PARADISE WON

THE STRUGGLE FOR SOUTH MORESBY

ELIZABETH MAY

The magnificent story
of how-given enough determination-
the natural world can be saved
FARLEY MOWAT

PARADISE WON

The Struggle for South Moresby

Elizabeth E. May

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To John Fraser
and the Conspiracy to Save the Planet

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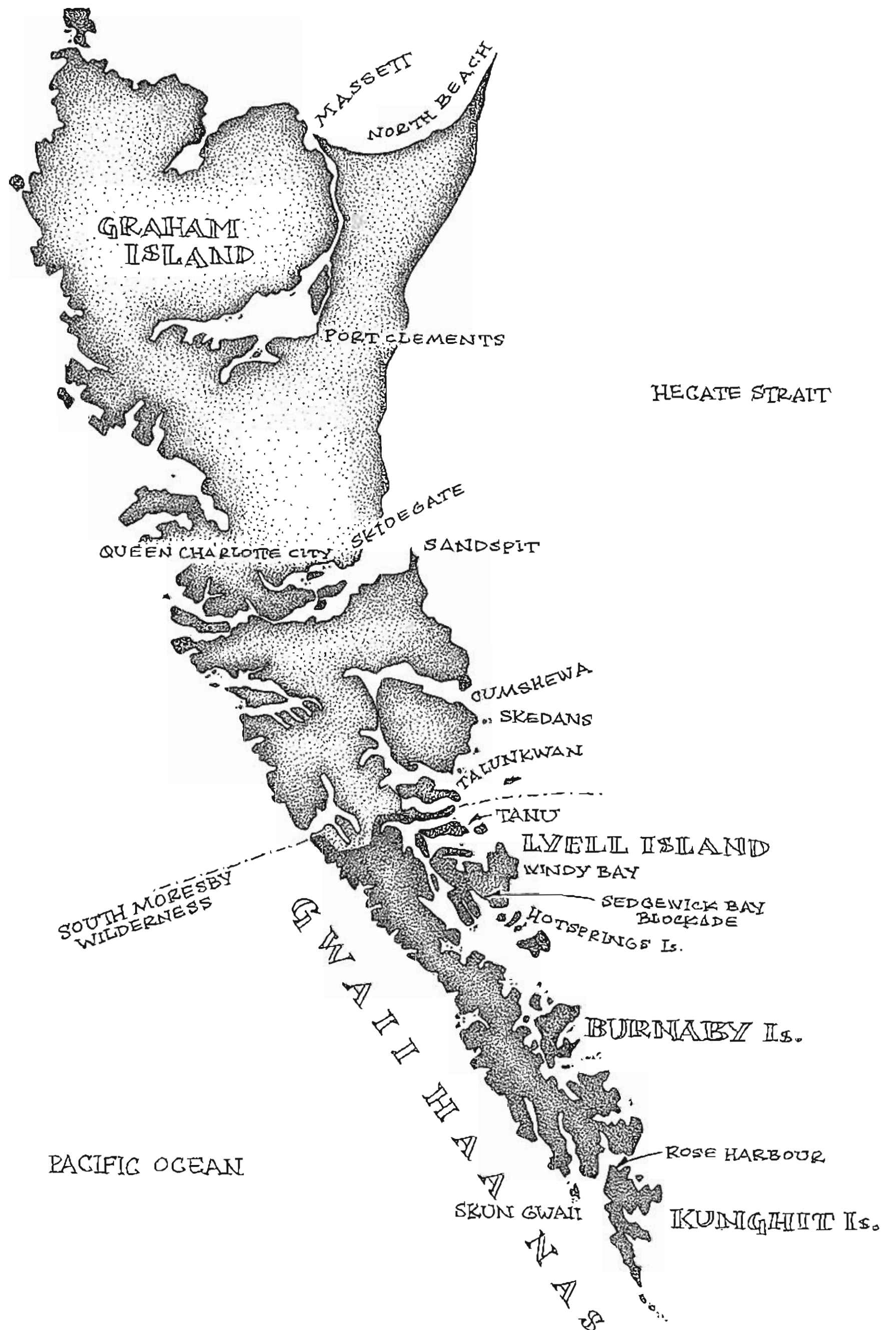
HAIDA GWAII

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS



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PARADISE WON IS A TRUE STORY, AS MUCH AS ANY STORY can be true. It is objective, as much as I can be objective about something I worked for, prayed for, and wept for. I am not a reporter; I am a story teller, writing from my own perspective – not that of the Haida Nation, nor of any of the other crusaders who struggled so long and so hard to save South Moresby. I dedicate my story to them – the many people who appear in these pages and all those others, not named, without whom the chains saws would still be at work in South Moresby.

There are many people I must thank, especially those who suffered through long and repeated interviews, as I attempted to find out what had happened all those years ago and to sort out fact from faulty memory: J.B., Huck, Guujaaw, Paul and Adriane, David and Tara, Colleen, Jeff, Vicky and Patrick, Kevin, Gregg, Miles, Bristol, Cameron Young, Keith Moore, Barry Olsen, Sharon Chow, Sue Stephenson, Dan McAskill, Bryan Williams, Murray Rankin, Brian Smith, Jamie Alley, John Fraser, Jim Fulton, Terry Collins, Ada Yovanovitch, Ethel Jones, Al Whitney, Pat Armstrong, and Charles Caccia. Thank you all for so generously giving me your time and for reminiscing about the history of the struggle.

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has always been my role model as a writer. Thanks to Glen Davis for his eagle-eyed perusal of the manuscript. I also want to thank Dinah Forbes, my editor, who helped me figure out how to tell the same story in half the number of pages I first wrote, and whose pencil magically transformed the manuscript into a book. For donating their work, I must thank John Broadhead, who drew the beautiful map on page viii, and Jeff Gibbs and Richard Krieger for their photographs. Love and thanks, too, to Farley Mowat for encouraging me to write this book and for contributing a wonderful foreword minimizing my weight. And last, thanks to Doug and Tim, without whom this book would have been finished a lot sooner.

Foreword

Until 1986, along with a few thousand other Canadians, I followed the South Moresby story in the media, wondering would there be a park? Would British Columbia and the federal government ever agree whether there should be logging in these pristine forests? Would the Haida be allowed to keep this exquisite part of their island home free of the sounds of chain saws? Then in July 1986, my interest in South Moresby took on a distinctly personal flavour. Someone I knew from Cape Breton environmental crusades had become embroiled in the thick of negotiations over South Moresby by accepting a job as senior policy adviser to Tom McMillan, the federal minister of the environment.

At thirty-five, Elizabeth May is a little slip of a thing (as her kind used to be described), imbued with an air of beguiling innocence. But she talks a blue streak and is as effervescent and bouncy as the proverbial cat on a hot tin roof. She is as vivid and as vital as an electric storm. The first time she exploded into the quiet of my Cape Breton retreat, I felt as if a typhoon had caught me in its swirl. I have aged considerably since then – but Elizabeth has not. She gives the impression of being a kind of female Peter Pan, never to lose her youthful exuberance or her insatiable curiosity. But the impression that she is an ephemeral spirit is misleading. She is a crusader, born and bred; and the cause to which

she has committed herself, mind, body, and spirit, is the struggle to save the living world from destruction by her own species.

Her commitment is no recent phenomenon. As a child she was seized by the certainty that mankind was devilishly *un*kind to the rest of animate creation, whether those creatures were luna moths being zapped by electric bug killers, or great whales being destroyed by bombs exploded in their bellies. Her mother, Stephanie (who is also of the crusading breed), told me that even in early childhood Elizabeth possessed an absolute awareness that human beings were ruining the natural world, and that they could not be permitted (for their own good, as well as the world's good) to continue doing so. "She didn't argue. She just knew she was right; and she just knew she could and must help change things around. She wasn't grim or fanatical about it. She had the sunny optimism of absolute conviction. And nothing could persuade her otherwise."

To this day nothing has, and I doubt very much if anything ever will.

Elizabeth May is a crusader, but not of the stereotyped variety. She does not engage the enemy with weapons of shining steel, or of cutting intellect. Instead, she relies on love, compassion, the powers born of subjective feelings and an inner faith. She is of the primaeval tradition, which has recently been identified as the Gaia movement, whose central tenet is that all life is of one flesh, indivisible and mutually supportive. According to the Gaia concept the apparent differences between the multitudinous varieties of living beings do not isolate them as separate entities, but rather link them together as component parts of a single, world-girdling and living fabric.

Born in the U.S.A., Elizabeth was eighteen when she and her family came to Canada in 1973 and bought a decrepit restaurant on the west coast of Cape Breton

Island. It did not sustain them, *they* sustained it, with the result that for almost a decade Elizabeth had to forego her plans to become an environmental lawyer, while she cooked and washed dishes instead. But she never lost touch with her Gaia concerns, and she read so extensively on her own that she eventually knew as much about environmental problems as many a tenured professor.

"Elizabeth trained herself," her mother told me, "like some medieaval knight preparing for a quest."

The challenge came in 1975 when Swedish-owned Nova Scotia Forest Industries, with the support of the Nova Scotia government, began preparations to spray pesticides over much of Cape Breton Island to combat an outbreak of spruce budworm. It was a unilateral decision. The people of Cape Breton were not consulted, nor were they warned of the risks to life and health. However, Elizabeth May had apprised herself of these, and so she rode out from the Schooner Restaurant in Margaree Harbour to sound the tocsin. She became the prime mover in rousing such a ground swell of grassroots resistance to the spray program that eventually the government withdrew its support and the pulp companies found themselves defeated.

By 1979 the budworm epidemic was dying down of its own accord, and Elizabeth at long last was able to begin university. But a few years later another major environmental threat surfaced in Nova Scotia. The forest industries had concluded that they could expand future production by resorting to a massive aerial spraying of herbicides, which would kill most forest vegetation except profitable softwoods such as spruce and balsam. Compliant with industry as usual, the government departments concerned quietly approved a request for permits – this time to spray from aircraft a mixture of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, the active ingredients in the infamous Agent Orange used by the U.S. military to defoliate

much of Vietnam, causing uncounted cases of cancer amongst the Vietnamese.

Proponents of the herbicide program had learned a lesson from their defeat over the use of pesticides. The new plan was announced only two weeks before the planes were due to take to the air. Doubtless the industry and the government were convinced that nothing could be done to interfere with their plans at such short notice. But Elizabeth dropped everything and rode out to rally the troops. She did so to such effect that ten days later she and her allies had obtained a temporary injunction to halt the spraying.

The battle that followed was ferocious. With three major pulp companies and the provincial government arrayed against them, Elizabeth and her allies struggled mightily for two years. But the struggle was, as writer June Callwood said at the time, between David and Goliath. . . only it was Goliath who had the sling.

And this time Goliath won.

In order to pay her share of the legal and other costs involved, Elizabeth had to sell her car and her family had to sell a one-hundred-acre farm they owned near Baddeck. The Mays shrugged it off. "We would have sold the restaurant too if that would have helped Elizabeth win," Stephanie May remembers.

Elizabeth duly graduated from law school and moved on from Nova Scotia to broader battlefields. She became instrumental in organizing the Canadian Environmental Defence Fund, which provides legal assistance to groups all over Canada fighting to preserve and protect the natural world. She was determined that when next the environmental David faced the industrial Goliath, the weapons would be more equal.

Then in August 1986, she was asked by Tom McMillan, minister of the environment in the federal government, to become his senior adviser on environmental matters. She held this enormously influential

post until June 1988. Before her resignation (on a matter of principle to which she alludes in this book), she had been instrumental in implementing plans for several new national parks; had worked on the Ozone Protocol, and on vital reforms to the federal Environmental Assessment Act. She had also channelled more than a million dollars of government funds to assist the environmental movement all across Canada.

In the autumn of 1988, Elizabeth organized a nationwide publicity campaign in an (unsuccessful) attempt to force the three major Canadian political parties to promise more than lip service to environmental problems. She has spent the past year deeply embroiled in the campaign to save what remains of the world's rain forests while also serving as the unpaid executive director of Cultural Survival (Canada), which works with indigenous people to save both them and their natural environment. In one way or another she remains actively involved with almost every other major environmental issue as one of the most effective defenders of the living, breathing earth that we possess.

Now she has begun to give rein to a talent which may dwarf the many others she possesses. As this book attests, Elizabeth May is a born story teller in the grand tradition. It may well be that she will achieve her greatest successes in defence of life upon this outraged planet as a writer, whose clarity, honesty, and conviction brook no denials.

Farley Mowat
January 1990

INTRODUCTION

IT WAS SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1987 – THE MORNING AFTER THE big Haida feast in Skidegate. Most of the customers at the Helm Café in nearby Queen Charlotte City were weary celebrants. It was a measure of the power and magic of the feast that so much of its mood could linger over the gleaming formica and bacon grease of the small, nondescript café.

Tom McMillan, federal minister of the environment, took his last bite of french toast and congealing syrup, and polished it off with a glass of milk. I sipped my coffee and surveyed the old Haida men, Parks bureaucrats, elated environmentalists, and reporters gathered around their separate tables savouring the memories of the previous night's celebration – translucent images of hereditary chiefs in their traditional costumes of feathers, fur, and masks, of young Haida paddlers dancing newly created steps, cheering their own accomplishment, and of Tom McMillan's cake that proclaimed, in green icing, South Moresby National Park. I had been working for Tom for almost a year, and that celebration of the arrival of *Loo Taas,* which coincided with the saving of South Moresby, of the end of logging within the area, was the culmination of everything that I had worked and prayed for. In the café were good friends gained in the effort to protect South Moresby: John Broadhead (J.B.), who had put the last decade or so into the cause; Vicky Husband, who had been working

non-stop for the last six years of her life; Kevin McNamee, who worked for a Toronto-based parks group. He had been in the thick of it for several years as well.

We were in a mood to count our blessings – and our friends. "You know," Vicky said, "we could never have done this without John Fraser. If it wasn't for John, the whole thing could never have happened."

"When you consider how close we came to losing, over and over again," I added, still feeling a sense of unreality. "I mean, it really was a miracle. And each time it was nearly lost, someone – Dalton Camp or Mazankowski – just kept it alive." After all this time, it was hard to believe the battle was really won.

And so we went around the table, marvelling at all the people who in one way or another had helped to save the day. Paramount in our thoughts were the dedication and sacrifice of the Haida, especially the seventy-two men and women who had faced arrest on the logging road of Lyell Island. Then Tom said something that reminded me how perceptive he could be. "You know," he began, "not only was the effort of each person absolutely indispensable, but each person contributed something that only he was capable of contributing. Only David Suzuki could have brought South Moresby to public attention the way he did through The Nature of Things and through his own reputation. And only Jim Fulton, as MP for the area, could have known so much of the local scene and been so committed to saving it. And ultimately, no one but the Prime Minister could have gotten Vander Zalm's attention. You know, I really believe that the effort of each person, no matter how small, even those people who wrote a single letter, was indispensable and each was unique."

"It's such an incredible story," Vicky said. "I'm trying to talk Sam [her friend Cameron Young] into

writing a book about it."

I found myself saying without thinking, "No, I'm going to write the book." Tom pushed back from the table. "Oh," he said teasingly, "I know the kind of book Elizabeth would write. We'd all just be pawns, moved about as if the whole campaign to save South Moresby were part of some sort of giant cosmic divine plan."

J.B. smiled in his cryptic, Mona-Lisa way, and said, "Exactly."

|1|

The Eagle

A lone kayaker dipped his paddle into the water, breaking the pink-orange reflection of the morning sky on the sea, scattering the sunrise into a hundred rippled waves. He had not seen another human being in days. Paddling through small channels and across large stretches of almost open sea, he had camped on the sites of ancient Haida villages, where the decaying totem poles stood guard while he slept. Once he thought he saw an Indian warrior among the mortuary poles. But he had soon realized that it was either a ghost or his imagination, or a bit of both. It's like that when you are alone.

As he pulled around the east side of a large island, the tide turned against him. A small bay beckoned, and looked worth exploring. He pulled his collapsible kayak onto the beach and almost immediately he was in deep forest. He crossed a shallow creek, crystal clear and gurgling, and clambered up the far bank to the mossy forest floor. The sun's rays pierced the dark and heavy branches of the ancient cedar and spruce, casting a dappled glow on the blanket of mosses, lichens, and ferns. It was intoxicating. This forest had power. Its trees stretched so high their tops could not be seen. Their trunks seemed as wide as houses, and their lower branches were festooned with hanging gardens of ferns and dripping moss.

The cry of an eagle broke the stillness. Thrushes called, and occasionally he could hear the chattering of a

raven. He had been many places and seen many things, but nothing more beautiful than this.

Back on the beach he searched for dry driftwood to make a fire so he could cook that universal frybread, bannock. And then he saw it. Right beside him, an arm's length away, was a dead bald eagle. Carefully he extended the wings, for rigor mortis had not yet set in. Outstretched they spanned some seven feet. It had no wounds, no marks. Even in death, the eagle was magnificent.

"This should be preserved," he thought. "It should go in a museum." He took out his knife and cleaned the eagle, emptying the body cavity and then reverently refilling it with dry sphagnum moss. Folding its wings, he tied the eagle together and carried it to his kayak. He placed it gently in the stern, cradled among his gear.

Now he could hear the eagle's mate, screaming in grief from a tree-top. It was time to leave, and the tide was right. Pushing out into the bay, leaving behind those magnificent trees, he sang a song he knew from long ago – an Indian song. It seemed to fit. He asked the eagle, singing its lament from the forest canopy, to give his small craft its wings. As the kayak pulled out of the bay a southwest breeze came up, and he raised the sail to catch it. He had drawn on his sail the face of an eagle, copied from one on an old pole he had seen at an abandoned village. He moved fast, paddling into the long June evening, until at dusk he came within sight of the point of land on the northern island he had fixed as his destination.

There was a Haida man on that point who saw some sort of movement on the water. It looked like an eagle skimming the surface of the sea, its wings glinting silver in the sunlight. And, when it came closer, it showed the face of an eagle. It was like nothing he had ever seen on earth. He could not be sure that it was of

this earth. He stayed still and watched and waited.

The young man pulled his kayak out of the water and prepared to make camp, and the Haida man watched him until their eyes met. "Ah," thought the young man, so unaccustomed was he to speech after days alone. "I should show this man my eagle. Maybe he could take it to a local museum." He went to the stern of the kayak and carefully lifted up the eagle. Holding it before him like an offering, he approached the older man. The silence was broken.

"Why do you bring me this eagle?" the Haida man asked.

