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Editorial

Support Bike-a-Thon

So far this year there has been a very poor response to the Stouffville Lions Club Bike-a-thon. Only one registration session is left and only about 70 riders have signed up. Part of the problem is that we seem to be constantly solicited for contributions to one charity after another. Many of these are worthwhile endeavours and are deserving of support but still it seems like an endless stream of handouts. We feel though that the Bike-a-thon is especially worthy of support because the money is used to help people who live right in

the community. Charity begins at home is still a sensible maxim. The Lions money goes to help the blind, the deaf, the elderly and other of our neighbours who need help. Another plus for the Lions is that all their labour is volunteered and all the money goes where it is needed. With some of the professional charities a disproportionately large amount of the cash gets eaten up by administrative costs. Looking at the situation pragmatically it is also good to support the Lions because if they didn't help out it is extremely likely some level of government or other would be slipping its hand into our pockets for the requisite funds - and then watch the administrative costs soar.

The Tribune supports the Bike-a-thon and this year, for the third time in a row, the editor will snivel and whine his way around the course.

This year we have been assured there will be less to snivel and whine about as there have been some major alterations in the route. Last year's course tended toward deep, wheel-mirring sand or bone-rattling washouts but the route this year has been planned to stick to pavement and avoid traffic as much as possible. After a long winter of inactivity the Bike-a-thon is also a challenge to start shaping up for the summer. Many families ride together, take a lunch and indulge in an idyllic spring picnic at the roadside. The 35 kilometre ride can easily be completed in a couple of hours and most people are actually finished long before noon. Last registration is this Saturday from 9 a.m. until noon at the back of the municipal building.

When I had finished I found myself staring this boyish, pink-cheeked baby faced fellow in the face. It just so happened the fellow was yours truly, sans beard. Although I am closer to 30 than to 20 years old, without a beard, I look like a kid. Last Wednesday I broke a five and a half year streak and shaved. The effect has been dramatic, to say the least. My poor face feels awful though, for all the world as though somebody had dragged a razor across it several times. By the time I shaved a second time I had raised a large number of welts on my neck and my misery was made complete when I had to go out during last Thursday's freakish and sadistic snow storm. I have been getting rather odd reactions from people. Some don't notice any difference, others stare with mouth wide-open and people I've known for two or three years look at me and silently glance away when I greet them in passing on the street. As everyone knows, The Tribune editorial offices consist of an outer dungeon and an inner dungeon. What I jokingly refer to as my office is the inner dungeon. The other morning I was sitting in the outer dungeon (slumming with the reporters) when a man I have dealt with on many occasions came in. He stuck his head around the corner and looked right at me, then turned and looked into my office, only to discover I wasn't there. He stood looking puzzled for a moment before he finally realized it was me, in disguise. A few times last week I felt like Jimmy Stewart in that old movie they show on television every Christmas, where he goes to commit suicide because he thinks his life was a failure, gets saved by an angel and then is allowed to see his town the way it would be if

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from the April 22, 1948 issue of The Tribune.

A forest is born
 Approximately 200,000 trees are now in process of being planted at the Vivian forest on lands purchased by the County Council of York through the Reforestation Committee. The seedlings going in are white, red, Scotch and Jack pine, white spruce, red oak, European larch and Carolina poplar.

The work this year is being done by hand, whereas last year a similar number of trees were set out with the aid of a mechanical planting machine, and which may even yet reach the Vivian forest before the planting is completed.

The County of York owns over 2,000 acres of land in Whitchurch and the Dept. of Forest and Mines plants and cares for the growing trees over a period of 30 years, as sort of a joint owner.

Editor's mail

Pollute water - then drink it

Dear Editor:
 In his letter, "Alternatives to Big Pipe", Bruce Searle states in part: "In the event of the failure of such a large sewage treatment plant as the one proposed for Duffins Creek, the effects on Lake Ontario would be quite disastrous." (April 13th).

I suppose any condition can always worsen, but it is no longer debatable whether Lake Ontario can get any more dangerously polluted than it is at the present time.

