

ECO-JOURNAL

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ACID RAIN

A PROBLEM NOT YET SOLVED

by Alice Chambers, Manitoba Naturalists Society

Acid Rain is the term given to the return to earth in rain, snow, fog or dust of sulphur dioxide (SO₂) and nitrogen oxides (NO_x) which have been released into the air from smelters, generating stations and vehicle exhaust. It has caused tremendous environmental damage in eastern Canada and the northeast U.S., and was the subject of a major agreement between the two countries for significant reductions in acidifying emissions. These reductions are frequently cited as an example of an environmental success story, but recent research reveals that the problem is definitely not solved.

In May, Alice Chambers attended a workshop on the National Acid Rain Strategy for Post-2000, as a member of the Canadian Environmental Network's Atmosphere and Toxics Caucuses. The workshop was held in Montreal by the Acidifying Emissions Task Group, which has 16 members from federal/provincial governments, industry, health and environmental groups. Manitoba has two major point sources of acidifying emissions - the INCO smelter at Thompson, and the HBMS smelter at Flin Flon. However, this province is not represented on the Task Group, and sent no one to the workshop. Alice presents the following report on an issue which will continue to haunt us.

The workshop opened with a sobering overview of the effects of acid rain on the lakes and forests in Quebec. In 1988, when interim reduction targets were set in Canada, it was thought that a "critical

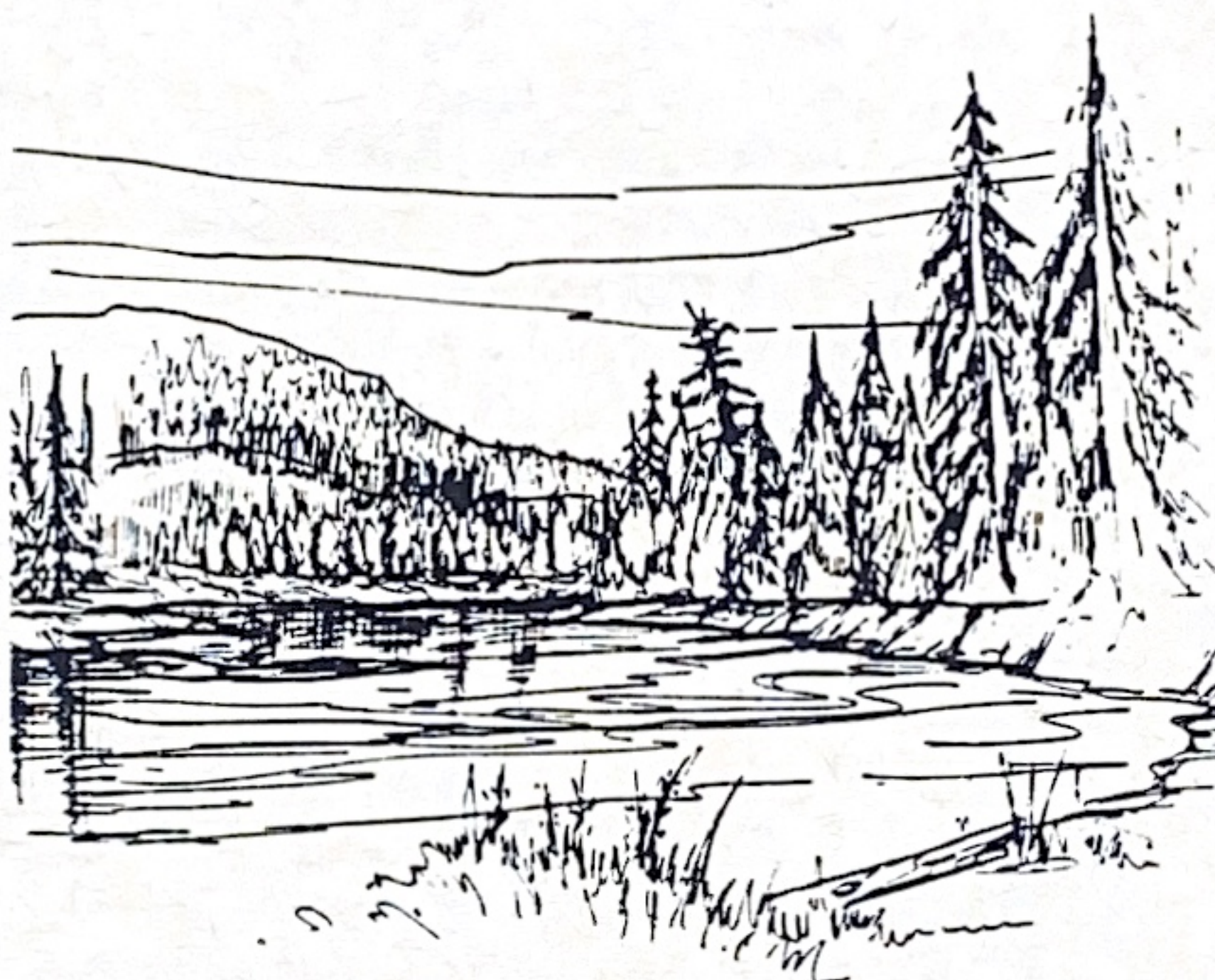
load" level of 20 kg/ha of sulphates/yr would be sufficient to protect most moderately sensitive aquatic ecosystems, using a pH of 5.3 as a damage threshold. The Eastern Canada Acid Rain Program, which includes Manitoba, has been very successful, resulting in a drop of

53% in emissions from 1980 levels, 13% more than the original 40% goal. Some provinces have had greater success than others but Canada, as a whole, has reduced SO₂ emissions by 43% from 1980 levels. In spite of these reductions, however, the damage continues. The figures for Quebec are alarming in that of lakes over 1 ha in size, 30,000 are now classified as acidic and 80,000 are becoming acidic.

It's now known that increased ultraviolet radiation as a result of atmospheric ozone depletion, and climate change, in the form of unusual periods of drought are interacting with acid rain in ways that were not anticipated. In addition, the cumulative effects of acid rain have resulted in dramatic losses in the buffering capacity of soils and lakes, thus limiting recovery capabilities.

It now seems clear that the critical load levels must be set much lower. Research has shown that for many lakes, the critical load is nearer to 5-8 kg/ha/year.

Presenters from provincial and federal departments summarized the results of the science assessments which have been carried out based on acid rain monitoring data. They reinforced concerns about the need for much greater reductions for both SO₂ and NO_x. When



TURKEY LAKES

ILLUSTRATION REPRINTED FROM REFLECTIONS 1986-87, A PUBLICATION OF THE NATIONAL WATER RESEARCH INSTITUTE, ENVIRONMENT CANADA. WITH PERMISSION.

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NETWORK NEWS

GOODBYE... AND HELLO!

At the Eco-Network Annual General Meeting on May 29, Nick Carter (Manitoba Naturalists Society) officially retired as a member of the Steering Committee and the position of Chairperson, which he has held for the past 3 years. We'll miss Nick's depth of experience and thoughtful presence at Steering Committee meetings, and his valuable insights and perspectives in between. But we wish him well in his new career as poet! (See the Home Ground insert for enlightenment). Harvey Williams (TREE) also bade us adieu. He and Maida are leaving the province for balmy British Columbia and will be sorely missed by the entire environmental community. Harvey was the recipient of the Naturalists Society Prairie Crocus Award at their recent AGM. Roger Turenne writes about Harvey's environmental achievements on page 13.

And last, but not least, Glen Koroluk stepped down as Resource Conservation Manitoba's rep. on the Steering Committee, as he is no longer working for RCM. We wish him well in future endeavours. Other members will continue, either entering the second of their two year terms, or beginning another term. The Steering Committee welcomes Ray Burns, representing Manitoba Naturalists Society, as its newest colleague. Ray has been chairing the Outdoor Programs committee for the MNS, and knows lots about the unique wilderness haunts of this province.

FINANCIAL & OFFICE NEWS

The past year has been a great strain financially, but with a diversity of innovative funding, some tremendous efforts by volunteers, and the great generosity of our members and supporters, we kept the office open and functioning during the entire fiscal year, ending at March 31 with a small

surplus. Environment Canada funding via the Canadian Environmental Network will be maintained through the coming year at the same level as last year, but other sources of funding are not so secure. Several funding applications are pending, and the Steering Committee has decided to close the office during the months of July and August as a cost saving measure. Several people have offered to volunteer their services in monitoring our mail (snail and electronic), and the answering machine. Our office mates, RCM staff, have agreed to assist in the management of the Resource Centre during this period. Eco-Journal will (magically) appear again at the end of the summer.

This is a regrettable turn of events - a read through our Annual Report for the year gives a good picture of the Manitoba Eco-Network's value to the local community in the past year - but the Steering Committee is confident that full services will be resumed in the Fall.

On a cheerier note, the Youth Caucus is alive and well, and its Project CLEAN and the Youth Sustainability Project staff, Sacha Kopelow and Manon-Soleil, have added a bright note to the workings of the office for the past two months. The Ecotopia camp involving 17 participants from across the Prairie provinces and two from Latin America, was held in Winnipeg and La Broquerie for a week in June (as Eco-Journal was going to press), Project CLEAN is now underway in earnest in the Winnipeg area (see the pledge form on page 15) and sales of the MENYC vegan cookbook are hot (order yours with the form on page 3).

Finally, we'd like to thank Harvey Williams for his generous donation of upgraded computer hardware and software, and Dan Hood for his donation of time getting all of our office programs integrated into the new system.