"Because there are so few of them left," came the answer.

|2|

HUCKLEBERRY

THOM HENLEY WAS ONE OF NINE CHILDREN FROM A GOOD Catholic family and was raised in Lansing, Michigan, within sight of the giant Oldsmobile factory where his dad was a foreman. As a small boy Thom discovered wilderness, if only in his imagination. Less than a block from the factory there was a vacant lot on which grew a dozen trees and a thick tangle of underbrush. To Thom it was a jungle, and he was its only inhabitant.

In many ways he had a typical childhood in a 1950s' ideal nuclear family. But a boy who faces death twice has not had a completely uneventful time of it. At the age of seven, he contracted polio and lay in a hospital bed, paralysed for six months. And at fifteen, he was striken with spinal meningitis and fell into a three-day death-like coma. When he recovered, he was changed, more serious than kids his own age. Still, to outer appearances, he was a normal teenager – nervous on dates, unaware that the girls thought he was a dreamboat. A good student, Thom went to the local university after graduating from high school.

By 1968, it was clear that the United States was fighting the least popular war in its history. Record numbers of protesters were gathering in front of the White House and on the streets of New York, Los Angeles, and every major city. There was never any possibility in Thom's mind that he would fight in Vietnam. In 1970, aged twenty-one, holding honours, he left university in

protest against the war and against the class discrimination that permitted him a student deferment but drafted thousands of black, Hispanic, and working-class white kids. He was promptly drafted.

Before his induction notice showed up, he decided to explore the mountains of Alaska. He had not intended to be a draft-dodger, but in Alaska he quickly discovered that he was wanted for interstate flight to avoid prosecution. Penalities mounted, and he ended up living underground for several years. When he felt the FBI closing in on him, he stowed away on a ferry to Vancouver, and the safe haven called Canada.

Like most Americans, Thom believed Canada was a country where moderation and tolerance reigned, where war resisters were welcomed and the Prime Minister spoke sagely and critically of the U.S. adventure in Vietnam. But Thom had chosen a bad day to arrive in Canada. It was the day the War Measures Act was declared by Prime Minister Trudeau. Thom was walking through Stanley Park when an RCMP officer on horseback charged him. The horse knocked him to the ground and the officer clubbed him before riding on. Reality seemed to be coming unglued.

He found shelter and friends in Vancouver at a safe house for draft resisters. On their advice he moved to the long sandy beaches of the west coast of Vancouver Island and built a cabin amid the red-dotted huckleberry bushes. He was known thereafter as Huckleberry, Huck for short. He returned to Alaska for a year, working at odd jobs, logging on Prince of Wales Island until his natural wanderlust took hold again. He embarked on an ambitious kayak trip, from Alaska to the Amazon and back. He got as far as Honduras, when sick and tired, weak with dysentery and flat broke, he turned back to kayak to what he now considered home – Alaska.

In June 1973, Huck found himself on the dock in Prince Rupert, British Columbia. The barge for the Queen Charlotte Islands was to leave in an hour. Other kayakers were on the wharf, and they extolled the virtues and little-known wonders of the Charlottes. "You should come," they urged. "You'll never get another chance like this." Reasoning that inspiration flows in the same direction as impulse, he bought passage, loaded bag and baggage, and endured a rough ride over the Hecate Strait to the northernmost settlement on the Charlotte's northern island, the small Haida town of Massett.

Huck arrived in the pitch-darkness. Hoping to find shelter, he walked toward a small collection of buildings where someone might still be awake. Abruptly he was confronted by a drunken man who stood in his path and said, "Get out of here." If Huck had had any money for the return fare to Prince Rupert, he would have left the Charlottes forever at that moment. But he had spent his last money on the crossing, and until he found work somewhere, he was stuck. Weary and depressed, he fell into a fitful sleep on the beach.

The next morning he walked into Old Massett, and almost immediately the same man who had threatened him the night before emerged from a small wood-frame house. Seeming to have no recollection of the previous evening, the young man (for by daylight Huck could see that he was young, and also not as large as he had been the night before) said, "My mother has been expecting you. She is preparing a special lunch in your honour." Huck demurred, "I'm sorry. I think you've mistaken me for someone else." But the man would not take no for an answer.

It turned out to be a feast. In the tradition of the Haida, for whom wealth and social status are derived from the hospitality and generosity shown to others,

Huck was offered every delicacy of the Charlottes' lands and waters. Octopus, halibut, scallops, and abalone; pickled herring roe on seaweed; venison and potatoes; salmon and dried crunchy seaweed; sea urchin roe, and the favoured small fish of the Haida – greasy oolichans in their pungent oil. All this and more was piled on the table before him. Conversation was thin, as the old lady spoke little English and Huck spoke no Haida at all.

Despite being greeted like the prodigal son, Huck was a long way from liking the Queen Charlotte Islands known by the Haida as Haida Gwaii (Hi-da-Gwy). Massett seemed small and depressing in the way of so many dreary mining towns in Alaska. While the long stretch of its beach was beautiful, so were many more places he had visited up and down the west coast. It was not until he had hitch-hiked and kayaked to the southern island of Moresby that he began to appreciate the islands.

As he paddled along, the sweet smell of spruce and cedar forest caught his nostrils. Snow-capped mountains rose up in the interior, and along the shore, seabirds flocked and sea-lions sunned themselves on their rocky out-croppings. Eagles, with the skill of magicians, pulled quicksilver fish out of the dark water. Paddling close to land, Huck examined the rocks speckled with bright pink lichens and purple algae and adorned with reddish, orange, and blue starfish. When the tide fell, the starfish lost their hold on the rocks and lowered themselves, tentacle by tentacle, back into the sea.

As the sun set on the longest day of the year, he pulled into Cumshewa Inlet – Haida for "riches at the head of the waters." Securing his kayak on a small island in the inlet's mouth, Huck watched the sun sink behind the mountains of Moresby Island, turning the green rain forest into gold.

On the summer solstice of 1973, Huckleberry fell in love with the Queen Charlotte Islands. And if he fell in love with them, did they, like Isak Dinesen's Ngong Hills, fall a little in love with him?

3

GUUJAAW

IN 1956 VINCENT MASSEY, CANADA'S GOVERNOR GENERAL, paid an official visit to the village of Massett on the northern coast of Haida Gwaii. Residents and dignitaries, local business people and town councillors, formed a receiving line. As the official representative of Her Majesty the Queen shook hands with the properly respectful queue, a small boy stepped forward. A dark-skinned, black-haired Haida child, with big brown eyes, he looked about three years old. The Governor General smiled down at him, and extended his hand. The little boy refused, clasping his hands tightly behind his back. Although he has no memory of it, some claim he looked up and asked, "Whose land do you think you're standing on?"

The Governor General's answer is nowhere recorded, but for the impudence of this and many other questions, the little boy was given the Haida name of Ghigndiging, variously translated as Questioning One or The One Who Questions The Answers He's Given. His Anglo name was Gary Edenshaw, but as an adult, he would be known as Guujaaw (Gooj-ow).

His question to the Governor General was a good one. The history of the Queen Charlotte Islands, as European explorers called them, does not contain a single decisive victory over the Haida nor a single treaty to provide a conclusive answer.

For thousands of years, the Haida had lived on the islands they called Haida Gwaii, Islands of the People.

Their remembered history extends back past two floods, each covering the earth, cleansing creation, and giving humankind a fresh start. After the first flood, the Raven sought out land, prying humans out of hiding in their clamshell. By the nineteenth century, an estimated ten thousand people lived on Haida Gwaii – one of the highest densities of hunter-gatherer people anywhere in the world. Several hundred villages dotted the archipelago, each fitting into an intricate social fabric of clans and conquest.

The lands and waters of the islands were rich. Food was abundant, and shelter was provided by the cedar tree, which both served and reigned over the Haida people. Huge longhouses shielded extended families of thirty or forty people from the driving rains and ferocious winds of winter. The wealth of the seas and forests ensured a certain amount of leisure time and allowed the development of sophisticated art forms. Highly skilled artisans carved or painted complex patterns onto totem poles, mortuary poles, canoes, longhouse doorways, bent cedar boxes – indeed, the surface of every utilitarian object of Haida life was adorned.

Their society was organized into two large family groups, or phratries, of Ravens and Eagles. Marriage between members of the same phratry was forbidden. Eagles must marry Ravens, Ravens could only marry Eagles. Within these phratries, the Haida were divided into clans of family groups, each of which possessed its own crest. The all-important line of inheritance was matrilineal, the mother's phratry determining descent. The sons of chiefs knew that they would likely never rise to their fathers' rank, and the chief looked to his oldest sister's son to assume the duties of leadership.

By the end of the eighteenth century, Spanish explorers had "discovered" Haida Gwaii and the riches of its shores. British ships and Yankee traders followed, lured by the money to be made from sea-otter pelts.

Hundreds of vessels plied the waters of Haida Gwaii. Captain George Dixon, after a particularly profitable trading voyage, named the archipelago after his ship and his queen – Queen Charlotte.

Many Haida view this period as the zenith of their artistry. The spectacular poles of the village of Tanu, now found in museums across Canada, were carved with the iron tools gained in trade with the Europeans. Their canoes and longhouses became even more embellished and their clothing more ornate. For the most part, the Haida were left alone. European interest in the islands was for trade, not conquest or settlement. By the mid 1800s, the vigorous sea-otter trade virtually ceased – the sea otters were all but gone. In the nineteenth century some whites began to settle on the islands of Haida Gwaii. First came the trading posts, then missionaries, followed by gold miners, trappers, hunters, and whalers. Contact with Europeans brought more than iron tools to Haida Gwaii. It brought smallpox. The first serious outbreak was at Skincuttle, when Haida trading canoes returned from Victoria with some crew members dead or dying. In 1862, a trader brought a dying European to Ninstints – infecting the whole village. Other stories persist among the Haida that smallpox was deliberately introduced by white traders. Whole villages were literally annihilated in the summer of 1872. Village medicine men, the shamen, were impotent in the face of new, introduced illness. Their magic failed them. Their faith, their culture, their beliefs, and their sense of pride and purpose in the world, all were shaken. They wondered how they had offended the spirits that guided their lives.

There were vaccines in Victoria, but there is no record of any attempt to distribute them to the Haida. Well-intentioned Europeans offered only missionary zeal. God was punishing the Haida for their heathen

ways. Accepting Christ as their saviour was the only way to restore their world.

According to Haida oral tradition, a chief in one of the southern villages moved into his sweat-lodge in search of a vision. He asked a raven to fly all over the islands to find the other survivors. No one could believe the vision: All of the villages were gone. There was too little time to bury the dead, and no one was left alive to carve mortuary poles for them. The powerful ceremonial trappings of death were ignored as the dead were piled together in mass graves. The Haida Nation fell from a population of many thousands to several hundred in the period of a few years – the worst of it in a few weeks. Where there had once been several hundred villages, now the bereaved and bewildered survivors gathered in only two – in Massett and in Skidegate on northern Graham Island.

Their social fabric was in tatters, but the basic threads were preserved. Even though no Haida lived in the abandoned villages, the descendants of those places maintained the hereditary chain of title to chieftainship. The system of government and of social status continued, despite the banning of its central ceremony, the potlatch. But while all other trappings of being Haida were subsumed under the pressures to learn English, never to speak Haida, and to dress as the colonizers dressed, the Haida's maintained their bond to Haida Gwaii.

For young Guujaaw, there was no doubt about whose land it was. It was Haida land. He grew up with a sense of pride. Unlike Indian kids growing up in cities, keenly aware of their minority status, Haida kids didn't feel oppressed. Rather, they ruled the roost at school. Guujaaw grew up under the tutelage of his mother's brother, Percy Williams – Uncle Kulga. He listened in awe to his father, his uncle, and their

friends as they told stories of bravery, of supernatural beings, of daring exploits of the past. These legends lived on.

He spent summers with his mother's grandmother. When he was a boy of six, she was over a hundred years old. She had long white hair and a tattoo of a grizzly bear on her chest. When the children visited, she would dress them in blankets and old head-dresses from a trunk, teaching them Haida songs and laughing at their childhood imitations of warriors.

The influence of his family, and his inheritance of Haida legend and belief, made Guujaaw fiercely proud and independent. He loved overnight camping outings with his friends, especially when they went to the old forest beside a peat island that jiggled when they walked on it. When it was logged, Guujaaw realized that something was amiss. It didn't seem right that anyone should be allowed to take a whole forest for himself. And the hurt of losing his forest was aggravated by the sting that a stranger had done so on Haida land.

Uncle Kulga taught Guujaaw how to spear abalone. He learned how to hunt ducks and geese, to track deer, to fish for salmon, to catch prawns, to collect sea urchins. He visited the ancestral village sites of Skedans and Tanu, and stared in awe at the remains of the longhouses, overgrown with moss, visible only to those who know what they are seeing.

He enjoyed working the trapline with his uncle, from the south end of Lyell Island to below Burnaby Island. Life was just fine for a young Haida man in his early twenties. But then came the disquieting news that a timber company had applied for a licence to log Burnaby, a beautiful and heavily forested island to the south of Lyell Island. The company, Rayonier Canada (B.C.) Ltd, a subsidiary of one of the largest corporations in the world, IT&T, had been logging on Talunkwan

Island, adjacent to the northern portion of Moresby.

Travelling by boat with his uncle, Guujaaw had seen firsthand the devastation of Talunkwan. It was even worse than the destruction of his boyhood campsite. Steep slopes had been clear-cut, leaving behind a moonscape. Salmon streams were fouled, and eagle nests were downed. The scars of logging grew worse over time, as the slopes slid away in landslides after each heavy rain. Now this same company wanted to log Burnaby Island, using the same contractor. In October 1974 Rayonier proposed its new five-year logging plan to the provincial government, and no one seemed inclined to oppose it. It was not as if no one had ever logged on those islands before. A relatively small area, some four hundred hectares, of the southern parts of Moresby and its sister islands had been selectively logged in the 1930s.

Guujaaw was alarmed by the Rayonier proposal. He had learned a lot about logging from his father, Lee Edenshaw, who was himself a logger. His father had been shocked when the company yarded gravel from the Yakoun River, spreading out the river bed across the road and leaving salmon eggs to be devoured by flocks of sea-gulls. He knew the difference between selective logging and clear-cutting in an area of steep slopes and unstable soils. Not every tree should be logged. Years before, Guujaaw and others had successfully intervened when the Massett Band Council had proposed logging around one of the old village sites. But fighting a big company like Rayonier was going to be a lot tougher than convincing the Massett Band Council. If the logging of Burnaby Island was to be stopped, he needed a larger strategy.

One night Guujaaw headed to a party thrown by Trudy Carson, who lived in a little house along the Tlell River. He enjoyed himself and, as usual, was the life of the party. Despite the good time, the Rayonier

proposal was weighing on his mind. As the evening wound down, most of the guests elected to stay at the house, crashing on the front porch in a bundled row of blankets and sleeping bags. Guujaaw couldn't sleep. He tossed and turned, fretting about the logging plans for Burnaby. Finally he spoke aloud into the darkness, "Anyone awake?" he asked. And from somewhere down the porch, Huckleberry answered.

Islands Protection

Huck had not stayed long in one place since he first kayaked through the waters of Haida Gwaii. He had paddled around many of the islands and had built a cabin at Lepas Bay on the northern tip. But he had returned to Alaska in 1973, realizing the precariousness of living as a squatter in a country where he had no status.

He was at Trudy's party a year later because Canada's immigration policy changed in 1974. Landed immigrant status was now made available to anyone who had lived the requisite amount of time in Canada and who applied from outside the country. As he fulfilled both requirements, Huck was relieved and elated. He returned to his cabin in the Charlottes in the spring of 1974. Lying on the porch that night, watching the moon, Huck was thinking about the proposal to log Burnaby Island when Guujaaw asked, "What are you thinking about?" Huck answered that he was just thinking about the threat to Burnaby. "So was I," said Guujaaw.

It was around three in the morning when Guujaaw and Huck got up. They had met briefly before, still Huck extended his hand. But nothing in the last twenty years had changed Guujaaw's mind on the subject of handshakes with white men. They went into the kitchen, lit a lamp, spread out a map of the islands, and began to plan strategically. If they were going to fight the logging, they had better be prepared to fight to save all the

islands in the southern third of the archipelago. Both Huck and Guujaaw had been impressed with a huge virgin stand of old-growth forest on the east coast of Lyell Island, a place called Windy Bay on the map. It would make no sense, they reasoned, to save Burnaby Island at the expense of such forests. They tried to decide where to draw the line demarcating the forests to be saved. The key, they realized, was to draw it far enough south that there would be several years' worth of cutting rights left to the north of it (thus buying time for the fight to preserve the southern portion of the archipelago), and far enough north to preserve the maximum amount of unspoiled area.

When the rest of the guests woke up, Huck and Guujaaw presented them with the Southern Moresby Wilderness Proposal, a petition to save the area from logging, and a new organization, the Islands Protection Committee. They had drawn the line from the height of land of the Tangil Peninsula, west along natural contours to just south of the old iron mine at Tasu on the west coast. The name, Islands Protection Committee, had been in Guujaaw's mind for some time. It was a rough translation of the Haida word Kangaliag Waii. Years earlier, he had written, "There is a need on these islands of ours for an organization, and that organization should be called 'Islands Protection'."

When they drew the line on the map they drew it along existing demarcations drawn by the province, on top of an existing boundary between two cutting blocks. This meant that the proposal would start showing up on government maps. The line existed. It would just start being re-identified as the wilderness proposal.

Guujaaw and Huck recruited the rest of the party's guests to help type, copy, and circulate petitions, then headed back to Massett to plan what they thought

would be a straightforward campaign. They reasoned that their chances of success were fairly high. The premier of British Columbia, Dave Barrett, presided over the first social-democratic government in North America. The New Democrats, they thought, would be sympathetic.

The first step would be to gain the backing of the Skidegate Band Council, which was responsible for the southern portion of Haida Gwaii. Through his uncle, Percy Williams, who was chief councillor at Skidegate, Guujaaw knew that a representative of Rayonier was due to make a presentation to the Band Council within the week. Although the meeting would primarily be for council members, the public could attend to learn more about the proposal. Guujaaw went to see his uncle to try to persuade him of the need for a different perspective at the meeting, one that would stress the ancestral and spiritual significance of the lands in question.

Percy Williams looked at the line Guujaaw and Huck had drawn on the map and saw that the huge wilderness proposal encompassed nearly fifteen hundred square kilometres of land, much of it covered in valuable timber. Percy, among other things, was a logger, and while he valued the economic activity the forest companies brought to the islands, he knew that clear-cut logging had choked many streams with silt and mud. He could imagine how quickly the life of the intertidal narrows would be fouled if Burnaby were to suffer the same fate as Talunkwan. He had some understanding of Guujaaw's passionate concern, but thought that maybe there was room for compromise. He knew that Rayonier had held the tree farm licence, known as TFL 24, since 1958, and that it wouldn't just give up and go away. His uncle said patiently, "You're asking for too much." "It is not enough," Guujaaw replied.