The Great Lakes Water Quality Board has called Ontario the dirtiest of the Great Lakes. The Journal of the Fisheries Research Board has said that as a fishery Ontario is on its death bed. The director of Cornell University's water resources centre says the Great Lakes are dying. The Canadian chairman of the International Joint Commission says the pollution of the Great Lakes is a problem forever. Stuart Smith has said that the chloroform content of Belleville's drinking water is the highest in Ontario. It is common knowledge that Ontario lake is loaded with road salt, mercury, lead, Mirex, PCB; farm runoffs of manure, fertilizer, insecticides and herbicides.

Whenever anyone fertilizes his lawn or sprays it with weed killer, washes his car, flushes his roadway, or disposes of his garbage or industrial waste in any of our dumps, a portion of it eventually leaches its way by means of the aquifers, rivers and sewers into the Great Lakes basin, and this basin takes the drainage from millions of acres and millions of persons in Canada and the U.S.A.

The most astonishing and irrational aspect about this condition is that the majority of the people who pour this pollution into Lake Ontario, have it pumped back into their homes by means of public water systems, and then they drink it! This is what is commonly called PROGRESS, or in scientific circles known as MODERN TECHNOLOGY.

Yours sincerely
 JOHN LIVINGSTONE
 Locust Hill



Music Mania packs them in year after year

Stranger in the mirror

By John Montgomery

When I had finished I found myself staring this boyish, pink-cheeked baby faced fellow in the face. It just so happened the fellow was yours truly, sans beard. Although I am closer to 30 than to 20 years old, without a beard, I look like a kid. Last Wednesday I broke a five and a half year streak and shaved. The effect has been dramatic, to say the least. My poor face feels awful though, for all the world as though somebody had dragged a razor across it several times. By the time I shaved a second time I had raised a large number of welts on my neck and my misery was made complete when I had to go out during last Thursday's freakish and sadistic snow storm. I have been getting rather odd reactions from people. Some don't notice any difference, others stare with mouth wide-open and people I've known for two or three years look at me and silently glance away when I greet them in passing on the street. As everyone knows, The Tribune editorial offices consist of an outer dungeon and an inner dungeon. What I jokingly refer to as my office is the inner dungeon. The other morning I was sitting in the outer dungeon (slumming with the reporters) when a man I have dealt with on many occasions came in. He stuck his head around the corner and looked right at me, then turned and looked into my office, only to discover I wasn't there. He stood looking puzzled for a moment before he finally realized it was me, in disguise. A few times last week I felt like Jimmy Stewart in that old movie they show on television every Christmas, where he goes to commit suicide because he thinks his life was a failure, gets saved by an angel and then is allowed to see his town the way it would be if

he had never been born. He wanders around and meets his mother, friends, wife etc. and of course none of them recognize him. That is quite a bit more drastic than anything that happened to me of course and in fact my own mother did recognize me and she was over-joyed. Basically, like a lot of other conservative people, my mother doesn't like any beards unless they are on mountain-goats (and that's what she says I look like with one on). Alice, on the other hand, finds me barely tolerable without a beard and described kissing me as "like hugging a barbed-wire fence." Then she added, "And I wouldn't hug a barbed-wire fence." Others realize something has changed but can't quite pin it down. I was asked if my decade old, motorcycle slide scarred leather jacket was new. It wasn't, the face was. Another annoying thing is people keep commenting on my rosy cheeks. This state is not due to a natural peach and cream complexion but more to the fact that I scraped off about three layers of skin with my razor.

My sideburns are perennially unbalanced and my chin glowed in the dark for about the first three days (as, now that I think of it, did the buttocks of three teenagers who mooned Alice and I one night when we were stopped at an intersection in front of Greenwood race track). My skin is beginning to return to a more natural colour as it gets leathery from constant scraping but it is annoying when my younger brother (eight years my junior) claims he looks older. How would anybody feel at being told they look like "The kind of 14-year-old high school virgin you pick up at the P & R Burger." Uninvited, I found people playing guessing games about how old I look. Worse, the highest estimate was 18. Those were only amateur guesses. Fortunately I came up against a pro the other night when I went to a bar. To my relief there was no question about asking for i.d. at the door. I may have to start frequenting establishments of that ilk - only for the purposes of reassuring myself - of course.