ECJ

1997-1998

Eco-Network Steering Committee

Lyle Barkman - Organic Producers Association of Manitoba

Dennis Bayomi - Winnipeg Vegetarian Association

Ray Burns - Manitoba Naturalists Society

Lindy Clubb - Western Canada Wilderness Committee

Val Klassen - Concerned Citizens of Manitoba

Harry Mesman - Manitoba Federation of Labour

Karen Turner - Sierra Club, Agassiz Group

Steve Rauh - Harvest Collective

Local Foods from Local Youth

by Dan Hood

Manitoba Eco-Network Youth Caucus Announces New Cookbook "Living Soils - Vegan Dishes with Local Ingredients from Manitoba"

Now that the snow has gone (hopefully) and the waters are going down, gardens and fields can be planted again and wonderful foods all over Manitoba soon will be growing. Our region produces some of the most wonderful foods, from grains, to vegetables, to fruits, berries, seeds, roots, and fragrant herbs, and in such a variety!

Many of us know how marvellous it is to keep a garden throughout the season, to watch the life spring forth and flourish from our efforts, and then to reap the 'fruits' of our labor at the end of the season. The freshness and natural goodness of garden veggies from the summer is reason enough to get through our enduring winters.

Manitoba also has many organic producers who put forth foods with the same fresh quality and wholesome goodness as the precious gems which come out of our own gardens. As well as having a taste that can be matched only by produce from our own gardens, organic foods minimally impact the areas they are produced in, and are free from the chemicals which have negative impacts on, not only the taste, but the health of our food.

Our wide variety of grains, vegetables, pulses, and fruits make it so easy to find, from this region, all the nourishment we need. With a little creativity, and a knowledge of what comes out of our backyard, a Vegan diet can be joyously sustained from our regional delights.

For these inspiring reasons, members of the Manitoba Eco-Net

Youth Caucus spent a handful of months, living it up in their kitchens, and getting down on paper, the fantastic creations they use to turn a wealth of local foods into a Vegan feast of dishes. It was quite the way to drive out of Winter, into the glories of Spring!

Going hand in hand with the Youth Caucus' campaign against pesticide use, this cookbook features Vegan recipes, made from ingredients which can be produced organically here in Manitoba, either on a larger scale or in a garden of our own. The goal of the cookbook is to raise awareness of the incredible variety of natural ingredients available in Manitoba and share many of the unique, delightful, and incredibly simple dishes that local youth, who have grown up in this province, create from the fruits of this land. And as well as using a wide variety of ingredients, the cookbook contains recipes for any mood one could be in, from hearty main dishes, to exotic creations resulting from those moments of midnight kitchen madness!

As of the beginning of June the Youth Caucus' cookbook, "Living Soils - Vegan Dishes with Local Ingredients from Manitoba", will be available though the Youth

Caucus or the Manitoba Eco-Network. The cost is \$5.00 which will help give voice to the environmental youth of our province!

For more information or for cookbooks contact:

Dan Hood
MENYC Coordinator
Voice: (204) 775-0849
Fax: (204) 947-6514
afw247@freenet.mb.ca

..... • Lentil-Wild Rice Pilaf

- ¾ cup wild rice, cooked
- 1 cup laird lentils, cooked
- 1 cup mushrooms, sliced
- ½ cup leeks, sliced
- 3 cloves garlic
- ½ cup celery, chopped
- 1 Tbsp sage
- 1 Tbsp fresh dill weed, chopped
- 1 Tbsp marjoram
- 1 Tbsp fresh parsley, chopped
- 1 tsp sea salt

- Saute the garlic and mushrooms for about 5 minutes. Add in the leeks and celery and cook for about 5 more minutes. Add the spices and fry for about 3 more minutes. Combine the fried vegetables with the lentils and rice and serve hot.



Manitoba Eco-Network Youth Caucus

Living Soils Cookbook Order Form

Send a cheque or money order payable to Manitoba Eco-Network Youth Caucus (no cash!) to this address:

Living Soils
Manitoba Eco-Network Youth Caucus
2 - 70 Albert Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada R3B 1E7

Number of Books: _____ x \$5.00 = \$ _____

Name: _____

Phone Number: _____

Street/Box No. _____

City: _____

Prov./State: _____ Postal/Zip Code: _____

THE FLOOD OF THE CENTURY

Should we expect more of the same?

by Anne Lindsey

The 1997 flood will go down in history, not only for its very volume and the tragedy that befell its victims, but also for the amount that was written and said about it. However, in all the reporting, there was very little mention of the environmental aspects of the flood. (Not surprising, perhaps, given the rarity of environmental commentary in the media of late).

A number of environmental issues come to mind, ranging from causes to impacts. For example, why this amount of water, this year? Unprecedented snow pack in the headwaters of the Red River has been cited, along with the unexpected April blizzard in southern Manitoba. According to Henry Hengeveld, Science Advisor on Climate Change at Environment Canada, these conditions are consistent with the scenarios for climate warming developed by the International Panel on Climate Change (IPCC). These scenarios, generated from the highly complex General Circulation Models for global climate, predict more snow in the winter, earlier Spring melt, and an increase in intense winter storms for this part of Canada. Hengeveld cautions however that the evidence is still quite weak that the flood of '97 is anything out of the ordinary. He says "it's one of those uneasy things", an example of what could happen, but notes that even US President Clinton spoke of a possible connection between the floods and climate change.

Unfortunately for Red River Valley residents, the federal government is doing the absolute minimum on climate change. Canada has failed totally to live up to the commitment made at the Earth Summit to reduce greenhouse gas emissions to 1990 levels. In fact, emissions increased 9.5 % between 1990 and 1995. Continued subsidies to the oil and gas industries would seem to ensure that the Liberals' 1993 Red Book promise of a 20 % cut in CO2 levels will not be met. While Canadian action alone will not quell global emissions, we remain the world's highest per capita greenhouse gas emitter. Reductions here would carry weight at international negotiations such as the Framework Convention on Climate Change.

What about drainage patterns in southern Manitoba? Older residents of the Red River Valley say that the land looks dramatically different these days. Modern drainage structures facilitate faster drainage from the fields in the Spring, and consequently increased volume in the rivers and streams. Larry Whitney at Manitoba Natural Resources says that the April blizzard clogged drainage ditches with ice and snow this year, and feels that they contributed little to the flood. He acknowledges however, that they can be a significant factor in smaller floods.

In the realm of flood impacts, some publicity was given to the contamination by flooded sewage lagoons and livestock holding areas in North Dakota, leading to predictions of elevated bacterial levels in the Red. According to Manitoba Environment's Dwight Williamson, fecal coliform levels were only slightly elevated above normal Spring levels in the province's monitoring program. Downstream of Winnipeg, levels were considerably higher, but this was likely more an effect of the ongoing Combined Sewer Overflow situation in the City. (When runoff levels are high, the waste water treatment plants cannot handle the increased volumes, leading to

direct dumping of sewage into the rivers). While the City made some overtures in the direction of water conservation, a more aggressive program could have eased the pressure on the City's sewer system and resulted in less dumping of untreated wastewater.

Fecal coliform contamination has been an enormous problem in some areas, however, notably in wells in the Grande Pointe and St. Adolphe/St. Germaine areas. Dennis Rocan at Manitoba Environment explains that a large number of improperly abandoned wells allowed an entrance pathway for Red River water to enter the aquifer. The localized coliform contamination was likely due to failures of nearby septic fields. The result has been contamination on a scale hitherto unseen in Canada, requiring a gargantuan effort on the part of a team of specialists to flush out the wells, remove the river water from the aquifer, and disinfect the entire area around the wells. This is a sobering reminder of the fragility and priceless value of freshwater aquifers. It may be some time before residents can utilize their own wells again.

Farm chemicals were another concern. Dwight Williamson says that chemical companies and bulk fuel distributors had enough lead time to move their products out of the valley, however some empty and partially empty containers were found floating in the river,

See CLEAN-UP page 12

Earth First! Manitoba

A Citizens' Watch Campaign

by Dan Hood

What's going on right now in Nopiming Provincial park? How about Duck Mountain? Do we know if Pine Falls Paper Co. is adhering to their road building guidelines? Can we be sure that Louisiana Pacific is leaving adequate buffers on their clear-cuts? How are communities being affected by nearby logging or mill operations?

How can we be sure of the answers to these questions? Manitoba's Department of Natural Resources (DNR) do monitor the operations of REPAP (now owned by Avenor), Pine Falls Paper Co., and Louisiana Pacific. But DNR has had some severe cuts to its funding which has had a devastating effect on their ability to effectively monitor our deforestation industries.

The companies also review their own operations, and are required to produce Environmental Impact Statements (EIS's) periodically which should give a detailed description of the effects their activities are having on our ecosystems. But can we be sure that issues which threaten the welfare of our wilderness will be brought out in documents prepared and paid for by companies whose primary goal is to convert Mother Nature into financial gain?

See GOAL page 15

HOME GROUND

An Introduction

by Anne Lindsey and Lindy Clubb

In *Four Quartets*, T.S. Eliot wrote that "Home is where one starts from". And "Home" was the inspiration for the following collection of works by Manitoba writers. Most of these pieces were read aloud by the writers at Home Ground, An Evening of Nature Readings, held at the Fat Angel Deli in honour of Earth Day, 1997.

Although Home means different things to different people, the 84 year old environmental activist (elder) David Brower reminds us that wilderness is an ancestral home common to all people. In his book *Let the Mountains Talk, Let the Rivers Run*, he writes, "All the messages as to where the rods and cones should go, the development of our minds, conscious and unconscious, were developed over the last three and a half billion years, through trial and error, through success and failure, through symbiosis. We all still possess a little fragment of the first bit of life on Earth. Consequently, everything that's alive is related..."