On a cool October day in the fall of 1974, Guujaaw and Huck attended the meeting in Skidegate and listened to the Rayonier representatives give their presentation, stressing the employment and economic opportunities of logging Burnaby Island. Huck had a sinking feeling that the Islands Protection Committee was out-gunned from the start. Then Percy Williams took the floor to moderate an open discussion between the company and the Haida Council. He looked out across the hall, filled with friends and neighbours. There was not a face he did not know.

"I want to tell you a story about something that happened to me a year or so ago," he began, and he told of a strange encounter he had had with a young man who was carried over the water in a craft that looked like an eagle and who had offered him a dead eagle. The crowd in the hall was hushed. Among the Haida, stories about eagles are not taken lightly.

"So I said to the man, 'Why do you bring me this eagle?' and he said, 'Because there are so few of them left.' Now I can tell you my first impression was that this was some kind of a sign. It made me stop and think. When I'm out on the water down around Burnaby Island, well, it isn't anything to see twenty eagles in a day, to see three in the same tree. But I realized what this young man said was true. Most places in the world, there aren't many eagles left. I realized that what we have here is special and that, if we don't take care of it, there won't be any place like it left in the world." Percy Williams paused and looked over to his nephew and the young man sitting with him, "Now I'd like to ask that young man who brought me that eagle to speak."

Huck was the young man who had found the eagle on the beach at Windy Bay. He had not seen Percy Williams since, and now he was introduced to the Haida Nation on the strength of a vision.

Huck and Guujaaw went to the front of the hall and proceeded to throw some very tough questions at the representatives of Rayonier. They asked what road-building techniques Rayonier planned to use. Rayonier's people were not sure. They asked what they planned to do about steep slopes, and if the company would provide any guarantee that it wouldn't cause landslides as it had on Talunkwan. They grilled and peppered the ill-prepared company flacks with question after question, for which they had no answer. The company men were embarrassed. This was supposed to be an easy snow job on a bunch of Indians.

The meeting was a triumph for Guujaaw and Huck, and a major set-back for Rayonier. The Skidegate Band Council went on record opposing Rayonier's plans for Burnaby. And an honest-to-goodness, broad-based community group was born.

Nathan Young, hereditary chief of Tanu, the old Haida village just north of Lyell, expressed his strong support of the wilderness proposal. The petition became the subject of much coverage in the *Queen Charlotte Islands Observer*. And worried representatives of Rayonier met again with the Skidegate Band Council, but this time with the official participation of the Islands Protection Committee, the provincial Forest Service, and the federal Department of Fisheries.

At Percy Williams's invitation, Premier Dave Barrett came to Skidegate to meet with the Haida. Percy made the case for preserving Burnaby Island, and Barrett was persuaded. They accepted his word that Burnaby would not be logged.

In December 1974, the minister of lands, forests, and water resources, Bob Williams, announced a five-year moratorium on logging on Burnaby Island, fulfilling the Premier's personal pledge. Rayonier withdrew its application to log cutting block four within its

tree farm licence, but simultaneously applied for a cutting permit for Lyell Island, squarely within the boundaries of the wilderness proposal.

On a drizzly February day in 1975, Huck, Trudy Carson, and Viola Wood, who wrote social notes for the Charlottes' newspaper, delivered petitions with the names of five hundred island residents to the parliament building in Victoria. They had hopes of being allowed to meet the Premier, so it was with some disappointment they learned that they were to see their own MLA, Graham Lea, instead. Lea was minister of highways, but in his T-shirt he didn't look the part. He leaned back in his chair, propping his stocking feet up on his desk. "Petitions?" he glowered. "Here's what they mean to us," gesturing to the waste basket. "Sure," he continued, acting the role of a worldly wise politician who would give these starry-eyed dreamers a dose of reality, "we'd like to put a barrier around the whole province. But the guys need jobs. And logging provides jobs. Simple as that."

In April 1975, the province granted Rayonier a licence to log Lyell Island. As a sop to the environmentalists, Barrett promised that the Environment and Land Use Committee Secretariat (ELUCS), a technical committee serving ministers from environment and resource portfolios, would take a serious look at the wilderness proposal. A pattern was set against which Huck and Guujaaw would fight for the next twelve years: government reviews, studies, special commissions, and advisory committees debating the fate of the wilderness proposal while logging within it continued. Guujaaw knew enough of what they were in for to tell Huck, "This is war."

|5|

J.B.

JOHN BROADHEAD FIRST CAME TO MASSETT IN THE Charlottes in the fall of 1973 to spend the winter fly-fishing and print-making. Aged twenty-four, he had left a full scholarship in science to begin a professional career as an artist and graphic designer. One thing he did not plan to be was a full-time environmentalist.

In 1974, he moved back to Vancouver to work with the National Film Board. When he returned to Massett the following spring, he found that a character named Huckleberry was living in his chicken coop. The first thing that struck him about his new tenant was Huck's sense of aesthetics. Chicken coop renovation had never before reached such heights – stained wood, coral walls, and a sound system that had been run underground from the main stereo inside the house. The other thing that struck him about Huck was his Tom Sawyer-like qualities. Like the original Huck's alter ego, this one could con just about anyone into doing whatever he wanted and have the person thanking him for the privilege. But however much he liked Huck, John Broadhead (J.B.) was not interested in getting involved in this wilderness crusade.

J.B. was in a minority. The fight for the Southern Moresby Wilderness Proposal had taken over the lives of many of the people he knew. The IPC had recruited far and wide. When Huck had learned that B.C. Hydro planned to cut a power corridor through the forest

at Tlell River, he had issued a call to arms. After a visit from Guujaaw, Dan Bowditch, the local head of Hydro's operations, had come to see Huck. The power lines went in with a minimum of damage, and Dan and his wife, Ursel, had become mainstays of the IPC. But despite all the organizing going on around him, J.B. remained detached.

One day Huck came in to see him, bringing a pile of papers and drawings. He explained that this was the raw material for the third edition of the IPC magazine, *About Time for an Island.* "I was just wondering," Huck said. "Do you have any ideas for how this might look better?" J.B. surveyed the dog-eared mess of scribbled notes, typed essays, pen-and-ink drawings, and short stories. "Yes," he said, with a half smile. "It's not too hard to think of ways that this could look better," and he volunteered to help.

J.B. was still not yet an activist. Schooled since his boyhood to believe in wise resource management, he saw no reason to criticize logging methods. The forests were in good hands. But when he went back to his favourite fishing holes, to streams that had glistened with trout and salmon just a year before, he found them radically altered. He saw mud slides, caved-in banks, silty flood waters, and no matter how attractive his fly-fishing lure, the trout did not respond. All around him there was new logging activity. He was angry, as only someone who feels betrayed can be. Forestry in British Columbia was not being done right. He began to put in much longer hours with the IPC magazine.

In the spring of 1976, a much-improved magazine was published. The name of the publication changed to *All Alone Stone,* after the tiny island of the same name in Juan Perez Sound in the heart of the wilderness proposal area. The magazine confronted forest management practices in British Columbia, and warned that the fundamental principle of sustained-yield

forestry was being replaced by forest technocrats with the new and dangerous buzzwords, "intensive silviculture" and "multiple use" – quickly revised by J.B. to "multiple abuse." The Islands Protection Committee was not alone in raising these issues. Across British Columbia, there was a new wave of concern about silvicultural practices.

This was not the first time that the public had shown an interest in the province's forestry policies. Back in 1943, provincial foresters had convinced the government of the day of the need for radical reforms to forest policy. The province's chief forester, C.D. Orchard, had warned, "We have nothing like the timber resources we once thought we had... Our most valuable areas are being overcut... Our production... must of necessity fall off sharply during the next few decades if prompt measures are not taken to forestall it." In response to these concerns, the Premier had employed the favourite tactic of a politician with a tough choice to make. He had appointed a Royal Commission. The Commission had recommended the creation of management units to guarantee "sustained yield." But if the concept of forest management licences, later to become tree farm licences, had ever ensured sustainable forestry, it was clear by the early 1970s that this was no longer the case. No longer content to wait the hundred and fifty years between harvests assumed in traditional sustained-yield practice, the timber companies had argued that new technology allowed them to grow trees faster and cut them sooner. Since the early 1950s, clear-cutting had increased dramatically as a proportion of the total area harvested. The total area logged annually was also going up. Vast areas were not replanted and failed to regenerate naturally.

In 1974, public pressure had led to yet another Royal Commission. The Pearse Royal Commission on Timber Rights and Forest Policy provided a lightning

rod for environmentalists. Groups from across the province prepared detailed briefs documenting the over-cutting of the provincial forests. Huck, Guujaaw, J.B., and the growing numbers of IPC volunteers pored through the documents and found scientific and technical arguments to support the evidence of their own eyes: Poor logging practices were wiping out fish habitat, causing massive erosion, and threatening the future of any long-term forest industry. They discovered that the licence to log Lyell Island had been granted in violation of the Forest Service's own guidelines, which forbade the cutting of slopes in excess of 65 per cent. They were more determined than ever to oppose the logging of Lyell.

The provincial election campaign had come and gone. Dave Barrett and the New Democrats had been replaced by the ultra-conservative Social Credit Party of Bill Bennett. The IPC remained optimistic that government would eventually listen. It greeted the news that the Socred government would allow the ELUCS review of the wilderness proposal promised by Barrett without cynicism, even though logging of Lyell Island was due to begin within the year.

The IPC learned only later that the new minister of forests, Tom Waterland, had written a reassuring letter to Rayonier in June 1976: "The present government believes in honouring contracts, thus there will be no wholesale withdrawals of land from TFL 24. The ELUCS study will proceed and it will cover the southern portion of Moresby Island, including TFL 24, as originally planned. It is an overview study only, which will catalogue the important and unique features of the area and make recommendations for the future." In other words, it would not interfere with logging.

|6|

PAUL

IN 1976, A NEW GROWTH INDUSTRY STARTED ON THE Charlottes – the Study Industry took hold. Over the course of the year, no fewer than eight different studies were conducted by various branches of federal and provincial governments relating to the Southern Moresby Wilderness Proposal. The Islands Protection Committee took almost every sign of interest from any government agency as a good sign. The exception was the interest of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The Islands Protection leaders had become the subject of police investigation. The RCMP viewed the committee as a hotbed of political radicalism. In the winter of 1975, Huck's entire food supply, sacks of grains and flour, had been ripped open during a police search for illegal weapons. As well, some IPC members had noticed clicking sounds on their telephones, and suspected that their lines were being tapped.

One day in the winter of 1976, Guujaaw was working in the IPC office in Dan and Ursel Bowditch's basement, when there was a knock on the door. Guujaaw opened it to a complete stranger – a young man, tall and burly with long blond hair, a beard, and slightly mismatched clothes, as if buttons had been sewn on to avoid the button holes. Guujaaw thought he must be the police infiltrator the committee had been half-expecting.

The stranger grinned and said, "Hi. I've been looking all over for the Islands Protection Committee office. I've come up from Victoria and I want to work with you." He extended his hand, which Guujaaw refused, saying, "I don't know who you are. How do I know you're not a cop?"

Paul George was stunned. A cop? Why would anyone think he was a cop? In his whole life such a case of mistaken identity had never before occurred. A native of Minnesota, Paul had emigrated to Canada in 1967 with his wife and three children. In 1974, he was hired by the provincial Department of Education to prepare a grade eleven biology correspondence course. For the next two years he did little else but work on the manuscript, researching interesting biological systems within the province, which might draw students more closely into the subject. He came across a PhD thesis on small mammals endemic to the Queen Charlotte Islands written in the early 1960s by Dr Bristol Foster. On the Charlottes, Bristol had observed kinds of plants and animals found nowhere else on earth. He postulated that somehow these varieties had evolved in isolation on the Queen Charlotte Islands, changing only in response to local conditions. The Charlottes were a giant laboratory for the study of the evolutionary process. Bristol had dubbed the Queen Charlotte Islands the "Canadian Galapagos."

Biologists initially maintained that the islands must have been missed by the blanket of ice that covered most of British Columbia ten thousand years ago. Geologists countered that the glaciers must have also covered the Charlottes. Biologists then proposed the "refugia" theory, which posited that, while ice covered much of the area, small pockets, or refugia, remained ice-free. Within those enclaves of biological life, unique species survived and evolved. Support for the

theory came from the observations of biologists and also from analysis of bogs and core samples, which contained pollen and other signs of life from ten thousand years ago. These studies suggested that a complete climax forest was thriving in areas of the Charlottes when the glaciers should have been retreating leaving nothing but scarred, bare rock in their wakes.

Paul was captivated by these theories about the Queen Charlotte Islands. The world's largest black bear, the now-extinct, but unique Dawson's caribou, river otter, pine marten, Haida ermine, deer mice, shrews, stickleback fish – all had evolved through isolation into forms unknown elsewhere in the world. He searched for good illustrations to use in his book, but there seemed to be scant information about the Canadian Galapagos. Then he came across the January 1976 edition of *Nature Canada*, containing an article about the controversy on the Charlottes. Paul was delighted to find there was an organization fighting to preserve the area. He started to think of writing a book that documented the unique fauna of the Charlottes. As a first step, he tracked down Bristol Foster, who was working in Victoria as director of the Provincial Ecological Reserves Unit. Paul was immediately impressed. Bristol was not a typical bureaucrat.

Born in Toronto in 1932, Bristol had been an avid naturalist and bird-watcher since childhood. In his mid-twenties, having completed a master's degree from the University of Toronto, he headed off with a boyhood friend on a trek around the world, through Africa, Asia, and Australia. Robert Bateman and Bristol made most of their trip by Land Rover, seeking out the remote places where wildlife could be seen, nearly undisturbed by man. Bateman's observations were shared with the world when he became one of

Canada's most loved artists. When he returned, Bristol started his PhD at the University of British Columbia, studying the native mammals of the Queen Charlotte Islands. By 1974 he was part of the provincial bureaucracy of British Columbia. As head of the new Ecological Reserves Unit, he had been following the controversy over logging in the Charlottes. He sympathized with the Islands Protection Committee, but he was convinced that it did not have a prayer.

Now an earnest Paul George sat in his office and laid before him grandiose plans for a major illustrated work to be sold in aid of the conservation battle. Bristol encouraged Paul to produce a book about the ecological wealth of the Queen Charlottes. That was all Paul needed to hear. He set off from Victoria almost immediately, heading to Massett and to Guujaaw's sceptical reaction.

After hearing Paul's plans, Guujaaw told him, "We didn't send for you. We don't know you. And we don't need you." If there was to be a book, the committee would do it itself. Paul was not easily dissuaded. For one thing, he could see the enormous odds the preservation movement was up against. His first visit to the Charlottes coincided with the first All Islands Symposium, at which the Southern Moresby Wilderness Proposal was the key issue. Community support was high, but the preliminary report from the province's Environmental and Land Use Committee Secretariat was devastating. It recommended continued logging with some small conservation measures. Paul felt that the Islands Protection Committee needed him, whether it liked it or not.

Back in Victoria, Paul recruited his friend and neighbour Richard Krieger, who had the ideal combination of photographic skill and independent means. Paul and Richard spent nearly a year planning their dream project – to spend an entire summer

photographing the wilderness proposal area.

In June 1977, Paul George and Richard Krieger arrived in Haida Gwaii with piles of sophisticated photographic equipment – a Hasselblad camera, huge telephoto lenses, tripods, tape recorders, and microphones. They dubbed themselves the Galapagos Book Collaborators and immediately made a splash in the *Queen Charlotte Islands Observer.* They made it known that they had arrived to produce the definitive work. They visited with foresters working for Rayonier and they interviewed members of the IPC, but they spent most of their time in the wilderness area. Guujaaw agreed to be their guide. Richard had brought an inflatable boat with an outboard motor, and the three of them loaded it with equipment, and headed down the west side of the archipelago.

By June 21, they had reached the southern island of Skungwai, known on the charts as Anthony Island. The area had been nominated for World Heritage status by UNESCO. Richard took roll after roll of photographs of the remnants of the village of Ninstints – of the mounds of moss-shrouded roof beams where the longhouses once stood, of the ghostly mortuary poles of killer whales, ravens, eagles, and beavers looking out to sea, with huge impassive, impenetrable eyes. Later they hiked inland, with Guujaaw and Paul acting as African porters, calling out "Bwana" to Richard as they struggled with the weight of his delicate gear. They saw the alpine meadows of the interior and viewed from their heights the scattered emerald islands below. They photographed the rich intertidal sea life of Burnaby Narrows, locally known as the sushi bar, and the huge trees of Windy Bay. Richard snapped eagles in their nests, bears turning over rocks on the shore at dusk, tufted puffins diving for fish off Kunghit Island, sea-lions on their craggy rookeries, tiny deer foraging

among the poles of abandoned villages, and rare thrushes in the cedar. They shot roll after roll of film of existing clear-cuts, of eagles' nests lying amid the rubble after crashing from their lofty perch, of bare hillsides eroding into the sea, and of the loggers at work, men with monstrous chain saws doing a hard job well, felling the ancient giants.

By the end of the summer, the Galapagos Book Collaborators had assembled the most comprehensive series of colour photographs ever taken of Haida Gwaii. They decided not to wait for a book to put the images to work. Paul and Richard organized a slide show and Paul laboured over maps to calculate a few basic statistics that were not part of the IPC repertoire. He counted a total of 138 islands within the wilderness proposal, accounting for an astonishing 1,700 miles of coastline.

In the fall of 1977, Guujaaw, Huck, and the Galapagos Book Collaborators took their show on the road to Massett and Queen Charlotte City, as well as to the logging camps of Sewell Inlet and Powrivco Bay on Lyell Island, where the loggers jeered the idea of preserving the area.

The slide show sparked direct dialogue between the environmentalists and the loggers, but it was not the first or the last occasion for a clash of views. That spring, the Forest Service had established the Queen Charlotte Islands Public Advisory Committee. Ostensibly the Public Advisory Commitee (PAC) was created to encourage public participation in Forest Service policies, but its meetings quickly degenerated into shouting matches. It was becoming clear from the public meetings that sentiment toward the wilderness proposal was divided on the islands. The residents of Massett, Queen Charlotte City, Port Clements, and Skidegate, while not unanimously in favour of the wilderness proposal, were in favour of some measure of preservation. But across the water from Skidegate,

Sandspit, the only permanent community on Moresby Island, was beginning to feel itself isolated as the centre of support for logging all of TFL 24. It was the smallest of the islands' communities – just 250 people – but it was the headquarters of Rayonier for the area, as well as the base for Frank Beban Logging.

