

## Guest Editorial

by JUDIE COOPER

The newspaper "biz" is beset by the normal occupational hazards of human error, fatigue and occasional bouts of poor judgement, but it also faces some disasters peculiar to the job - namely typographical "gremlins" ... little fellows who flit from key to key on the typesetting machine producing often astonishing, antagonizing but sometimes hilarious results.

Who could forget the "Council spits on question period" heading (spits arising from splits) or the amorous questions posed by "dogs funning at large" (running "gremlinized" into funning)? Then there was the councillor who "dripped" into the office each day (from dropped, of course). The ultimate "gremlinization" however had to be the disappearing act which saw only the NEWS editor's election statement left out of the pre-election issue last fall.

The latest gremlin attack hit our correspondent, Mary Hubelit. Two weeks ago our readers were treated to an historical review of Terrace Bay, done with Mary's usual wit and sparkle. But for gremlins, all would have been well. A simple key jump, however, say Mary "down with the fly" instead of the "flu". While we all hoped that Mary's "flu" would "flee" we didn't really expect it to "fly." It's a wonder that the gremlins didn't have Mary down with the "fleas." The problem is compounded by the fact that Mary is a truly compe-

tent journalist who cares deeply about such matters as grammar, spelling and punctuation. Her meticulous care in these areas has often

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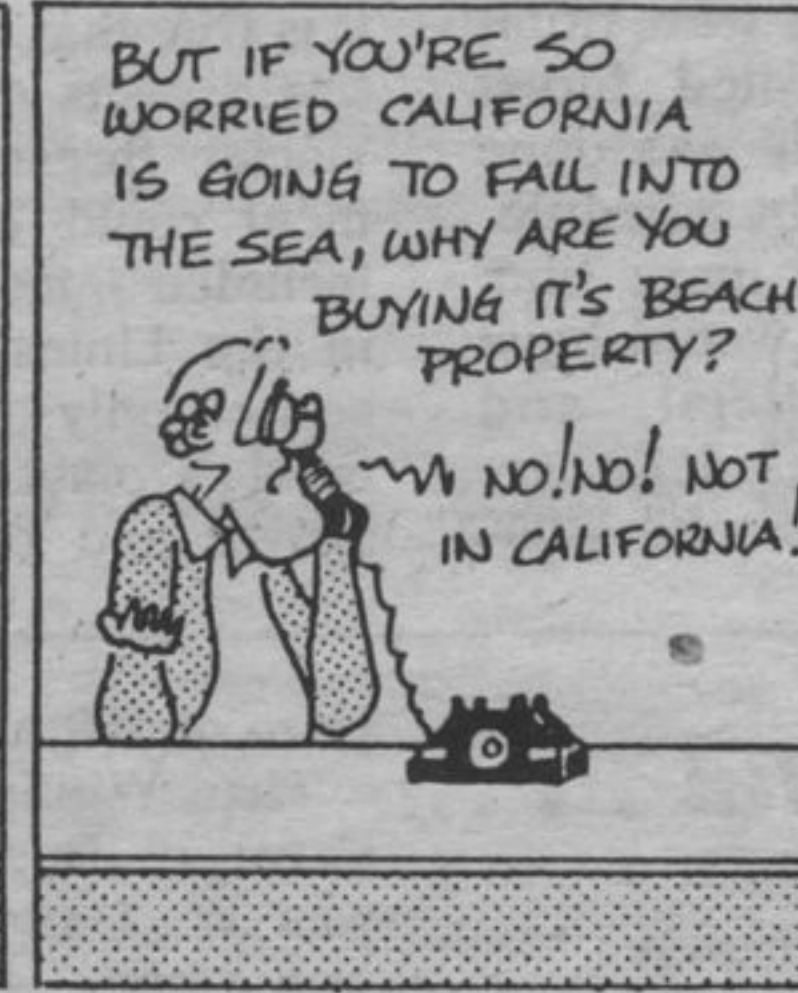
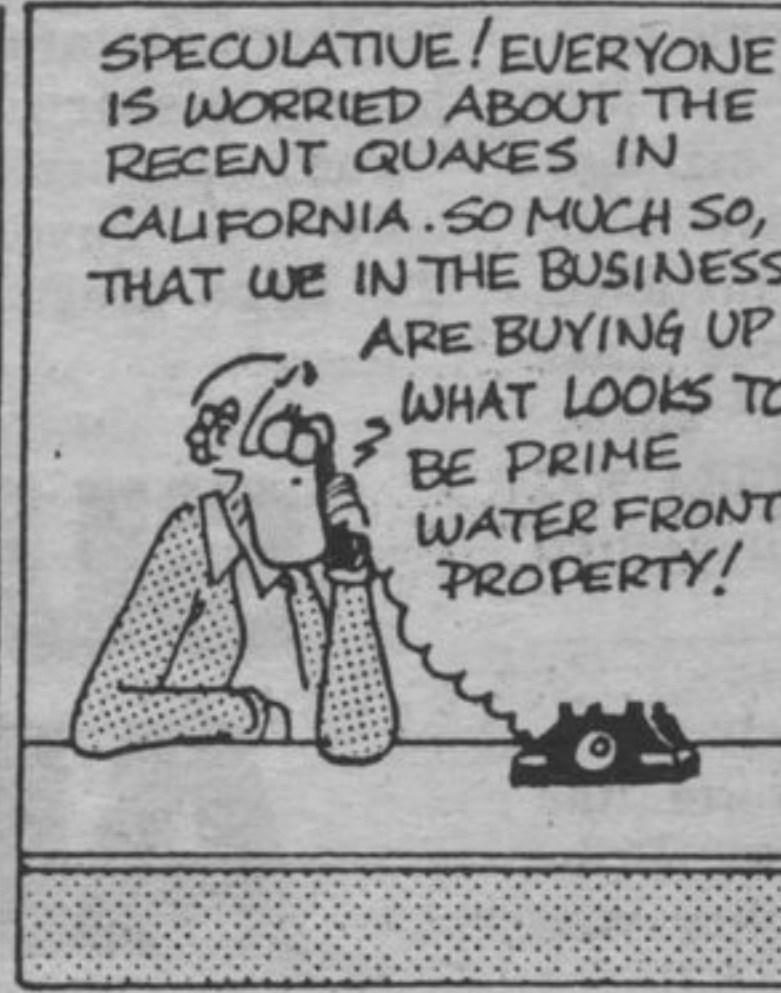
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### GRANDPA AND ME