Nature transcends all the other qualities by which we seek to define ourselves and since our modern ways have so often divided us from nature, Nature writing is a reminder of what has meaning in our lives. It helps us locate our memories, recognize and respect our collective home, reminds us of our relations with the land and the animals and the places in nature that we have come to know well - areas where we grew up perhaps, cottages we have come to love, or special places we have visited.

Home Ground came about because of a desire to hear more of nature and the environment through readings of prose and poetry about Manitoba. Our goal was to present an evening and now a publication of home-grown, local writings about nature and about home.

A call for submissions went out and we were rewarded with a surprising mix of styles - short fiction, poetry, life writing, a novel excerpt, even a limerick. The content swings from satire in *The Peaceable Kingdom* and *A Sow's Lament* to sentiment and humour in *May Long Weekend*, social commentary in *Home*, poetic descriptions in *Transcendence*, *Top Soil*, *China Beach* and *Endangered Blue* and finally, magic realism in *Juliana and the Medicine Fish*. It's a mix as varied as the plants in the earth around us, and we hope the seeds will germinate and bloom into a permanent collection of nature writing, such as the one we have begun in our resource library.

Home

Only home leads out of here.

- Phil Hall

As for plumbing the world I am not global. I fashion no community
With him whose eyes I can not discern the colour of, with her whose
Hands I can not trace in the framing of our conversation. With so
Few I've bent backs to a task to feed, clothe or shelter ourselves.

We are orphans from the products of our wage labour. My ambition's
Thin but I can husband long hours to raise something out of the soil,
Or slip a needle through three layers of cloth to create a hem
Outlasting the pant leg, or bang ardox nails into fir joists and

Reshingle a moss-covered roof. I know no garbage, no landfill waste
Except that purchased through elaborate economics of arbitrary
Inequality. Limp plastic and virgin styrofoam embody dreams of men
Blind to white clouds shook across a blue blue sky by an invisible

Wind, who preserve the future with neatly creased promissory notes
In a vinyl wallet tucked into a butt pocket. Shadowy screens of
Electronically lit microdots do not enchant me, nor keep me from
Sleep because I go at a pace that allows a head's turn to the branch

Left atremble by the disappearing junco. Democracy is soured by
Surfeit: long distance lettuce and peaches lugged home through
Growing snowdrifts in a stretched plastic bag, and strawberries
Raised by anonymous farmers on exotic chemicals freighted by multi-

National suppliers realign us seasonless. Our trust in technology
Hardly flickers after the reboot. Information bloats and inform-
ation bores. Useless speed mystifies and de-drudges and fun-izes.
We are informed by a happy face icon, and replace citizenship with

Consumerism. The dog chases and catches his own tail. Now what?
I value prairie anemones and sturdy buckets, a wide brimmed hat
To shade my eyes in sunlight, gutter the rain in a cats & dogs
Downpour. I am local and I am at home. My children are calling;

My beans need hoeing; bird songs are free - listen closely. Good
Night.

Andrew Vaisius

Manitoba Eco-Network wishes to acknowledge the following people for contributing to the Home Ground project: Lindy Clubb, who co-ordinated the event, the writers/readers who shared their work and donated their fees to the Eco-Network Resource Centre, the owner of the Fat Angel Deli and his staff for the generous offering of an elegant space, delicious food and all the right equipment for the readings, the Manitoba Arts Council who funded featured readers David Arnason, Jake MacDonald and Barb Schott, Daniel McKay who volunteered his time for layout of this publication, Turnstone Press for permission to reprint *The Peaceable Kingdom*, Great Plains Publishing for permission to print an excerpt from Jake MacDonald's forthcoming novel *Juliana and the Medicine Fish*, and Diane Magill and Prairie Habitats for permission to use the native plant illustrations from their catalogue. Thanks to all, including the audience at the event.

The Peaceable Kingdom

by David Arnason

Many years ago, in a time that was better than our own, there existed a peaceable kingdom on the shores of the northern sea. The animals of that kingdom went about their affairs without bothering each other, but they also cherished their differences. The rooster crowed the coming of dawn, and the sparrows celebrated the gathering dusk. A chorus of frogs announced the change of seasons, and cattle lowed peacefully in the afternoon. The beavers erected their dams and houses, and the flowers splashed a myriad of colours over the green of the fields. The grebes did a mating dance every spring that was so beautiful, the other animals were moved to tears by the sight.

And over it all, keeping everything together, was the Company of Black Crows. The crows announced the news every day, they brought the drama of life in the peaceable kingdom to all the inhabitants, and they continued to remind the animals that their kingdom was the finest kingdom in the world.

Then one year, now so very long ago, the wolf who had just recently been elected as leader of that country remarked to his friend the vulture, "Have you noticed that the Company of Black Crows seem to find fault with everything we do?"

"Friend Wolf," the vulture said, "You have hit the nail on the very head. The Black Crows are indeed our enemy. When we were in opposition, they paid little attention to our criticisms. Now that we are in power, they choose only to emphasize negative things, the number of members of our cabinet who have gone to prison, our friends who have received lucrative contracts, minor instances of corruption and malfeasance. It amounts to irresponsible conduct."

"They have become fat and complacent," the wolf said. "Perhaps they would have less time to criticize if they were hungrier."

"You may have noticed," said the vulture, "that they eat the very same food as vultures: garbage, carrion and road kill. And they get it all at public expense, eating it from roads that have been built and maintained by the state, while we in private life have to scour the countryside for the occasional corpse. It certainly isn't fair."

Perhaps they would show more gratitude if we were to remove some of the carrion from the public roads," the wolf said. "It's worth an experiment."

And they did that. They withdrew some of the public support of the Company of Black Crows, and with fewer resources, the criticism grew less. The following year, they withdrew even more with the same salutary effect.

Some of the animals grumbled. They were accustomed to getting their news from the crows, and they didn't like the cutbacks. In the next election, the party of the wolf and the vulture was devastated. They received a mere two seats in the parliament of animals. Instead, the animals voted almost unanimously for the party of the sheep and the pig.

Well, that was a successful election," the wolf said as wriggled out of his sheepskin. "I nearly suffocated in that costume. I wonder how sheep survive in all that wool."

"You're back," the pig exclaimed. "I thought surely you would never recover after the election."

"Well, I'm not the same wolf," the wolf told him. "But I am a

wolf, and I do what wolves do. And I think that I'll begin by cutting back on the crows."

"Do you think that's wise?" the pig asked. "The crows are pretty hungry now. They might not survive another cutback."

"That's possible," the wolf answered. "Still, look at the bright side. The vultures will serve the role just as well. They have not so far been known for their public service, but I am sure if all the roadkill is available to them they will show their appreciation by providing the information the animals need. And they will be far less likely to criticize the government."

"I see that the vultures will be well served by this policy," the pig replied. "But what is in it for pigs? An ample supply of roadkill is neither here nor there when you are making a speech to a gathering of pigs."

"Songbirds," the wolf said.

"Songbirds?"

"Yes, indeed. What do songbirds eat?"

"Seeds," the pig replied. "Grain and corn, wheat and barley and oats."

"And what do pigs eat?"

"Grain and corn, wheat and barley and oats."

"Exactly," the wolf replied. "And there will be a side benefit. Have you ever been awakened by birdsong early in the morning after an evening in which you have consumed a quart or two of barley more than you should have?"

"All too often," the pig said. "Much to my regret."

"Well, if the supply of food to the songbirds is reduced, not only will there be

more food for the pigs, there will be blissful silence in the mornings, and our evening walks will not be bothered by their noise."

It took little more than a nod in the direction of the deficit to convince the parliament of animals that they could not afford the luxury of birdsong, and the peaceable kingdom fell into silence.

The pig was satisfied, but a weasel who had been elected from one of the western provinces was not.

"Have you noticed the appalling increase in flagrant sexual display?" the weasel asked the wolf. "The religion of weasel demands that such things go on only when sanctioned by the One True Church of Weaseldom, and only in darkness and shame. And yet the grebes flaunt their disgusting passion in dances on the water. The grouse drums and puffs up his chest in the forest. The deer rut openly in the fields, and the orioles put on suits of orange for no reason other than sexual display. The peaceable kingdom is going mad with sexuality, and something must be done."

The wolf and the pig agreed. They spoke seriously to the parliament of animals of the terrible problem of the national debt, and they put a stop to dancing.

A surprising number of moles had also been elected, and they were anxious to see their own concerns addressed. They raised the problem of flowers. "This country is far too full of flowers," the spokesmole said. "Something has to be done. They use far too much soil that ought to be available to moles. Their roots get in the way of our digging. But worse than that, they have no purpose. They provide nothing but splashes of colour. Take, for instance, the huge bed of red flowers on parliament hill. What does it mean? What does

Continued...



May Long Weekend

It's back to the wilds and our camping abode,
to the beauty of nature renewed
With lounge, sun-shade, refreshment and book
I'm ready to doze in this heavenly nook.
When to my ear, the air waves do render
that familiar call of the lesser Black'n Decker (chain
saw). As answering notes strike up through the trees
the loud buzz of a lawn mower wafts on the breeze!
Across the lake on Provincial grounds
the piercing beep of a car alarm sounds.

