

Terrace Bay
Schreiber

News

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How the war changed Canada

War, of course, is a horrible thing- countries are destroyed, along with the people who live in them.

No one knows this better than war veterans, and so no one was happier when the wars ended than the thousands of Canadians who fought them.

But what kind of country did they return home to? It is one of the ironies of the Second World War that the men and women who came home found that they had transformed their country, even though they had been away from it.

Consider some of the things that has happened while they were serving overseas.

Canada had gone to war as a producer of raw materials and agricultural goods, and she ended it as one of the world's great manufacturing nations.

She had started the war as a largely rural country and by its end urbanization had made large strides. Her cities had mushroomed.

Other things had happened. When Japan overran the rubber plantations of Asia, Canada promised to produce synthetic rubber.

By war's end, 10 plants were in operation and Canadians were turning out 15 kinds of rubber. It was the same kind of story for the vehicle manufacturing industry and so many other things.

For Canada's veterans, the return home must have made them feel a bit like Rip Van Winkle did after his long sleep; it was still the same country, but it had been transformed.

But even if there was some apprehension about the kind of country they would be returning home to, it couldn't hide the joy they felt when the war in Europe ended.

Canadians celebrated from coast to coast and in Europe, but perhaps one soldier from British Columbia's Westminster Regiment put it best.

He was shaving on VE-Day when he happened to look at his image in the mirror. "Boy," he exclaimed, "am I glad to see you."

The changes that the veterans returned home to didn't stop them- or Canadians from remembering the country's 114,000 war dead.

And that is one thing that hasn't changed in the 42 years since the war ended. The country's legions' Poppy Campaign is just as successful now as it was in 1945. Canadians still remember.



It is now drug awareness week

Addiction Awareness Week, November 15-21, is an opportunity to draw attention to the fact that we all can easily become abusers of different substances.

The fact is that when we talk about drug abuse, we tend to think of young people.

A few statistics help us to put this in perspective.

Approximately 70 per cent of

young people use alcohol to some extent (and we must remember that it is against the law for minors to use alcohol outside of the home and without parental consent).

Around 25 per cent of youth use tobacco (and it is against the law for merchants to sell tobacco to those under 16 years-of-age).

One in four of Ontario high

school students report (1985) having used marijuana or hashish in the previous year.

Less than 10 per cent of students report using LSD; less than five per cent used cocaine, or inhalants (glue), or speed.

These statistics contradict all

see page 13

Letters to the editor

Letters to the editor are encouraged. They can discuss any topic but are subject to alteration, in length and content, at the discretion of the editor.

Please send your signed letters to: The News, P.O. Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T 2W0, or drop them off at the News, located centrally in Simcoe Plaza.

Arthur Black

By Arthur Black

*I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree*

Amazing. The poet Joyce Kilmer wrote those lines without even laying eyes on the big old maple out my back door. Now there is a tree that's more beautiful than half a dozen poems, the entire Top Ten Hit Parade and a couple of three-act plays put together.

Acer Saccharum it's known as, among botanists. To us less learned folks it's a plain old sugar maple and it is as I say, a beauty. Thirty feet high. A good three feet around the trunk. Festooned with bird houses in the summer (some

man-made, others freelance) and bedecked with bird feeders and suet bags in the winter, my old maple is a hostel for the swarms of jays, finches, chickadees and grosbeaks that flap by here every year en route to their summer and winter hangouts.

Works for me too, that maple. Holds up one end of my hammock for a couple of months each summer. I've spent more than one muggy afternoon under that tree, rocking gently and gazing at the hypnotically shifting patterns on the undersides of the maple leaves above, blocking out the sun. There may be more pleasant ways to while away a blistering hot July afternoon, but I don't

know of them.

Yessir, it's a wonderful old tree, my maple.

A pity that it's dying.

Nothing to do with age or fungus diseases or hemorrhage from the dinky little hook that holds up my hammock. My maple is dying from the same thing that your maple's dying from. That same thing that's killing all out maples.

Acid rain.

Or so they tell me. To tell the truth, my maple looks pretty much the way it did last year and the year before. It turns colour a little earlier and sheds its leaves a little faster, but other than that it's pretty much the same.

But the experts tell me it's dying and you know what -- I believe them. Because I've never heard biologists talk the way they talk about the threat of acid rain. Usually, scientists talk and write in academic-ese -- the language that is dispassionate, unemotional and, well, boring actually. But the menace of acid rain is provoking some specialists to vocabulary that's downright frightening.

"A catastrophe in the asking" warns a McGill University professor.

"We're on our way to disaster" says an Ontario botanist.