### BY MARK TURRIS

## Guest Editorial

# Focus on Forestry — a free-wheeling affair

Editor's note: Millie Barrett is Editor of the Nipigon Gazette and attended last week's "Focus on Forestry" Conference in Thunder Bay.

by M.E. BARRETT

1. Jack Masters is an excellent host.
2. Ed Lumley, J.J. Blais, John Roberts and Don Johnson are all - all - Honourable men. They are also handsome, witty and knowledgeable in their respective fields.
3. Judy Erola is also Honourable - and pretty. And charming. She talked about 'Resource based economies' - among 'other' things.
4. People. The Forest Industry. Woodland Operations. Paper and Pulp Mills. Lumber Companies. Contractors. Big guys and little guys. Truckers. Railroaders. Union Officials. Reeves. Councillors. Economic Development Groups. Chambers of Commerce. Environmentalists - University and College Presidents - Educationalists and Researchers. Joe and Jane Citizen.
5. Federal M.P.s from all over the North.
6. Everybody was there.
7. Except - Keith Penner - who was snowed in in El Paso (honest). John Munro - who was socked in in 'Tronna' (until late Saturday). The Province of Ontario. No. 7 is a great pity. We know Keith would have dog-teamed or snowshoed to get there - but - El Paso??? John Munro missed a good part of the discussion, but at least he got in on the wind-up rehash. The Province wasn't invited. Than which no more inane silliness can possibly be imagined. It's called 'accepted political practise.' The Feds and the Provs don't discuss mutual concerns in public. Especially when there's a rather hot issue on the agenda. Not proper, you know. Could be - ahem - uncomfortable. For everybody.

So here we were. Discussing the problems of a resource which is 99.9 per cent controlled by the province, and there wasn't one person present who could speak about the Provincial position on the matter.

It's so sad. And in my view, so out of date. The time is long gone when we can afford such niceties. Especially when the agenda item is Forestry. Ah, Tradition.

The Northern Ontario Liberal Caucus - Conference - Seminar - Think Tank - whatever - on Forestry - held at the Airlane Hotel, February 4-5 was a smash. If the Feds didn't know before just how strongly the people of this North feel about our forests - they should know now.

Of course, the Federal people present insisted that they do know. That they have known for some years. That they have been burning the midnight oil, and the candle at both ends, and the wires to all the Provincial capitals, to find answers. To provide help. To save Canada's greatest single natural treasure.

Our own bloody bush - that they've all taken for granted, and used and misused and slashed and burned and chopped down and hauled away and wasted for lo these hundred odd years.

Well, I'll say this. The Federal guys that were with us at the Airlane were serious. I hope that means what it should mean. Maybe it does mean that the Federal government will get serious. Let us all pray earnestly together.

