

# Editorials

# Tribune

## A 'dream' worth considering

The Main Street of Stouffville to become one large shopping mall?

Not to-morrow, agreed, but certainly a possibility in the foreseeable future - not only in Stouffville, but other villages and towns of similar size throughout the Province.

The idea has been introduced by Planning Board member, Reg MacKay and, at a meeting, March 12, it was accorded much favorable comment. We feel, the suggestion has definite merit.

We all know however, that such a 'dream' can never become a reality until a new bypass system of roads is completed, to the north and south. This two-way connecting link between concessions 9 and 10 is already on the

drawing board and as development proceeds, construction will be completed.

Roads around the town will relieve the present 'bottleneck' that now exists and eventually make it possible to close off the main business core to all vehicular traffic.

The area under consideration by Mr. MacKay, would extend from O'Brien Avenue on the west to Church Street on the east. In effect, it would mean the complete re-development of the entire downtown section.

It has to come - sometime. Planning Board is to be commended for thinking in this direction - now.

## Abandon the wolf bounty

During recent years, people have allowed themselves to become more involved in governmental issues and decisions. They speak out against legislation that they personally feel is not in the best interests of the municipality, a county, a province or the country as a whole.

It's a thing called 'participatory democracy', and it's good, providing opposing views are based on fact and alternative proposals are practical.

One decision, that has suddenly aroused the concern - even anger among many residents in both York and Ontario Counties, is the placing of a bounty on wolves that supposedly roam this area.

The decision is by no means new - in fact, to our knowledge, it's been in force for years. But the longevity of a law doesn't make it right. In fact, we feel it's archaic - a policy born out of a fairy tale. It should be abandoned.

Man - or some men, gain delight from the sheer act of killing. Place a price on the would-be victims' head and the desire to destroy is increased. No other reason or excuse is necessary.

The County claims too many wolves kill too many deer.

The Dept. of Lands and Forests claims that there are too many deer around anyway. So approval is granted to kill off both. It doesn't make sense.

## Keep the cork on

Excessive consumption of alcohol affects different people in different ways.

Some become unusually gay and play the part of a 'clown'.

Others become increasingly abusive, a source of irritation to everyone around. There were samples of both in the Stouffville Arena, Saturday night.

The 'gay' patrons caused no trouble. The abusive ones could have and would have, if given the opportunity.

Fortunately, police personnel were out

in force and discouraged conduct of this kind. Several arrests were made.

It seems strange that hockey games, like so many social functions, cannot be enjoyed by a certain few unless their presence is accompanied by a 'bottle'.

Since the arena is a public place, this practice is illegal - and rightly so.

We share no sympathy whatever for those who are caught. We do sympathize however, with the players and legitimate fans who must endure this type of aggravation.

## Editor's mail

Dear Sir:

Although I lived in the Stouffville area for nearly ten years and although I've often been proud of this fact, I'm beginning to have second thoughts about it.

As a non-resident I realize I may be speaking out of turn, but I feel that public attention needs to be drawn to a news item which appeared in your paper Feb. 26.

This item seemed to be congratulating deputy-reeve Dowswell of Uxbridge Township for increasing the bounty paid to hunters for wolves taken in the township. While I realize that they probably have increased in number - probably due to the related increase in the number of deer, I cannot see why they must be the object of a mass eradication program.

Wolves are one of our counties fast disappearing species, especially the more civilized (and in this context I use the term loosely) areas. They prey mostly on small mammals, rabbits, moles, mice etc. and seldom if ever are a threat to sheep if they have sufficient food from normal sources. I cannot see that they would be a threat to cattle, or that poultry, which are mostly kept confined in "egg factories", would be endangered. Wolves are no threat to man. In fact they probably would have as little to do with him as possible being as he is such an unpredicable species. I realize that most people are intimidated by "big wild animals" but because we fear something for no good reason is no justification for killing it.

(It's like killing snakes that consume tons of harmful insects, birds and rodents in a year.)