Well, this is the first long weekend of summer
- it just couldn't be any other.
I quite enjoy it in some perverse way
as it heralds our triumph over winter's harsh sway.
Without the yin there would be no yang,
without the din no joy in calm.
Spring animals scamper in sheer delight,
and our young folk must have their wild night.
I'll come back here in mid-week soon
to listen to the silence and call of the loon.

Jocelyn Boileau
St. Malo, MB, May 1992

Prairie Lily



A Sow's Lament

Pigs Pigs Pigs! One acre. One sow:
Why should I live less well than a cow?
Gog & Magog at war with the soil
they cage the beast and prescribe the toil
of creatures like me.

But why should I stand in a pen all the day
with no room to grow except in one way
on feet over holes
cut by gratings of steel
standing on gaps with no softness appeal,
all my life long?

Why should I eat a technical ration?
Why does my back get wet from the stanchion
to wash out the product of my poor digestion?
Growth pills and bug pills by forceful ingestion!
Hormones and sperm with no choice for rejection!

Why should I lie in a trap when I farrow
all comfort lost for piglets & mother
in a space far too narrow?

Mourn pigs in pens without the pleasure
of sunlight and grass and plenty of leisure
to snort and to play and to root in the mud.
How I yearn for freedom.

Beset by McWorld; for hamburgers & fries.
I'm lost in a haze of particulates and flies
all feelings waste away with time
in my cell. But what is my crime?

Nick Carter

Smooth
Camas



The Peaceable Kingdom

(continued)

it say to the animals of the peaceable kingdom?"

And, of course, nobody could quite say what it meant. Some of the animals argued that it was beautiful, and that beauty was a sufficient reason, but the wolf and the pig and the weasel and the moles all pointed out that beauty was fine for a rich country, but a country that was in debt could not afford anything as inessential as beauty. And, of course, the parliament of animals agreed.

Then a silence descended on the country. The crows no longer shouted out the news from one end of the land to the other. The vultures took on the crows' role, but they were much too busy eating to say anything. The birds kept their silence, and after a while, they forgot how to sing. Only a very few of the birds and animals continued to dance, and those who did, followed the example of the weasel and danced in the dark and in shame. The useless flowers were rooted from their beds and the peaceable kingdom turned a uniform shade

of brown.

For a while, the country went on in this way. The animals and birds felt that their self-denial was virtuous, and a better world would soon appear.

Then one day an eagle flew in from the south. The crows saw him, but they were too weak with hunger to tell anyone. The vultures thought he was only another vulture. But the eagle brought with him birds who could sing and animals who could dance, and he spread the land with seeds of flowers. They were foreign birds and foreign animals and foreign flowers, but the animals of the peaceable kingdom had been starved for beauty for so long that they didn't care. They forgot that they themselves had once sung, that they had danced and they had cherished their own flowers. They forgot that there had ever been a peaceable kingdom, and they danced with the eagle. They danced. Danced. Danced.

Juliana and The Medicine Fish

an excerpt from a new novel by Jake MacDonald

(available this month in Winnipeg book stores, this novel tells the story of a young heroine's encounter with the mystery and dangerous beauty of the wilderness)

*Unless the bayte is known,
all these craftes will avaieth nothyng to your purpose.
For ye can not brynge a hook into a fyssh's mouth
wythout a bayte that pleases hym.*

-Juliana Berners. from a *Treatyse of Fyshynge Wyth an Angle*, published 1496

Juliana and Cub rode several miles out of town, then turned off along a gravel road. It had rained hard all summer and the forest on both sides of the gravel road was as dense as a jungle. Ivy vines snaked across the road and huge leaves hung over the gravel shoulder, dripping. Cub pumped the bike through soft places in the sand and weaved through the washboard ripples and water-filled puddles.

Atop the hill, Cub slowed the bike and stopped. "We have to walk from here." The hill top was like a war zone, a bomb-blasted sweep of torn trees and mud. Two orange tractor-skidders sat at the edge of the clearing, looking like bug-eyed dragons with wire grills over their eyes and steel feet covered with huge, mud-cleated tires. After a short walk over the hill they came to a mountain of yellow sawdust, where the ground was strewn with thousands of pine slabs scattered like jackstraws. Overhead, the sky boiled -- a seething ocean of violet, slate, and green-tinted thunderclouds. "Umbay," said Cub, grunting as he pushed the bike through the soft black mud.

Juliana followed him, trying to miss the worst spots by hopping from one grass hump to another. The air was sharp with the aroma of torn trees, and every so often the sky shook with a cannon-rumble of thunder. In a tangle of woods there was an old rusty Caterpillar tractor with vines growing out of its engine block. And on the edge of the junkyard was a tiny shack with chipboard walls, blotched with black fungus stains from the rain. Cub wheeled the bike up to the shack and leaned it against the crooked steps. He unstrapped the grocery bag from the handlebars and motioned to Juliana.

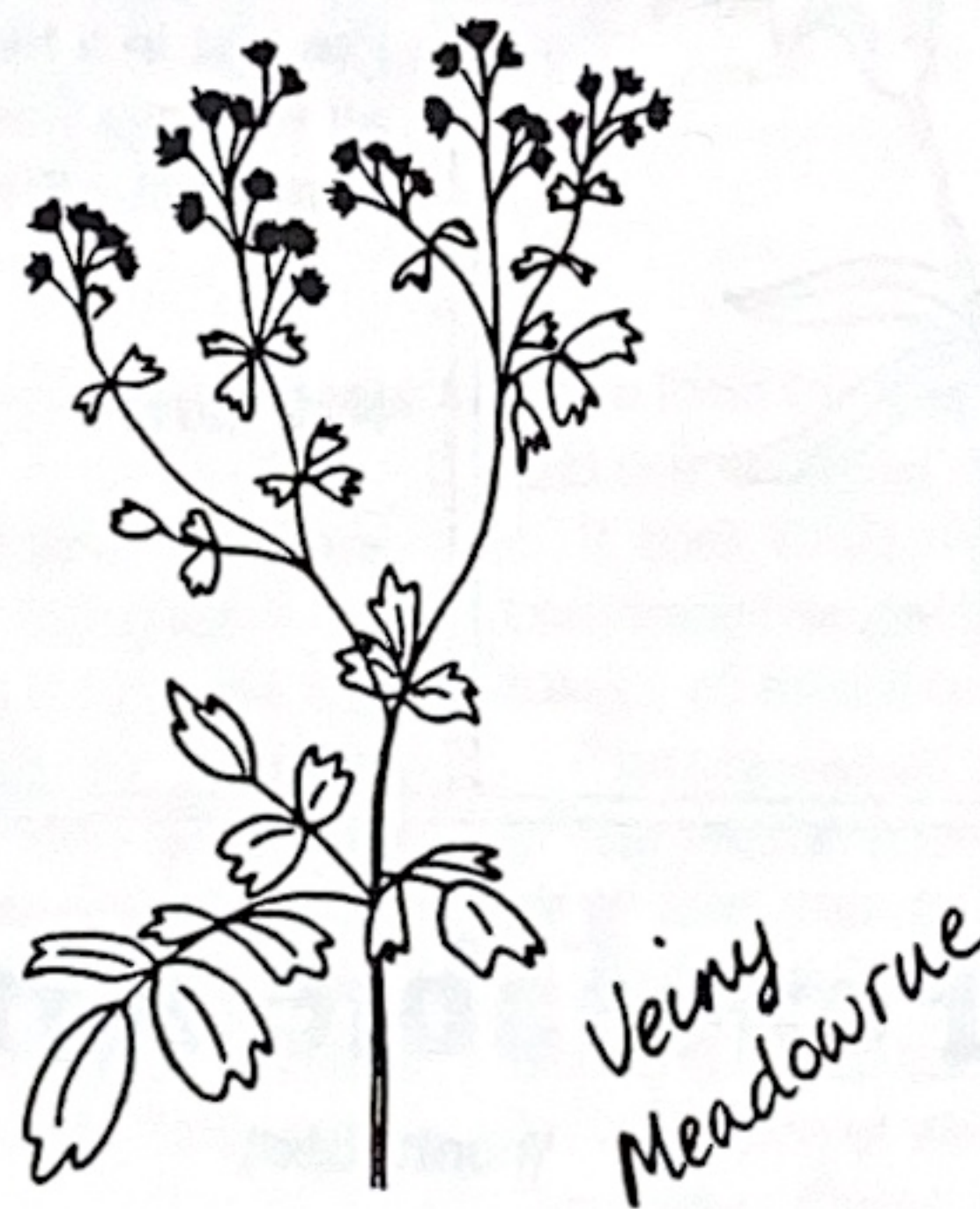
Juliana followed Cub up the stairs. She liked it here in the woods: the smells of freshly-cut trees, rain, rusting machinery, rotting plants, wind.

Cub tapped his knuckle against the door. "Mishum."

Air from the forest sighed and gusted around them. Across the yard, a huge woodpecker with black tattered feathers hung from the side of a dead jackpine, chiselling and whacking at the trunk. After a minute or two Cub knocked again. "He's getting deaf," he muttered. "Mishum!"

A moment later the door creaked open and an old man stood there, supporting himself with a crutch. He wore bedroom slippers, grey wool pants and a green plaid shirt with the collar buttoned tight at his neck. His grey ponytail was cinched at the back with a loop of red yarn.

"I got your groceries, mishum," Cub said.



"This is Juliana."

The old man looked at her for a moment, then extended his hand. It was as soft as glove leather.

"Let's go inside," Cub said.

