

JACK MINER IS A TREE-PLANTER

By George A. Mackie

JACK MINER, Philosopher, Bird Lover, Wild Life Protector, Lecturer, and Author, is also a Forest Conservationist. He proclaimed the fact "with pride" to me on the occasion of a recent talk with him. Taking advantage of a recent visit to Ottawa on lecture tour of this, Canada's most whimsical and entertaining Wild Life protagonist, I secured an all too brief half hour's interview with Jack Miner at the conclusion of a half hour's address which had set the Lion's Club of Ottawa a-roaring. Having read and heard very much of interest concerning this remarkable man whose bird sanctuary at Kingsville, Ontario, is one of the show places of Canada, I was prepared to meet a man of exceptional calibre. And in this I was not disappointed. Jack Miner is a man who will shine in any company. Not through any extraordinary linguistic or oratorical powers which he possesses, but through the innate goodness which fairly shines out of his bright and smiling eyes. He is essentially a lover of All Outdoors and gives the impression, without seeking to do so, of a man who loves his fellow-men as well as all other worthy things which live, move, and have their being on this old Earth.

"Well, I guess you are kept pretty busy?" was my opening interrogation having in mind numerous letters and telegrams which had been dispatched from our Ottawa office to secure a story from his pen.

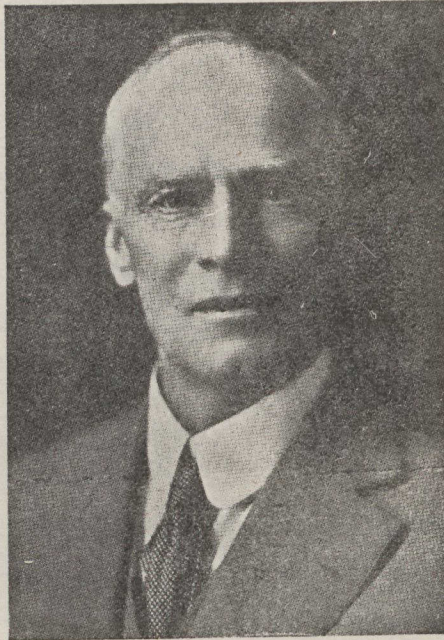
"Just about as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper hanger," was his response, "but as long as I am talking on my favorite subject I have no complaint."

"I know you are a wild life conservationist Mr. Miner, but I have never heard your views on forest conservation," I queried.

"Why bless your heart, boy," (save the mark), was his prompt reply, "I am a forest conservationist first, last, and all the time."

"A man couldn't run fast enough to give me a home where the trees are already grown. I want to grow my own. I have studied the woods all my life and, while I have never read any books on Forestry, I have done some

tall thinking and studying in the woods themselves. In the last ten years I have planted fully ten thousand trees on my own place at Kingsville and I just want to say that I consider it one of the most important



JACK MINER

and satisfying jobs I have ever done. The last four thousand trees I got were Scotch Pine. They cost me \$3.60 laid down at Kingsville. I planted

dinary tomato plants, in the eighth year they are now twelve to sixteen feet high and the naked clay field, as was in 1914, now attracts the public so, from far and wide, that I have had to fence it in, something I never dreamed of doing."

"You have a nice place at Kingsville I understand?"

"I have everything there but money," said Jack Miner, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I see that some towns are worrying about a park," he continued, "when I can grow a park that will shade thousands of people in ten years. This is proven out in my own home and I haven't done anything but what the other fellow can improve."

Getting down to commercial forestry Jack Miner expressed the opinion that the pulpwood question is one in which every live Canadian should be interested. "I know, from experience, that in places where it's now as bare as the sands over King Tutankhamen's tomb, in their own life-time they can start getting pulpwood 6" and more in diameter if our people will only wake up and start. These things are all here for us. The opportunity is ripe for everything that is good. All we have to do is each out and touch the key notes."

And here a new thought struck him and he emphasized it with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"Why, bless your life! you could live in the same room with the best piano in the world all your life and unless you touched the keys it would remain dormant and of no good whatever, and there's no country in the world that has more of such untouched pianos than this same dear Canada of ours," and with that Jack Miner had to rush away for another appointment.

Before his departure he confided to the writer that he is at present working on a book which he hopes to publish next Fall and in which he is setting down some of his personal views re wild life and forest conservation. He has some original ideas on this, gained by long years of life in the open and whenever it is published it will be well worth the reading.



Young Tree-Growth on Jack Miner's Bird Sanctuary, Kingsville, Ont.

these trees in clay soil where trees wouldn't grow. This had been proven because another fellow's father, and Uncle Dave, had tried it and found it couldn't be done; but my old back-woods education refused to be discouraged. I planted this Scotch Pine on the second and third of May, 1914. Although these trees, when planted, were no higher than or-