

DISTRICT SPORT NEWS

"And What Did The Big Bad Wolf Say?"



This picture, taken from an unusual angle, was supervised by the Recreation Committee look on. Deidre Hunt, a leader, keeps an eye on things also. Normally a Mrs. Fred Israel and Mrs. M. Stephenson of Richmond Hill screen hides the operators of the puppets but in this case Public Library entertaining a group of youngsters in the the photographer insisted on it being removed so that the four to seven class with a puppet play—"Little Red Riding Hood"—as older patrons of the summer playgrounds

Snider Collects 4th Win In Pinecrest's 12th Meet

A burned-out brake band in his left front wheel stopped Richmond Hill's Jack Cook Saturday night at Pinecrest Speedway. In close pursuit of Unionville's Sam Snider in the 17th lap, Cook's wheel jammed and started a pile-up that brought on a restart—without Cook. The Richmond Hill colours were carried from that point on by veteran Murray Acreman, who finished fifth.

Snider emerged with his fourth stock car feature win of the season's 12 meets. Newcomer Craig Hill of London was runner-up for the second week in a row. Defending points champion Mac Bound of Scarborough captured third spot and his 12 points on the night matched Snider's total. Bound leads Snider, 119-105, with Milliken's George Symons third, at 99. Cook is fourth with 85, Richmond Hill man Dave Stephenson, idle Saturday, still holds son, idle Saturday, still holds sixth at 72, and Acreman is in eighth with 57.

Weston's Betty Carcone won her seventh ladies' feature and now has a comfortable 16-point lead over Willowdale's Jo Cresswell, 106-90.

Gerry Campbell of Port Credit bolstered his lead in the jalopy points standing by winning his second victory of the season in the second heat. He leads Aurora's Bob Strachan, 37-31, with Ed Bell of Oshawa two points further back. Jack Vance of Markham won the first heat.

Dave Donaldson of Toronto manoeuvred his little imported compact car so skillfully in the crowd-pleasing "Wreck 'em" assault that the spectators voted to share the prize between him and Brampton's Hank Lenstra.



Fur, Fin & Campfire

By Stan Schendal, Gunsmith, Richmond Hill

Hi and hello again!

This week I'm going to deal with survival in the woods. Many people who hunt or go camping or just plain wandering through thick bush sometimes find that they are lost, and each and every year somebody perishes in the woods simply because of two things that arise before common-sense steps into the picture. They are fear and the urge for survival. Man, in his desire for the latter, panics and loses his sense of judgment and then perishes.

People often enter the woods with too little or too much of the things which might be needed. A knife is a "must" — either a penknife or a hunting knife will do. A compass, some strong twine and matches — in a metal container to keep out moisture. In the winter, of course, the cold is the worst feature.

A hunter generally goes into the woods on a runway or on watch with the knowledge that he will be out for a certain time. He asks himself, "Do I need all this extra gear?" It happens every year that men get lost going on a watch or coming back. Sometimes they wound a deer and start tracking it, getting deeper and deeper into thick woods, which all look the same.

I know. I have spent a lot of time in there. Now, assuming you get lost, what would you do as daylight starts to disappear and night sneaks in on you? You try to get out, only getting in deeper and deeper. Finally you find yourself without any arrangements to spend the night in the woods. You have no water or wood for a fire and there you are.

When you find daylight fading away and you know that you are lost start preparing for the night. Try to find a stream. If it's winter and the streams are frozen there's snow. Start preparing a lean-to against the cold wind. Pack pine branches outside and make a bed of them on the ground inside your little hut. In winter scrape the snow away first. Start getting in your fire-wood. Get lots — even in summer the nights seem long and cold. Get it going early. It will give you light to find more wood. And it will help tremendously in getting rid of that "lost" feeling.

When making your camp, try

to locate on a ridge, unless there is a strong wind blowing. By doing this you will help those who by now are looking for you. Your fire will show up that much better.

