

Editorial

A Challenge For The Chemist

It is some time since we have had a winter that has been so plagued with ice as the present one. The effects of de-icing the roads and walks with salt are not only to be seen on cars but in the homes and business places as well. The salt clings to the boots and is tracked in with resulting damage to carpets and floors. Chairman of our local roads committee reports that he receives criticism for not sanding and the same from the ladies when it is used. Lawns also suffer the inroads of

salt. We learned in history that ancient conquerors used to plow the soil of an invaded country with salt to make it unproductive.

In our day, when conveniences and accommodations are provided in almost every field one can think of, it is surprising that science has not come up with a more modern way of getting rid of the ice on modern roadways. It should be a challenge for some enterprising chemist to make a name for himself. A substitute for road salting would be a boon to homeowners as well as car owners.

Time To Own Some Equipment

The matter of Stouffville owning some of its own road maintenance equipment has been mentioned a number of times in recent years — in fact, a former councillor, Mr. Win Timbers, pointed out the need at the most recent nomination meeting. To date little has been done. This year, we understand that the town will face the purchase of a new road department truck.

This might be a good time to get started at providing more and better equipment of our own. The truck should be large enough to do more of the work required and should also be equipped to handle some of the jobs which are continually being farmed out.

Stouffville's road system is continuing to grow, and a considerable length of road has been added to the system in just the last three years. There are repairs to be made, culverts

to adjust, cleaning to be done, and a variety of jobs which can keep equipment on the go continually, providing the job is properly handled.

We have sat in many council meetings and listened to endless discussion regarding the hiring of trucks to do this, and road graders to do that, and then the problem as to whether Stouffville could get them when they were wanted — to say nothing of the rates which would raise your eyebrows. We even found the town's reeve out repairing roads with his own equipment within the last couple of years. This is ridiculous.

The time has certainly arrived when the town should own some equipment of its own which would always be available when it was wanted, and would not necessitate the continual hiring of outside equipment at fancy rates, and which is not even then, always available when wanted.

A Waste Of Time And Money

By the time the Tribune is in our readers' hands, the controversial subject centred around the C.N.R. bypass line in Pickering Township may have been concluded around the table of the Metro Planning Board. It has been unfortunate that the council has been forced to act as a go-between in this matter. In spite of numerous meetings and discussions we feel that little has been gained in concrete proposals.

On Friday evening, a hired planning consultant presented an "un-biased" report to a joint meeting of council and planning board. For a fee of \$500 plus, he presented absolutely nothing. He had been asked to give his opinion on which of two

routes through the Township would be best from a planning aspect. What did he do? He merely recommended an alternate third route. In other words, as a guide for council, he did nothing.

Council has attempted to appease two separate areas in the township and yet, at Friday's meeting, only a handful of ratepayers even took the time to attend. We understand that the cost of this "report" will cover the entire municipality. We realize that council members are municipal servants but we feel there should be a limit to their desire to assist individual groups and areas at a cost to the majority of ratepayers who are not even affected or concerned.

The Hand Writing On The Wall

Is the hamlet of Brougham to lose its recognition as the seat of municipal government in the Township of Pickering? Will the council, department heads and clerical staff be relocated at Dunbarton, Rosebank or the West Rouge in the not too distant future? We would contend that recent actions by council would suggest such a move. The members have agreed that no major renovations or repairs should be made to the present municipal building. Plans are already underway to shift the Works Department to Dunbarton. These and other lesser reasons would indicate that Pickering Township's new "capital" might well be located on a more southerly site. There is little doubt that the completion of the huge Frenchman's Bay project would be a prime factor behind such a major move.

How would the residents of Brougham feel about losing the council seat? To date, the majority broached on the subject, have expressed little or no concern over the matter. We feel, however, that although the younger generation in the hamlet may not regard the southward shift in a serious vein, the move will not be taken so lightly by the long-time residents.

