The Tribune

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Editorial

Moving into the apartment era

With the turning of the first sod last week for the first of twin apartment buildings on Winlane Drive, Stouffville begins its move into the era of high density housing. The two new buildings will accommodate nearly a hundred families. Construction is also expected shortly on two additional apartment blocks on Albert Street, South.

These apartments are needed. We only have to look at the migration of residents recently from Stouffville to Markham where such living is available.

With only a few minor exceptions, Stouffville has remained a community of single-family dwellings. Out of the million new housing units said to be required in Ontario in the next five years, eighty percent are said to be required in the Toronto area. This will undoubtedly mean an even greater influx of residents here and many of them will be seeking apartments.

In addition there is a steadily increasing number of present-day residents, some of them elderly, who would be interested in giving up the rigors of maintaining a house if this type of accommodation was available in Stouffville.

The new Senior Citizens' apartment house to be completed later this summer will also provide much needed housing for elderly residents at a most reasonable rate.

The launching of this new type of housing will be welcomed by many who wish to make Stouffville their home as well as numbers who want to remain here but find the upkeep of a large dwelling beyond their physical ability.

Larger area - additional benefits

On Jan. 1, 1971, Stouffville will grow from a Village of 4,000 population to a Town of 10,000.

On the same date, a similar transformation will occur in Whitchurch. The truth is, for all practical purposes, the two will be one.

This major change, as far-reaching as its implications may be, has to date, made little impression on most people.

The few that have given it much thought, have expressed fears that the greater the area of government supervision, the greater the cost. Such fears are undoubtedly well founded.

But, on the brighter side, there will be benefits too.

Stouffville, for instance, with its little more than 4,000 people, has been unable to afford certain services that the residents justly deserve.

Whitchurch, with its 8,000 population spread over a largely rural area, has had some difficulty finding a main focal point in which to attach a municipal identity.

These problems should now disappear and will disappear if we the people set our sites on a common goal - complete unity through total co-operation.

Anything less is not enough.

Poor flag wavers

Citizens of Stouffville are poor flag wavers, a fault not peculiar to this Canadian community. A trip around town on Dominion Day revealed less than a dozen homes displaying the Canadian flag. During Centennial Year such activity received a real boost but it would seem that since the celebrations are over citizens have settled back once more into their reserved Canadian style.

Forty years ago a successful campaign was put on to see that every business place displayed the flag on national holidays. Places were provided in the sidewalk for inserting the pole and each merchant acquired a flag and displayed it proudly on the appropriate occasions. However, over the years the flags wore out and the custom dwindled away.

Among the many differences between the Americans and ourselves, flag waving is among the most noticeable. The Americans, outside the minority bands of 'country wreckers', are notorious for their patriotic fervour and need little excuse to wave the stars and stripes.

While most of us pride ourselves in our differences this is one area where we are sadly lacking. While Canadian nationalism may be on the upswing it has so far failed to demonstrate itself very strongly at the end of a flag pole.

Editor's mail

Dear Jim:

Regarding an open letter from Mr. A. Brillinger of L'Amable Ontario about wolves, which was published, primarily because we have no wolves in our district.

For the past ten years I have gone to Algonquin Park for my holidays and like thousands of other people have gone on 'wolf howls', an event that is becoming a major attraction in the Park. I have also been fortunate enough to meet, and talk with a number of experts on wolves.

One authority, Ron Tozer, is presently writing his thesis on wolves, based largely on a five year study in the Park. Ron tells me he has no reason to believe that there are any fewer deer in the Park today than there ever were, but adds that most of the tame ones, which once came to the roadside, have been hit by cars.

Russ Rutter, states in the recently published book 'The World of the Wolf' by Rutter and Pimlott, that during a five year period after snaring of wolves was stopped in the Park, there was no significant increase in the number of wolves.

Research on wolves has shown that they control their own population, while increase in deer herds is goverened by the available food supply and weather conditions. Nobody can deny the fact that by taking the weak and the stray, the wolf helps to maintain a healthy herd of deer.