The cabin was bare, just a bed, a plywood floor and a rickety wooden table in the corner. A couple of plastic milk crates for chairs. A kerosene lantern on the wall. Cub unpacked the groceries and gave a package of Drum tobacco to his grandfather. Limping across the floor, John Smoke eased himself down on the bed. Cub unpacked the groceries

and put them in a Styrofoam cooler. No one told Juliana to sit down, or make herself at home. But Juliana knew, by now, that sometimes you were just supposed to look after yourself. So she put the tackle box against the wall and sat on it.

It was quiet in the shack. A volley of raindrops rattled on the roof. John Smoke peeled the wrapper from the Drum tobacco package and began rolling a cigarette.

Juliana said: "I'm in a fishing contest."

"Are you winning?"

Juliana shook her head. "I only caught one fish."

"Muskie?"

"A little northern."

"A goddamn snake."

She nodded.

He shook his head and tapped the cigarette on his knee. With a brisk gesture, he opened a Zippo lighter and slapped it against his leg. Orange flame ribboned out. Juliana could smell gasoline. She remembered the smell from when she was a little girl, from the gasoline that the Ojibway guides put in their Zippo lighters. John Smoke lit the cigarette and blew an enormous cloud of smoke at the ceiling. Even though he was old and crippled, there was something about the movement of his arms that hinted of great physical strength. "We used to catch 50, 60 of those goddamned snakes a day."

He paused for a moment, smoking. "We used to catch fish on every cast."

He told her about hot June afternoons, the water all flat and limpid under the heat of the sun, when they'd kill the motor and drift in silence, with the greenery of the forest and the bird chatter and the cloud-towers climbing up into the southwestern sky, and the guests whispering because the afternoon was so heavy and still. And when the line looped out and flashed like spider web and the wooden lure sailed down and slapped the water, there would be only the shortest moment before the mirror-surface of the lake erupted and the line would tighten up and saw sideways through the water. "Got another one!" the guest would shout. And that's how it would go, in the old days. They'd catch a fish on every cast. "And nowadays, look at it," he said, shaking his head. "You can barely catch a goddamn snake out there."

Cub tore off a piece of plastic wrap and gestured towards Juliana. "Want some Velveeta?"

"No thanks."

John stared down at the cigarette drooping from his hand.

Finally Juliana spoke. "I saw her."

John raised his eyes. "Who?"

"The medicine fish."

There was a long silence. Only the soft needle-work of the rain sewing back and

Jake MacDonald's *Juliana and the Medicine Fish* is newly published by Great Plains Fiction, an imprint of Great Plains Publications, Winnipeg. This month it will be available in bookstores in fine quality paperback. \$16.95

forth across the roof. Juliana waited. It seemed like minutes passed before John Smoke shook his head. "You didn't see no medicine fish."

"I saw her."

"There used to be two of them big medicine fish. One down in Sioux Narrows. Another up at this end." He tapped the cigarette and ash fell to the floor. "They both died a long time ago."

"They aren't dead," Juliana said. "I saw one."

John Smoke just sat there, with blue smoke drifting up from his hand. Standing up, Juliana placed her heel against the wall and walked carefully forward. "This is how big she is." Halfway across the room she stopped. Pointing to the floor she said, "From there to there."

John looked at the floor.

"She lives under our boathouse," Juliana said. "I'm not lying. I saw her."

"We tried to catch her," said Cub. "We used rotten meat."

"A muskie won't bite rotten meat."

"We know that now. But we thought it was a sturgeon. Then we switched over to lures." Juliana opened the tackle box. "I've been using this lure." She showed John Smoke the Spook. "Is it any good?"

He didn't answer, but sat there with the smoke drifting up from his hand like incense from a wand. "I thought she was dead."

"No."

"I only seen her two times. Once, when I was a small boy. Then another time when I was guiding some fishermen. Way off in a wild part of the lake, so far the islands don't have white man names. We were drifting through a big deep bay, jigging for walleyes, when I saw her swim under the boat."

Cub said: "Did you try and catch her?"

"No, I didn't even tell my guests that she was right there, under the boat. I took one look, it took my breath out, like this." He made a twisting motion with his fist. "I knew right away she was the mushkiki keego."

"If I caught the keego, I'd let her go," said Juliana. "I always let my fish go."

John gave Juliana a steady look.

"Well, almost always," she said. "Sometimes we keep an ogaw for supper."

"Ki anicinabam na?" John Smoke asked.

"A little bit."

"Where did you learn to speak it?"

"Ni mama ongah," Juliana replied. "From my mother."

John Smoke leaned back against the wall and sat there in silence, with the smoke furling up from his hand. He regarded Juliana for a while, as if he was trying to decide what kind of person she was. Then he leaned forward and picked up the Spook. "Different times of the year, you need different lures. It changes all the time. You gotta look at the

sky. Feel the water. You gotta see what bugs are coming out."

"There are mayflies coming out this week."

He searched through the tackle box and pulled out a small spinner. "You could put a little piece of worm on there. Make the blade spin real slow, like this." He held the spinner, blew on it softly, and the blade fluttered like a mayfly's wings. "That would catch a walleye, this week," John said. "But it wouldn't catch a muskie."

"Why not?"

"If you were a big mushkiki keego, would you eat a bug?"

"No."

"Why?"

"A bug's not big enough."

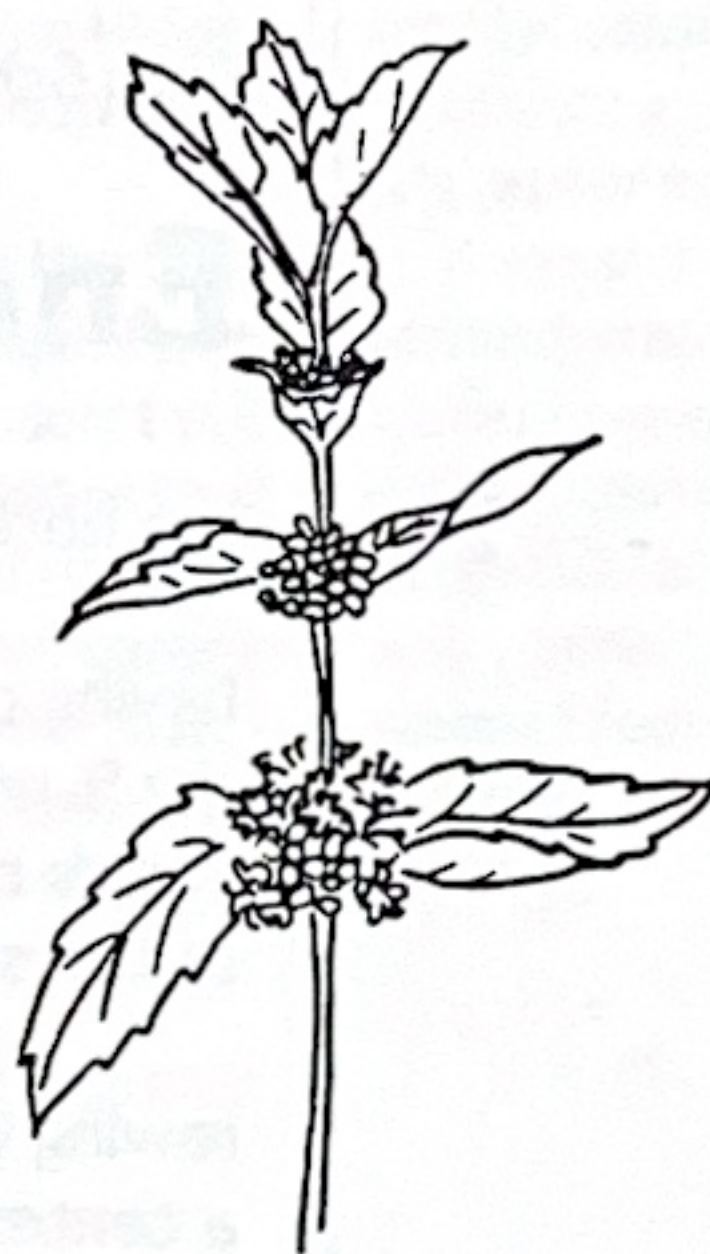
John nodded. "What would you eat?"

"Something big. Like another fish."

"She doesn't eat fish because it's too much work, chasing them. Once a muskie gets to be that big, she can't keep herself going on a meal of fish. She has to eat red meat."

"What do you mean, red meat?"

John Smoke finished his cigarette, then squashed it under his heel. He leaned forward and searched through the tackle box, fumbling through the old lures and tangled



Wild Mint

spools of fishing line in the bottom compartment. Then he picked up the odd-looking wooden lure, the oval-shaped lump of wood with a hook hanging from the bottom. He rubbed it in his fingers and grunted. "Where did you get this one?"

"I don't know."

"It's broken."

"What do you mean?"

He showed her the lure, rubbing his thumb over a small hole in the wood. "There used to be another part. It got broke off."

"What kind of lure is it?"

"It's a good lure," he said. He examined it for a few moments, rubbing it slowly with his thumbs as if trying to conjure up a spirit, a memory. "I made this lure for your grampa. About 40 years ago. See them scratches?"

Juliana peered at the body of the lure.

"Those are tooth marks," he murmured. "Some big keego hit that lure hard enough to bust it in half." Pulling a jack-knife from his pocket, he pried open the heavy staples that were fastened to the bottom of the lure. Searching through the tackle box, he found a couple of Little Joe spinners with small orange blades. He cut the blades free and hung them on the open staples, then knocked the staples back into their holes, using a heavy whetstone as a hammer. "Come on," he grunted.