We can vividly recall the year when Markham Township's municipal offices were transferred from the police village of Unionville to the hamlet of Buttonville. Residents made their feelings known, both during the early stages of controversial discussions and at the polling booths. It happened in Unionville and it may well happen in Brougham. Perhaps our predictions are somewhat premature, but we would suggest that the hand writing is on the wall.

BABY VISITS GRAMMA



Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

Went to see a Tarzan movie with the kids the other night. I looked forward to the evening. I hadn't seen Tarzan in action for nigh onto 30 years.

Well, sir, it was like going back to see an old sweetheart after 39 years, and finding the slim, pretty vench turned into a gross gap-toothed old bat in a soiled blouse.

I don't mind telling you, I came out of that theatre shocked, bewildered and disillusioned. No experience in recent years has so explicitly confirmed my creeping suspicion that the world is going to the dogs.

Now, I was not so naive as to think I'd be seeing the same Tarzan as the one of my childhood, or that the story would not be jazzed up a bit for the hard-eyed little hoodlums who hunt the movie houses today. But this Tarzan was no more like the one I watched in my salad days than Marilyn Monroe is like Mickey Rooney.

Tarzan was an influence of almost overwhelming dimensions, when I was a kid. We read all the Tarzan books. Every Saturday afternoon at the matinee, we saw two reels of a Tarzan serial that left us limp with excitement and fear, as our hero struggled in the coils of an anaconda, or went tumbling over a mile-high cliff as the episode ended. But we didn't worry all week until next Saturday. We knew he'd beat the rap.

I dreamed about him. I suffered innumerable contusions and sprains trying to swing through a maple tree the way he swung through the trees of the jungle. In the privacy of The Sandpit, I practised calling the apes as he did. Before going to sleep at night, I found my way silently but indomitably, through hordes of black warriors, with nothing but my knife and a last-minute assist from Tantor the Elephant.

My Tarzan was a mature man, with craggy features, wearing a shaggy animal's skin, his straight black hair falling almost to his shoulders. The

Tarzan in this movie the other night was a baby-faced pretty-boy wearing a tailored leopard-skin, and he had OIL on his carefully-curled hair.

My Tarzan swung through the jungle, from tree to tree, in great, swooping arcs that had your heart in your throat with envy. This jerk the other night made only one swing on a vine, a little hop of about fourteen feet.

My Tarzan was a friend of most of the animals in the jungle. But he didn't hesitate to stab an ornery lion to death, or crack the neck of an owly gorilla. This beach athlete the other night couldn't kill anything but people, and he shot at them with arrows, from behind a tree, if you can believe it. I blushed for him.

My Tarzan was a simple, proud man. He couldn't even speak English. When he was with the girl, she'd try to teach him. The words would be flashed on the screen. She'd say: "Me Jane. You Tarzan," and he'd repeat: "Me Jane. You Tarzan." And she'd giggle prettily and say: "No. Me Jane. You Tarzan." And he'd finally get it.

But he really wasn't interested in girls, and at that time, neither were we kids. We'd scuffle and grab each other's hats and horse around until the "love" part was over, and our hero was back in action, churning across the river with the crocodiles snapping at his heels, and us sitting on the edge of our seats, teeth and fists clenched, pulling up our heels in sympathy.

This locker-room bum the other night was simple enough, but he wasn't proud. He had about as much dignity as Elvis. Instead of striding through the jungle as though he owned it, he skulked around like a juvenile delinquent looking for an old man to beat up.

But what got me was the plot. In the old Tarzan films, animals were killed, but only in self-defence, or for food. In this epic

we saw the other night, there were no less than five horrible deaths, all people. One got an arrow through the heart. A beautiful girl was impaled on stakes in a pit. Another fellow was pushed down a mine shaft. A fourth was shoved over a cliff and landed flat on his back on a rock. Even young Kim, case-hardened by many a Saturday afternoon of cowboys and Indians cutting each other down flinched at the sight of a man stumbling into quicksand and sinking, screaming horribly, out of sight.