Frank Beban was easily the most popular guy in town. He ran the local helicopter charter, the only motel and lounge in town, as well as his logging business, which employed some seventy men down on Lyell. But for all the studies and meetings and ballyhoo about the wilderness proposal, Frank was not about to get spooked. The executives of Rayonier had received assurances from government, verging on guarantees, that the TFL would be renewed without any reductions to accommodate the environmentalists. Frank and members of his crew went along to PAC meetings with Rayonier, feeling pretty sure that government would never take "a bunch of hippies" seriously.

During this period, despite the priority attached to the wilderness proposal, the IPC had its volunteer hands full with other issues. The government was proposing to allow a super-tanker port on the west coast of British Columbia opposite Haida Gwaii at Kitimat. More or less the same people who formed the IPC shifted gears to oppose the proposal at the federal West Coast Oil Port Inquiry. To raise money for their participation in the federal inquiry, J.B. teamed up with a local Haida artist with a wicked sense of humour, Mike Nicholl. They put together the first of the islands' conservationist comic books, *Tales of Raven – No Tankers, T'anks.*

The committee gathered its energies together again for the second annual All Islands Symposium in November 1977. Following up on a resolution passed at the Public Advisory Committee, where it had even been supported by the Rayonier representative, the All

Islands Symposium called for public hearings prior to the renewal of tree farm licences. The two-day event was well attended by federal and provincial government representatives, by industry, and by the growing coalition of Haida, non-native residents, and environmentalists. But logging continued, and the trees of Windy Bay were next. Paul learned that biologists had long been aware that the area from Windy Bay to Dodge Point contained the largest known ancient murrelet colony in British Columbia, an estimated sixty thousand pairs of birds. In Victoria for the winter, Paul went back to see Bristol Foster to ask for his help.

Bristol had been asked to intercede on the wilderness proposal before. Huck had come in to see him, asking for the whole southern Moresby area to be set aside. Bristol had explained the procedures to Huck, as he now explained them to Paul. If a proposal for ecological reserve status was accepted for review, there could be no logging or road building until such time as the Ecological Reserves Unit completed their evaluation. But the mandate of the unit was fairly narrow. An area the size of the entire wilderness proposal could never be considered an ecological reserve. However, something a lot smaller, with the right characteristics as a research and teaching area, might very well be considered. "Bingo," thought Paul. He and Richard got the appropriate forms and made their case for protecting Windy Bay and the ancient murrelets of Dodge Point through the special status of a provincial ecological reserve. The Ecological Reserve Unit accepted the proposal for review, thus freezing any logging permits for Windy Bay.

Later, that following spring, Paul George encountered a slightly drunk and very angry Frank Beban in the lounge of his motel. Beban boomed at him accusingly, "Your ecological reserve proposal is just a clever ploy to stop logging!" Slightly drunk himself, Paul grinned back, "Of course it is, and it's working!"

7

REDISCOVERY

WHEN HUCK, PAUL GEORGE, AND RICHARD KREIGER SAT around a camp-fire on the beach at Windy Bay in the summer of 1978, they had reason to feel disheartened. The battle to save the southern portion of Haida Gwaii had begun four years before, but Lyell Island was still being logged. Despite public meetings, provincial inquiries, petitions, and symposia, the IPC had few accomplishments to its credit.The federal West Coast Oil Port Inquiry had been aborted and it looked as if the Kitimat proposal was defeated. But the protection of the southern Moresby wilderness was as elusive as ever.

Huck particularly felt a sense of impending loss – not only loss of the enormous trees around him, but loss of a culture. Huck had been adopted by a woman in Massett. His Haida mother, Mary Swanson, was of the Eagle clan, and Huck had been absorbing Haida ways like a sponge. This land and this people were so much a part of him, he could not imagine a time when he had not shared this life. The Haida's love and respect for the wilderness had to be communicated to others. Something in him boiled up, and sitting alone on a log on a beach, he began feverishly to write a proposal for a youth camp on Haida Gwaii. The camp, to be called Rediscovery, would aim to connect children and teenagers, Haida and non-Haida, with the spiritual value of wilderness. The camp counsellors would include young people and Haida elders who could tell the children stories and myths they had learned from

their parents. It could take place out at Lepas Bay, using Huck's cabin as a first shelter, and it could include a kayak trip down into the wilderness proposal area. All he needed now was the funding to organize it and make it available to every child on the islands. It was not until Huck stood up, after over an hour of non-stop writing, that he looked around the beach and realized that he had been sitting on the same spot where he had found the eagle four years before.

Back on Graham Island, he went to Port Clements to see Jim Fulton, the local probation officer with responsibility for all of the Charlottes. Jim Fulton was young, gregarious, and distinctly non-bureacratic in his approach. Jim read over Huck's proposal. "It's absolutely perfect," Jim enthused. "It's exactly what is needed for these kids." Within weeks, Jim had arranged three years' funding for the camp through the correctional service.

Rediscovery, while not part of any campaign to save wilderness, played a part in the increased awareness of Haida culture among non-Haida. It coincided with the rise in pride the Haida had already started to experience. Claude Davidson was teaching Haida children the old dance steps, and Wanagan, the self-appointed guardian of Ninstints Village, was teaching them about the old poles. Rediscovery was immediately supported by Haida elders and by young activists like Guujaaw and Mike Nicholl. The program was a success in developing new, creative approaches to wilderness education. It was so popular that soon children begged to be accepted. They learned ceremonies, and a favourite camp activity was recreating a day in the life of an old Haida village. For these and other festivities, Rediscovery needed costumes. Huck wrote to the Provincial Museum and requested any old furs or animals the museum didn't need, for conversion to cloaks, dance masks, and head-dresses. In one ship-

ment a beautiful bald eagle arrived. Huck stared at its identification tag in disbelief. It read, "Donated by Percy Williams, Skidegate, 1973."

One of the key figures in the renaissance of Haida culture was a man who had never seen Haida Gwaii until his twenty-third year. Bill Reid was born of a Haida mother and a Scottish-German father in 1920. His grandmother had been a native of Tanu, belonging to the Raven phratry and the Wolf clan. When smallpox nearly wiped out her village, she had moved north with the survivors from other communities. Widowed, she had remarried, and Bill's mother, Sophie Gladstone, was born. Sophie left Skidegate when she married an American from Detroit, William Ronald Reid.

As a young man, Bill was not self-conscious of his Haida-ness, but his mother's background fascinated him. In 1943, he travelled to the Haida Gwaii for the first time. The beach that had once been lined with magnificent poles – house poles, mortuary poles, potlatch poles – all telling their family's story, was now lined only with the small frame houses of a typical Indian reserve. Still, Bill felt at home on those remote islands, in a way he had not felt before. It would be years before he returned, but the islands had touched him.

He lived in Toronto, working as a broadcaster for CBC Radio. At first his fascination with jewelry-making was just a hobby. But gradually it became a passion, as he laboured over bits of gold and silver in his basement, rediscovering the stylized art forms of the Northwest Coast Indians. He began to be known as a Haida artist, and that connection drew him back to Haida Gwaii.

In 1955, Bill Reid was part of a team put together by the B.C. Provincial Museum to travel to the abandoned Haida villages on the southern portion of the

archipelago. In what must have been a painful decision, Bill Reid, anthropologist Wilson Duff, and the museum team removed the remaining standing poles.

This trip to rescue poles took Bill to his grandmother's village of Tanu, reputed to have created the zenith of Haida carving. The team's second trip in 1957 took them to the village of Ninstints on the southern island of Skungwai. Eleven poles were taken down, one sixteen metres high, and each weighing several tons. The mortuary poles could not be removed as they were standing graves, containing human remains. The few remaining memorial poles were judged to be beyond restoration. No one could guess that, within thirty years, these poles would promote Ninstints' designation as a World Heritage Site by the United Nations.

By 1958 Bill Reid was busy restoring and replicating the poles for museums. He first carved poles as part of that effort, working with the Kwakiutl carver, Mungo Martin. From that experience, Bill Reid was pulled inexorably into the art of carving. With Kwakiutl artist Doug Crammer, Reid built two longhouses and seven new poles for the University of British Columbia Museum of Anthropology.

In 1978, Bill Reid was back in Skidegate working on a pole that would have greater significance than anything put into a museum. Reid had said at the time that he felt as though he had made his reputation on the bones of his ancestors. Now he was carving a pole for his children to be raised at the front of a new longhouse, the new quarters for the Skidegate Band Council. It would be the first pole in nearly a hundred years to grace the beach at Skidegate.

The day Guujaaw visited the master carver to talk to him about the wilderness proposal, Bill was hard at work and his hands barely slowed as Guujaaw laid the issue before him. Bill wished him well, but didn't want

to get involved with a lot of publicity or speech-making. He'd leave that to the politicians. As Guujaaw prepared to leave, he said, "I'd be interested in helping you carve." Reid looked up from his work, and said, "Good. Here you are." He handed Guujaaw a mallet and chisel, and gesturing to the pole said, "Do the other side." Guujaaw became Bill Reid's apprentice, living in a small bus by the carving shed.

On the day of the raising of the Dogfish Pole at Skidegate in 1978, the longhouse was surrounded with men and women in red and black button blankets. Hereditary chiefs wore the head-dresses of their clans. A wolf-skin cloak, with the wolf's mouth wide and teeth bared, bobbed among the crowd, staring down the placid face of a Haida moon head-dress. Children ran everywhere in wide-eyed excitement. Dogs raced in a crazed frenzy up and down the beach. Guujaaw drummed, and joined the elders in singing the traditional Haida songs, with their pulsating chants. The people of the village gathered to raise the pole, carved from a single cedar. It told the story of the village and its supernatural guardians – Grizzly Bear, Raven, and Killer Whale had all had their adventures with the peoples of the islands. Of his creation, Reid said, "They were already there. They were under the wood just waiting to be let out."

Two hundred men and women, straining at four ropes, levered the huge pole into place. Fewer people could have raised it, but everyone wanted to lend strength to the effort. It was a day of enormous joy and pride in Skidegate.

|8|

TAKING THE MINISTER TO COURT

IN THE FALL OF 1977, THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS Public Advisory Committee recommended that public hearings be held into the renewal of Rayonier's tree farm licence. The unprecedented unanimity of the committee, which was, after all, established by the Forest Service to advise it, led a good number of people to expect that there would be public hearings. That expectation grew when the All Islands Symposium endorsed the idea. No one from the Forest Service quelled the expectation. Meanwhile, Rayonier submitted its five-year logging plan to the Forest Service for review. It dropped the controversial planned logging of Windy Bay, and proposed instead extensive clear-cutting of Gate Creek to the south of Windy Bay, also on Lyell Island. This plan was still contingent on the renewal of TFL 24.

Against this backdrop, came a forest controversy that became known as the Shoot-out at Riley Creek. Riley Creek was one of several small creeks running into Rennell Sound on the west coast of Graham Island. Because of the likelihood of landslides damaging an important salmon stream, the federal Department of Fisheries ordered that logging in the area not be allowed. The timber company, Q.C. Timber, a wholly owned subsidiary of the giant Japanese corporation C. Itoh, ignored the order. The conflict escalated until the Mounties were called in to arrest the loggers. The company

sent in reinforcements. Helicopters arrived with more fallers to replace those who had been arrested. It was a battle. The timber industry in British Columbia wanted a showdown in order to prove that the federal Fisheries Act could not be used to interfere with logging operations. At the war operations room for Q.C. Timber in Rennell Sound, MacMillan Bloedel's lawyer was giving the orders. Between March 19 and 23, 1978, fifteen men were flown into Riley Creek to continue logging in defiance of the federal Fisheries order. The Mounties arrested the reinforcements, and they laid charges against the company and Q.C. Timber's logging supervisor.

This highly publicized round of arrests generated a lot of controversy outside the Charlottes. Jack Munro, head of the province's International Woodworkers of America, decried the arrest of honest fellows just trying to do a day's work. The Premier and the provincial forests minister angrily denounced the federal government for attempting to dictate forest policy to the province. The forest companies howled that they were not criminals; they were just bringing prosperity to British Columbians. In the midst of the performance of righteous indignation, all the charges were dropped, stayed by the provincial attorney general. But the lessons of the Shoot-out at Riley Creek were not lost on the Public Advisory Committee. It was getting harder to trust the industry or even the government, which was supposed to regulate it.

During that fall, heavy rains caused massive landslides along Riley Creek. The largest was two thousand feet long, two hundred feet wide, and five feet deep. On hearing of the slides, Forest Minister Tom Waterland suggested they were caused by deer browsing in the undergrowth, which prompted one local wit to quip that he was going to get an elephant gun and get one of them deer. Haida fisherman Charles Bellis tried to lay his own charges for the Riley Creek devastation. But

when he got to court, they found their charges had been stayed by the provincial attorney general. Environment Minister Stephen Rogers eventually confirmed that logging had caused the slides at Riley Creek.

More or less at the same time as the escalation of the Riley Creek dispute, the issue of the renewal of TFL's was at the forefront of everyone's mind. When the new Forest Act was finally presented for first reading in May 1978, the Public Advisory Committee pushed for public hearings. No need to worry, said the Forest Service representatives who attended PAC meetings, there will be lots of time for public input before third reading, which would not take place until November. Huck and Guujaaw flew down to Victoria in May to focus attention on the act, which provided for virtually automatic renewals of tree farm licences and which scrapped the notion of "sustained yield." Sustained yield units were to be renamed "timber supply areas." Huck and Guujaaw picketed in front of the Parliament Buildings in Victoria. On the local television news that night they were dubbed "a small delegation with a big cause."

Despite assurances to the contrary, the Forest Act was rushed through second and third reading in the month of June. In November the federal MP for the area, Liberal Iona Campagnolo, and MLA Graham Lea joined the call for public hearings on the renewal of TFL 24.

Through the fall, Huck, Guujaaw, and Paul strategized about how best to force public hearings. Gradually, the idea of taking the minister to court over the TFL renewal began to take hold. Rayonier's contract for TFL 24 had been the first ever term lease in the province, and was thus the first to come up for renewal. Challenging its renewal would have tremendous precendent-setting value. What's more, the renewal was for another period of twenty-five years.

Guujaaw sought out Andrew Thompson, the Vancouver lawyer who had headed up the aborted

Kitimat Oil Port Inquiry. Thompson remained a sympathetic adviser, but recommended that they consult Garth Evans. In order for it to be recognized by the court, Garth advised the Islands Protection Committee to become incorporated. In doing so, it lost one of its founders. Guujaaw was adamantly against the idea of incorporation, and while he remained critically involved in all aspects of saving the wilderness, he never considered himself part of the newly named Islands Protection Society.

In February 1979 the hereditary chief of Tanu, Nathan Young, Guujaaw, seeking standing as a hunter-gatherer, Glen Naylor (a non-Haida with a registered trapline), and the Islands Protection Society took the forestry minister to court. They petitioned for an order that the minister had a duty to act fairly, and that public hearings should be held prior to renewal of Rayonier's licence. Extensive affidavits were filed, setting out the history of their dealings with the Forest Service and the reasons for their concern. Paul George was heavily involved in the case, documenting over-cutting by Rayonier on its TFL in his own affidavit. The government lawyers never challenged any of the petitioners' evidence.

The legal action was supported by the Skidegate Band Council, the Public Advisory Committee, and the Graham Island Advisory Planning Commission, as well as by many residents of the islands who threw themselves into the task of community fundraising. Before the legal case was over they would rack up $30,000 in legal fees and expenses. But that prospect did nothing to dampen their pride in holding the single most successful benefit dance ever in Haida Gwaii, bringing in a record $2,300.

Their court action did not force public hearings, but it did result in important precedents. Chief Nathan Young and Guujaaw were granted standing, as was Glen Naylor. Only the Islands Protection Society was denied

the right to challenge the minister. The judge ruled that while the minister had a duty to act fairly in the renewal of the TFL, the minister had not made the decision to renew. The deadline for renewal was May 1, 1979, and so the petitioners now expected fair treatment from the minister. They sent off registered letters to the Forest Service renewing their request for access to government files relevant to the minister's decision. The letters were ignored. The court case also generated the first significant provincial press coverage of the controversy.

Events were quickly overtaking the court case and the TFL renewal. A provincial election had been called. And, after four years of study, the final report of the Environment and Land Use Committee Secretariat, the one promised by Premier Barrett and the former government, was released immediately after the court case. For all the time taken in preparation, the Islands Protection Society found it riddled with inaccuracies. But more disturbing was the final recommendation that the government set up yet another study team to examine "multiple use" options for logging the wilderness proposal area. Of course, logging of Lyell Island would continue as the options were studied.

With less than two weeks until the deadline for renewal of Rayonier's licence, the petitioners reluctantly decided to return to court, or at least their lawyer pleaded reluctance. For Guujaaw and Paul, this was the chance of a lifetime to force the Forest Service to open its files. Citing the unanswered requests for information and the court's finding that the minister had a duty to act fairly, they petitioned the court on April 19 for an order that the minister release the information. Their hearing date was set for April 30.

On April 26, just as the provincial election campaign moved into high gear, their lawyer was contacted by the government counsel. The Forest Service, he claimed, had simply forgotten to answer their letters. Paul and

Guujaaw were invited to Victoria to meet with the Forest Service. Although they wanted no part in negotiating terms for the licence renewal, they took advantage of the opportunity. They were met by a phalanx of two government lawyers, two deputy ministers, and a dozen other forestry officials. The government asked them to drop the second petition to avoid embarrassing a government two weeks away from an election. Paul and Guujaaw countered with detailed amendments to the TFL renewal, and intense negotiations began. During the course of the next few days, several small but significant changes were negotiated to the TFL renewal. The most significant part of their meeting, however, was the admission by government representatives that TFL holders were no longer required to practise sustained-yield management.

When the hearing date arrived, the deputy minister of forests, Mike Apsey, swore out an affidavit that the minister had acted fairly, had consulted and had even made changes based on input from the petitioners. The petition was dismissed. The next day, Tom Waterland renewed Rayonier's tree farm licence for a twenty-five-year term. The new licence did not contain any of the negotiated amendments. They applied to the Supreme Court without success. The court held that it was a provincial matter over which it had no competence.

Back on Haida Gwaii, the Public Advisory Committee was paying for its support of the court action. Biickert, the Forest Service district manager, made it clear to the PAC chairman that the minister wanted to disband the committee. The only way to prove that the committee reflected legitimate public concern would be if the Southern Moresby Wilderness Proposal was voted down. Bit by bit, over the summer and into the fall, the industry began to pack the advisory committee meetings. By September 1979, the pro-logging forces were a majority. Led by Frank Beban, the pro-forestry group

put forward a resolution that the PAC would support any and all decisions made by the Forest Service. It passed narrowly, amid cheers and shouts of derision. With a taste for irony, Paul George took the floor and moved that since everybody was now happy with the Forest Service, there was no need for further public input and therefore, boomed Paul, "I move that the Queen Charlotte Islands Public Advisory Committee be disbanded!" Guujaaw seconded the motion and, before the pro-logging forces realized what was happening, it was passed. Skidegate Chief Tom Greene would later comment, "After twenty years as an Indian politician, my experience is that once the public is consulted by bureaucrats, the decision has already been made."

