



# The Tribune

Established 1888  
 CHARLES H. NOLAN  
 Publisher

BARRE BEACOCK  
 Advertising Manager

JOHN MONTGOMERY  
 Editor

EDITORIAL DEPT.: Annette Lamure, Keith Bolender  
 DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT.: Lois Wideman, Art Dixon  
 BUSINESS OFFICE: Joan Marshman, Doreen Deacon, Eileen Glover

Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 460-2100; Toronto phone 361-1680. Single copies 25c. Subscriptions \$19.99 per year in Canada, \$24.99 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 084.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, and Mississauga News.

640-2100



361-1680

## Editorials

### Shortage of Big Brothers

'One man, One boy' is the philosophy of the Big Brother organization, but unfortunately, it isn't something that always becomes a reality. At the moment there are still 32 little brothers in York Region waiting for a man to befriend them.

Big Brothers is an agency designed to help boys without a father or a consistent male image either inside or outside the home. Often a boy is very confused about his role as a male when this sort of relationship is lacking, and he may become withdrawn or hostile.

Big Brothers volunteer their time and gear their energies towards prevention of this sort of tragedy and they have a lot of fun in the process.

Big brothers are expected to commit themselves to at least one afternoon a week but assume no other legal or financial obligation. The only thing the organization asks of a big brother is a bit of time—and that's exactly the problem. No one, least of all young men, seem to have any to give a fatherless boy.

Organizations that rely on female volunteers, on the other hand, seem to be thriving. Oh, we know the same people always do most of the work, but still when it comes to the crunch, there always seems to be a woman available that's ready to step into the breach.

#### Editor's mail

### Reader defends dog lady

Dear Sir:—  
 I was saddened and cut to the heart, (as many others were and are), upon reading your report on the recent raid conducted by the police and the humane society against Miss Ethel Bledow and her dogs, who love her so much!

Anyone who states that her dogs were underfed neglected and left without water is absolutely wrong about this most honest and merciful woman! If the animals were without water at the time of the raid, it is because vandals went in ahead and emptied every pail and dish they could find, as they so often did in the past—even drowning her cats in a water tub, water which she had purchased.

I know that the dogs were watered daily for I, myself, supplied the water out of my own taps for a whole winter, even from my hot water tap because it would freeze before she could get it out to her animals. She would go out with two three-gallon pails, during blizzards and high north-west winds, nothing could stop her. Watching her going down my lane on such awfully cold nights, I could only think of the suffering of Christ for the sake of a sinful, unrepenting generation such as He again will find today!

This used to be taken for granted in the old days, when men worked and the women stayed in the home, but is rather remarkable now, that almost half the labour force is composed of women.

It is also extremely worrying. We don't know why so many men refuse to volunteer, but we do know that the consequences could be devastating.