In my day, the movie-makers didn't have to rig up trouble like that for Tarzan's enemies. He took care of it himself. There he'd be tied to a stake, the native warriors dancing around him, shaking torches in his face. Old Tarz would just rear back, bellow his ape call, and in a few minutes, hundreds of his brother-apes would pour over the palisades and chase the black fellows, while a horde of his elephant friends tromped down the whole Watusi village.

Maybe I'm just getting cranky, and old. But when savagery and vigorous violence are replaced by sadism and psychopaths, I think it's time the crocodiles finally caught up to Tarzan, and finished him off, once and for all.

Editor's Mail

Mr. Editor:

Reeve Garland Lehman should not try to discredit citizens of his village — even though those citizens have shown contempt for him and for his council — by distorting the truth.

Our estimable reeve is reported in your last issue as saying that the septic tank on my property has been giving trouble for years.

The fact is that during the 9 years since I moved back to Stouffville this tank has given little trouble to me and none to anyone else — until last summer.

The principle behind the licensing of tradesmen, at least as it is understood by organizations less benighted than our council, is the protection of the citizen. The tradesman who promises to do a job within a specified time, and by his failure to keep that promise costs a citizen money, is just as guilty as the tradesman who costs the citizen money by doing the job improperly. Getting down to cases, I would never have been haled into court and fined if Mr. Garnet had done the job when he said he would do it.

Failure of the Stouffville Council to recognize these facts and to act upon them makes nonsense out of the whole principle of licensing. But this, of course, was to be expected — as we've seen in the recent police railroading which replaced a superior man by two inferior ones — our Council has a certain myopia when it comes to principle.

Mr. Henry Slack is, of course, excepted from these strictures.

Sincerely,
Allan Sangster

About one in five Americans suffer from tired eyes because of lack of glasses when they are needed or the wearing of wrong glasses. Fortunately, the eyes of a healthy person seemingly never lose the ability to recover from eyestrain.

The Constitution of the Republic of India came into force January 26, 1950. Under it, India became a sovereign republic while voluntarily retaining her membership in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

FOR PARENTS ONLY

By NANCY CLEAVER

STORIES ABOUT ROBERT BURNS

"There may be grander names than Burns, but none that comes the heart so near."

Two hundred years ago, on January 25, 1759, in a thatched clay cottage on a farm at Alloway, Agnes, wife of William Burnes, gave birth to her first child, Robert. When he was only a day old he was baptized by the Reverend Wm. Dalrymple of the Established Church in Ayr and his surname was entered in the church register with the 'e', as Robert Burns, not Burnes.

A brother, Gilbert, was born the next year and it was he who in later years related this incident to Dr. James Currie of Liverpool, who, after the poet's death, edited his "poetical remains." "One very stormy morning, when my brother was nine or ten days old, a little before daylight, a part of the gable fell out. The rest appeared so shattered, that my mother with Robert had to be carried through the storm to a neighbor's house where they remained a week until our own dwelling was adjusted." In after life Burns commented, "No wonder that one ushered into the world amidst tempest should be the victim of stormy passions!"

Tradition says that the Scottish national anthem, "Scots, Who Hae We Wallace Bleed!" which was written by Burns in 1793, was composed when riding over Galloway moor with a Mr. J. Syme in the midst of a fierce tempest. These lines were sent, along with some other verses, as a gift to Mr. Perry, Editor of the London Morning Chronicle. This editor had offered Burns a job at five guineas a week as Occasional Correspondent. Burns felt that he must refuse, but in the present of his verses he showed his gratitude.

"Who would fill a coward's grave?" Burns asks in the second verse of "Scots, Who Hae," and it is to J. G. Lockhart's Life of Burns, 1828, that we owe this story of the poet's own fearlessness: A suspicious-looking brig had been discovered in Colway Firth. Burns was one of the party to watch her motions. She got into shallow water. Her crew seemed numerous and well armed, so a request was sent to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons. When the dragoons arrived, Burns, putting himself at their head, waded sword in hand to the brig, and was the first to board her. The crew lost heart and submitted, though their numbers were greater. All her arms and stores were sold next day.