The words that define the Conference were two - *Crisis* - and - *Urgent*. I lost count of how many times those two words were used. And every time a speaker used one, or both, of them, you could feel the total agreement of everybody in the room.

There were four "workshop sessions" on Saturday morning. One on Reforestation, one on Research, one on Marketing and Transportation, and one on "Infrastructure", (which I think had something to do with planning how to put together the proposals from the other three. I'm not sure.) Anyway, I went to the one on "Marketing and Transportation". Mainly because it was the one I knew nothing about.

If you think it was dull - Ha. It was fascinating. It went on for three hours and I was mad when it was over. If you knew the problems! What those lads were talking about were your jobs, friends and neighbours.

Where do we sell paper, and lumber? And how do we get the stuff from here to where it's needed? And how do we get around the roadblocks and bottlenecks of government bureaucrafts and international agreements? And how can we really be sure we'll have the wood to supply those markets next year - and the years to come? As the fella said - "Ah. There's the rub."

I heard guys from Hearst and Kap telling about selling lumber to Saudi Arabia. No kidding. And another from Kakabeka telling about selling fine veneer board in the U.S. And I heard that we are supplying 66 per cent of all the forest products used in the United States. So they just can't let us sell them anymore. So we have to sell "offshore" meaning - Europe and Asia and Africa.

So we have to learn (and teach!) about how they can use what we've got. But over and over and over again, there was this underlying sense of - Urgency - and - Crisis - about - How much wood have we got left? How can we make sure we'll have enough wood tomorrow - and all the tomorrows? What's the use of talking about markets in Saudi Arabia or Morocco or anywhere - if our forests can't be looked after? So - back to square one.

Reforestation - Regeneration - Rehabilitation. Tree Nurseries. Tree farms. Seedlings. Research. How do trees grow? What trees? Where? We don't have answers to even the simplest questions. And we have to get them. Fast.

Well, I think everybody knows now. We have to get serious. And it could mean the beginning of the beginning - of something great - for all of us.

Wanna know who all those guys were, and what they all said?

If you do - let me know - I'll tell you next week.

## Arthur Black

# Harold Ballard, The Man You Love to Hate

Quick now - who's The Man You Love To Hate?

That's a complex question for Canucks. The Americans have Richard Nixon and Benedict Arnold. The British had Lord Ha Ha. Even the Norwegians had Major Quisling who played footsie with the Nazis during World War Two.

Canada's never had any big league heels. Probably because Canada's never been in the big leagues.

But we're not totally bereft. We've got Harold Ballard.

The huge, oafish owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs has been outraging and offending Canadians for years. He called John Zeigler, the head of the NHL "a jerk and a pipsqueak". He told

woman belonged was on her back. He regularly runs down his own players as pansies and mental cases.

His detractors rejoiced when Ballard went to jail for a while a few years back. "That'll teach him!" they thought.

Ballard laughed through the whole thing. Told reporters he had steak every night and a good time over all.

Say what you will about Ballard — he's fairly unsinkable. He'll insult his own workers, his own boss, his colleagues ...

Even a city. This year Harold's taken on Saskatoon. That city is in the midst of negotiations to sign an NHL team to play out of Saskatoon. As an NHL owner, Ballard

A simple "no" would be way too classy for Harold. When reporters asked him how he felt about a major league venue in Saskatoon, Big Hal replied: "Saskawhere? Who'd wanna live there?"

The nice thing about this tale is that it doesn't end there, with blowhard Ballard getting the last word.

Nope. Saskatoon is fighting back.

Allow me to introduce Mister Darrell Utley, citizen of Saskatoon and President of the Harold Ballard Non-Fan Club. The Club is brand new but it's already more than a hundred members strong. For a membership fee of \$5, each joiner gets:

- A letter from Harold Ballard.

- A pass entitling him to free admission to all Maple Leaf Stanley Cup Playoff games. (Don't book your hotel just yet.)
- A flashy lapel-button on which is depicted a large braying Jack-ass.

There's one more good reason for joining the Harold Ballard Non-Fan Club — it'll give president Utley more clout if he can say he represents several thousand members.

You see, Utley is trying to pull off some fairly heavy duty political negotiations right now. He's set-up a meeting with the mayor of Saskatoon to establish April 1 as Harold Ballard Day in Saskatoon.

He also wants to set up a fitting memorial to Harold, right in the



Well ... outside the city actually. And the only capital costs involved would be changing the sign.

From "City Dump" to "Harold Ballard Cultural Centre."

Proceeds from the Club go to the Burn Unit at Saskatoon's University Hospital, and you really can join if you want to. Just send \$5 to:

The Harold Ballard Non-Fan Club  
Box 8522  
Saskatoon, Sask.