Standing up, John leaned on his crutch and hobbled towards the door.

Outside, wind gushed through the yard. Specks of rain blew on the wind, and the sky rumbled overhead. They followed John around to the rear of the building, to a pile of cluttered lumber and pine slabs. John poked through the woodpile with the tip of his crutch until he found a piece of cedar. Hobbling back to the front steps, he sat down and began carving the piece of cedar with his pocket knife. It was raining again, but he didn't seem to notice. He sat there with his face darkened in concentration. Shavings rose from the wood as he probed and dug with the knife blade. He said, "I made, maybe four or five of these lures one time."

"What kind of lure is it?" asked Juliana.

He didn't answer.

After a few minutes he had carved two small pieces of wood. One was an odd-shaped lump about the size of his thumb. The other was a short wooden pin about as thick as a pencil. Picking up the body of the lure, he inserted the pin into the hole, and tapped it with the whetstone until it was seated. Then he took the smaller piece of wood and mounted it on the pin, knocking it on the stair until the pieces were firmly joined.

"A big muskie like her, she's real smart," John muttered. "She won't bite a lure unless it looks exactly the same as her natural food."

Turning the lure upside down, then right side up, John examined it carefully. With his knife, he trimmed a few edges and added some details to the head. A round eye, a mouth. He showed it to her. "How does it look?"

Juliana stared at the lure. From beneath it, two orange blades fluttered like a pair of feet. The head was decorated with a cute little turned-up beak. Juliana felt her stomach twist with shock as she realized what she was looking at.

"That's what that mushkiki keego is eating," John Smoke said. "She's eating baby ducklings."

Transcendence

[Guy Murchie, in his brilliant book *The Seven Mysteries of Life*, tells us that "Transcendence" means going beyond common experience.]

The old woman sits so passively
What does she see?
Not me. Not the sterile, pristine foyer
or the glass cased directory
with its little white letters spelling out
the name & room number of each resident
(changes made discreetly, for every new
entrant there has to be an exit.)

Her shrivelled form a sigh
of silence in a heavy chair
her chrome metal walker
a barrier she sets before her
ignoring family members
fussing over her admittance
in over-solicitousness they hide
guilt and sadness.

Her fertile mind is not the captive
for she alone can see a young girl
flowing skirt touching ankle
& new white leather slippers. Waiting
in another foyer, another time & place
She remembers a strange painting
of little ships . . . Chinese junks
dancing down a sparkling river
flying fishes, flowing duces
& a camel caravan
the moving chain of varied likeness
creeping on to blinding brightness
to the light of the Divine.

Who holds the planets in their courses?
& the stars in brilliant motion
every living trait & changeling
lilyhood & snailery
squirrelness & monkey tricks
lion pride & oak endurance
acorn, egg & embryo.

Who, with wind & wave & water
weaves such spirals of perfection?
To touch the dawn in birthing freedom
whose is this breath of transformation?

Who can know the mind of God, & live?

She is waiting, in her quietness
waiting for transcendence.

Jocelyn Boileau

China Beach

I must go on
wanting what I wanted
or live forever
in the rain
forest you showed me
the rubble beach
it opens on

if we could change
flesh to moss
we might get old here
endure the rocks
sift the cluttered trees
through tangled hands

I've struck matches
on those rocks
burned to the quick
of nail
shrinking from the grief
of stones

to pose
against a landscape green
with fingerprints

Barb Schott

Endangered Blue II

the horizon is the paralysis of the imagination

having confused
sky & water
clouds rootbound
as trees

rowing towards
a center
not even there
making it up
as you go
lost

& broken
into seeing what you want
until there is
no sky
and the horizon is your mind
hungry for an end

Barb Schott

Top Soil

by Lindy Clubb

My days here don't include much time with nature, or the kind of privacy and self sufficiency I have in the country. I've already gone grocery shopping and contributed to the Harvest box. It's a small store, the kind I prefer. The sales clerks were in a group admiring an old man across the street whose volunteer job it is to look after the sidewalks. Inspired, I came home and swept my own. I organized the recycling bins and put them out. I planted some horse chestnut tree nuts that will sprout and transfer to my country place and attract hummingbirds. I've packed a spout for tapping the maple tree in the yard out there.

Already I'm thinking of leaving this home for my real refuge—the transition zone of Parkland and mixedwood Boreal forest by Riding Mountain. I think of that ecoregion as my permanent home—the place I always want to be in, whether I'm in another house, another region, another province, or any other place. Like my close friends, it's always rewarding to see and to spend time with the country.

I have the use of a small farmhouse there, just southwest of the Park line. I have the owner's permission, it's his family farm, but it seems only I want to live there, with, as my friend Jan Horner says "its green inconveniences".

I have joined the rural community in a do-it-yourself attitude, an alternative, less industrial use of resources. It's my retreat from the complexities of life, I admit. I haul my own water for drinking, scoop rainwater from a barrel for washing. I keep little building projects on the go, a laundry line strung between the spruce trees that edge the yard, and a hefty garden by city standards, in which I grow 10 foot high sunflowers, most of the ingredients for rich summer soups, and the contents for mismatched containers of dried herbs.

I take things back and forth between the country and the city, lessons and found objects and supplies. I have compost heaps. I pick wild medicines well away from the dust covered roads. I don't put anything down my drain that would hurt fish or the amphibians that cross my lawn. Reducing the amount I buy, reusing most of my stuff and a good deal of other people's waste is a way of life. The garage out there is a goldmine of nails and twine and bits of lumber that I can transform into benches and shims and shelves. There are outbuildings for storage—a luxury I don't have with space at a

premium in the city. I must confine my urban sprawl. I have far more freedom at home in my farmhouse to lead a more organic life.

I can experiment in the country, and get away with it. To install a curtain over a cupboard I bought material, then strung it on a peeled poplar branch and suspended it on hooks. I clean up like a scavenger, arranging bones and skulls and rocks on the bookcases. It's eccentric but it works, like me. The farmhouse is exclusive and the out of doors holds all the material wealth I need. Nature transforms even the simplest of tasks or walks into joy with sights and smells and discoveries. I spend a lot of time roaming around appreciating the economy of the land and its prolific life.

The absence of strangers, concrete, litter, clearcuts, and the presence of earth, water, plants and animals contributes to my criteria of home ground. I have a say as to who I share it with, a sense of safety and privacy, and a healthy respect for mother nature's order and design and boundaries when I wander.

I like all of it. It's become my identity, my persona, to locate what lives around me, name it, keep journal records like any explorer. As I learn more, I feel more connected to that life, and my respect is growing. I care about the welfare of the animals and plants around me the way I care for my rural neighbors—I feel a sense of their territory and a responsibility to bring them no harm.

My home ground is not commonplace. It has color, order, art, mystery, change, growth, balance. It is not disturbing or intrusive, like the sounds of traffic. It is serene and gives me physical and mental comfort. I sleep and eat well there. It's potent, entertaining, fascinating, even virile. Nature fulfills mind, body and spirit needs. It's purity has claimed me, absorbed me.

I missed the vistas in Manitoba whenever I travelled—was reminded again and again that no matter how scenic my surroundings were, how warm it was outside, how close the ocean was, nothing could make up for the emptiness and longing I felt for Manitoba, and in particular, the hills of Riding Mountain. I ache to see the hills the way I ache to see my family. And so I have fixed a route to a place where I feel at home - it happens to be in the hills, it happens to be natural, it happens that its wilderness matches my own nature.

Endangered Blue III

we percieve open water) (forsake the boulder shore
as an extension of ourselves) (water speaks its silence
the hoarse gull) (see, there, the feather
inventing sky) (caught in the rosehips
(let gull train in the mind

Barb Schott



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Sneezeweed



Clean-Up Not Over

Continued from page 4

possibly originating on farm properties. Low levels of chemicals such as 2,4,D, trifluorlin and dicamba were detected in samples as they generally are in southern Manitoba surface water. While load levels were undoubtedly higher than usual, the huge volume of flood water resulted in greater dilution. Consequently, the concentrations of these chemicals, measured in parts per million (ppm) or billion (ppb) were well below surface water quality guidelines. Rocan says that chemical contamination of the aquifer is not an issue.

Pentachlorophenol, a heavy duty wood preservative classified as a persistent organic pollutant, was detected for the first time in the river, likely as a result of inundated rail ties, pilings, and telephone poles, all of which are commonly treated with the substance. Concentrations were less than 1 ppb, well within the Canadian Drinking Water Guideline of 60ppb, according to Williamson.

This flood is not over. The clean up of Southern Manitoba will take time and money. Will such a flood happen again? No telling at this point says Larry Whitney - the province will not issue next year's flood forecast until late in February, 1998. Until then its anybody's guess.

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

David Arnason is a Professor of Literature at the University of Manitoba. His books include *The Dragon and the Dry Goods Princess* (winner of the Manitoba Booksellers Choice Award), *The Pagan Wall* and *The Happiest Man in the World*. His short story *The Peaceable Kingdom* is part of an anthology of "Fractured Prairie Tales" called *If Pigs Could Fly*, published by Turnstone Press.

Jocelyn Boileau moved to Canada from North Wales in 1968. She has been "writing seriously" since attending a creative writing course in 1992. Her work has been published in *Zygote Magazine* and the *Prairie Messenger*, as well as in a variety of newsletters. She is the volunteer editor of her church newsletter and a member of Toastmasters and the Seven Oaks Wellness Institute.