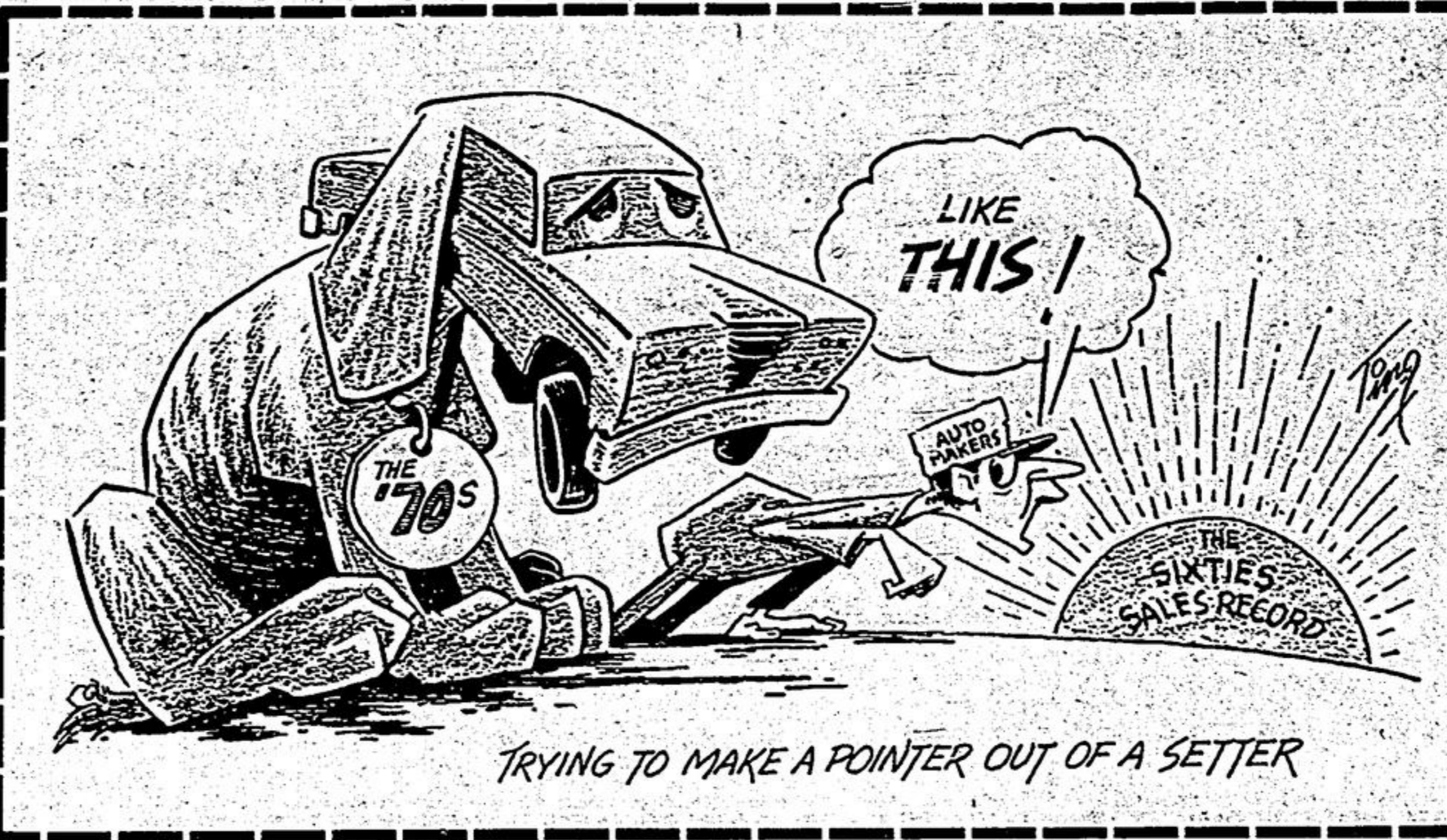
Wolves have been shown, by Lands and Forests biologists, to be highly intelligent animals. They have disproved the allegation that they prey mainly on large animals - they're just too hard to catch. Wolves have a very regulated life. They mate for life, if a mother and father are destroyed another family will take over the care of the orphan kits.

One biologist even recounts seeing the male and female leave the den and in their absence an unmated uncle of the kits "baby sitting".

Nature has set up a miraculous system of balances so that no species becomes over-abundant and encroaches on the life of another species. When there are no predators, like the wolf, to feed on plant eating animals they become very abundant and overrun even man's plants, getting him enraged and causing the whole system to break down.

The increase in the bounty, therefore, serves no useful purpose, except to incite thoughtless men to eradicate a majestic animal that we could all learn a lesson from. I would ask that this stupid move be reversed and that concerned people of your area let Reeve Dowswell know that he's not doing your environment any great favour. Furthermore ask that these animals be protected as they are part of God's or nature's way of keeping itself clean and healthy and in check.