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WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

Trout—they're the best

By ART BRIGGS-JUDE

"What's so special about a speckled trout," my son asked, as our little boat drifted along on the strength of a fresh spring breeze. Actually his tone of voice seemed to challenge our very presence at this remote place. And after a day of fruitless fishing, the lad's impatience could have become contagious. After a few more casts, I came up with an answer. "When you see a good one up close Bob, you'll never have to ask that question again."

We had arrived at this spring-fed lagoon, after several portages through some rugged Timagami landscape. Pleasant Lake was well-named. A long sliver of pristine beauty, that mirrored the emerald of the surrounding countryside. Down towards the centre, a boulder-fringed island rose above the shadowed surface. It was our campsite. Near the waters edge, and protected from the sun by a rocky overhang, chunks of ice still resisted the warming trend. It took little time to fashion an icebox by scooping out the mossy soil and using a large cookie tin as a liner. Now with ice packed all around, and a soil and leaf covering, we had the ideal arrangement for keeping our fish. But what fish?

It was now 7 o'clock and none of us had raised as much as a fin. While changing lures for the umpteenth time, it all started. The calm surface now erupted on all sides. The trout were feeding. Immediately we began casting with new vigor at the largest rings. Spoons, spinners, devil baits, streamers, were all tried without the anticipated results. How frustrating to be in the centre of a school of feeding trout and to come up empty. Almost routinely, I put on a little gold spinner with a red-feathered hook. It sailed out like all the previous casts, but possibly a little closer to shore. The lure settled into the depths, and after a long pause, I began my retrieve. Taking up the slack, I felt the line stiffen, and I instinctively struck back, hoping the lure hadn't snagged a sunken limb.

In an instant an answer came back on the line "FISH". It was a good four letter word, and by the way the line was moving, the letters were all capitals. It headed for its favourite hole in a deep part of the lake, and it took most of the bend in the 7 foot rod to try and restrain it. The slip-clutch squeaked a little as the fighting fish demanded, and got, extra line.

Finally, I was able to turn his mad dashes into short frenzied bursts. He began to tire,

and after surfacing several times near the boat, we were able to get the net under him. In the fading sunset, the boy's face beamed like a full moon. Smiling happily, he said, "Now I know what you mean, Dad, they're the best!"

There are several features that make the speckled trout number one in my book. With its dark olive-green back showing a light marbled pattern, its lighter sides marked with a hue of multi-coloured spots and reddish bands, and the lower fins fringed with white, there is no question, the speckled or brook trout, is a thing of beauty.

But apart from its attractive appearance, the speckled trout stands for everything that is pure and clean in our out-of-doors. For when you locate a stream or lake that contains these fish, you know that pollution has not made its ugly inroads there. And whereas all trout in a way signify clean water, the speckled trout especially is a natural monitor. Unfortunately its silent presence is often overlooked in the rush of development, for the sake of a term called progress.

Starting April 28th at midnight, Ontario's trout fishermen will be out in force, from the ice-choked waters of the far north, to the little gurgling streams of the southern counties. Up on the Beaver River at Thornbury, shoulder to shoulder enthusiasts will be landing some big rainbows, while down in the lower rapids of the Niagara, the locals will be out after some trophy sized browns. There will be canoes cruising the clear lakes of Algonquin Park, and the waters of Lake Ontario off Vineland will be dotted with trolling fishermen.

And somewhere in between, in this paradise we often take for granted, a boy and his dad will spend some time together, drifting worms into the quiet pools of a silver stream. And when they turn for home, with some ten and twelve inch speckles in their creel, the lad will lift the lid again and smile. He'll remember the excitement of every tug and jump. And if I know kids at all, he'll probably murmur, "Gee Dad, they're the best."