Nick Carter came to Canada from England in 1950, and has lived in Winnipeg for the past 20 years. He is a retired civil servant, having worked as the Deputy Minister of Environment in Saskatchewan and of Natural Resources in Manitoba. Nick is an active member of several environmental groups, including the Manitoba Naturalists Society, and is the past Chairperson of the Manitoba Eco-Network. He gardens, makes crabapple wine, and writes poetry in his spare time.

Lindy Clubb lives with her husband and daughter in Winnipeg, but spends summers in the rural area by Riding Mountain, close to the Keeseekoowenin Reserve land. She has been published in several magazines, newspapers and newsletters, including *Prairie Fire's* Special Issue on Life Writing. She is an environmental activist - a member of the First Nations Environmental Network (FNE) The Mixed Wood Forest Research and Advisory Committee (MFRAC) and a board member for the Manitoba Eco-Network and Western Canada Wilderness Committee.

Jake MacDonald is a writer who lives in Winnipeg, but spends much of his time in Ontario. He has published numerous articles in magazines such as *Prairie Fire*, *Manitoba Business* and *Cottage Life*. He is the author of three books, *Indian River*, *Raised by The River*, and *Lakes Lure & Lodges*. This piece is an excerpt from his forthcoming book *Juliana And the Medicine Fish*, published by Great Plains Fiction. Jake is deeply attached to the Minaki area, and used to guide on the river system there, which explains a common theme running through his work.

Barb Schott is a writer and poet who lives in Winnipeg, works as a fashion stylist, and travels frequently to the Orient on business. She has been published in journals such as *CV2*, magazines such as *Prairie Fire*, and is the author of a chapbook *The Waterlily Pickers*. She was nominated this year for the John Hirsch Most Promising Writer Award. Some of the inspiration for her works of poetry come from her family's cottage at Grindstone Park.

Andrew Vasius was born in Chicago, but now makes his home in Winnipeg with his partner and their five children. He is a poet, freelance writer and Child Care Worker. Andrew raises heritage beans (with wonderful poetic names) and other organic food on land which was Canada's first Community Shared Agriculture farm.

Prairie wildflower illustrations are courtesy of Prairie Habitats nursery and greenhouse, located at Argyle Manitoba. To order a catalogue of native prairie wildflowers and grasses, or for directions to the nursery, call (204) 467-9371.

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A TRIBUTE TO A SPECIAL CONSERVATIONIST

Manitoba Naturalists Society presents its Prairie Crocus Award to Harvey Williams

Roger Turenne delivered this testimonial to Harvey on the occasion of the presentation of the Prairie Crocus Award at the MNS AGM in April. This text was also published in the MNS Bulletin.

The Prairie Crocus Award is given for outstanding service in preserving a part of Manitoba in a natural state. With this year's recipient, this posed a problem: which part of Manitoba, among the so many he has helped protect, do we focus on? Should we highlight Hecla Island where he was instrumental in banning moose hunting in the 1980's? And where he is currently spearheading a drive to stop an extremely damaging cottage development?

Should we highlight Atikaki Provincial Park where he played a key role in banning logging? Should we look to the Mantario Wilderness Zone where he worked to keep the snowmobilers out? Should we look to Duck Mountain Park where he struggled bravely

to save it from the ravages of Louisiana Pacific? Should we look to the boreal forest where he made a major contribution towards the inclusion of ecosystem values in attributing forest management licences? Should we look even further north, towards our newest national park, Wapusk, where he sits on the management board preparing how this park will be administered in years to come?

This year's nominee deserves at least a dozen Prairie Crocus Awards for his enormous contribution to Manitoba's natural spaces over the last quarter-century. You will have guessed by now that I am talking about Harvey Williams. No single individual has worked as long, and as hard, and as effectively, and as intelligently, and as co-operatively over such an extended period of time in the conservation movement in Manitoba.

As many of you already know, Harvey and his wife Maida will soon be leaving Manitoba for the "wet coast" (apparently there is not enough water in this province), and to say that they will be missed is an understatement of...flood proportions. Since this may be the last time MNS members collectively meet before Harvey's departure, this award should also be seen as our way of giving him a collective "thank you" for all he has done for us and all that he has been to us.

See RESPECT page 16

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Manitoba Plants Rank 2nd and 3rd in Point Source Emissions

Continued from page 1

the pH of lakes drops to below 6, there are fewer species of fish, with up to a 75 % loss at pH 5.0. Many fish species have disappeared from Quebec lakes, with effects on fish eating species such as loons. Other aquatic species, such as frogs and salamanders are also affected. Black fly larvae can tolerate low pH and research in Algonquin Park has revealed huge increases in black fly emergence!

High levels of sulphates in forest soils have been found to significantly lower forest productivity - hardwoods by up to 30%, softwoods by up to 10%. In addition, acid precipitation damages the surfaces of leaves and needles, reduces the ability of a tree to withstand cold, inhibits germination of pollen and thus reduces tree vitality and regeneration. Forests growing in harsh climates and soil conditions, i.e. at the northern extremes of their ranges and on nutrient poor soils are expected to suffer from acid rain, whether from sulphate or nitrates. Writing in the Globe and Mail, Andrew Nikiforuk refers to studies which show that acid rain still exceeds tolerance limits for most forest ecosystems and that acidification has depleted essential nutrients such as calcium in the soil by as much as 50 per cent.

Obviously, enormous economic impacts in the forest will continue if changes are not made.

Researchers have also tried to assess the huge increased health care costs from premature deaths, increased hospital admissions, costs of increased emergency room and doctor visits, and so on. Although there was agreement that there are health effects, the costs are difficult to quantify - how do you value a life? The US is expected to announce air quality standards for fine particulates shortly - fine acidic particles are the ones that do the most damage as they cannot be coughed up. Canada has been discussing standards for years so there may be an opportunity to push for harmonization with the US.

In Manitoba acidifying emissions have been reduced by only 24 % since 1990 and projections are for somewhat increased emissions from 1997 to 2000. The sulphur dioxide limit for each of HBM&S and INCO is set at 220 kilotonnes per year, with INCO projected to be at the limit and HBM&S slightly under. These two smelters account for about 98% of the sulphur dioxide emissions for the province and rank second (INCO) and third in point source acidifying emissions in Canada according to 1996 data. Neither facility has plans to install a sulphuric acid plant - both are very old and will have to be either replaced or closed down at some point. I was in the same break-out group as the task force representative from INCO, Thomas Burnett. He was very proud of their efforts at Sudbury - \$612 million spent on new smelting technology and an acid plant, much of which they expect to recover through reduced costs from energy conservation, and lower operating and maintenance costs. He had little to say about their Manitoba operations other than that if there were tighter controls in Manitoba, both facilities would close, with drastic effects on the communities. When asked what it would take to reduce their Manitoba emissions - the response was that there was nothing that could be done! Studies in 1981 near Thompson showed significant effects on lichens up to 20 km downwind of the stack. Manitoba has areas with sensitive soils and sensitive lakes, just as we have sensitive people. Monitoring stations have shown the pH of rain at Brochet, Island Lake, Pointe du Bois to be less than 5.

Although industrial sources in Canada are responsible for 70% of the sulphur dioxide emissions, with electrical utilities adding another 27%, NOx emissions are dominated by transportation (60%). With federal/provincial/territorial commitments to pollution prevention and the precautionary principle, it is obvious that

Canada needs a national strategy to reduce our emissions if we are to preserve human health, aquatic ecosystems and forests. Whether we have the political, industrial and personal will to do so remains to be seen. The alarming acid rain research findings are coming at a time when federal and provincial government support for continued monitoring and reporting has dwindled almost to nothing. And if its record on environmental issues in its past mandate is any indication, the newly-elected Liberal government in Ottawa is not about to rectify this situation. It is also clear that an integrated approach to air quality issues is needed to address acid rain, smog, ozone depletion, ground level ozone, particulates, volatile organics, and climate change. As the Atmosphere Caucus of the Canadian Environmental Network states, what is needed is "A Clean Air Agenda for Canada"!