John Sargeant  
Chilliwick,  
B.C.



TRYING TO MAKE A POINTER OUT OF A SETTER

# ROAMING AROUND

## 'Wally's' night to shine

By Jim Thomas

It was Saturday night and Bobby Orr was playing the Toronto Maple Leafs.

It was also hockey night in Stouffville. And thirteen hundred fans had pried themselves loose from in front of their T.V. screens to watch the home-town Juveniles take on Sutton-Keswick in the sixth game of the Ontario semi-finals.

I was the 1,299th person to enter the rink, sandwiched like a proverbial sardine between a Sutton woman's left elbow and a semi-vertical roof support. It hurt to breathe.

As the two teams emerged from their respective dressing rooms, led by their respective netminders, the lady in question, leaned over to her companion and whispered quite audibly and almost seriously - Hey, look at that - Stouffville's got a girl in their goal.

The reference was obvious. She had spied the great wad of black, wavy locks, emerging from under the rear of a protective face mask and flowing down to partially cover the wearer's shoulders.

While the woman didn't know it, she was soon to learn that Harold 'Wally' Crowder was certainly no girl, but surely all guy. For sixty stop-time minutes, he guarded his meshy bastion faultlessly, turning aside every assortment of 'missile' his rivals could lob his way.

Not only was he 'bombed' from below, but also from above. Rival fans in an upstairs balcony used him as a target for their pent-up frustrations. For 'Wally', one of the colorful hockey characters to come Stouffville's way in many a year, it was all in a night's work.

Harold Crowder, 19, stands an even six feet tall and tips the scales at 180 pounds. He's a Jacques Plante type of goaltender who holds to his crease when under attack and forces the forward to make his move. On occasions however, he gets the 'wanderlust' and strays far from his cage to pick up a loose puck.

'Wally' has come up through Stouffville's minor hockey ranks, first as a forward and then in the nets because, as he puts it 'I didn't skate so well'.

If he had a choice however, he'd much rather play out front - and has, on several occasions. At mid-season this year, he suffered a broken right hand during a game with Coppins' Corners in the Uxbridge League. When the injury had mended, he performed at right wing, showing the same kind of enthusiasm he now displays between the pipes. "Playing forward is more fun - that's all I play for - the fun. In goal, it's too tense".

'Wally' is the kind of player that excites crowds - be they friend or foe. On Saturday, he skated to the boards and exchanged words with an over-exuberant fan. "The guy challenged me to come, so I went," he said. At the other end of the rink, he was pelted with paper cups, peanuts and other miscellaneous missiles. The police were called by officials to restore order.

"I don't mind their talking," he said, "but when they start throwing things, that's different. You never know what they might throw". He's the first to admit that even his 'cushion' of hair would afford little protection.

'Wally' admits that his longish locks are the subject of some ridicule, not from his own mates, but from visiting players and fans. He has no intentions of lopping them off however, even after the hockey season ends.

Right now, the only thing that separates 'Wally' and his team from an Ontario Championship is a club from Aylmer. They treated Stouffville rather badly last year when the two met for the Title. "I was bombed," he recalls.

'Wally' has this score and two others he'd like to settle. It's his last season in Juvenile ranks. He'd like to leave a winner. But first and foremost, it's for Jake-Jake Harman, the coach.

"He deserves a championship. He's given hockey a lot of hours - a lot of years. He's a good coach - a great guy. The next series, we're playing for him".

We all are.

## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Sun shines a day at a time

By BILL SMILEY



This has been quite a winter, in more ways than one. Cold, snow, cold, snow. When it wasn't cold enough to freeze the brains of a brass monkey, God, or the weatherman, or somebody, let fly with the confetti as though it were the biggest wedding in the world.

And I'm stuck with three females: broody wife, a moody daughter, and a pregnant cat. So things haven't exactly looked up as spring hides well around that corner.

However, there are always bright spots, and I've had a fair share of them. Terry Barker took me to task, in a long, intelligent letter in rebuttal to a rather disgruntled column I wrote about teaching. He didn't convince me, but let's say that I am a little more disgruntled than I was.

There are deep and satisfying rewards in teaching, along with the frustration, red tape and the feeling that you're hopelessly entangled in a huge cobweb. There's a real thrill in seeing young people grapple and grope with new ideas, and light up as the ideas get through.

