

Editor's Mail

Natural beauty

Dear Jim

I wish to make comment with regard to a Tribune editorial in the issue of June 16 under the heading "Area Site a Disgrace". It deals with the appearance of the Claremont Conservation Area.

Contrary to your opinion, I see this site as a beautiful wilderness park. There, one can walk along miles of nature trails, among trees, shrubs, ferns and flowers that bring pleasure to hundreds of people each year.

The songs of birds such as wood thrush, cardinals, crested flycatchers, pileated woodpeckers and blue jays can be heard as one walks along the banks of Duffin's Creek where the sparkling water is pure enough to drink.

On the western slopes, miles of shrubs such as caragana, multiflora rose, lilac and others, add their sweet perfume to the valleys.

In the fall, the beauty of the woods in autumn colors cannot be equalled.

One tree, a butternut hickory, over 100 feet high and measuring almost eight feet in circumference is, in itself, worth a visit.

True, there may not be many barnyard ducks on the pond but one can count up to 100 Canada Geese there in the fall.

What's wrong with long grass? For years, acres and acres were mowed each week at considerable cost to the taxpayer. When funds were cut off, an excellent step was taken, trees were planted over most of the open areas.

Wildlife is gradually coming back. Once more, marsh hawks can be seen soaring over the fields and ground-nesting songbirds, previously disturbed by mowing machines, can now safely build their nests in the grass.

I think the Metro Toronto and Region Conservation Authority should be commended for doing the best they can under the circumstances.

Although group picnics are no longer held there, the Area is free and open to fishermen, naturalists, photographers or anyone seeking a quiet place to have lunch.

To someone like myself, who has covered almost every square rod of the 400 acres, it's difficult to understand why it should be described as an "eyesore".

Let's keep the Area open for those who love it, not close it as your editorial suggested.

Sincerely,
Edgerton Pegg,
R.R. 2, Claremont.



That was the week that was!

The Tribune
Established 1888

JAMES THOMAS Editor-in-Chief
BARRY W. WALLACE Publisher
ANDREW P. COOK Advertising Manager

EDITORIAL DEPT: Jim Holt, Jim Irving
DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Rod Spicer, Bryan Armstrong
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING-CIRCULATION: Joan Marshman
OFFICE MANAGER: Doreen Deacon
BUSINESS OFFICE: Eileen Glover
NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Dan Poyntz 363-1051

Published every Wednesday at 54 Main St. Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 25¢. Subscriptions: \$13.00 per year in Canada, \$35.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association, Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association, Ontario Press Council and Suburban Newspapers of America. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Stouffville Tribune is one of the Metroland Printing & Publishing Ltd. group of suburban newspapers which includes: The Action Free Press, Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner/Newmarket Era, Aurora Banner/Newmarket Era Weekend Edition, The Bolton Enterprise, Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Burlington Week Post, The Etobicoke Advertiser/Guardian, The Georgetown Independent, Markham/Thornhill Economist and Sun, The Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Mississauga News Weekend Edition, The North York Mirror, Oakville Beaver, Oakville Friday Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Oshawa This Weekend, The Richmond Hill/Thornhill Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, The Woodbridge & Vaughan News.

640-2100

Editorials

Canada Weekend

Events chief organizer deserves our thanks

What a weekend, like nothing this town has seen since its centennial in '77.

Success of the four-day program (in addition to the weather), is due to the enthusiasm displayed by a single individual, Ged Stonehouse.

It was he who put it all together and saw it through to a successful conclusion.

Certainly, he had help, some excellent help, but it was he who engineered the event from beginning to end.

Whitchurch-Stouffville owes him a vote of thanks.

Previously, there had been disappointments when committee members failed to respond and attractions failed to show. But not this

year---everything went together like clock-work.

Our greatest fear was that, due to July 1 coming on a Thursday, many would "take off" Wednesday and not return until Sunday. Undoubtedly some did, but thousands didn't. We haven't seen so many people in the park in years.

Although the theme was Canada, a good deal of promotional spade work was done with respect to a proposed Recreation Centre. And the response was positive.

It was a great weekend for our town, a propelling force that will lead to even greater cooperation in '83.

Support in-town walk

Back in 1980, a "Terry Fox Day" was held in Whitchurch-Stouffville, raising close to \$20,000.

As with Canada Weekend, Ged Stonehouse was the driving force behind this event.

Last year, there was nothing organized as a memorial to this brave young Canadian. Townsfolk, wishing to participate, travelled to Newmarket or Uxbridge. This won't happen again, at least not in '82.

The Stouffville Branch of the Canadian Cancer Society is sponsoring a Walk-a-Thon, Sunday, Sept. 19. All proceeds will go directly to the Terry Fox Fund.

We anticipate hundreds of entries. Residents appear eager for this type of event. The cause is certainly right.

Pledge sheets will be available shortly.

ROAMING AROUND
A busy weekend --but fun



By JIM THOMAS

What a weekend! I'm bushed, I mean really beat.

It's late Sunday afternoon; I'm trying to whip off a column; measure up a multitude of negatives; write a couple of editorials; drive to Markham to the weekly cartoon; fit stories into three waiting pages; grab a mouthful of supper and get down to the Park for the open-air service. All in two hours.

Can't be done? You're right. So I'll be burning the midnight oil again.

But I'm not complaining, not really. It's been the finest Canada Week ever, thanks to the humungus (that's Ged's word, not mine) effort put forward by Chairman Ged Stonehouse and all his willing workers. This year, for a change, even the weatherman co-operated.