Public advice to the Forest Service had come to an end. But a new species of public consultation study group, the South Moresby Resource Planning Team, was just beginning.

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Of Mathematics and Murrelets

PUBLICITY OVER THE COURT ACTIONS HAD SENT THE message far and wide that the pristine forests of southern Moresby were endangered. Conservation groups from around the country began to endorse the Island Protection Society's wilderness proposal and to support its efforts. There were invitations to give slide shows and to speak at meetings in Victoria and Vancouver. International attention was beginning to focus on the islands. The UNESCO nomination of Ninstints as a World Heritage Site was the first sign. And then the Pacific Seabird Group, representing biologists from thirty-nine countries, unanimously urged that the area be protected. Through its own efforts, aided by federal government grants, IPS had hired biologists to conduct wildlife surveys, proving that over a quarter of all the nesting sea birds on the British Columbia coast nested within the wilderness proposal area, including almost half of the endangered Peale's peregrine falcon population. They knew that the largest rookeries for sea-lions in the Canadian Pacific were found along the rocky outcroppings of the southern archipelago. And they confirmed that the area boasted one of the highest densities of nesting bald eagles in North America.

When Huck and Guujaaw had drawn the line, they knew instinctively that the area was special. Now, they could prove it by objective scientific standards. They

were being taken seriously by federal members of Parliament, including their own MP Iona Campagnolo, by international scientific bodies, and by the national media. And while they were still ignored by the recently re-elected government of Bill Bennett, the Islands Protection Society began to take itself more seriously, as well.

A more strategic approach was required. For some time, Paul had been arguing with the IPS founders that merely wanting to stop all logging was not enough. They needed to promote an alternative. Paul was impatient with Huck, Guujaaw, and other IPS supporters who were unwilling to adopt the idea of national park status for the area.

The study by Parks Canada that led to the nomination of Ninstints for World Heritage Site designation had indicated the potential of the whole southern Moresby area for national park status. With that sort of appraisal, Paul argued that pushing for a national park would be the best alternative for the area. Besides, the economic value of tourism could help offset the losses to the local economy from an end to the logging. Huck and Guujaaw objected to any alternative that would compromise Haida interests in the land. A movement for political union of the Haida was growing, as was the support for Haida land rights to all of the islands. Law professor Murray Rankin gave Paul a copy of the National Parks Act and pointed out that the act allowed for national park reserves, specifically to avoid compromising native land claims. Paul in turn argued the point with J.B. and Huck. Their opposition softened. Gradually, without ever admitting that park status was their goal, the Islands Protection Society at least ceased to argue against a park. The Haida simply maintained their position that the logging must be stopped, the lands must remain intact.

Meanwhile, Paul and Richard Krieger were learning the value of public relations. They had produced a

black and white poster of one of Richard's photographs. It was of one of the giant trees from the forest along Windy Bay creek. Using the current tourism slogan of the B.C. government, "Super, Natural British Columbia," the poster was captioned "Supernatural Windy Bay – Let it be." Rather than continue with the unwieldy name Southern Moresby Wilderness Proposal, the poster referred simply to South Moresby.

In June 1979, the South Moresby Planning Team was set up by the provincial government to represent all the key groups with interests in the South Moresby issue. Its members represented the Skidegate Band Council, the Islands Protection Society, Rayonier, the Queen Charlotte Islands Museum Society, the Forest Service, the Ministry of the Environment, the Ministry of Mines, the Ecological Reserves Unit, the federal Department of Fisheries, and the public. The team's mandate was impressive. It was "a decision-making team, with substantial authority delegated from the Forest Service and other agencies." But as IPS representatives were quick to point out, the terms of reference for the team precluded a recommendation for the preservation of the entire wilderness proposal.

For the entire life span of the planning team a debate raged among the members of the Islands Protection Society. Should they participate in a farce and thereby lend it credibility, or should they boycott the entire charade and risk losing the opportunity to influence the process? The first of the IPS representatives were Dan Bowditch and Paul George. Guujaaw and Wanagan participated throughout as the Haida delegates. Rayonier was represented by its local forester, Bill Dumont. Public input was provided by Mary Morris, a tour operator, and by Jack Miller, a local scaler working for the timber companies. Jack Miller was, despite his profession, or maybe because of it, critical of forest company policies. He worked for years with IPS to try to bring accountability to forestry practices in

the Charlottes. And he paid for his dedication by being blacklisted from hiring by the big companies. The team was chaired, after an initial scuffle in which a Forest Service representative was ousted from the chair, by the local museum curator, Nick Gessler.

During his year on the planning team, Paul George grew increasingly frustrated. When a planning team member representing the B.C.-Yukon Chamber of Mines staked a claim on Windy Bay the day before the team was to deliberate Windy Bay's future, Paul exploded to J.B., "This entire planning process is nothing but a machiavellian technique designed to divert our attention from the real issues!" He resigned, moved to Vancouver, and started the Western Canada Wilderness Committee, or WC Squared as it is known to its friends. He left Haida Gwaii but he remained an integral part of the fight to save it.

Huck took Paul's place as representative for IPS, but he did not last nearly as long. It came to the attention of the planning team that Frank Beban was logging in an area on the east side of Lyell Island called Gogit Passage without benefit of a cutting permit from the minister of forests. Trespass logging. Huck was incensed. He phoned the Forest Service and informed them of this gross violation of the Forest Act. He was reassured by the Forest Service representative: "There's no need to be concerned. The district manager had verbally approved the cutting, and has just back-dated the permit to when the logging started."

Huck exploded to J.B., "This whole process is a farce!" "Yes," said J.B. "But you knew that." Sitting in the background at planning team meetings, listening to the mathematical arguments, the computer jargon and pseudo-professional gamesmanship, J.B. had become interested in the games that were being played. He thought he might be quite good at them. Over the objections of nearly everyone associated with IPS, who

wanted to boycott the planning team, J.B. joined the team as the IPS representative. He was right. He was good at these games.

There was another important change in the players at the table. While Bill Dumont remained a fixture, his corporate affiliation changed. In the fall of 1980, Western Forest Products, an amalgamation of three existing B.C. firms, B.C. Forest Products, Doman Industries, and Whonnock Industries, purchased Rayonier's assets – and "bought" Rayonier's timber rights for one dollar.

Between 1980 and 1981 there was a slump in the fortunes of the forest industry. In an effort to help the industry maintain profitability, disguised as concern for jobs, the British Columbia Forest Service adopted a new principle. In true Orwellian form, it was called "sympathetic administration." It meant that the forest industry would no longer be held to the "rigorous" standards imposed on it during the times that Riley Creek and Talunkwan were logged. Part of sympathetic administration were the new buzzwords "relaxed utilization of the over-mature," which allowed levels of waste in clear-cutting that violated Forest Service regulations. The theory was that someday, when times got better, the forest companies would come back and retrieve the timber they had left to rot. Utilization became extremely relaxed, and the administration was very sympathetic.

Meanwhile, in the planning team meetings, J.B. was studying the rationalizations for over-cutting. He was quite a contrast to Paul and Huck. He wasn't pugnacious or difficult. He smiled when Bill Dumont said, "Boy! Wish you'd been here from the beginning. At last we've got someone reasonable." J.B. did not mind taking his time. He viewed the team meetings as an opportunity to get a good look at industry's foundation, while deciding which stones to pull out.

Western Forest Products' calculation of the value of the timber resource provided J.B.'s first lesson in the mathematical intricacies of inflating the value of trees. The company claimed the estimated end-product value of timber from the South Moresby area to be almost $31.4 million per year and pegged the employment value at between $200 and $300 million. It took J.B. a while, but he finally thought he had figured out how it had wangled the figures. He was euphoric as he explained to Huck how the game was played by WFP's managers. First, they measured the volume of scaled logs sitting in the water within a boom. Then they divided the total payroll by the base hourly wage rate to get a number for how many man-hours it took to get the logs there. From that they developed a ratio of how many man-hours went into each cubic metre of product, which they applied to the original volume of logs they had cut back on the hillsides. But, by excluding all the wood left behind through relaxed utilization, and ignoring all the overtime pay in the payroll, they wildly exaggerated the amount of labour for logs they actually removed from the site.

Once they had established the man-hours-to-product ratio, they multiplied it by how many man-hours were currently employed. To inflate the end figure, they used the monthly payroll, including those paid wages considerably in excess of the basic wage rate in the forests. Loggers with seniority, or those being paid overtime, might earn up to three hundred dollars a day. But the WFP calculation divided the basic wage rate of $14 an hour into the entire monthly payroll.

From that small sample of wood, excluding waste, compounded with an artificially skewed number of man-hours, they produced a productivity index. The productivity index was then multiplied out over thirty years of their annual allowable cut. And somehow, Bill Dumont could say with a straight face that the labour

value of South Moresby was $200 million, not counting spin-offs and indirect employment. J.B. stopped for breath. Huck was reeling. "How do they think they can get away with that?" Huck asked. And J.B. said smiling, "Because they always do. That's how it's done."

In planning team meetings, J.B. would take out his calculator as he followed along with Bill Dumont's presentation, and the Forest Service computer program. It was called the Multiple Use Sustained Yield Calculator, but they just called it "music." Every now and then, J.B. would look up from his scribblings and quietly interject. Just like the time he said, "Mr Chairman, by my calculations, based on the mathematical model before us, it will take seven hundred men twenty years to log Windy Bay." And Gessler, barely containing his laughter, would repeat the calculation and agree. Dumont or his assistant, Ron Bronstein, would protest, "These calculations were done by qualified economists using accepted economic analytical techniques." At which point, no one, other than the WFP reps, could refrain from laughing out loud.

Guujaaw, who served on the planning team for its entire duration, exercised his scrutiny over details like boundaries and road building plans. He focussed on semantics and subtle issues, like why logging areas were coloured green on planning team maps, while wilderness was coloured red.

The process was becoming bearable. Guujaaw didn't mind going out for an occasional beer with the WFP boys. And Dumont seemed to almost enjoy his company, when after drinking and laughing and arguing into the night, they gave up, realizing the impossibility of either one convincing the other. On one field trip the rest of the group left in search of the rare Peale's peregrine falcon as Guujaaw and Dumont lay hungover on the beach at Hot Springs. With expert ornithologists at the lead, the study team saw only murrelets, failing to

catch even a glimpse of the elusive falcon. Meanwhile, Guujaaw and Dumont were awakened by the piercing screech of a rare falcon overhead. Dumont cursed it from within his sleeping bag. But the timber companies were getting impatient with all the talk about rare birds, and especially those little ancient murrelets, which had, thanks to the Ecological Reserve Unit, stymied logging in Windy Bay. MacMillan Bloedel held a square-mile timber licence for Dodge Point, adjacent to Windy Bay, and home to record-setting murrelet populations. In exasperation, one of their executives asked, "How much is a damn murrelet worth anyway? We'll buy them!"

Now that J.B. had figured out from the forest company how to calculate the value of anything, he decided to try to answer their question.

At first blush, it would seem an impossible task. The ancient murrelet is not easily converted to mathematical rendering. J.B.'s first move was to recruit Huck to work on the calculations with him. It was the birth of their consulting business, Broadhead, Henley & Associates. It never made either of them rich, but it did open up new lines of endeavour.

They decided to mimic as closely as possible the approach of Western Forest Products in its calculations. In order to perform an assessment of the economic value of the ancient murrelet colony at Dodge Point, they took a typical pair of murrelets. To maintain the parallel with industrial accounting, they optimized the birds' productivity by eliminating the effects of predators and they converted the murrelet population into a commercial farming operation. They would create an industrial murrelet farm.

They were sure of high levels of productivity of murrelets, but there was no immediate market for them. Perhaps murrelet pot pies would catch on, they mused. But the obvious choice, heading to where the real

money lay, was in using murrelets as food for rare falcons. Saudi Arabian sheiks would pay up to $20,000 for a single falcon. So the commercial murrelet breeding fantasy was expanded to raise falcons for export. Allowing for the value and demand for murrelets and falcons to rise exponentially with their populations over the forest industry's rotation period of eighty years, to allow for a level playing field with the competing timber industry, J.B. and Huck concluded that the value of the ancient murrelet colony to the economy of British Columbia was $3.2 billion.

"Sorry," J.B. told the forest company representatives, "but you can't afford to buy the ancient murrelets."

WFP's Ron Bronstein was incensed. Dramatically throwing his pencil down, rolling his eyes, he said, "Mr Chairman, let's get serious or what!"

"Exactly my point, Mr Chairman," said J.B. To which the chair observed that the economic calculations of murrelets and timber all seemed to bear a direct correlation to the value of rubber in Malaysia.

But for all the fun and games of the planning team process, J.B. was learning some important things and was becoming more and more obsessed with saving South Moresby and bringing some semblance of accountability to forestry. He frequently travelled to Victoria in this period to lobby politicians, meet reporters, do research, and show slides.

One day, flying back to Haida Gwaii, he looked out the plane window. It was a clear day, and he could see the three little villages below, Sandspit, Queen Charlotte City, and Skidegate. And in a moment of broadened perception, he knew that no decision would be made in this place. "The impetus is here," he thought. "But the decisions will be made in Victoria and Ottawa." J.B. realized that he must move to Victoria and carry on the fight from there.

|10|

The Nature of Things

It was an odd time to decide to move. J.B. had almost finished building a house on the shore of North Beach, outside Massett. But the decision he had made on the plane – that he needed to be near the people, resources, photographers, politicians, and reporters whose influence could save the islands – made more sense to him by the minute.

Before he left, he persuaded Huckleberry to move to Victoria, as well. The two of them had a clear vision of what needed to be done in order to save South Moresby. They wanted to introduce as many Canadians as possible to the splendours of the area – to acquaint millions of people with the breathtaking vistas, the miraculous intertidal worlds, the breaching whales, and the fallen totem poles of the wilderness proposal. He wanted the most beautiful colour images of Haida Gwaii and the most evocative text possible to grace the coffee tables of influential Canadians from Victoria to Halifax. It was not the same book that Paul and the Galapagos Group had had in mind. But it was to be a book – Broadhead, Henley & Associates' finest endeavour.

The Galapagos Book Collaborators passed over the project to J.B. and Huck at the Kettle of Fish restaurant in Vancouver. Paul George felt the personal sacrifice of treating the group to dinner was well worth it when one of his guests, Bill Reid, agreed to write a chapter for the book. J.B. and Huck also had the generous support of

many photographers who offered their work free of charge.

In 1982, J.B.'s wife, Maureen, moved down to Vancouver Island to find a house for Islands Protection, Victoria branch. J.B. left his nearly perfect little house by the beach, packed his art supplies and print-maker and his elderly cat, and headed for Victoria. Huck followed. Both of them made fairly regular trips back to Haida Gwaii. J.B. continued with the Planning Team, which was to meet for another two years. Huck returned to work with Rediscovery as well as to maintain a hand in IPS affairs. But the reins of IPS itself were handed over to those who remained on the islands – environmentalist-logger Jack Miller, another American expatriate and dogged IPS volunteer, Tom Schneider, and a recently immigrated medical doctor from France, Josette Weir.

The level of islands-based activism continued unabated after the departure of two of its key protagonists. Guujaaw was becoming more and more involved in Haida politics, and Haida politics was becoming more involved in wilderness preservation. In 1981, the Haida formally registered the hereditary boundaries of Haida Gwaii with the United Nations, objecting to the Law of the Sea Convention, which allowed Canada a 200-mile jurisdiction that conflicted with Haida territories. A copy of their objection was sent to Canada. The Haida refused to accept that anything about their assertion of title was a "claim" ("It is Canada which claims Haida land," said Guujaaw.), but the federal government always referred to the boundaries of First Nations as "land claims." The Haida based theirs not only on their ancestral occupation, but also on a moral responsibility to protect their lands from the abuse condoned and practised by the government and by lease-holding companies.

Huck and J.B. were by now the closest of friends. Together they had survived the rigours of keeping IPS afloat, of policy disagreements over the planning team,

and of launching the first private funding for Rediscovery. When they applied for foundation funding for Rediscovery, they realized that they brought out the Madison Avenue in each other. J.B. made an imitation bent-cedar box with a Haida design on top as the envelope for their proposal. They got the funding. Now they set about the task of interesting a publisher in the South Moresby book project. They decided on Vancouver-based Douglas & McIntyre, a strong regional publishing house able to distribute the book across the country. They prepared a proposal, complete with stunning photos, and placed it in an envelope made as a black and red Haida button blanket. Right down to its abalone shell fastenings, it was a small masterpiece. They asked for permission to show their slides to the publishers. Permission was granted, and in new suits and sporting new haircuts, Huck and J.B. found themselves before the editorial board of Douglas & McIntyre. They showed their best slides to the board, talked their best line, and walked out of the room with a contract.

J.B. and Huck were not the only ones who wanted to get South Moresby into the living rooms of the nation. The new member of Parliament for Skeena, elected in 1979, wanted to get the South Moresby battle on television. Jim Fulton, the same Jim Fulton who had given Rediscovery its first boost, had moved from probation officer for Port Clements to the New Democratic caucus of the House of Commons. Saving South Moresby was not just one of the things he wanted to accomplish in Ottawa. It was the thing he most wanted to accomplish. Despite the strong economic clout of the logging industry in his riding, he was prepared to take on the forest companies.

Now that he was in Parliament, Jim Fulton saw his job as helping the less fortunate, pursuing social justice for minority groups, especially for the native people who made up a third of his riding's population, and protect-

ing the environment. The loftiness of these goals was tempered by an irrepressible sense of humour and an endearing reluctance to take himself or anything else about Ottawa too seriously. In 1980, he introduced a private members bill, parallel to one being introduced in the B.C. legislature by MLA Graham Lea, to facilitate the creation of a national park for South Moresby, but like nearly all such bills, it died on the order paper. The federal Liberal government had little interest in the environment. As critic for Forestry and the Environment, Jim became friends with his Tory counterpart, the Progressive Conservative environment critic. Tory and NDP members are supposed to mix like oil and water, but to Jim's delight, this guy, a nice young fellow from Prince Edward Island, seemed to be a real environmentalist. Tom McMillan and Jim Fulton would get together for beers and share their grievances about the lack of government action. And Jim found himself asking McMillan more than once if he was really sure that he was a Tory.

