LOG the STEIN????

LOG STANLEY PARK????

MAKE LOST LAGOON a MILL POND???

IGNORE 9,000 YEARS
INDIAN HABITATION????

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front cover: Nu-Chah-Nulth [Nootka]
"Canoe in Boston Cove"
by Edward S. Curtis, 1914

References:-Equity Forum
A.B.C. Forest Rescue Plan
by F. Reed [Wilderness Advisory
Committee member]
prof. of forest policy U.B.C.
-Native Land Claims For a Just
Settlement. by B. Swankey
-Canadian Stevedoring.
-Fiberco Ltd.

For too many of us, three square meals a day, a reasonable relationship, decent fitness, or a good used car are top priorities. For many of us,...just give us a job.

The health of mother earth, if not blown to hell,could well look after our descendents for thousands of years, but feels the impact of all our personal, community and industrial decisions. Over a short 100 years, we have gone from first flight to orbits around Mars; from pure air, pure water,pure soil and pure food to leaking toxic dumps and malfunctioning nucleur reactors.

We make decisions now, like never before. Our pre-occupation with dollars and little sense is leaving a legacy of chemical blackmail and barren hills.

Along the road to an infinite future, on a finite planet, we must carefully decide on heritage land, parks and wilderness. We must protect the physical qualities of the natural world, quickly fading and provide spiritual and emotional sanctuary from our plastic and poisoness enterprizes.

The Government's Wilderness Advisory Committee,considering the Stein watershed,deliberated views representing Indian ways, history, geology,mining, forestry and spin off work. With a sense of justice they ruled to set the Stein aside,
unless agreement was reached with the Lytton Indian Band.
The Committee, although broad in scope, had only the power to recommend. The Government in hand did not take the advice and by doing so, ignored the democratic process.

The Crown, we the people,own land but do not necessarily control our land. And in some cases,we have been asked to "buy back" our land from private interests that had only a lease!

In other cases, the land does not belong to the Crown, although the crown presides. I refer to Indian land claims. We have no legal right to turn disputed Crown wilderness into devistated "clear cuts" or heritage parks, without the consent and input of the real title bearers.

Looking at history, we see examples of successful and progressive land use management. Case in point, Stanley Park. By research, one is confronted by historical forsight which we enjoy today.

1859: Stanley Park, because of fear of an American invasion of the colonies of Vancouver Island and Brtish Columbia was made Goverment Reserve for defence purposes.
1860-1880: five logging companies were active in the park.
1865: one hundred acres of the park missed becoming an industrial zone [saw mill] because of the wild currents at Prospect Point.
1875: there was graveyard potential.
1885: C.P. Rail requested half the park land for itself.

But on May 12,1886 the first resolution of the first! City Council petitioned the Dominion Government "praying" the whole of the Coal Harbour Peninsula, known as the Government Reserve, be conveyed to the City. The park was officially opened in 1888.

This was remarkable forsight, considering the population at this time in Vancover was a mere 2,600 in a limited muddied area with no actual need for more treed expanses. Conquering not conservation was the primary goal of that time.

The same year, at Lumberman's Arch, an Indian "midden" [collection: piles of shells used for food over the years] was discovered, burying 300 year old stumps, underneath which, was thousands of years of more ancesteral evidence.

Today, 2-3 million people actively enjoy the park each year, thanks to that forsight.

Pauline Johnson, the well Indian poet, wrote a poem which named Lost Lagoon.

LOST LAGOON.

It is dusk on the Lost Lagoon,
And we two dreaming the dusk away,
Beneath the drift of a twilight grey,
Beneath the drouse of an ending day,
And the curve of the golden moon.

It is dusk on the Lost Lagoon,
And gone are the depths of the haunting blue,
The grouping gulls,and the old canoe,
The singing firs, and the dusk and you,
And gone is the golden moon.

O! lure of the Lost Lagoon,
I dream tonight that my paddle blurrs,
The purple shade where the seaweed stirs,
I hear the call of the singing firs,
In the hush of the golden moon.

By B.C. government figures, approximately 3.6% of annual cut is exported:

In 1984, 115 ship load eqivilents.

In 1985, 102 ship load equivalents:

82 ships to Japan.

16 ships to China.

4 ships to Korea.

- from Canadian Stevedoring records.

Many of these are prime saw logs from Pitt Lake, Van. Island and the coastal islands.

In 1985, 45 ships of pulp chips.