So why am I so mentally and physically incapacitated? Just trying to cover each and every event. It was next to impossible. Oh sure, I was there in body and spirit too, but to provide each with the editorial and pictorial space it deserves, is out of the question. There's just not sufficient space.

Without a word of exaggeration, I could fill most of this week's Tribune with stories and pictures on one of several major events alone,

not to speak of all the rest. Take the Canada Queen Pageant, for example; or the Antique Fire Truck Parade; the Celebrity Auction; the Slo-Pitch Ball Tournament; the Crazy Olympics and the aforementioned Worship Service, all worthy of concentrated coverage; coverage I'd like to provide but can't.

For both Jim Holt and myself, it becomes a bit of an embarrassment. On occasions, we take pictures of individuals and groups, knowing full well they'll never be published. However, rather than say "no", we go through the motions, realizing that, sooner or later, we'll have to face the music when no photos appear.

Usually, the phones start ringing Wednesday and, yes, they'll be ringing longer and louder this Wednesday. For there were picture possibilities galore during this our greatest of all Canada Week celebrations. Yes, we could fill a 60-page paper rather than sixteen. That's what a "happening" of such magnitude truly deserves.

Regardless, it was fun trying. I loved every minute of it; so did the participants. I never saw a crowd (there were thousands), so jubilant, so buoyant, so spirited; none of the complaining so common to Canadians.

What did I enjoy most? That's an unfair question. However, now that I've put myself on the spot, I'll attempt an honest answer--the Celebrity Auction, for two reasons. First, I like auction sales and second, I came up with the best bargain of the night--a framed photo of 'The Fathers of Confederation', donated "to the cause" by this Riding's Member of Parliament, Sinclair Stevens. The purchase price? A mere fifteen dollars. I'll have him autograph it the next time he happens by, then, when our highly-respected M.P. becomes our country's next Prime Minister, the value will soar out of sight; but the picture will never be sold.

Two single incidents impressed me greatly. At the Celebrity Sale, auctioneer, Dan Barkey out-bid ten year old Mark Sporeenberg for an autographed Blue Jays' baseball, then gave it to him as a gift. Proud moment No. 2 was the resonant singing of O Canada accompanied by our own Town Band at the July 1 ceremony on Main Street.

On that occasion, at least, we seemed proud to be Canadians. May some semblance of national pride extend through fifty-two weeks rather than only one.

Window on Wildlife



Must preserve our forests

By Art Briggs-Jude

This is a story about space, material and time. It's not a pleasant tale, neither is it a hopeless account. The hard facts relate to our way of life and the startling realization that sometime soon, we're going to have to change our ways. And each new year that we fail to recognize these writings on the wall, brings the letters on that proverbial branding iron, closer to touching each one of us individually.

So the space part of this story has to do with the area in which we live and the vast tracts of land to the north that furnish nearly one job in ten for every Canadian.

It's not hard to notice the changing scene in our own community where, almost over-night, farms become shopping plazas and houses spring up in nearby fields like meadow mushrooms after a soft rain. New highways bulldoze their way across the countryside and landfill dump sites gobble up our ravines at an alarming rate. Yet urban spread, new housing and highways are all part of our development as a country, and even controlled dump sites, though undesirable, are, at present, a necessity for want of a better way.

Not so noticeable to us, however, is the changing scene in our Ontario northland, this vast space of landscape you view as you travel the northern highways--countless miles of forest greenery; a seemingly inexhaustible

source of supply for the paper industries that form the lifeblood of many a northern community. Unfortunately, the source of supply is not inexhaustible and, the open spaces that are left will not, in most cases, benefit the existing mills in our time.

This, then, is the material part of our story--trees. Conifers like black spruce and jack pine mainly, but deciduous kinds such as birch, poplar and hardwoods too, are disappearing at an escalating rate--too fast for our own good and that of the forest industry. It's unbelievable to think that Canada's largest export commodity, forest products, could, in the next decade, be strangled. Yet maybe it's not too hard to fathom when we realize that some large pulp mills chew up 12,000 trees a day. Add to that, the sobering fact the revelation that, in a given year, forest fires and insect pests, take ten times this amount. And the present programs of reforestation, even when coupled with natural regeneration, will only provide about half of this annual harvest. Unless we change our ways, we are all going to be in dire need of building and wood fibre material by the turn of the century.

Century, score, decade--they are all measurements of time, and time is the unknown factor, the final chapter in this true-life tale. But while time may be short in repl-

nishing the woodlands by conventional methods, the development of faster growing and disease resistant trees, could help breach the gap.

One program too, that would aid us more in our aid in our race against time, is greater re-cycling. Everyone knows that this method of re-using much of our dwindling supply of forest fibre, is not new, but it is becoming a priority item in many of the larger paper mills. Already, the Ontario Paper Company in Thorold, has launched a major recovery project that will utilize one hundred thousand tons of newspapers annually. That's a lot of material, enough, in fact, to fill the inside space of a 15-story building the size of a football field, every year. That amount of fibrous material also equals that produced by cutting ten square miles of forest. And that's space, too that wouldn't be used up in landfill disposal sites.

Truly, we are fast approaching the crossroads of the forest as we know it today. To prevail, we must change our past performance in the woodlands and accept the fact at home that we each have a responsibility to conserve every bit of forest fibre we can. The stakes in our forest industry are high, but if we are not more careful in our handling of this most important resource, all too soon, they'll be made out of plastic.