TINDER N' EMBERSTwo coyotes have been seen north of Gormley.....an osprey is fishing at Roger's Reservoir, Newmarket.....there's a pair of Pileated woodpeckers at Bruce's Mill Park.....

Kids' stuff

Make a face with wild rolling eyes



Most of us have, at one time or another, seen a picture with staring eyes. No matter where you go in the room the eyes seem to follow. You get the creepy feeling the thing's almost alive.

Well, here's a very silly little thing that does much the same, except better.

On a piece of light cardboard (or a large envelope) draw a large head. It can be of anything you fancy. Try making a cowboy, a hungry lion, a fierce crocodile, a wicked witch, or perhaps a mischievous cartoon character.

Colour the features and then make two slits, one just above the head, one below it. Also cut out rather large holes for the eyes.

Next take a strip of long paper or

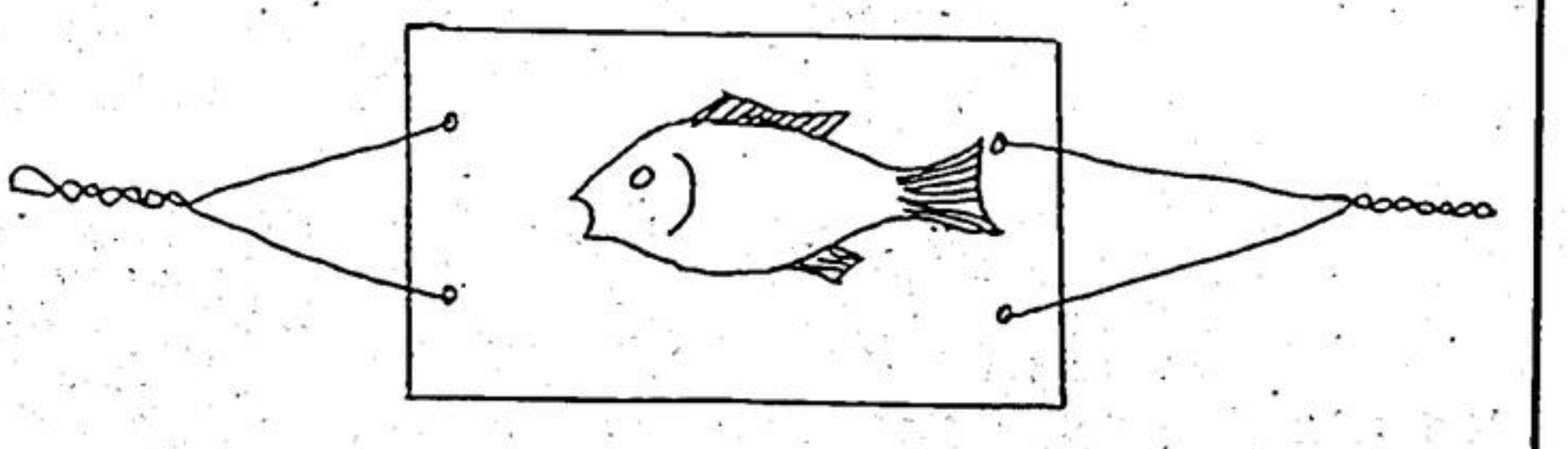
cardboard which is just wide enough to fit through the slits.

Draw two thick zig zaggy lines on the strip. To make sure they will show through the eyeholes it might be a good idea to measure where you want them first and pencil the place in lightly. A ruler helps here.

Black marker works well for the wriggly lines. It's also fun to colour the rest of the strip (where it shows through the eyeholes) blue, green, brown and even yellow and pink. Let one colour merge gradually into the next.

When you draw the strip slowly through the slits, the lines will give the effect of moving eyes.

Put the fish in the bowl



Here's another little optical illusion. To make it, you need a stiff piece of cardboard and some string. Draw a fish on one side and a bowl on the other. Make sure you draw the bowl upside-down. Now attach the strings, twirl it up and pull gently. The fish

is now safely in his aquarium. Of course you don't have to use fish, you can match up a bird, and cage, flowers and vase or even your name. Print half the letters on one side, and the rest on the other.