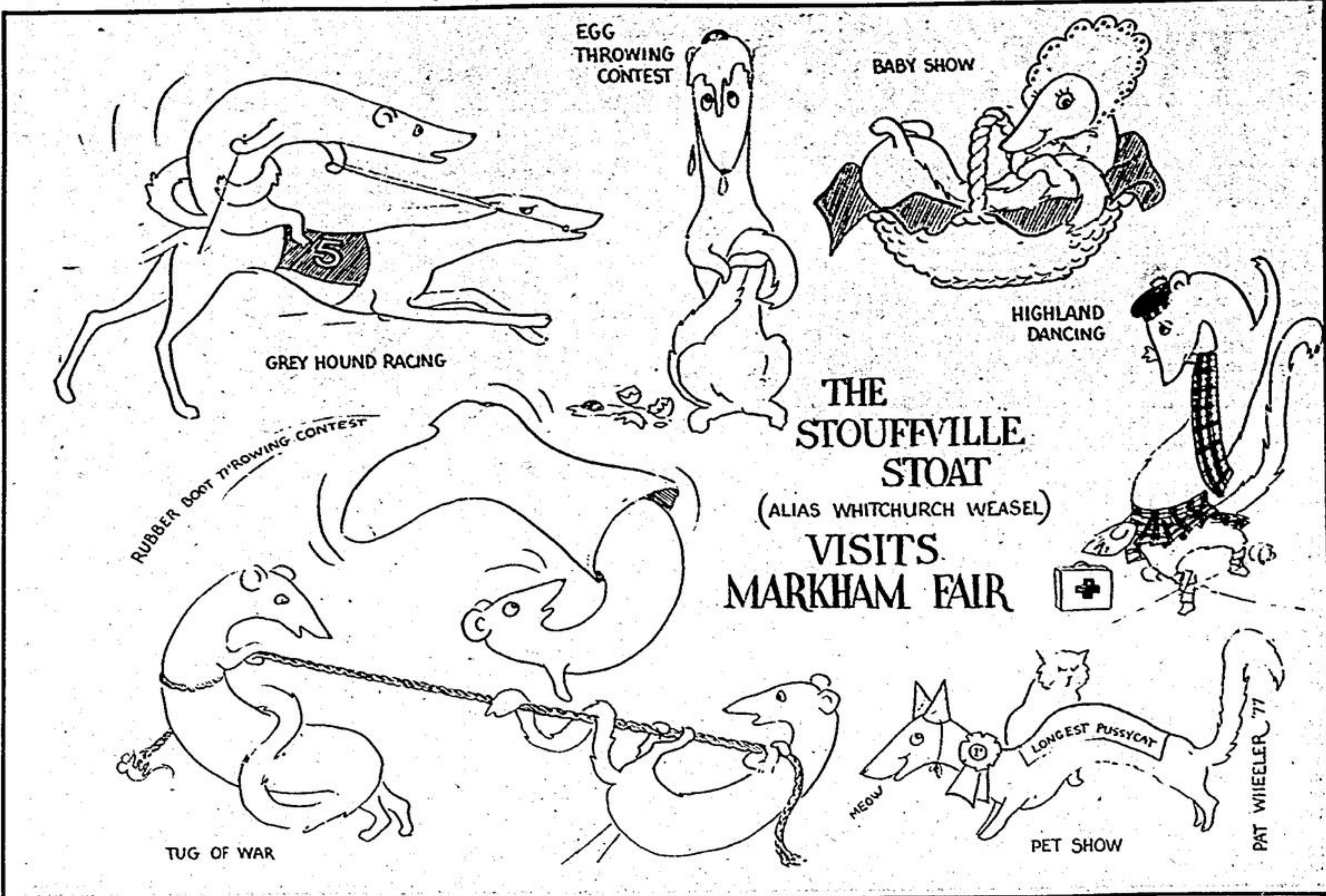
#### What is it?

we'll tell you

That ordinary objects, viewed in a different way, are sometimes all but unrecognizable was brought home to us last week when readers submitted their guesses in our "What is it?" contest.

The answers ranged all the way from puffed balls and balloons to bathing suit inserts (falsies), although most people identified the egg-like objects in the sand as either pebbles, turtle eggs, or someone's knees.

However, on Friday afternoon at 1.30 Mike Forfar, came up with the \$5 answer. His entry, 'A person's heels showing through the sand,' was right on and we congratulate Mike for his perspicacity.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

## Smiley loses trousers-his mind too?

By BILL SMILEY

This week, I am perplexed by several questions, and I turn for possible answers to the only people in the world I can trust for honest answers: my faithful readers, all four of them.

For example, by what editorial inanity does the Globe and Mail, which grandly calls itself Canada's National Newspaper, run on its front page a five-column by eight inches photo of Pierre Trudeau getting his hair cut? What is the symbolism, the hidden meaning, the secret code, the deep, interpretive analysis, behind this picture? Can anyone help?

Is Mr. Trudeau symbolically trimming his sails for a fall election? Is it to show that the P.M. is mortal, after all, and that his hair grows, like that of us lesser beings? Perhaps it's a secret warning to Margaret that, despite talk of a reconciliation, he's not going to let his hair grow and become a flower child. I dunno, but it sure has me baffled.

Next question. Where do things get lost to? It seems to me that my wife and I have spent more time this past summer looking for things than we have sleeping. Looking for things that were "Right there, right on that counter yesterday."

Looking for things is one of the most frustrating, irritating pastimes in this materialistic society of ours. It has brought many a marriage to the teetering point, and if the union was already teetering, pushed it over the brink.

A couple of weeks ago, she lost the keys to the car. After a 12-hour non-stop search, no keys. Oh, we had keys for the other car, the battered old Dodge. Only one catch. It was in the garage, and the keyless car was sitting right behind it, immovable.

Twenty-four hours later, I called a lock-picking specialist. He was out of town, but would call me when he got back. Just before he did, and I had to fork out eleven-seventy dollars, the old lady found the keys, without

looking. They were in the vegetable bin, with a turnip, a butternut squash, and a bag of cooking onions. It was certainly the logical place for them.

Then my new black \$10 belt went missing. It was the first belt I'd bought for 12 years and I was rather proud of it. I knew it wasn't really lost, because I always hang it up with my ties. It was obvious that my wife, in her eternal tidying, had stuck it away somewhere, as she so often does with things that I then cannot find. But she swore, as she always does, that she hadn't touched it, mentioning in passing that she was sick and tired of looking for things that I had lost. Naturally, words followed, in which the phrase "car keys" inadvertently popped out several times.