As a young lad working in the fields, Burns was always ready to cheer and assist the younger laborers. One little chap, "Wee Davie," Burns often carried home from work on his shoulders. A story of his kindness to an old minister is recounted in "Burns-By-Himself," by Henderson. One evening several guests at Kenmore were sailing down

Loch Ken, when suddenly the barge grounded and everyone except old Mr. Gillespie, the parish minister, jumped out. He was too feeble to jump and said he would wait in the boat till the others returned. Burns instantly slipped into the water, which came up to his knees, and managed to get Mr. Gillespie onto his shoulders. One of the other men exclaimed, laughing, "Well Burns, of all men you are the last I should have expected to see priest-riding!" Everyone except Burns laughed, but the poet carried his burden silently through the reeds to the land.

On a trip with Dr. James Adair the two men were guests of Mrs. Bruce of Clackmannan Tower, a lady of ninety. His hostess believed herself to be a descendant of Bruce and she owned the hero's two-handed sword. She conferred the order of knighthood on Burns, remarking that she had a better right to do it than some people!

Burns loved company, but one night in March he sat sad and alone drying his clothes, wet from the rain, by a fire in a country inn. In his diary he wrote, "In pops a poor fellow of a sodger and tells me he is going to Ayr. By heavens, I say to myself on a tide of good spirits, which the magic of that word conjures up. Ayr on the River Doon — and this evening I sketch out a song." This was the inspiration for "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon."

In Lindsay's biography of Burns he recounts an encounter with a boy which the poet delighted to recall. Burns and William Nicol were on a tour and at Cullen they asked a lad to ride with them and guide them on their way. Nicol asked the boy if he knew any of Mr. Burns' poems. He nodded. His father had made him read them. "But I like best," he said, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," although it made be greet (cry) when my father had me read it to my mother." There was silence for a moment and then Burns said to the boy, "I don't wonder at you. It made me greet more than once when I was writing it at my father's bedside."

WHAT IS THE SKUNK BLACKBIRD?
The Bobolink. It is often called Skunk Blackbird because the summer plumage of the male is black with white on the back. The female closely resembles a large sparrow. The male bobolink is noted as a remarkable singer. Bobolinks are found in meadows and hayfields, and are more common in Eastern Canada than in the Western Provinces. They winter as far south as southern Brazil.

A nickel-chromium-iron alloy in the form of hairsprings of watches, costs about \$50,000 a pound — 100 times the cost of gold.

Legislature to Convene on Jan. 26th

Premier Leslie Frost announced last week that the 26th session of the provincial legislature will open Tuesday, Jan. 26. The opening is a day earlier than last year, to enable the assembly to spread sessional work over a longer period. Prorogation is usually a week before Easter.

Prior to 1956 the House always opened in February, which crowded sessional work into a short period and caused numerous night sittings.

Opposition forces number 27 as opposed to 71 Progressive Conservative members. The Opposition is composed of 21 Liberals

headed by leader John Wintermeyer, Waterloo North; one Liberal-Labor member, and five members of the CCF party, headed by Donald C. MacDonald, York South.