How serious is acid rain? Tom Hutchinson of the Institute of Environmental Studies has a

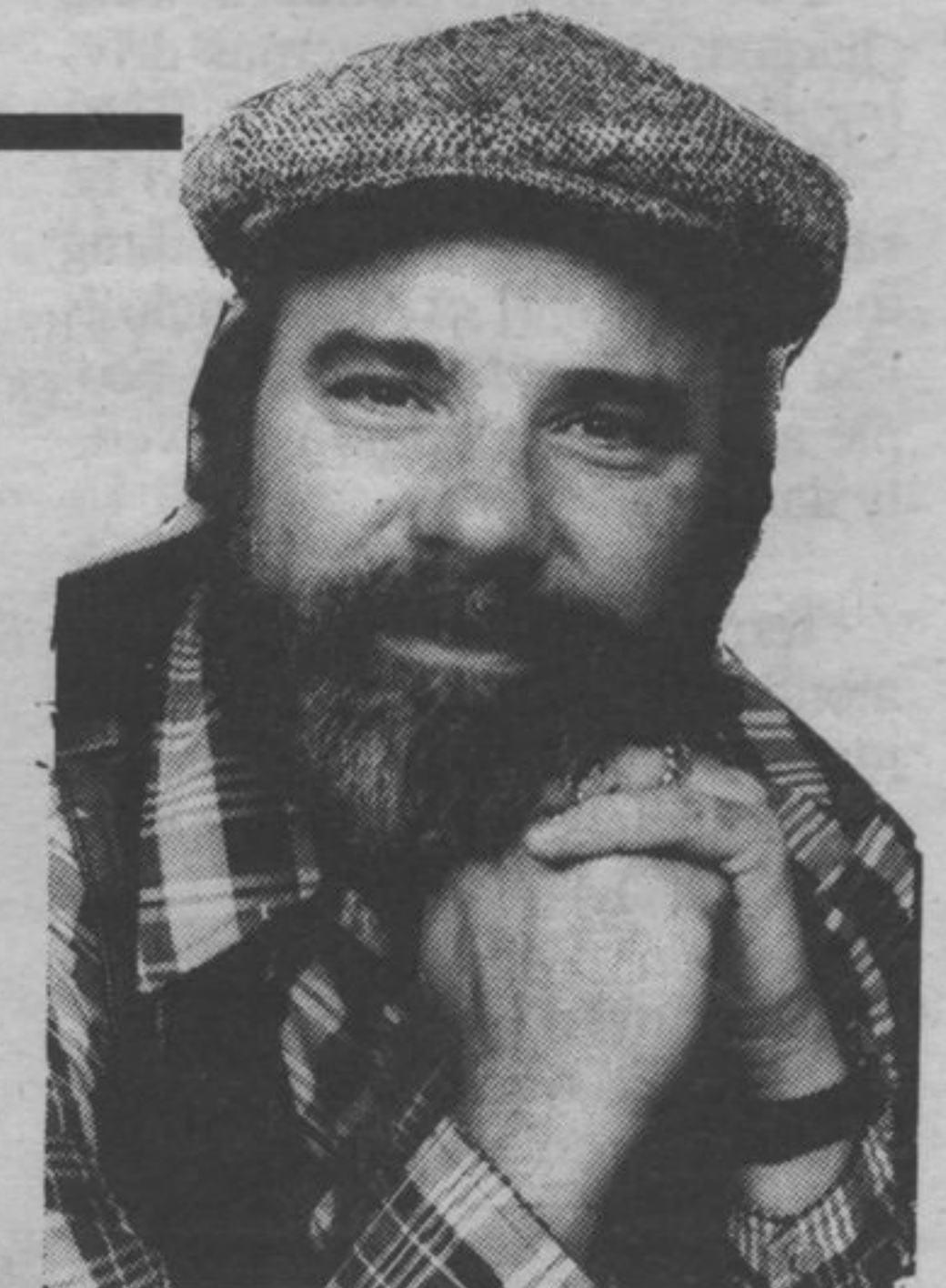
chillingly blunt answer to that: "It is" he says "the AIDS of trees." It's not as if we haven't been warned. Acid rain has decimated the forests of several European countries, particularly West Germany. Remember the Black Forest? Chances are in a few more years that's what we'll all have to do -- remember it. Its famous evergreens have been among the hardest hit.

In North America though, it's maple trees -- so far, anyway. Sugar maples have been particularly susceptible. Quebec's once lucrative sugar maple industry is in a shambles. Why? Because according to a McGill University study, 80 per cent -- 80 per cent -- of the province's maple trees are dead or dying. Economic losses to Quebec so far: \$110 million and climbing.

Can we turn it around? Hard to say. Trees don't respond to a couple of aspirin and a warm poultice. Foresters know that once you've interrupted a forest's cycle, the interruption can last for decades. There's talk of slow release organic fertilizers and promising bone meal treatments, but everyone knows what really has to be done.

And that's not likely to happen.

Not while you have a U.S. President who can say -- as Reagan said when he was governor of California: "Seen one redwood, you've seen 'em all."



Not when you have a provincial Ministry of Natural Resources which can publish a booklet listing all the possible causes of maple tree "dieback" -- everything from insects to fungus to viruses...but never once mentioning the MNR "R" words.

Air pollution.

All I know is, somebody better act soon. Unless we want to hear our kids standing up in school assembly singing revised lyrics to our semi-national anthem:

"The Maple Leaf..For A Little While."