In 1985, 200 coastal barges of chips.

- from Fiberco Ltd. records.

The figures of material export contiue to climb.

If a solid overall forest management policy was in place, these raw products could be manufactured in B.C. putting the unemployed to work.

We have a crisis in the forest industry to deal with. 70%-80% of wood products go to an unstable American market. The U.S. forest industry is in competition with B.C. Because of over production in logging and chips, companies are able to export excesses. High technology logging and pulping takes more trees with less workers. But, while one company exports logs, in effect selling our jobs in manufacturing, another company crys that it must "high grade" Indian land, potential Heritage land. And in fact request subsidies to do this. Throw in the fact that companies now measure the logs on which stumpage is paid,....it is no wonder that in 1984, $274.3 million was spent to manage forests, while total revenue dropped to $197.5 million. This was a $77 million price tag for the people of B.C. to have private companies log our land.

The results of stumpage fees and taxes on operations has proven that the Tree Farm License system has failed miserably. MacBlo, the largest, has been allowed to export profits to Brazil for forestry to Europe to buy out companies and to Alabama to build manufacturing plants in low wage areas.

The "perpetual yield" plans have been greedily left aside and now Indian land and unique Heritage land is under pressure.

Tree Farm Licenses have been abused. They should be abolished and Public Sustained Yeild Units should replace them, as present in some areas now and be handled by an expanded Forest Service.

We should develope trade overseas in finished products and rely less on a competing U.S. market.

Millions of dollars must be spent now, to ensure forests and related industry for our future family. We should spend for re-forestation, tree farming, fertilization of washout clearcut areas, and the development of more diversified markets in chipboard, ply wood, furniture, prefab homes and fine papers.

Where will all this money come from?....
$2 billion was there for the Revelstoke Dam which we did not need.
$2 billion was there for North East Coal.
$2 billion was there for Expo.
$3.2 billion is being talked about for Site C Dam.

Forestry is a top priority with a terrible "cut and run" history and should now be respectfully!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! dealt with. Treating forests as a priority is our replenishing future. There is, there will be no need to axe Indian land and ease our consciences in more museums. Indivduals companies, acting out profit motives for shareholders instead of perpetual yeild, for all time, for all the people, should cease.

Paradise still exists in very few valleys, leave well enough alone.

we were People.

we were people
who lived by the water
on the edge of rivers
beside the oceans

below trees,
clinging to rock and snow
putting our backs to wind and sand
putting our roofs to sun,rain,snow.
We were people.
then we got fancy.
then we got confused.
then we got greedy.
then we got feeling better than others.
then we could kill and easily forget.
We were people.
Now we do not exist.

WILDERNESS should be

HANDY!!!!!!

tropical paradise is far, far away.
the clear Stein River is near,
by train or bus.
Leave that well alone,
for most of us.

Jimmy Raven
on the Run
Collects His Thoughts

the lure of sympathy and kindness.
gentle, wide eyed, totem characters speak to his mind.

undeniably tapped in,
like a bird in a cat's mouth,
set free, just to fly and whistle again.
flight of the spirit eagles into naked ancientness.

making sense, somehow like building fences.
does he keep himself in, or others out?
Spaces between the boreds, he sees you and shouts.
Some streams of consciousness run into the raging river.
We'll rest in the ocean,
before we're evaporated, to start over.

What next, rich vagrant?
Next in line ? next to go ? Where ?
I've been unemployed for over a year and a half now.
And sooner or later you need or want more.

Creature of instinct, running the fence line.
with those ordinary,
gone fishing,
I love you,
visiting a friend's grave,
feelings.

every buddy,
introduced to eternity again,
after struggling through suburban wilderness.
able to laugh,
at one million years,
mining the tears,
of regretful mistakes.

style tired,
entertainment weary,
finally.
I air,
I water,
I land.

I deer!
give up the posessions,
as decades decay,
as money makers come in all different costumes....
...missing so much.

smoke in my hair,
smoke on my skin,
waiting for Tony Allewishes ClimbtheMountain
JumpintheWater EattheBerry Ross.
waiting for a beautiful, whale bone sculpture,
in tanned face, smile.
waiting for a moment of precious communication
of peacock fantail vision.

techniques & routines over with,
burden of thaws, disappearing,
hot run in the sun, imminent,
for you and the others maybe in 100 years.
a golden bluff,
and a dance at the end.

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