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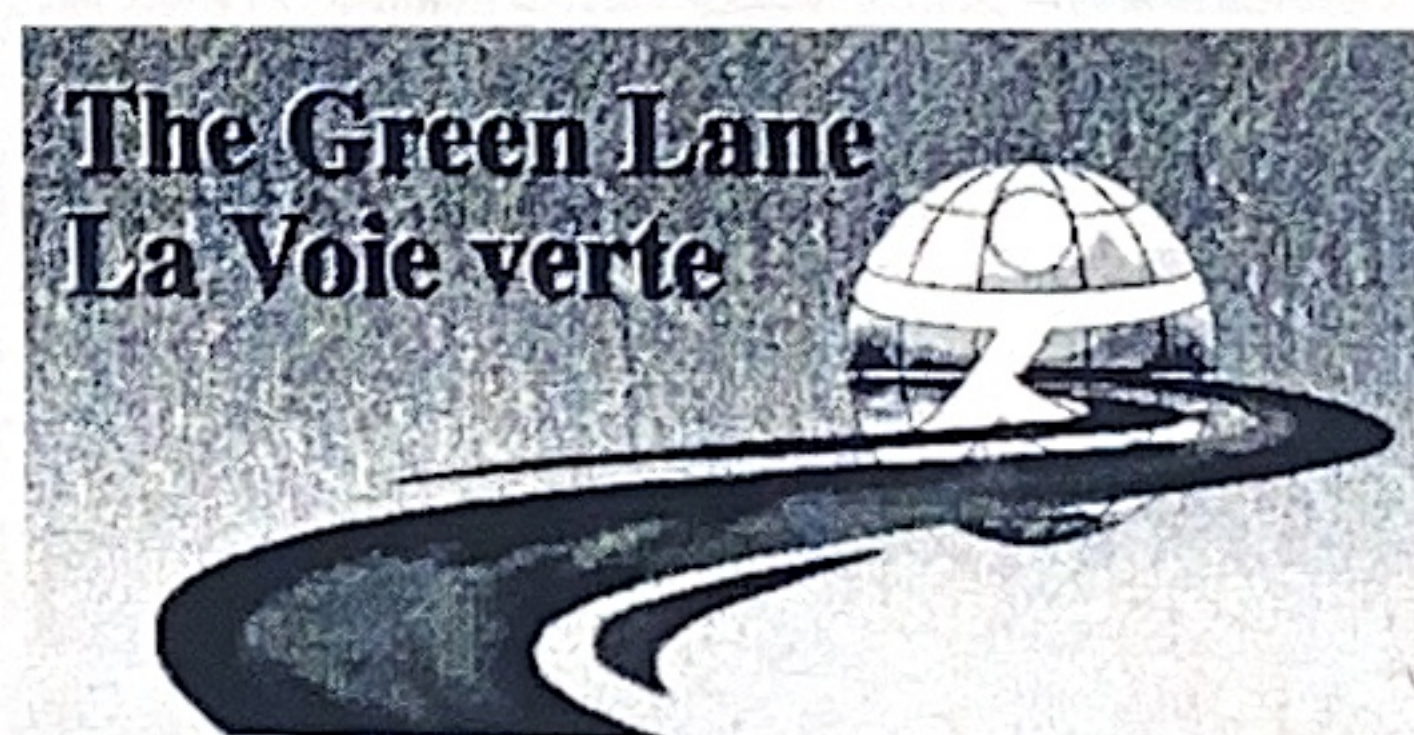
"What is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not been discovered." - Emerson

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- Water Monitoring
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- Pollution Prevention
- Publications/Brochures
- Environmental Protection
- Environmental Assessment



Environment Canada / Environnement Canada

Canada

Goal is to Increase Awareness

Continued from page 4

Then there's the media, our ear to the ground. The link between the outside world and our daily lives. Surely if there is a threat to our environment they will inform us of the incident. They often have in the past, but with how much detail, and with how much work did it require from local activists to bring the issues to the awareness of the media? And we must not forget that much of the paper which produces some of our more prominent local newspapers provides a significant percentage of business for Pine Falls Paper Co.

The only way to be sure of what is going on in our wilderness is to observe it first hand. To get out and see the results of 'resource management' in our back yard and to take a look at how our forest industry does business in the bush. Getting in touch with the ecosystems, the communities around the affected areas, and even the workers themselves, gives a more realistic picture than any 2 minute newscast or several chapters of an EIS. Continuing on from last year's 'discoveries' in the woods, and our Nopiming Camp in '95, Earth First! Manitoba is keeping our eyes on the forests in our provincial parks through our Citizen's Watch Campaign of '97.

Work permits which outline what a company must adhere to for specific operations, as well as other general guidelines, regulations, and boundaries are publicly available (usually through the Freedom of Information Act.) With this information, we are able to keep up with what logging or road building operations are going on in our forests. Our frequent trips out to these areas allow us to confirm for ourselves how closely these guidelines are being followed, and will produce a clearer picture of how our forests are being managed.

During the May long weekend, a group of us were up in Nopiming Provincial Park. We talked to almost 150 people, some of who were not even aware that there was clear-cutting going on in our parks. We investigated several logging sites, bridges, and new and recent roads in the park, and we also talked to Natural Resource officers who were up at Nopiming during the weekend. As usual, we got quite a few pictures, notes, and discovered some other activities in the park that we weren't aware of before.

Our campaign is ongoing and is continuing throughout the summer. We can always use more people to help in our efforts, either with our group or independently. If you have vehicles, food, funds, camping experience, equipment, or even just kind words of support, we could use it all.

Our goal is to increase awareness of the destruction which goes on behind buffered zones, and to get as many eyes turned towards our back yard. Take pictures, take notes, gather work permits, tell people, let the government and companies know that you are concerned about what they are doing to our forests, or just take time to get out and see what is there (or not there any more!). The more we can show that we are watching, the harder it will be for the industry to get away with weakening our environment through clear-cuts, chemicals, or false impressions.

Earth First! Manitoba can be reached at (204)992-2319;

email: abs044@freenet.mb.ca,

Home page:

http://www.winnipeg.freenet.mb.ca/~afw247/ef_man.html

15-222 Osborne St. South

Winnipeg, Manitoba

R3L 1Z3

The Pesticides Pledge Sheet

Because pesticides, herbicides, fungicides and other harmful chemicals currently used on lawns are:

- ☙ a threat to biodiversity,
- ☙ have disruptive effects on the reproductive and endocrine systems of living organisms, including humans,
- ☙ toxic waste depots cost cities \$83 per family per year,
- ☙ companies only make money on artificial products when your needs are artificial,
- ☙ 95 percent of pesticides used on residential lawns represent potential carcinogens according to the Environmental Protection Agency,
- ☙ leukaemia is as much as six times more likely to occur in children when pesticides are used in the home and garden,
- ☙ dandelions, clovers and their fellow insect friends are also an integral part of the environment,

I _____ (homeowner's name) pledge to
eliminate the use of pesticides, herbicides, fungicides and other
harmful chemicals in my yard.

Address: _____

☐ Yes, I want more information/want to be active on this issue.
Specify: _____

Signature: _____

Date: _____

Please complete, cut out, and return to:

Manitoba Eco-Network Youth Caucus

2-70 Albert Street

Winnipeg, Manitoba

R3B 1E7

...or fax, Attn' Liz Carlyle at: (204) 783-7080

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Respect and Even Affection Earned From All Sides

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The list of Harvey's involvements in our community is extraordinary. He has been an active member of the MNS for a quarter-century, including a stint as president and one as chair of the Parks Committee where he is still a member. He was on the national board of the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society for ten years and helped launch the Manitoba Chapter, on whose board he still sits. He spearheaded the founding of TREE (Time to Respect Earth's Ecosystems), an umbrella organization which includes the MNS and which is concerned with forestry issues in Manitoba. He is its president. He also currently serves on the Steering Committee of the Manitoba Eco-network and on the board of Earth Day Manitoba, believing that we should use every possible avenue to educate the public about environmental issues.

More than his impressive achievements however, and more than the list of boards and committees on which he has served, we will remember Harvey for his profound humanity, his kindness, his creative indignation, his sense of humour, and his respect for others. This respect even extends to those in government and industry who are adversaries of the causes he espouses. Even in the full heat of battle, polemics have never been part of his arsenal.

He has always preferred the soundness of argument, the thoroughness of research, and the integrity of processes. To such a degree that he has, in turn, earned the respect and even the affection of those for whom he has been a thorn in the side. I will wager that even they will miss him - but not as much as we will.

Harvey will be especially missed by those he mentored. More

than one "green" parks committee member has found herself or himself entrusted with the responsibility of preparing a brief by Harvey, and then felt encouraged and guided and supported to the point where they gained the self-confidence to fly on their own wings. Harvey shaped many lives, and many would not have dared to be where they are if not for his prodding, cajoling, ego-building, you-can-do-it support. He is always wanting to thrust someone else into the limelight so they can shine - the sign of a true leader.

In fact Harvey wanted to do the same with this award. Typically self-effacing and considerate, he would have preferred that another candidate receive it. But we make no apologies for overruling him when he was looking the other way. The overwhelming choice for this year's Prairie Crocus Award was obvious to everyone but Harvey. This tells us a great deal about this very special person.

I want to say a brief word as well about another loss we will all feel when Harvey leaves for Victoria. Harvey and Maida Nielson are a team. Maida has made impressive contributions in her own right to our community and will be sorely missed by all of us. Maida has had the not always enviable task of keeping Harvey reasonably organized all these years, and we are grateful to her for that as well. So a little bit of this Prairie Crocus Award belongs to you, Maida.

Let this Prairie Crocus Award stand for more than the places you have helped protect, Harvey; let it stand also as a tribute to who you are, and as a huge thank you from the countless friends that you will leave behind.

In ten, twenty, thirty years from now, we will still remember this gentle, considerate, tenacious, brilliant, amusing, patient, scruffy, occasionally forgetful, wise and committed man who enriched our province and our lives.

It is a great honour for me to present the Prairie Crocus Award to Harvey Williams.

The Manitoba Eco-Network, 2-70 Albert Street Winnipeg, MB R3B 1E7

Sign me up as a member of the Manitoba Eco-Network

Enclosed is a cheque for:

- ☐ \$25 Supporting member (individuals)
☐ \$40 Group membership
☐ \$50 Other organizations (businesses, government departments and corporations that do not otherwise qualify for group membership)

I'm also enclosing a donation of _____ to help with your public education activities.

[Charitable tax receipts available for amounts over the cost of membership]

Total Amount enclosed _____

I'm interested in volunteering for the Eco-Network. Please call me! ☐

Name(s) _____
Group (if applicable) _____ Telephone # () _____
Mailing address _____ Postal Code _____
Area(s) of interest _____ Volunteer skills _____

Group members are entitled to nominate representatives for a position on the Eco-Network Steering Committee. Group membership is open to any non-governmental, non-profit group which has as one of its objectives the enhancing or furthering of environmental quality, protecting the environment or environmental education.

A supporting membership includes a subscription to **Eco-Journal** as well as notice of events and regular updates on issues and is open to any individual.