But the mystery of the missing belt was readily solved when I decided to wear my new, blue, fit-like-a-glove summer trousers. I couldn't find them. High or low. Then with a flash of intuition, I knew where my belt was: It was with the pants, because I never unbelt, just hang the whole works on a hook.

It was quite a relief to know where my belt was. It was equally reassuring to know that the pants were with the belt. But it was slightly dampening to admit that both were lost. They still haven't turned up.

There are only two possibilities. One is that a pantsless burglar crept into our bedroom, snatched my trousers and crept off into the night, once more modestly attired. The second I don't even like to dwell on.

The last time I had worn those pants, that belt, was to a party. It wasn't a strip poker party, but it was a fairly lively one.

Did I do a strip tease and forget to redress my little peccadillo?

Did I tear them off on the way home from the party and throw them out the car window? Sounds silly, but the other morning I went out to get the morning paper, and there on my back walk was a pair of brand-new blue shoes, with thick white rubber soles, in a shoe-box

with only the lid missing. Only the Lord knows who, for what mad reason, in what temporary mental aberration, flung them there. But they are just my size and finders keepers.

And this whole probe brings up the Case of the Missing Socks. What in the name of all that is unholy becomes of socks when they are put through the washer and dryer? They never go missing in pairs, always singles. I'll bet I have nine single socks in my drawer, all different colors or knits.

I've gone down with a flashlight and peered, a bit shaken, into the interiors of those machines. No socks.

They can't go down the drain, or it would be plugged. Do they do a reverse Santa Claus and go up the spout of the dryer with the hot air? It's a little frightening, as though someone were trying to tell me something. About my feet? Someone with a feet fetish?

Just one more question. Where were all the editorial writers who are now screaming about the stupidity of changing highway signs to kilometers instead of miles, when I was lambasting the whole metric-Celsius nonsense almost a year ago?

Can you, gentle reader, do a fast bit of arithmetic in your head when you encounter a road sign announcing the speed limit is 45 kilometers per hour? When your speedometer is marked in miles per hour? And will be for years to come?

Will you happily pay your fine when the cop puts the big blue arm on you and claims you were exceeding the speed limit by seven k.p.h.? Must we all start driving with a calculator-computer in one hand?

Now these questions may not be as important as some: How old is God? How hot is it in hell? How long is a straight line? How far does a rolling stone? Whether the Flat Earth Society? Why does everyone pick on me?

But they are, poor things, mine own, and I'd like some answers.

### 7th concession road finally hard topped

Dear Sir:—  
 Once upon a time, there was a cobbler's apprentice.

On a sunny day in late summer, he finally finished a pair of shoes he had been making from the sole up.

It had taken him almost a year and at one time he had ripped out all the stitching and thrown the shoes into a corner, then forgotten all about them.

Then came the big moment, when he proudly handed them to the old master, and, beaming at him, asked,

'Here they are! Should I repair them right away?'

P.S. The Regional Municipality of York finally hard (?) topped the 7th concession north of the Gormley road a couple of weeks ago. Anybody been over it, lately?

Yours truly,  
 HANS HIRSCH  
 Lemonville

### Riders thanked for rainy day fortitude

Dear Sir:—  
 Community Association for Riding for the Disabled and Remedial Riding would like to acknowledge with heartfelt gratitude the fortitude of all the riders who turned out for RideaThon '77 in spite of the heavy rains which persisted throughout most of the day.

Our most sincere thanks also must go to all the volunteers who worked a long, wet day.

To all our generous supporters on behalf of all the disabled riders, many, many thanks.  
 Yours sincerely,  
 (Mrs.) Wynne Rooke,  
 Equestrian Chairman.



### WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

## Coho Salmon in Ontario—food for thought

By ART BRIGGS-JUDE

A half mile off the Bronte shoreline, Tom Bayer pointed the 14 foot aluminum boat into the gentle swell and throttled back to a nice trolling speed. In short order, favorite lures were clipped on and trailed out some 85 yards behind the boat. This was flatline trolling in the truest sense, for even with some added weight, our deep running plugs were still wiggling along within ten feet of the surface. Now we settled back to rehash a few past fishing trips. My companion was in the midst of displaying a new reel, and as I leaned forward for a closer look, the fish struck.