Then I had a thoughtful letter from a Qualium Beach, B.C., reader enclosing a clipping from the North Battleford (Sask.) News-Optimist stating that "Bill Smiley is by far our most popular syndicated columnist." That's great for the

old ego, which needs a little balm once in a while.

Another ego-booster was an invitation to speak to the Vimy Branch, Royal Canadian Legion, a unique organization in London, Ont. It meets only twice a year, to observe Remembrance Day and Vimy Day. A charming and kind chap called Joyce Roadhouse made the contact, pointing out that it was a toss-up between me and some Major-General. The branch is studded with Brigadiers, Colonels and Wing Commanders, and there was a terrible temptation to take advantage of this chance to stand up and tell the brass what I've always thought of them. But I had to decline.

However, the brightest spot of all has been the tremendous and moving response to a recent column about my daughter. Every day letters have been coming in from all over Canada, full of sympathy and warmth. Many of them have been addressed to Kim herself.

Old friends have rallied round, and complete strangers have taken time to write cheering, encouraging letters and cards. This has not restored my faith in human nature, because I've never lost it, but it has bolstered it.

Here's an excerpt from a typical letter. "Whatever happens, don't blame yourselves. It's very easy to do this as parents. You did what most of us try to

do - you taught her to stand on her own feet - and let her go. She fell. So she'll get up again and be twice the girl she was before."

And here's another. "Dear Bill: Detected grave concern beneath your casual request for a prayer. I have solicited our Father on your daughter's behalf and I feel that He has answered your prayer. May God bless you and yours in the name of his son Jesus Christ." That was all from a complete stranger.

From Red Deer came a long letter full of scriptural comfort and the assurance that his (or her) prayers would be with us. Others sent prayers that had helped them in time of trouble.

This is only a sampling. I am not an emotional or sentimental person. My wife calls me Old Stoneface. But it has touched me deeply that so many people have tried to communicate with, and help, a stranger. Sometimes a columnist feels that he is writing in a great, cold void. It's not a good feeling.

Now I know better, and I will be of good heart. Meanwhile, we live a day at a time, the sun shines, spring is on its way. Thank you all. It's good to know that there is still a great deal of human kindness in a world that sometimes looks a bit bleak.

Dear Sir: May I take a little of your time to find out if anything has been done to return the handle to the pump at the well on Windsor Drive at Musselman's Lake.

I have three children, ages four, three and two. I have to get my water from a neighbor. When they go away and lock up their house, I have to wait till they come back.

My husband is a truck driver and only makes \$85 a week. By the time we pay our rent, buy food and clothing, we don't have much money left for water.

I have been talking to the man who took the handle. He has water at his cottage. I'd like to know what right he had to remove it. He apparently didn't get permission from anyone here. I guess he only thinks of his own comfort. He doesn't even live up here in the winter. He doesn't care about the poor people with children who do. Maybe if we all join together and fight hard enough, we can beat this thing. I'm fed

up with having to go out every day and beg for water.

Mrs. J. McIntyre,  
R.R. 2, Stouffville.

Editor's Note: The Tribune has been in touch with the gentleman who dismantled the pump. He acted under instructions from the cottager who looked after this previously. It was done to prevent damage by freezing. The problem will be placed on the agenda for discussion when the Association meets this summer.

Dear Sir:

I would like to know what is going to be done about these stray dogs roaming around Valley Road and Whitchurch Twp. I for one have had plenty of trouble with dogs taking off the top to the garbage cans and tearing at the plastic bags and find garbage all over the property.

We have even moved the bags to the back of the house, and on the ninth of March we have picked up at least five times.

I have an animal of my own and am a great lover of dogs, etc. I hate to see any of them hurt. But when they start throwing your garbage all over your own property it is about time something was done about it. Many people here are complaining about the stray dogs.

It is bad enough that we cannot walk up the street without being bitten and jumped on, but when they tear up your own property I hate to see what my place would look like this summer. I only wish people would take care of their own animals so as they would not have to get into garbage cans, etc.

For the sake of people who like to keep their property clean and respectable, how about others helping out by taking care of their own pets.

Thank you,  
Valley Road Resident



One way suspension bridge spans Rouge River

This cable suspension bridge, south of Steeles Avenue on Sewell's Road, was built at a time when the horse and buggy was still 'king' over the motor car. The steel span, over the Rouge River, was erected around the year 1915.

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