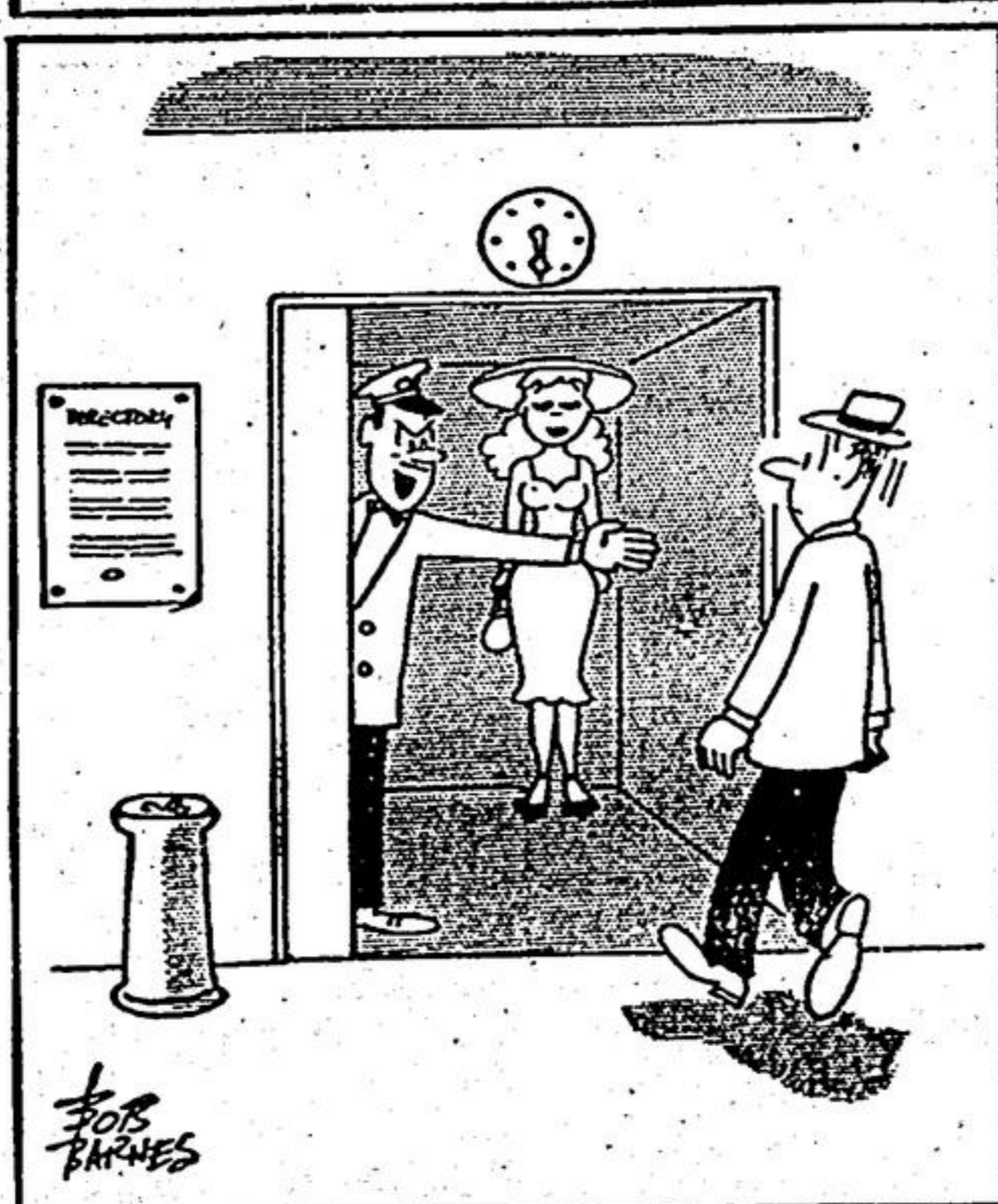
Both Opposition parties are expected to attack the government's newly created department of energy resources on a large range of issues, including export of natural gas and the functions of the Ontario fuel board, which it now has under its jurisdiction.

Other areas of contention are the government's proposed amendments to the Labor Relations Act and its attitude towards farm marketing problems.

TIMELY TIPS

Check windbreaks and snow-fences this winter to see if you need extra plants or better placement of fences, advises Frank Theakston, O.A.C. engineer. The snowdrift patterns in the yard will give you an idea of how effective your snow stops are. Two ideas: a row of shrubs around an old grove will vastly increase a windbreak's effectiveness; and the height and the distance from buildings of the snowfence control its ability to keep snow out of the yard.

LAFF OF THE WEEK



"Sorry, next car, please."

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