Two farmers who lived in the area outside the Park recently informed me that they had no trouble with wolves killing livestock but that bears had been a problem at times.

Twenty-five thousand children paddle their way through Algonquin Park each summer, where there is said to be approximately 300 wolves, yet no child has ever been injured by them. It would interest me to know on what grounds Mr. Brillinger bases his fears for the safety of his sons.

I am not against control of wolves where damage is done, but I am against bounties and threats of extermination.

Canis Lupus once roamed over almost all of North America. Today there are reported to be 20,000 left in Canada and Alaska. The wolf is no longer found in the Maritimes, Newfoundland, the Prairie provinces or in southern British Columbia. On Vancouver Island it is facing extinction.

In the state of Michigan full protection is given to save the few that remain. In Ontario the wolf is snared and trapped relentlessly and a bounty placed on it. Only in Provincial parks is protection given. Yet there are some people who are constantly putting pressure on our government to have it destroyed there.

Some authorities doubt that the wolf can survive the pressures against it. Others say that public opinion is changing and that more and more people are accepting the wolf as a part of our most precious heritage - Wildlife.

I can only hope the latter is true and that future generations, like I, will have the privilege, from time to time, to share Algonquin Park with the Timber wolf - and listen to its howl.

Edgerton Pegg,
Claremont, R.R.2.

P.S. Note A free booklet entitled 'Wolves and Coyotes in Ontario' is available to anyone by sending your request to the Dept. of Lands and Forests, Queens Park, Toronto.

SUGAR AND SPICE

Two strikes — two fish

By BILL SMILEY

It's hard for the average chap to get away from the daily bind: wife, kids, job, mowing the lawn. He's fortunate if he can sneak a game of golf or get out fishing, without experiencing a deep guilt feeling. This week, I did it, have no guilt feeling, and spent one of the most enjoyable days I've had in years.

A colleague who is an ardent, crafty and persistent angler, and is leaving the area, decided to treat me to a day's fishing at one of the secret places he has reconnoitred over the years, and would rather sell his wife and children into slavery than reveal its location.

He doesn't have to worry. It took us three hours to get on the lake and I couldn't find my way back there with the help of a bloodhound handcuffed to a Mountie. We began on highways that dwindled to gravel concession roads that shrunk to mountain-goat paths that ended in solid bush.

We crossed a couple of bridges that looked as though a well-fed family of butterflies couldn't walk across them without going through.

But finally, there was the lake, lovely and utterly solitary. Just us and the bugs. And we were outnumbered about eight million to one. Mosquitoes the size of starlings.

While ashore in thick bush, I could put my hand to the back of my head, and remove it with a solid handful of blood and mashed mosquitoes. In five minutes my head was a phrenologist's delight - a solid mass of bumps and blood.

But once on the lake, we got a modicum of relief. And the fishing was very pleasant. It was one of those too-rare summer days that are ideal for fishing: Cloudy, odd flash of sun, threat of rain, and just enough breeze to ripple the surface.

We trolled and chatted and ate sandwiches and had a slug of rum. It must have been the last item that did it. After more than an hour without even a snag, I was caught on bottom, right after we'd had a snort. We backed up to try to save the lure, and suddenly the bottom began to move.

I knew it wasn't a real fish. A speckled, rainbow, or bass will fight, jump and try to snag you under the boat. This was an old rubber boot. Besides, there were no rainbow, speckled or bass in this lake.

After five minutes of praying that my rotten line, un-used for two years, wouldn't break, I caught a glimpse of him, and my suspicions were confirmed. Just a dirty big sucker I'd probably hooked by the tail.

Oh, well, I had to get my lure. So I dragged him up, my partner netted him, and with considerable chagrin I discovered I'd caught a 5½ pound lake trout. Sneaky devils go for the bottom instead of coming up and fighting.

Another hour without a touch and we decided to move into the other secret lake, where the big speckled are. After a vicious 60-foot portage of sorts, which left me gasping like a trout out of water, we were on it. Again, a completely lonely little lake, wooded to the water, with not a cottage or water-skier in sight.