When daylight comes you can often find your way out by climbing a tree or if you are on a high ridge you can perhaps see your way out. But, if you are still lost, keep that fire going. With damp or green wood you can create enough smoke to make a good signal. Remain in the area. By trying to find a way out you only get deeper into the woods nine times out of ten.

You may get hungry — but you can stand a long time without food if you can find water. Next week I will tell you how to eat if you are in the woods for a few days or longer. See you then.

STAN

Balding's Putter Effective Weapon For Championship

The veteran Al Balding won the Millar Trophy, the winner's share of the purse and the traditional tartan jacket, in six extra holes over the up and coming George Knudson. During the first eighteen holes, a ding-dong battle that had Knudson leading a good part of the way, ended with both players all even.

The large gallery of spectators were treated to extra-hole play and the tension was terrific on every shot. It wasn't until the 24th hole was reached that Balding was able to sink a six-foot putt with Knudson just missing one six inches longer, that the match was decided.

It was Balding's potent putter that had kept him in contention throughout the match. Time and again, when he needed it most, he was able to drop long putts and stay right along with the sensational young Mr. Knudson.

Reg Acomb had his New Uplands course really sharpened up for the event and golfers, spectators and the press were accorded every facility. Mr. Acomb proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that, as a producer of golf spectacles, he has few peers.

In a few years George Knudson should be the hottest golfer in Canada. After the Millar wind-up at the Uplands course, Knudson gave a golfing demonstration at another course. Just how cool, calm and collected can an individual be?

Work Progressing On Local Course Mr. Griffin Reports

Weather has slowed progress on the golf course being built at the north end of town, overlapping into Vaughan Township, Mr. John Griffin of Griffin Contracting Co. Ltd. owners of the property told "The Liberal" this week. However, it is hoped to start seeding in September, with the course being ready for play next year.

Plans for the club-house are complete, Mr. Griffin said, with the prospect being that it would also be ready for use next year. The land on which the course is situated has been a matter of public discussion in council and planning board circles recently, with a suggestion being made to Vaughan Township Council by Richmond Hill Town Council that its category should be changed to permit the proper type of zone classification. The matter will be dealt with at the re-convening of the Ontario Municipal Board hearing in connection with Vaughan Township's official plan scheduled for August 1st.

New Coach Named To Handle Zeros

Richmond Hill Zeros, local intermediate entry in the Ontario Lacrosse Association, have appointed a new coach. Perry Standeven of Toronto has extensive lacrosse experience, having played with the old Maitland team and also with Richmond Hill and Bradford.

Scotty Johnson will move up to an executive spot as assistant to manager Marsh Amos when Standeven assumes his coaching duties. The acquisition of Standeven's services as coach have raised playoff hopes high in the breasts of the club executive.

BOLTON — Building permits issued in Albion township this year constitute an all-time record. Most of it is residential,

Lake Simcoe District Popular With Campers

Provincial Parks are continuing to draw large numbers of picnickers and campers to enjoy facilities in the 7 parks, now in operation, in the Lake Simcoe District. According to Parks Supervisor Arnold Selwood at Maple, nearly 22,000 daily vehicle permits have been issued to date and over 11,500 seasonal vehicle permits. Sibbald Point Park, near Sutton, continues to have the largest number of campers with nearly 5,000 permits issued slightly more than half the total issued for the district - to date. Slightly more than 2,000 campers' permits have been issued at Bass Lake, near Orillia, and 1,400 at the newly developed Park at Six-mile Lake north of Port Severn.