Fulton maintained close contact with the Haida, and Paul George kept him up to date on the wilderness wars of British Columbia. The Western Canada Wilderness Committee had completed a four-month-long survey of the attitude of federal members to conservation. Paul was thrilled to report that of those who responded, most members of all parties said they wanted to protect South Moresby, including former prime minister Joe Clark and a lot of Liberal back-benchers, if not cabinet members. Neither Jim nor Paul was surprised by the strong support Paul discovered from the member for Vancouver South, John Fraser. Fraser had been minister of environment briefly during the nine-month reign of the Clark government in 1979, making his mark in identifying acid rain as an urgent priority. But his environmental bent had been known long before that. Fraser offered Paul George his support.

Despite the potential of all-party support for the wilderness proposal, Fulton was frustrated by the handicap of being on the Opposition benches of the House of Commons. In 1982 he phoned his friend Dr David Suzuki, host of the CBC show The Nature of Things. "Suzook!" Jim bellowed. "You've just gotta do a show on South Moresby." David Suzuki didn't like being told that he'd "gotta" do anything. But Jim was very persuasive and David asked his researchers and producers to take a look at this South Moresby thing. Nancy Archibald, the producer, had already received a call about South Moresby. Bristol Foster, nearing the end of his rope, attending planning team meetings while Lyell Island was shaved of its trees, had phoned Nancy, "How about doing a show on Windy Bay?" Nancy and Jim Murray, David's CBC boss and best friend, had a look and decided there was at least a half-hour's worth of television in the controversy.

When David Suzuki headed out to the Charlottes, he was just doing another in a series of television programs aimed at increasing the public's awareness of science. A brilliant geneticist, he was the perfect choice for a broadcast medium. He spoke in non-perplexing language, and was able to decode the jargon of each discipline into everyday language. He was good-looking and hip, bearded and blue-denimed. His presence on television was both familiar and authoritative. Jim Fulton was right to believe that if David Suzuki told Canadians about South Moresby, Canadians would listen.

The David Suzuki who flew into the Queen Charlotte Islands had no intention of getting involved in the campaign to save South Moresby. He had never been a champion of Indian rights and he was leery of environmental activists who seemed constantly to demand his help. The interviews arranged by Nancy and Jim included a representative of Western Forest Products, a Haida Indian, an environmentalist, and a couple of bureaucrats involved in the planning team. It wasn't until he

was back in Toronto, reviewing footage for editing, that he realized that his way of thinking had been profoundly affected.

The interview that caused the change was with Guujaaw. Guujaaw was now nearly thirty. Bearded, with his long hair pulled back and braided, he looked tough. Suzuki had probed Guujaaw to try to understand why the Haida cared about the area. David had thought that the reasons were tied to the historic connection, the fact of ancestral occupation. And those were the answers he thought he had taped, until back in Toronto in the studio, watching it for perhaps the third time, he heard what Guujaaw had been saying: "Our people have determined that Windy Bay and other areas must be left in their natural condition so that we can keep our identity and pass it on to following generations. The forests, those oceans are what keep us as Haida people today." David had interjected with the open-ended half-question, "So if they're logged off?" And Guujaaw answered, "If they're logged off, we'll probably end up the same as everyone else, I guess." David hit the rewind button and played that last bit again, "If they're logged off, *we'll probably end up the same as everyone else.*"

The trip to Haida Gwaii converted David Suzuki into one of South Moresby's most fervent supporters, and it also made him think differently about the relationship of human beings to nature. He learned from Guujaaw that wilderness was more than an environmental concern. It was a question of identity. The giant western red cedar tree was not just something used by the Haida; it defined the Haida. This first important contact with the continent's indigenous people would take David and his wife, Tara, deeply into the lives of Northwest Coast Indians, and eventually to become advocates for indigenous people world-wide.

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The Red Neck News

The supporters of South Moresby rejoiced when they saw David's program, but the pro-logging forces in Sandspit were anything but pleased. The Nature of Things and its rhapsodic prose about the forests they earned a living from logging made their blood boil. The footage of the world's biggest black bear caused them to agitate as if the world had been subject to a giant hoax. "That bastard Suzuki took the film of that bear right in back of Frank's place in Sandspit. They never saw a bear south of here." And as for the much-vaunted "spiritual kinship" between the Haida and the wilderness, Frank Beban and the boys at the bar jeered. They had worked with Haida loggers and had never noticed anything particularly "spiritual" in the way they felled a tree.

Frank Beban's crews had been steadily logging on Lyell Island since the approval of the cutting permit in 1975. Gate Creek had been almost totally clear-cut, as had the northern slopes of the island. Lyell, the largest of the islands within the South Moresby area, had a significant economic value to Western Forest Products. And once the existing cutting permits, based on WFP's 1978 five-year harvesting plan, were exhausted, Frank and WFP expected to move into the Windy Bay area.

In planning team meetings, Bill Dumont was making a case for what the industry called Option B. This would allow logging of the entire upper watershed of Windy Bay, or approximately 70 per cent of the proposed

ecological reserve. Industry argued that protecting the big trees at the base of the watershed, near the mouth of the creek, was enough. Environmentalists countered that, by logging the upper watershed, the integrity of the eco-system would be destroyed. The creek would be unfit as salmon habitat. The winds, which were strong enough to give the bay its name, would increase and result in blow-downs at the periphery, soil stability would be compromised, and erosion would increase.

Frank Beban was not particularly adept at public relations. But he did think something had to be done to stir up troops to fight the environmentalist threat. And for that job he recruited a very strange bird named R.L. Smith.

In 1982, Smith had been involved in a controversy over whether or not the B.C. Ferry service would be extended to the Charlottes, replacing the barge from Prince Rupert. Islands Protection wanted to have public involvement in the decision, and this was interpreted by Smith as another case of environmentalists being against everything. He decided to take them on in the self-proclaimed *Red Neck News.* It was to be only a short-term adventure, something to give Sandspit residents more of a voice in the ferry dispute. But Frank Beban saw in the *Red Neck News* the vehicle to mobilize the logging community and, with any luck, to intimidate any South Moresby supporters within Sandspit itself. Beban approached Smith to ask him to continue publication of the mimeo-sheet with the anonymous financial support of Beban Logging.

Smith was glad to help. He enjoyed baiting South Moresby supporters, attacking them as "draft-dodgers, hippies, dope-smokers, and dizzy flakes who don't care about our jobs." He accused them of having exploited the issue for their own financial gain, charging that they drew big fat salaries while trying to put decent guys out of work. Smith promised his readers that "you can expect me to do whatever has to be done. I will threaten,

intimidate, browbeat, cajole and suck. It's quite true that my nose will grow to tremendous proportions over South Moresby." Still, he warned, "Don't believe what you read in the *Red Neck News.* It's just entertainment."

The *Red Neck News* gained an eager audience on the Charlottes, and also on the mainland. Readers delighted in the artless cartoons, such as the one showing environmentalists with "Save South Moresby" signs kicking a blind man and robbing from his tin cup. Every issue carried letters from the paper's fans who reported how pleased they were finally to read the truth about all this environmental stuff. Letters of support came in from Socred politicians, from Progressive Conservative MPs, and from resource industry representatives from around the country.

Huck and J.B. were miles away, establishing themselves in Victoria. J.B. made something of a living through his art, painting watercolours for record album covers. But most of their time was devoted to the all-consuming issue. They made frequent trips to Vancouver to see their publishers, to visit Guujaaw, who was working under Bill Reid's guidance on a major carving for the University of B.C. Museum of Anthropology, *Raven Discovering Mankind in a Clamshell,* and to visit the headquarters of Western Canada Wilderness Committee in Paul George's apartment, now a Mecca for activists from around the province. The champion of the campaign to save the Valhalla Mountains in the Kootenays from logging, a young firebrand named Colleen McCrory, stayed there whenever she was in Vancouver. And like all the wilderness workers who used Paul's apartment as an office-cum-hostel, Colleen took an interest in other issues, such as South Moresby, while in the midst of her own crusade.

J.B. and Huck had but a single focus. Shortly after moving to Victoria they heard about a woman who was making a film on Ninstints. Vicky Husband had been to

Haida Gwaii several times, filming, seeking the assistance of the Skidegate Band Council and its young band manager, Miles Richardson. The challenge of making a half-hour movie about a dozen deteriorating poles did not daunt her. Vicky Husband was a woman possessed of an indomitable spirit, relentless drive, and an intrepid heart.

As J.B. and Huck worked on their book, Vicky offered advice and editorial comment. More than anyone else who had come along in the cause of South Moresby, Vicky was to provide something indispensable to Huck and J.B.'s work. She had what they lacked, a tenacity that insisted there be no slacking off, no opportunity wasted. It was not that J.B. and Huck were lazy. But they had been at the business of saving South Moresby for years, and sometimes they needed a strong reminder, like a mother calling over the noise of the television, "Have you done your homework?"

In Victoria, J.B., Huck, and Vicky became the core of a network that encompassed the IPS volunteers on the Charlottes, the Vancouver activists, and supporters across the province. J.B. and Huck missed no one in their search for supporters. If they were refused a meeting with a minister, they'd explain the whole wilderness proposal to his secretary. Soon the secretaries of the parliament buildings made sure J.B. and Huck knew how many letters for and against the wilderness proposal were arriving, and they always had a cup of coffee for the good-looking duo who haunted the halls.

Once, when the two of them were on their way to meet with the environment minister, Stephen Rogers, they stopped in to see their MLA, Graham Lea, the former highways minister who had sneered at their petitions eight years before. Cocky as ever, he started to lecture them on the futility of lobbying Socred ministers. "You guys are wasting your time on this government. The sooner we get rid of them and get back in the

NDP, the better." Warming to his subject, he began to explain reality to J.B. and Huck, "You see boys, there's two kinds of people in this world –" J.B. interrupted with a remark that summed up the attitude of the South Moresby advocates. "Yes, Graham, those that think there are two kinds of people, and those who know better."

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Colleen

COLLEEN MCCRORY COULD NOT QUITE BELIEVE THAT ALL the things that had happened could really have happened. She looked out the window of the big Air Canada jet, flying back to British Columbia from her first-ever trip to the Maritimes in February 1984. After twelve years of work, eight of which had totally consumed her, the Valhalla Mountain range was finally protected as a Class A Provincial Park. It was almost too good to be true. And, even more incredible, she thought, were the accolades that had just been heaped upon her in Prince Edward Island, where she had been given the Governor General's Conservation Award. Now and then she was tempted to pinch herself.

Colleen had never been to the Queen Charlotte Islands. In fact, she lived over a thousand miles from them. But she had, nevertheless, fallen in love with South Moresby. She had seen the slide show the IPS had toured across the province and had kept up with the issue through Paul George and the fairly regular irregular mailings from WC Squared. She even had some of the materials with her, colour pictures of the park proposal – for by inches, Paul George had finally succeeded in convincing the South Moresby movement to pursue national park status.

Colleen's flight included a stopover in Ottawa. It suddenly seemed clear to her that the reason for her award and her trip was to put her in a position to lobby for

South Moresby. She determined to get an appointment with the federal minister of the environment, and talk him into saving South Moresby.

Arriving in Ottawa, Colleen headed straight for Parliament Hill. It was her first time in Canada's capital, but she allowed no time for sightseeing. Carrying her suitcases, she made her way to Jim Fulton's office. She didn't know him well, but announced that she had come to meet the environment minister and persuade him to save South Moresby.

Charles Caccia, Liberal member for the Toronto riding of Davenport, had been made environment minister in August 1983. Environmentalists across the country could hardly believe it. Prime Minister Trudeau had finally appointed someone who actually cared about the subject. The previous Liberal environment ministers just did time until the next promotion came along, but Charles Caccia was a committed, die-hard, passionate environmental advocate.

Born in Milan, Italy, Caccia had studied forestry at the University of Vienna. Studying forestry in Canada is not likely to lead to environmentalism as Canadian forestry schools tend to concentrate on how to maximize economic efficiency in producing the species desired by the industry. Foresters like to say that modern silviculture is just like agriculture: You plant a crop, spray it, harvest it. The fact that this approach results in monocultures of even-aged trees, vulnerable to insects and disease, with a simplified eco-system that drastically reduces species diversity, is not an important consideration. But studying forestry in Europe is a different matter. The saying goes that in North America, foresters think in decades; in Europe, foresters think in centuries. Of course, both time frames out-distance politicians, who think in four-year mandates, gearing their life's work to the next election.

The ability to think in centuries made Charles Caccia, in the Canadian context, an unusual forester. It made him an even more unusual politician. Colleen was sure that if she could talk to him, she could interest him in South Moresby. The problem was getting to see him. At the end of the day, she had made no progress. She had missed her plane to British Columbia, and had nowhere to stay. But she was determined to remain in Ottawa until she saw Caccia. The only person she knew in Ottawa was the member for her riding. She had helped canvas for Lyle Kristiansen, New Democratic candidate for Parliament, so she phoned to ask if she could stay with him. There was no answer. In desperation, she persuaded one of the security guards in the Confederation Building, where she had been using Fulton's office, to drive her to Kristiansen's home somewhere in the suburbs of Ottawa. When her MP returned home, he found one of his constituents asleep on the couch, let in by his children.

The next day, Colleen was back at Fulton's office trying by phone to talk her way into a meeting with Charles Caccia. By afternoon, she had nearly given up. Jim Fulton offered to take the direct approach. During Question Period, he passed Caccia a note asking if he would meet with a B.C. environmentalist concerning South Moresby.

Late that night Colleen met with a very tired minister of the environment in his office at Centre Block. Colleen put it to Caccia that saving South Moresby was simply the most important wilderness battle in Canada. She showed him pictures and told him about the unique endemic plants and animals, the eagles' nesting densities, the eleven species of whales, the thousand-year-old trees.

When she paused for breath, Caccia asked, "How much will a park cost?" Colleen didn't really know. She

had not been involved with South Moresby long enough or in sufficient detail to be able to do other than take a wild guess. Which is what she did. Calculating fast, trying to come up with a reasonable figure to compensate Western Forest Products, she hardly missed a beat before answering, "Twenty million dollars."

She was thunderstruck when Caccia said, "Then we should be able to do this. By tomorrow morning can you get me a detailed map of the proposed national park area and a breakdown on the cost of establishing the park?" Colleen had no map, no cost breakdown, so she said, "Yes. Of course."

That night she phoned John Broadhead. He told her to contact John Carruthers, the Parks Service planner who had written the original Parks Canada appraisal of South Moresby's potential. He also filled Colleen in on the final report of the South Moresby Resource Planning Team. It had recently been released and was a disappointing document for nearly everyone. For one thing, it read like washing-machine instructions. Only four options were presented for consideration by the provincial cabinet, from Option 1, which would permit logging and mining over almost the entire area, with small enclaves of "core recreation areas," to Option 4, which proposed the largest area of preservation, but would allow continued logging on Lyell Island of everything but Windy Bay. The report provided a frame of reference for federal government action.

Colleen was most nervous about her next question. "John, I told Caccia it would cost about twenty million. Is that okay?" "Yeah," J.B. responded, "that's pretty close to what we've calculated, depending on how much of the area is national and how much is provincial park. That should just about cover it."

Colleen heaved a sigh of relief as she hung up and redialled to reach Carruthers. He agreed to meet her at

Caccia's office in the morning with maps and further briefing notes.

The effort to engage the federal government in the creation of a national park at South Moresby began with Colleen's Ottawa visit. A flurry of correspondence followed. Colleen sent further refinements of compensation estimates to Caccia's office. J.B. prepared the first detailed analysis of the value of tree farm licences, timber licences, and unamortized facilities, which might form the basis of cash compensation to the major forestry companies. The estimates remained in the $20 to $23 million range.

By the middle of March 1984, Caccia's office and Parks bureaucrats had made their first move in what would resemble a three-year chess match – a test of nerves and negotiating gambits between Ottawa and Victoria. Federal interest in a national park in South Moresby was signalled through a letter to Tony Brummet, B.C.'s minister of lands, parks, and housing. Caccia's letter focussed on the recently released report of the South Moresby Resource Planning Team. Not surprisingly, Caccia recommended that the provincial government pursue maximum preservation through Option 4. The federal proposal consisted of a mixed pattern of provincial and national park throughout the wilderness proposal. A map attached to Caccia's letter sketched out a national terrestrial park, as well as a national marine park encompassing the southernmost part of the area. The national park would comprise most of the small islands and waters in Juan Perez Sound, including Burnaby Island and areas of Moresby itself, north of Burnaby. The federal government proposed provincial park, Class A status for the rest: Lyell, Tanu, Richardson, and a large chunk of Moresby. Caccia wrote, "The heritage values of the South Moresby area are of both national and international significance, and

should therefore be protected for all time." The letter to Brummet was a private communication, but Caccia's closing line warned that the province could ignore the federal offer only at its peril: "I would like to make my proposal known within a couple of weeks if you have no objection or other advice."

In late May, Caccia's office issued a press release, "Protection Proposed for South Moresby Area." By making his letter to Brummet public, Charles Caccia turned up the heat on the provincial government while increasing the credibility of the activists who had been fighting for the previous ten years to save the area. Negotiations began between the two levels of government – if only half-heartedly. Tony Brummet remarked that Caccia's offer "only complicates the decision." Brummet and the Environment and Land Use Committee ministers had been planning to visit the wilderness area prior to making any decision on the planning team's four options. The trip was postponed, as was the cabinet's decision on South Moresby. As a federal election was likely before the fall, the provincial government probably recognized that the chances of its having to deal with Caccia after the election were slim.

Colleen McCrory realized the same thing. Charles Caccia was too good to last. After nearly sixteen years of Liberal government, Trudeau had allowed an environmentalist to be minister of the environment only for less than a year. But if the players were going to change, Colleen was going to be ready. As Colleen saw it, the nailing down of national political parties was straightforward; it was all a matter of whom you knew. The questionnaire Paul George had conducted a few years before made it clear several Tories would support South Moresby, including former prime minister Joe Clark. But the most sympathetic Tory was John Fraser. Colleen phoned Tom Schneider and Jack Miller in the Charlottes and counselled them to get Fraser's commit-

ment before the election call that the Tories would be on-side.

Fraser didn't need any persuading. He set up meetings in Ottawa during the month of May for Jack and Tom with the current Tory environment critic, Dr Gary Gurbin, and started his own arm-twisting within the party. On June 29, 1984, two letters were sent by Gary Gurbin, one to Tom at IPS, the other to the provincial government of Bill Bennett. Both letters confirmed that, if elected, the Progressive Conservative Party led by Brian Mulroney would support the establishment of a park at South Moresby.