The initial shock almost tore the short rod out of my grasp, and now as the big fish peeled off line, I hung on and yelled. Almost immediately it surfaced, a broad silver-sided salmon throwing up sprays of water in the afternoon sunlight. Frantically it fought to shake the lure, while I held the rod tip up and tried to keep the flailing line taught. Then it was hanging on again as the big fish dived and when this tactic failed, the line went slack; it was heading for the boat. I tried to reel in fast and take up the loose coils, remembering full well what had happened last season. For then, Tom's similar sized fish had made a pass under the boat, twisted off the lure, and headed for Rochester. This time however he came up to one side, speeding along with his tail and fine cutting the surface like a small shark. By now he had circled the craft, and just as I thought he was beginning to tire, he made another flip and dove again. Then the line went limp.

In the spring of 1969, the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources began planting Pacific Coho salmon in streams at the western end of Lake Ontario. Waterways like the Credit River and Bonte Creek, traditional spawning

streams in years gone by of the legendary Atlantic Salmon. Raised in Ontario hatcheries from eggs spawned in B.C., 4 to 6 inch smolts were introduced to these waters. Now 15 months old, they would imprint on the characteristics of the stream into which they were released. Gradually the young Coho would work their way downstream to the deep, cold expanse of Lake Ontario.

Once in the big water their rate of growth would escalate to tremendous proportions, as they gorged themselves on an abundance of alewives and smelt. In fact, the following spring, exactly one year after their release, fishermen on the south shore near Jordan would be catching Coho salmon averaging three to five pounds.

But that increase in size, though remarkable in itself, cannot compare with the fantastic growth attained by these same fish during the final four or five months of their life. For in that period as they congregate off the mouths of their adopted streams, their weight will soar to an amazing 8 to 14 pounds, some even greater.

There were many reasons why the ministry got into the salmon stocking program. First they wanted to provide angling close to the large populations that fringed this end of the lake. Coinciding with this plan, was the question of predation by lamprey eels on any existing fish, and whether or not the lake habitat itself, could support such a fishing industry. Because lampreys attack large fish and due to the phenomenal growth of salmon, Cohos and to a lesser degree Chinook were chosen. Then of course there was the puzzle about pollutants in the fish themselves.

Looking at the projects results, some

eight years after its inception, tends to put figures on both sides of the ledger. There's no doubt the fishermen have angling they used to only dream about. The heavy bag limits also prove Lake Ontario's capacity to support a great populace of large fish. The attacks by Lamprey eels also has been greatly reduced with the introduction in 1971, of a stream control program against these sucking predators. But the bitter pill, and the one that's hardest to swallow, is the chilling fact the salmon are picking up potent chemicals. And though there's little danger for the average fisherman eating the odd salmon, the warning signals are already out.

"Don't Eat Too Many Salmon", "Pregnant Women Shouldn't Sample Cohos", Lake Ontario Salmon Show High Concentrations of P.C.B. and Mirex. Such newspaper headlines focus attention on facts that above all else are the most important of the whole salmon stocking program. For if these big fish, dwelling in the same waters we drink are becoming a health hazard, how long before the water itself is safe? Now the spotlight of public opinion begins to pinpoint those responsible for this deplorable condition and to demand ways and means of stopping it. And as pollution is caused by man, that means you and me too. So we all better start a little soul searching, not just for the sake of the salmon and the sport, but rather for our own ultimate survival.

The latest on the salmon program is that it will likely be phased out this year. Initially it was a stop-gap project that if successful would eventually see the reintroduction of lake trout and rainbows. For the planted salmon are not too successful in their reproductive efforts here, but the lakers and

rainbows are. So in many ways its a straight matter of economics. And any second thoughts the ministry might have had concerning Cohos disappeared last January. For the federal government passed a law at that time, prohibiting the transport of any fish or spawn across any international or provincial boundary without a disease-free certificate. British Columbia couldn't furnish proof their stock was 100 per cent clean, and so Ontario's spawn source was lost. Michigan found out the hard way, for they already had permanently closed up at least one hatchery because of this persistent fungus. Relocating and rebuilding such complete hatchery facilities are not top priorities in these days of tight budgets, so every effort must be made to retain what we have.

In the meantime, we'll have at least two more big salmon runs in 1978 and 79, at which time the rainbows and lake trout will start making their presence known. Attempts are also under way to hatch from salmon eggs gathered locally, but the percentage so far has been very small. So the fishing will still be there, and the pollutants? Oh yes, but maybe not any worse and possibly they'll start to decrease in some areas with better monitoring, knowledge, and increased public awareness.

Tom slipped the net under the struggling salmon and hoisted it aboard. As I removed the hooks and held it up it was a moment of real satisfaction. And yet thinking back, maybe it should really have been a moment of appreciation. For while the 11 pound battler had shown me its great fighting qualities, its kind had revealed other more important factors to the scientists and public in general.