent lye was allowed to settle and drawn off.

Modern soap manufacturers have been using the same recipe, substituting kettles holding 50 tons for grandmother's 50 pound kettle. Live steam has replaced the old fire, but the slow process of allowing the spent lye, crude glycerine and other impurities to settle to the bottom is still in use today in most of the soaps which are on the market. And the process still takes about a week.

In the new Sharples method, a series of super-centrifuges five feet high replace the old iron kettle. They whirl at 15,000 revolutions per minute and create a force 13,200 times that of gravity. The fat and lye are poured into mixers and the terrific force of the centrifuges speeds up the process of separating the soap from the spent lye from a week to four hours, and results in a finer, better and purer soap.

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