That same day, the five ministers of the B.C. cabinet's Environment and Land Use Committee finally toured South Moresby. It was their first and last visit as a committee, and it was a disaster. The misty isles were at their mistiest. A helicopter tour of the area was cancelled, as little could be seen through the fog. Then they attempted a one-day tour by boat, to see the wilderness at close range. In driving rains and rocking seas, the ministers stayed in the ship's lounge, watching the chandelier sway disquietingly. They had plenty to drink and good food on board, even if it was hard to hold it down. The boat put them ashore only twice, first at the old whaling station at Rose Harbour within the wilderness proposal area, and later at Talunkwan Island, north of the park proposal and already heavily logged. Every suspicion they had that no one but crazed hippies would find such a desolate place attractive was confirmed. The idea that South Moresby could ever attract tourists was loony.

Their comments in the guest log summed up the day. Tony Brummet's was pleasant: "Great trip and great service!" Stephen Rogers's comment was non-committal: "A whole new look at the Queen Charlotte Islands. Good time." But the minister of forests, Tom Waterland, left this chilling pun: "A clear cut issue. A GREAT FOREST RESOURCE."

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ISLANDS AT THE EDGE

THROUGHOUT THE WINTER OF 1983-1984 J.B. HAD entertained the occasional thought of placing his hands around Huck's throat. This little vision had served to cheer him as he laboured over the editing of the South Moresby book and the growing demands of the escalating controversy. Huck had taken a trip to Africa at what J.B. considered a critical moment. To Huck, every moment was critical, but after ten years of struggle he had acquired a certain amount of perspective.

Preoccupied with the book, J.B. increasingly came to rely on the nearly full-time coordination provided by Vicky Husband, the editing assistance of the former editor of the provincial Forestry Department's *Forest Talk*, Cameron Young, and on Sharon Chow, the staff person for the Sierra Club of Western Canada, which had an office next door to IPS. Endorsements and letters of support were flooding in as the profile of the issue rose. Former U.S. president Jimmy Carter went steelhead fishing in the Charlottes in 1984 and wrote a plea for their protection to the Prime Minister and to Bill Bennett. Colleen's effort to recruit labour unions to the cause, off-setting the opposition of the International Woodworkers of America's Canadian head, Jack Munro, was successful in lining up the Pulp, Paper and Woodworkers of Canada, Local 4, and the Canadian Smelter and Allied Workers Union, among others. J.B. felt sure that the release of the book would bring the

issue to even greater public attention and gain an international following as well.

The book was taking shape beautifully. Its title had become *Islands at the Edge,* and Bill Reid had contributed a chapter, which read in part, "These shining islands may be the signposts that point the way to a renewed harmonious relationship with this, the only world we're ever going to have."

Huck returned in the early summer in time to help J.B. with the final massive edit and lay-out. For this operation, they relocated temporarily to Vancouver to be near their publisher. Lying on the grass of a small park in the hot sun, they sorted through slide sheets and wrote captions. The book was released in November 1984, and all copies were sold before the end of the month.

September had brought a landslide victory for Brian Mulroney at the polls. The new prime minister may not have realized that his government was already committed to creating a park in the Queen Charlotte Islands. It soon became clear that, in any event, his choice for minister of the environment didn't have a clue.

Suzanne Blais-Grenier was a first-time member of Parliament, swept in with the Tory tide. With a string of degrees in sociology and economics, she was an attractive prospect for a cabinet position. Mulroney was keen to appoint as many women and francophones to key positions as possible, and Blais-Grenier was both.

Unfortunately, she had no background in environmental issues and saw her job as a peripheral portfolio. To succeed to a more important position she would have to please her political masters, and in the early days of the Mulroney government, the task-master was Deputy Prime Minister Erik Nielsen. Nielsen was convinced there was fat to be trimmed in the civil service, so Blais-Grenier decided to deliver him some substantial budget cuts. Unfortunately, the Department of the

Environment's budget had been one of the previous government's leanest.

The deputy minister, Jacques Guerin, who was in favour of the department acting as an environmental advocate, found it almost impossible to communicate with the new minister. Soon the halls of the department were full of gossip as the staff spread horror stories of near warfare between the minister's office and the department. They took no delight in the rumours. Morale fell, and people worried that Jacques Guerin might not survive.

Blais-Grenier fixed her attention on the Canadian Wildlife Service as the ideal candidate for a budgetary cut. Guerin cautioned her strongly against any such move, warning that the Wildlife Service was one of the most visible and popular parts of the department. Cutting the jobs of biologists who study and protect Canada's ducks, deer, and other wildlife was unthinkable – like nuking Bambi. But the more fervently her deputy argued against these cuts, the more adamant the minister became. Blais-Grenier, or Suzie Two-Names as she had been renamed by the departmental staff, was convinced that whatever Guerin recommended would be disastrous. She was sure his goal was to encourage her to make mistakes that would cost the Mulroney government.

When the cuts were announced, one-third of the department's wildlife biologists were fired. Public outrage was heard from coast to coast, and the minister was deluged with letters of protest from the most successful spontaneous campaign in the country's environmental history. Some departmental observers hoped that perhaps, now, Blais-Grenier would listen to her deputy's advice. But, if anything, their relationship deteriorated. It seemed she was convinced Guerin had deliberately encouraged her not to cut the Wildlife Service, knowing that she would choose to do the opposite.

During this chaos in Environment Canada, Colleen McCrory arrived in January 1985 to follow up on the Conservative commitment to a park at South Moresby. She also planned to use the trip to create the National Committee to Save South Moresby, signing up the growing roster of prominent Canadians who were championing the area.

Her hero, John Fraser, was now minister of fisheries, and he readily reaffirmed the government's interest in saving South Moresby. In a media interview following his meeting with Colleen, Fraser was unequivocal, "I couldn't care less if it's a national park or a provincial park or anything else. I'd just like to see a park."

Colleen was also thrilled with the continuing support from Charles Caccia, now environment critic for the Opposition. Using Caccia's office as a base, she burned up the phone lines to get a national committee off the ground. She lined up Robert Bateman, David Suzuki, nature photographer Freeman Patterson, and, of course, Jim Fulton and Charles Caccia. Colleen persuaded the conservation director of the Canadian Nature Federation, Gregg Sheehy, to act as chair, and she dragooned the executive director of the National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada, Kevin McNamee, into devoting far more of his resources to the cause. She tried in vain to reach two more high-profile Canadians, best-selling authors Pierre Berton and Farley Mowat. She had managed to get their telephone numbers, but they were both out of town. Charles Caccia tried reaching them as well, but finally suggested to the determined Colleen that she had enough well-known and respected board members already. "No," said Colleen, "I just know they'd support this, if I can reach them. I need Farley Mowat and Pierre Berton."

Taking a break from the frantic phoning and lobbying, Colleen took Caccia up on his invitation to attend Question Period – that free-for-all session that tries the

endurance of members and provides a stage for every repressed ham in the House of Commons. While she was in the gallery watching the antics, a page slipped in and handed her a note. It was from Caccia, and it said "Look over to the opposite gallery." She looked up. Across the House, in a visitors' box facing her own, sat Pierre Berton and Farley Mowat, together. In no time flat, Colleen had traded boxes and Berton and Mowat had joined the roster of supporters of the National Committee to Save South Moresby.

After several days in Ottawa, Colleen finally received word that Blais-Grenier would meet with her. By luck, Diane Pachal of the Alberta Wilderness Society was in town, and joined Colleen for the first direct plea to the minister. Suzanne Blais-Grenier was attractive and charming. She greeted both women warmly and listened with interest and animation to the pitch for the Charlottes' park. Then, with what appeared to be a spontaneous spark, the minister made an unusual proposal. She confirmed that the federal government was interested in a park, and suggested that the total cost might be around $6 million.

Colleen was about to dispute this low figure with her when the minister explained her position. The federal government would be prepared to put $2 million into the deal, the province would have to contribute another $2 million, and the environmentalists would have to raise the last $2 million. Not to be accused of making an impossible proposition, the minister offered an initial $400,000 to get the fundraising campaign underway. Colleen and Diane did not know what to say. The minister was beaming, sure that she had found an innovative solution to the problem, at minimal federal expense. The meeting was over. Colleen and Diane stammered a few thank-yous and left.

Colleen went straight to Fulton's office. Jim had no trouble assessing the pros and cons of the Blais-Grenier scheme. "It's absolutely nuts! The land is public land. It

would mean we'd never get another park in Canada unless groups were prepared to spend years fundraising." Colleen wasn't sure, "What will she do if we say no?" Jim Fulton was adamant, "We can't get involved in anything like this. It's a dangerous precedent, and besides, $2 million from the federal government is not nearly large enough a commitment to get the B.C. government even to open negotiations."

Relieved, Colleen alerted the troops of the newly formed national committee. Kevin McNamee from the Parks Association was stunned. He knew that national parks policy takes years to change. This was a completely new policy direction, and it looked as though the minister had made it up on the spot. The irony was that 1985 was being billed by the Parks Service as a major promotional year. It had been one hundred years since Sir John A. Macdonald created the country's first national park at Banff Springs. The Parks Service was gearing up for a major conference on the future of the parks system, to take place in Banff in September. Meanwhile, at the helm of the department, the minister had set herself on a collision course with the conservation community: first, the cuts to the Wildlife Service; second, her $6-million cost-sharing scheme for South Moresby; and third, an off-hand remark that there was no reason why mining and logging should not be allowed within Canada's national parks.

It seemed as if there was crisis on all fronts. An environmental assessment panel was to hold hearings on the prospect of west coast oil exploration. The Islands Protection Society was busily contacting experts to appear in support of a moratorium on off-shore drilling. The logging of Lyell Island was continuing. And now their best hope, the federal minister of the environment, had become a source of anger and embarrassment.

Still, the growing network of South Moresby supporters remained optimistic. They always thought they saw another ray of hope on the horizon.

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NETWORKING

IN MARCH 1985, BEBAN'S CREW, CLEAR-CUTTING FOR Western Forest Products, caused a major landslide within the wilderness proposal. Landrick Creek, a rich salmon habitat facing Juan Perez Sound, was in the heart of what Parks Canada had sketched out for a marine park, and now it was choking in mud and a thirty-foot-high dam of debris.

On March 26, Colleen McCrory and a delegation from WC Squared went to Victoria to meet the new provincial environment minister, Austin Pelton. Pelton assured them he was in favour of creating park status for at least some of the area. But that, of course, he was just one man in cabinet, and could not commit the whole government. But he did say he would meet with his federal counterpart to pursue the matter.

In what was the first face-to-face meeting between the federal and provincial environment ministers to discuss the fate of South Moresby, Austin Pelton and Suzanne Blais-Grenier took a few minutes out from a May 1985 session of the Canadian Council of Resource and Environment Ministers. An emergency meeting had been pulled together in Montreal to discuss polychlorinated byphenols – PCBs. A highway spill on the Trans-Canada Highway near Kenora, Ontario, had forced the ministers to beat their chests about the need to manage toxic chemicals in Canada. All of the politicians at the meeting were aware that, for the first

time, an environmental issue appeared to have affected an election. The Ontario government of Frank Miller had gone down to defeat, including the environment minister whose famous last words had been, "The only health risk from PCBs would be to any rats licking the stuff off the road." The lesson was sinking in. The environment had political salience.

Austin Pelton wanted to pursue Caccia's proposal for South Moresby, but Blais-Grenier had disassociated herself from Caccia's position. She put it to Pelton that the cost-sharing scheme was as far as federal interest would go. If the province would cough up $2 million, and environmentalists raised an equal amount, then the feds would ante-up. But not a minute before, and not a dollar more.

That summer, Austin Pelton went to Haida Gwaii. Standing in a tidal pool in Burnaby Narrows, with his light summer trousers rolled up, the sun shone down as he reached into the icy waters to fish out clams and mussels. From that moment on Pelton felt a deep concern for the area.

Meanwhile, Colleen McCrory and Vicky Husband were on their way to Ottawa for their first joint lobbying effort. By now, Colleen was an old hand at it and she was eager to show Vicky the ropes. Both women had been selected as delegates to the annual meeting of the Canadian Environment Network held at the Katimavik Centre, outside Ottawa.

Over the three days of the network meetings, Colleen and Vicky won over environmentalists from around the country. South Moresby already had the support of the nation's parks and conservation groups, but the Canadian environmental movement has several focuses. Without gatherings such as the annual network meeting, it was unlikely that activists overwhelmed with their own priorities – pesticides, acid rain, nuclear waste, toxic chemicals, uranium mining, hydro dams – would

have found the time or inclination to learn about the country's most high-profile wilderness struggle. Most environmentalists were too busy to watch The Nature of Things, even if they owned televisions.

The first night's meeting was scheduled to end with a plenary of the hundred or so delegates. Vicky was determined to show her slides on South Moresby. No, said the organizers, there's not time in the program. A social hour had been planned back at the dining area, and no one wanted to be subjected to another presentation.

As the chair of the evening plenary announced that the meeting was adjourned, Vicky popped out of her seat and announced loud and clear that now there would be a slide presentation on South Moresby. The organizer looked daggers at Vicky and Colleen as they took over, setting up the screen and projector, dimming the house lights, and announcing the show.

For the next forty minutes they held the audience in the palm of their hand. Activists from all over the country from Newfoundland and the Yukon to Toronto and Thunder Bay were transfixed by the same images that had captured Colleen years before. Closing with a magnificent slide of an eagle, Vicky slowed in her running commentary. There was a hush in the room. Then, from the back, a voice in the dark cracked, "It's beautiful. You know, it's almost as nice as Cape Breton." There were groans and laughs and the familiar voice of Norm Rubin, the other congenital joker of the environment network, said scoldingly, "Elizabeth, *really!*"

This is where I come in. Not that I played an important role at this stage. I didn't. I had come through two years of legal action against a Swedish pulp and paper company in Nova Scotia, which had been attempting to spray the herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T on forests in Cape Breton. We lost our case, and even though it had been over for more than a year, our defeat was still painful.

On the Monday the Honourable Suzie B-G was scheduled to attend the network meeting. By this time

nearly every group in attendance had supported a resolution to save the South Moresby wilderness. They joined with approximately five hundred thousand other Canadians – the members of all the organizations that had already endorsed the proposal. The ragtag assemblage of activists, lawyers, farmers, latter-day hippies, and trade-unionists had put on its Sunday best for the minister. Two-and-a-half hours late, she arrived to meet with the country's leading environmentalists. One by one the regional caucuses met with Blais-Grenier for abbreviated fifteen-minute sessions. Each region had agreed to press South Moresby so that she would realize that the issue was not merely the concern of British Columbians. Some caucuses even volunteered that parks proposed within their areas take a back seat to South Moresby. Blais-Grenier smiled. "Ah, yes," she said, "I am very concerned that we do something for South Moresby."

Before leaving Ottawa, Colleen visited John Fraser. Colleen had phoned Fraser to set up the meeting from the store she ran in the Kootenays. For years, the Valhalla Trading Post had served as the hub for the frenetic environmental activity in Colleen's home town. She supported herself with the marginal income from the store, supplemented with a Sears catalogue operation. With Fraser on the line, her call button from Sears had lit up, "Just a second," she had said, "I've got to put you on hold." Fraser had been stunned. "Colleen, I'm a very busy man." She had responded, "I know, and I'm a busy woman." When Colleen met with him in Ottawa, Fraser was very upset about the damage Blais-Grenier was doing both to the environment and to the party's environmental record. He promised Colleen that he would do whatever he could as fisheries minister to stop the logging.

The women gave slide shows several more times while they were in Ottawa. Charles Caccia arranged for them to show it to interested MPs and their staffs, and

Vicky ran the slides in the living room of her friends Derek and Joan Burney. They made personal visits to MPs from B.C., sympathetic or not. They distributed a recent *Equinox* article on the issue, "Paradise in Peril," and gave copies of *Islands at the Edge* to the most promising and influential members.

After a whirlwind of persuasion in Ottawa, Vicky and Colleen stopped off in Toronto where they made the rounds of the *Globe and Mail*, the *Toronto Star*, and the CBC. They worked well together and liked each other tremendously. Soon Vicky and Colleen would become as recognizable a duo lobbying in Ottawa as Huck and J.B. had become in Victoria.

In June, Percy Williams and Maurice Strong, a prominent Liberal from the Trudeau era who had chaired the 1972 Stockholm Conference on the Environment, sponsored a $100-a-plate salmon barbecue at the longhouse at the University of British Columbia Museum of Anthropology to raise funds for saving South Moresby. Many of Bill Reid's more recent pieces were displayed inside, including the piece Guujaaw had helped carve, *Raven Discovering Man in a Clamshell.*

By now Guujaaw had become an accomplished craftsman. He had constructed a longhouse at the old Haida village of Kiusta. At the potlatch for the dedication of the house, he had been given the great gift of his new Haida name, Guujaaw , meaning drum. It symbolized his role as a singer, his leadership in bringing many young people back to their culture, and his penchant for marching to a different drum.

Despite the recent successes in organizing support, one member of the National Committee to Save South Moresby held little hope that the area could be saved. Bristol Foster had resigned his post as director of the Ecological Reserves Unit a year before. The Bennett government had been steadily cutting back funding to the unit and Foster was being pressured to stop com-

menting on wilderness issues in public. Finally, Bristol resigned in disgust. And now, a year later, he saw no reason to expect that the provincial government would ever protect the southern portion of the magnificent Charlottes archipelago unless he could focus public awareness on the issue. The newspaper headlined Foster's latest comments: "Fight to Save South Moresby Lost, Says Ex-Parks Director." But while his head told him the cause was lost, he told friends his big toe still told him South Moresby would be saved.

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MILES

THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER OF 1985, THE SOUTH Moresby issue was building to a boil. Austin Pelton's willingness to consider a park did nothing to help the federal position, now split between an intransigent environment minister and an impassioned fisheries minister.

On the Charlottes, R.L.Smith was cranking up the decibel levels on the rhetoric. He had finally found an environmentalist who not only rose to his bait, but was wounded by it. Smith targeted Colleen McCrory. He devoted whole issues of the *Red Neck News* to attacks on Colleen and the Valhalla Wilderness Society. He accused them of terrorism and of arson. And he went so far as to blanket all householders in the Valhalla area in his broadside assaults on Colleen and her friends. For the first time in twelve years of working on environmental issues in the area, Colleen experienced hostility from people in New Denver. Some members of her group were physically assaulted. A rock flew through Colleen's window in the night, and eventually the boycott of her store, sparked by R.L. Smith's attacks, put her out of business.