Baseball Results

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE
All games were rained out and will be replayed at a later date.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
Phillies 11, Giants 6
Cardinals 23, Colonels 10
Cubs, default, Rangers, default
Braves 31, Dodgers 17

Pirates 9, Reds 0

Standings:
Cardinals 12
Phillies 10
Colonels 10
Pirates 8
Reds 6
Braves 6
Dodgers 6
Giants 4
Rangers 2
Cubs 0

AMERICAN LEAGUE
Athletics 34, Indians 3
Twins 9, White Sox 0
Senators 16, Red Sox 10
Angels 16, Orioles 5
Yankees vs Tigers: Scores were not phoned in

Standings:
Athletics 10
Twins 10
Red Sox 8
Yankees 8
Angels 8
Senators 6
Indians 6
Orioles 2
Tigers 2
White Sox 0

These are the scores of the rained out games for July 5, 1961.
Senators 9, Indians 0
Tigers 11, Orioles 8
Athletics 21, White Sox 4



Diary of a Vagabond

MORE REASONS WHY NORTHLAND LURES

Famous fishing lakes in northern Ontario bush country look like green tea that has been steeped for centuries. Calm, dark, sometimes shading almost to ebony in their great depth, their shorelines drop invariably from tree-line to the burial ground of old trees time and weather have cast beneath the water's edge.

When I peered over the side of the boat to see the bottom of Shoo Fly Lake, I realized only a native bushman could find the underwater gardens where water carrot grow. This is a favorite fodder of moose, whose herds are increasing in the hunting areas north of Capreol, Ontario. Pete Chenier, my guide during a recent fishing adventure, found one of these gardens for me. It was in a sandy bay and because I asked what the peculiar looking objects were, seen floating on the water like dead fish, bellies up, Pete jockeyed the boat nearer shore. He explained, last year's growth that was not devoured by moose floats to the surface when the new crop germinates.

Pete's nature lore was fascinating. While we trolled the bays and inlets he taught me how to recognize a "live" beaver house and those that had been abandoned. My city eyes were soon able to spot beaver slides, which are paths worn through the woods to the water's edge, where these industrious small animals haul the poplars they fell for eating and construction. I learned about the banker beaver too, one of nature's renegades, who finds a hole in the lake's bank and subsists on the bark from poplar logs that drift by. These lazy types never make any effort to joint a house, or do their stint of building.

Rain, which came down in spasmodic deluges, could not dampen our fishing ardor. Before we left shore, Pete found a pail of plastic pants in the truck and offered them to me to pull over my slacks. They were about as manageable as a bowlful of jello on the edge of a volcano. Everytime I moved from boat to shore they would slip to half mast, get tangled with pole and paddle and send Pete into hysterics.

Most of the time I sat in the prow of the boat in ecstatic misery with small rivulets running off my slicker hood into the tops of my fancy shoes, my line trailing far behind the boat with a lure attached which apparently no fish could resist. With beginner's luck I got more nibbles than a penny stock salesman, but womanlike, I wished I had swallowed hooks with my lunch every time Pete removed the lure from a catch with a pair of pliers. I shuddered with unsportsmanlike anguish when he hooked the fish through the gills and hung it over the side of the boat on a chain.

Pete assured me I would eventually become accustomed to it. Sure enough, the fascination of waiting for that tug on my line was soon greater than my dreaded anticipation of having to land a flipping, flopping, slithery hunk of fish flesh.

Indian Fire Best
Pete Chenier's eyes know the portent of every cloud. A drizzle can be endured, but when I heard Pete say, "Reel in fast", I knew we were headed for the biggest spruce tree on shore to seek shelter from a down-pour. Peeling soggy bark from a dead birch, he quoted Canada's first citizens, "White man build big fire, burn face - freeze backside; Indian build little fire, soon warm all through."

My woodsman guide knows the danger of fire in the bush. He saw Shoo Fly Lake burned over in 1941. Each time we had to take shelter ashore to dry out our sodden selves, he took pains when the skies cleared to scatter the fire, douse it with water and wait until the last ember had died. Pete reveres the privilege of fishing and hunting in this northland country. He never misses an opportunity to impress anglers and hunters with the hazard of fire.