My partner took a 10½ pound lake trout as the sun went down and total peace reigned. He didn't like to, but he was forced to smile as he laid it down beside my 'big one'.

A nice day. Two strikes, two lakes, two fish.

Stand in line!

Heike Schroeter is an exceptionally pretty girl. She's also a lifeguard and swimming instructress at the Stouffville Pool. Recently, she had occasion to issue a warning to a seemingly young lad performing some dare-devil stunts on the high diving board. "No more of that," she called out to the boy, "remember, your life is in my hands". The youth observed from where the order had come, then replied quickly - "What a lovely way to go".

Portraits from the past

This gentleman needs no introduction, not in 1954, when this picture was taken or in 1970. Vern Davies of Cedar Beach, Musselman's Lake, is shown here on the riding mower he once used to trim the grass around the spacious picnic grounds. That was 16 years ago.
—Jas. Thomas.

ROAMING AROUND

A 'Daniel' in a cyclists' den

By Jim Thomas

I'm no motorcycle enthusiast. The fact is, I'm accustomed to riding nothing faster than a standard C.C.M.

I'm also no ardent advocate of motorcycle clubs - you know the kind. They roar out of the movie screen, tear whole towns to pieces, rob, kill and carry off the pretty maidens to their hangout in the hills.

But the 'Hell's Angels' are one thing.

The 'Paradise Riders' are something else - I think.

I was an invited 'guest' at the members' headquarters north of Goodwood, Thursday night.

But I should never have gone - for two reasons. First, my host, who arranged the whole deal, failed to show up. Second, the chaps left in charge of the place, didn't know I was coming.

What a set-up. The advance guard had me hemmed in before I could switch off the key. It was obvious - inquisitive sightseers weren't welcome. It was also obvious I wasn't going anywhere since one of the members had snapped shut the lock on the car door.

I felt very much like a Biblical Daniel trapped inside a cyclists' den.

Fortunately (for me), one of the men - the biggest, the tallest and the toughest, recognized the camera on the front seat and suddenly softened. He explained that 'Len', the club president was away but he'd try to satisfy my curiosity.

It was plain to see that in 'Paradise' language, 'A-A' stood only for 'abundance of alcohol'. There were beer bottles everywhere, hundreds of them - all empty and scattered about a kitchen annex.

I was escorted into a rather sparsely furnished living room, its lone occupant, a girl, who somehow seemed completely out of place in such surroundings. She nodded hello.

John O., his only identification tag, took charge of fielding all questions. He described himself as the Sgt. at Arms, third in command.

The club, he said, included about 45 members, the majority from Metro. All are employed - at jobs that range from driving trucks to operating bike repair shops.

Most of the men are married, he said, but wives or girlfriends play no direct part in club activities. "They're a luxury - they just tag along," he said.

A number 1 requirement for membership is ownership of a motorcycle. "The bike - that's the whole thing," continued John, "to us, it's like a Cadillac".

The Paradise Riders came into being ten years ago, John went on, it's an original association and not an off-shoot rebel branch. The apprenticeship, or 'striking period' is at least six weeks although the qualifying time could run six years, depending on the applicant. John declined to reveal the amount of a membership fee or to discuss initiation rites.

While beer-drinking is a 'party policy', drugs within the clubhouse itself, are out. The spokesman admitted, however, that drug consumption by members is not uncommon.

Does public reaction to motorcycle clubs cause members concern?

"Sure it does," replied John sternly, "because it's not true. People who feel this way have been seeing too many movies or reading too many comic books. We're an organization, not a bunch of hoodlums. Just because there may be one bad egg in the bunch, the same tag shouldn't apply to all. We don't intend to cause trouble, we ask only to be left alone." At the same time, John noted, if trouble should come their way, they are quite capable of defending themselves.

"Is that what the guns are for?" I asked, observing three propped up against the wall.

John laughed. "We've got more upstairs," he said.

It was then and there I decided to leave.