Canada's Isolationists
These northern camp operators I wager, are the only Canadian taxpayers who are not clamoring for bigger and better road systems. They are content to drive the lumber tote roads that lace the bush and would jar the molars out of a brass monkey. When they want access to a lake by a new route, they commandeer the help of native Indians and blaze a new trail. A northern bushman knows every pot hole on these wooded roads. In the spring when trucks that take anglers from one lake to another get mired they calmly cut down a few poplars, Jack up their vehicle to bridge the muck and are soon on their way.

"The CN transcontinental line is all the transportation we need. It brings in our supplies, our guests and their gear," said Mary Chenier, who is the only woman camp owner I could discover in that region. "Our business would soon be ruined if good roads made it possible to gain easy access by car to these lakes. Earnest anglers and hunters are only satisfied when they can get away from civilization and wrestle with nature."

If you could roll all the old cliches such as "last frontier, new horizons and pioneer spirit" into one, you would have a pretty accurate picture of Mary Chenier and her railway-foreman husband, Pete, their characteristics and life in the backwoods. Though the opportunity has presented itself for them to live all year round in the settled railway junction community of Capreol, Mary's love of the bush country is only satisfied when she is coping with encroaching nature.

Some years ago, when Pete was transferred as a section foreman from Felix to Capreol, they sold their camp at Shoo Fly Lake. Mary, who can fell trees, shoot like a man, bake bread and churn butter, hungered for the woods where she had learned to survive by her wits. That is why Chenier's Camp came into existence. While Pete continues with his railway job, only guiding on his days off, Mary runs the camp.

I could understand a little how she felt when I stood in that vast cathedral of trees and sky listening to the stir of wild life and learning something of the excitement of the kill, whether it be fish, fowl or bigger game. Mary is content that the only evidence of modern civilization in her woody world is a flag stop on a through railroad.

Pheasant, Grouse Season Announced

Open season for pheasants and ruffed grouse, recently announced by the Department of Lands and Forests will be October 18-28 for Vaughan, King, Markham and Whitchurch townships.

Hours of shooting will be 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. The bag limit for pheasants will be three per day of which not more than one shall be a hen. Rifles will not be permitted.

The bag limit for grouse will be five birds per day with a possession limit of 20 in the aggregate.

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HEADFORD NEWS

CORRESPONDENT: MISS CORA BRODIE
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Sharon Rumble is a counsellor at the C.G.I.T. camp for girls at Lake Simcoe for a few weeks.

Elizabeth Barker and Dorothy Jackson of Downsview have arrived home from their trip to the West Coast. They have travelled over 8,000 miles, and by all accounts had a wonderful trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Henricks and Joe of Belleville visited at the home of Mrs. N. Brodie and family on Saturday afternoon.

The Vacation School is over for another year. A big thank-you is extended to all leaders and helpers who helped make it a success again.

Dr. (Rev.) and Mrs. A. F. Binnington are on vacation during the month (August), but there will be church at the regular time every Sunday with Mr. Robin Wood conducting.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Huitson (nee Margaret Brodie) were married in Headford United Church on July 22.

Birthday Greetings to Mrs. Jim Curtis, for August 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Horner had their wee daughter, Marilyn Carol, christened last Sunday.

We welcome to our community, the Newbreds, Mr. and Mrs. Ian L. nott of Shelburne. They are residing in the apartment at Wes. Middleton's. Mrs. Knott will be the teacher at Headford School in the fall.

John Rumble and relatives spent the week-end at Irondele.

Mrs. Hugh Deverell is still in St. Michael's Hospital for another few weeks.

Prior to her marriage on July 22 to Mr. Jim Huitson, Miss Margaret Brodie was entertained at several showers and presentations. Miscellaneous showers were given by Miss Beverly Burr; Mrs. C. A. Curtis and Mrs. J. Mortson, Newmarket, and Mrs. Vern Meiklejohn, with a community shower at the home of Mrs. Stewart Rumble. Presentations were made by the staff of

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