Colleen was not the only one Smith subjected to personal attacks. He also targeted the new president of the Council of the Haida Nation, Miles Richardson. Miles was one of a new breed of highly educated Indian political leaders, with a degree in economics from the

University of Victoria. His father, Miles Richardson Sr., was hereditary chief of Tanu. His mother's grandfather, Gedanst, had been an important person within the Haida Nation and would have been chief of Skidegate Village, except that shortly after the smallpox epidemic, Gedanst had become the first Haida to convert to Christianity. He made the decision that he could no longer be chief.

Miles went to university to excel in the Canadian world, but he did not abandon the Haida one. In the summers he worked in the forests, logging for MacMillan Bloedel, or worked in commercial fishing operations, seining for herring. Miles was aware of the conflict over the future of the southern islands. Guujaaw had spoken to him about it one day when they met on the seiner on which Miles was working, and he had offered Guujaaw his help.

Miles's mentor was Percy Gladstone, a former Haida bomber pilot who had pioneered the idea of Haida political unity. Percy had even offered to pay Miles to read books on Indian politics. He drew him into the current debates and negotiations, and made sure that Miles attended conventions and other gatherings as an alternate delegate.

Miles planned to be a businessman, but gradually the dream of justice for native people took hold. After completing university he became manager of the Skidegate Band Council, where his only involvement in the South Moresby issue was to ensure that the Haida were properly represented in the planning team meetings. Miles accepted that the Haida Nation had decided years before that there would be no logging south of the line drawn by Huck and Guujaaw. But the frustration of years of participating in good faith in futile consultations and participation exercises was growing throughout the Haida. When Miles was elected vice-president of the Council of the Haida Nation in 1984, serving alongside

President Percy Williams, he knew that stopping the logging on Lyell Island had to be one of his top priorities. The following year, in August 1985, he was elected president.

Within months of becoming the political leader of the Haida Nation, Miles met respectively with Austin Pelton and John Fraser. Moreover, he persuaded both the ministers to meet with him on Haida Gwaii, touring the wilderness proposal. The meeting with Pelton brought the first tangible result since Percy Williams's plea to Dave Barrett eleven years before. Austin Pelton agreed to block any new logging permits for Lyell Island until the provincial cabinet's Environment and Land Use Committee could reach a decision on the whole wilderness proposal. Pelton promised to convene the committee in Skidegate in early September and sealed his commitment with a handshake. One week later, Guujaaw escorted John Fraser on a tour of the proposed park. Fraser was deeply impressed. Following the tour, Fraser met with Miles Richardson, after which he made a public commitment to protect Lyell Island, using the full force of the Fisheries Act, if need be. "My job is to look after those streams. Anyone who thinks logging won't damage [them] is whistling in the wind...Once you get logging in some of those areas, you've got a real problem." Fraser had been flown low over the landslide at Landrick Creek. It made the case loud and clear that clear-cutting destroyed salmon habitat. Fraser told reporters that he would prefer not to have to resort to the sanctions in the powerful Fisheries Act to prevent clear-cutting near streams, but added, "Nobody should think I won't use it, because I will."

Miles Richardson was pleased with Pelton's commitment and with Fraser's unequivocal support, but J.B. had a deep sense of foreboding. He had represented the Islands Protection Society during Fraser's visit. He had liked Fraser, and Fraser had enjoyed his company.

But when Fraser's comments hit the newspapers, he was worried. He remembered the Shoot-out at Riley Creek. Even if the minister was prepared to use the Fisheries Act to prosecute forestry companies, would he be able to do so? J.B. realized that Fraser had gone out on a limb, one that could be sawn off. Within the month, Fraser was gone from cabinet.

On September 23, John Fraser was forced to resign over what became known as the Tainted Tuna Scandal, in a scenario manipulated by the deputy prime minister, Erik Nielsen. During their days in Opposition, Fraser often disagreed with the member for the Yukon. In the year since the Tories had come to power, Fraser had voted with the Opposition against the testing of American Cruise Missiles over Canadian territory. That the two men did not like each other much was no secret. They essentially represented opposite ends of the political spectrum found within the Conservative Party – Fraser on the left, Nielsen on the right. The tuna scandal brought their incompatibility to a head. Nielsen was more than pleased to see Fraser out of the way.

J.B. did not know any of the inside scuttle-butt. All he knew was that the campaign to save South Moresby had just lost its strongest ally in cabinet.

Pelton's commitment that logging permits would be denied until a final solution was reached infuriated the pro-logging community of Sandspit. It did not matter to Beban or his employees that they had already cut their quota for the year. Under departmental regulations, they could over-cut one year as long as the cut averaged out over a period of years. Beban wanted to get as much cut now as possible, and especially in areas that might end up as parkland. If the trees were not harvested now, next year or the year after might be too late.

R.L.Smith fanned the flames by accusing the environmentalists of making their living from the "Environment Industry" and of putting loggers out of

work. He attacked David Suzuki, Robert Bateman, and Farley Mowat for reaping personal gain from their "supposedly...charitable activities" with the National Committee to Save South Moresby. But there was only so much the *Red Neck News* could do. Then Smith was given help from a relative newcomer to the area named Pat Armstrong, whom the *Red Neck News* had described as "an ex-squatter living right here in Sandspit." Pat Armstrong was a draft-dodger and ex-hippie, who now bitterly opposed the values and politics of the hippie movement of the 1960s. He had never espoused their values, he had only lived their life-style. He and his wife had moved to the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1982, where they had become friends of the logging community. He learned the Sandspit perspective on the wilderness issues and on the people trying to save South Moresby. He heard all the local gossip about Haida shooting whales, about activists living off government grants, about the Haida really wanting to log the island themselves. Toward the end of the planning team process, Pat decided to become involved. He saw the whole campaign to preserve South Moresby as a giant hoax, as deliberate deception. The environmentalists were not merely wrong. They were making it up. They were lying.

Pat started talking with the community leaders who would be the nucleus of a new group: Frank Beban; R.L. Smith; Duane Gould, owner of a local garage, justice of the peace, and chairman of the school board; and Mavis Warren, a widow who had worked for Frank Beban at the motel for years. Pat saw the tactical error in allowing the forest company executives to make the case against the park. What was needed, he told his neighbours, was a local citizen's group to give the pro-logging forces a sympathetic face.

In the late summer of 1985, three hundred and fifty people gathered in the Lion's Hall in Sandspit for the inaugural meeting of Moresby Island Concerned

Citizens. Pat was in Kansas City for the first meeting, but he was elected chairman all the same. Frank Beban would have covered expenses for the new group, but Pat had the political savvy to realize that it would be far better to raise money through community events and dances, the way the Islands Protection Society always had.

Meanwhile, back in Ottawa, Suzanne Blais-Grenier had succeeded in destroying her deputy minister's will. Guerin requested to be transfered to another department. A few days later, word leaked out of a planned cabinet shuffle. As news of Blais-Grenier's imminent departure spread within the department, there were mixed feelings: relief that her reign was over, and bitterness at the irony that Guerin was leaving as well. One enterprising bureaucrat ordered a limited edition of T-shirts to be sold surreptitiously to raise money for the deputy's farewell gift. On the front were emblazened the words, "I survived Suzie B.-G.!" with a cartoon of the minister at the controls of a bulldozer, a squashed beaver under the blade. On the back was another political cartoon of a bear holding a newspaper with the headline "Blais-Grenier out of Environment Canada" and addressing an assemblage of rabbits, beavers, raccoons, and a moose: "You get the cake. You get the balloons. You get the whistles. I'll get the bubbly." The shirts sold like hot-cakes.

The new minister, who had entered the cabinet with Blais-Grenier the previous fall, was receiving a promotion. Tom McMillan loved the idea of being environment minister. Unlike his previous portfolio of tourism, the environment was a full-fledged ministry, and in the early 1980s, he had been environment critic. He felt sure he would be popular in his new position and that he could make up for all the awful things Blais-Grenier had done both to the cause of the environment and to the Tories' record.

Within days of being sworn in as environment minister, Tom McMillan was burning the midnight oil, wading through the voluminous briefing books prepared by his bureaucrats to familiarize him with the department. They were each the size of a Toronto telephone directory, and were written in the thoroughly sanitized prose perfected by the civil service. Bleary eyed, Tom McMillan wondered how such a fascinating subject could have been made so boring. A good deal of his briefing materials dealt with issues he had never associated with the environment – the costs of snow clearance in Banff, the new computers required for the Atmospheric Environment Service, the structural reorganization of the department in the never-ending task of cutting "person-years." He grit his teeth. Perhaps the purpose of the exercise was to so overwhelm a new minister that he or she would gladly leave most matters to the discretion of senior bureaucrats.

Then he turned to a page on the proposed National Park for South Moresby. He had never heard of the Canadian Galapagos, and he could hardly believe that the magical place described in this lyrical briefing note really existed. He marked the page, and made a mental note to pursue the matter with the assistant deputy minister for parks, Al Davidson. And then he turned the page and started reading about the structural problems of the Trent-Severn Waterway.

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HIJACKING THE BANFF ASSEMBLY

THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER OF 1985, THE FEVERISH pitch of activity of the far flung South Moresby crusaders grew even more intense. In New Denver, Colleen McCrory wrote To Do lists with as many as sixty-eight different things to be done, including at the top, "Hug my kids!" In Victoria, Vicky Husband's life was being consumed by the South Moresby crisis and she had started calling South Moresby "the black hole." The phone in her home outside Victoria never stopped ringing, prompting her partner, Patrick Pothier, to answer, "You have reached the offices of Save the World. She's not home." The pressures on John Broadhead and his wife were becoming unbearable. He was unable to work on anything but South Moresby, a field in which employers are few and far between. The strain would eventually cause his marriage to fall apart.

Toward the end of August, someone phoned Vicky and said, "You've got to go to this Banff conference." Vicky had not been aware of the upcoming Canadian Assembly on National Parks and Protected Areas. It was to be Parks Canada's major showpiece for its centennial celebrations. For nearly two years, committees and subcommittees had met to organize the conference. Conservation and parks groups had been consulted, discussion papers had been drafted and themes identified, and the title, "Heritage for Tomorrow" agreed upon. Now that Blais-Grenier was gone, there was a

sudden upsurge in interest among conservationists.

Vicky immediately saw the point in going. The new minister would be there. Vicky was sure McMillan would be an improvement over Blais-Grenier, and there was no point in missing an opportunity to recruit him in the first days of his new position. The British Columbia delegation to the conference was still being organized. Vicky started phoning.

Colleen McCrory agreed to join Vicky at the conference. She phoned her neighbour and Valhalla comrade-in-arms, Grant Copeland, to recruit him to promote the saving of the Stikine. Grant was dubious: "Colleen, is this going to be one of those things where you end up cramming six or seven people into the same motel room?" Colleen solemnly swore that if Grant would agree to drive to Banff with her, she wouldn't offer space in their shared room to anyone else.

Paul George was eager to go. He prepared stacks of materials from the Western Canada Wilderness Committee on all their key issues: South Moresby, the Stikine, Meares Island, and the Stein. Patrick Pothier had taken a photograph of a burned-over clear-cut, logged by B.C. Forest Products near Tofino on Vancouver Island. It was a horrific picture of mud, deep scars in the earth, charred remains of trunks, and patches of snow amid the trash wood. J.B. had taken one look at it and said, "I have the perfect quote to go with it on a poster." It was from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*: "O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am meek and gentle with these butchers." Hundreds of posters were readied for the conference.

Vicky was determined that Huck should come to speak at the assembly. Huck, as usual, was completely broke. In desperation, Vicky paid his airfare, and she found a ride for herself.

As the conference attendees arrived, several feet of snow fell on Banff. It didn't really surprise Grant

Copeland when sixteen people ended up in his motel room. Colleen could only giggle, "I promised we wouldn't have six or seven! So we've got sixteen!"

The British Columbia crew lost no time in hanging a huge Save South Moresby banner over the major entrance to the conference hall. No one at this conference was going to be allowed to forget South Moresby for an instant. The British Columbians were not alone in pressing South Moresby. Gregg Sheehy from the Canadian Nature Federation and chair of the National Committee to Save South Moresby was also at the assembly, as was Kevin McNamee of the National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada. The South Moresby delegation had achieved critical mass, and nothing could stop it.

For three days, Vicky and Colleen worked constantly. Other members of the South Moresby contingent at least made a show of following the conference plan, attending workshops, and listening to presentations on other issues. Colleen and Vicky knew that they didn't have time. Vicky interrupted workshops to announce special, unscheduled slide shows on the Queen Charlotte Islands' wilderness, and she would haul Huck out of whatever session he was attending to provide the accompanying lecture. Vicky knew people thought she was pushy, and she didn't care.

On evening of the second day, the Save South Moresby committee was able to hold one of its first truly national meetings. Gregg Sheehy reported that he was working on placing a full-page advertisement in the *Globe and Mail.* He had also met the previous week with McMillan's chief of staff, Les McElroy, who had assured him that it was extremely unlikely that McMillan would want the public to raise funds for a park. Moreover, McMillan had already said in a *Globe and Mail* interview, that his "knee-jerk reaction" favoured creating a national park for South Moresby. Things looked promising on the federal front.

Colleen's report on the situation in British Columbia was less optimistic. Pelton's commitment had been to hold up logging permits until a decision could be reached by the Environment and Land Use Committee. But the September 21, 1985, deadline for the decision was looming. Huck reported that the Haida Nation had made an unequivocal commitment to block any logging that occurred after September 25.

By the morning of the last day, Vicky, Colleen, Paul, and Huck knew they had done their work well. The whole conference was buzzing about South Moresby. There was an unstoppable ground swell that the Banff Assembly should break the rules made for the conference and move a resolution that the area be saved. The conference organizers didn't know how to handle it. The closing plenary would take place with each workshop reporting back to the whole, then the minister was to make the closing address. They could not allow the session to degenerate into debates over resolutions. They decided to let the South Moresby group say a few words at the end of the other workshop reports, but there would be no resolutions.

Predictably, the workshop reports each ran over their fifteen-minute allotment. The South Moresby and Stikine groups were told that they had a total of five minutes to present both issues. Grant Copeland started by reading a resolution on the Stikine River. He then asked Colleen to present the case for South Moresby. Colleen had never before addressed such a large gathering, or been under so much pressure. Nearly three hundred faces looked up at her as she nervously began. "We bring before the Canadian Assembly a sense of urgency because we have a crisis with the South Moresby area of British Columbia. People have worked for over twelve years to have this area preserved..." Colleen and Grant knew they were out of time. The moderator gestured for them to leave the podium. Colleen took a deep breath

and said, "I would now like to ask Thom Henley to speak about South Moresby."

Huck rose to sustained applause. The organizers began to sense that they were no longer running the conference. The South Moresby activists had hijacked it. Huck came to the microphone, and said, "I guess I have thirty seconds to tell you about South Moresby." Then, ignoring an officious man with a watch, he plunged into an emotional, brilliant, and brief address. With tears in his eyes and a catch in his throat, he told the audience, "I feel that the forests, the sea-birds, the eagles, the falcons, the sea-lions and the whales – all the life forms on South Moresby – need to be recognized and represented here today..." Vicky was sitting in the hall, having previously arranged for the South Moresby activists to be evenly sprinkled throughout the audience to spark applause. She was watching Huck with one eye and the other was scanning the crowd for any sign of the new minister.

Huck was just hitting his stride when Vicky saw Tom McMillan come in and take a seat at the back. The conference planners had arranged the closing session so that the minister would not be subjected to any of the tedious workshop reports. No one had expected there to be a riveting speech in progress when he made his entrance.

"Meanwhile, the area continues to be logged," Huck continued, blind to the notes that read, Your time is up! "It is being logged today as I stand here speaking to you. We would ask that this assembly come forward with a very strong recommendation that, as a way of celebrating the National Parks Centennial, we actually do something truly significant." Grant took the microphone and read out the resolution that the entire South Moresby wilderness area be made into a national park reserve with an adjacent marine park reserve. The organizer reclaimed the podium to explain that no resolutions were

allowed, but the audience thought differently. The standing ovation was thunderous and prolonged. No one, least of all McMillan, could doubt that South Moresby had the unanimous support of the nation's parks and conservation community.

McMillan watched all this from the rear of the hall. He was about to give his first major speech as environment minister. He realized he had a tough act to follow. His prepared text had highlighted the important news that negotiations for a new national park reserve in the Arctic, on Ellesmere Island, were near completion. Ordinarily, such an announcement would have sent this crowd into delerium. But as McMillan quickly read over his speech, he realized it was not enough. He found an appropriate spot in the text, and wrote in the words, "Working with British Columbians to protect the terrestrial and marine treasures of South Moresby is a top priority for me." The South Moresby guerrillas had done their work. Not only had they captured the assembly, they had captured the minister as well.

Afterwards, in Grant's crowded motel room, Paul suggested the South Moresby crew use a Haida tactic, and give McMillan a thank-you gift. McMillan would still be in Banff the next day for a closing reception at the Banff Springs Hotel, and Colleen and Huck had been invited for a private meeting with him. Inspiration struck Colleen, "We've got to get a big cake made, saying Thank You Tom McMillan and smuggle it into the final reception to give to him!" The group pooled the proceeds from selling posters and books to pay for a big cake, and Paul and his wife, Adriane, headed out to find a bakery in Banff that would bake a cake overnight.

Finally, they managed to arrange the group, the cake, the minister, and a large crowd to be together at one time. Colleen beamed as she presented the cake to McMillan in front of the whole assembly. In bright green icing, decorated with trees, it proclaimed Thank

You Tom McMillan! South Moresby National Park! McMillan was thrilled. For the moment, he was the darling of the environmental movement. As Colleen offered him a knife to cut the cake, Tom brushed it away with a gallant wave of his hand. He didn't need to score any more points with the activists present, but he said, "It wouldn't be right to enjoy our celebration of South Moresby Park, until it *is* a park! Put this cake in the freezer, and we'll share it when South Moresby is saved!"

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In Which the Fight Is Nearly Won

Back in Ottawa, Tom McMillan wasted no time in arranging a trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands. On October 9, one month after the Banff Assembly, he arrived in Sandspit. It was one of those glorious warm autumn days on Haida Gwaii that makes you wonder why anyone would live anywhere else. The minister's first order of business was to make a five-hour helicopter tour of the area. His guides were Huck for IPS, Guujaaw for the Haida Nation, and Duane Gould for the oppositional Moresby Island Concerned Citizens. The helicopter was equipped with earphones and mikes so communication was possible over the roar of the blades, but with Duane Gould and Huck competing to point out healthy regeneration and logging scars, McMillan was getting cross fire in stereo.

Their first stop within the wilderness proposal area was Windy Bay. McMillan followed Huck and Guujaaw, and a television crew or two brought up the rear, as this was basically as much a ministerial photo opportunity as it was a fact-finding mission. Tom McMillan was truly overwhelmed. He had expected beauty, but he had never seen trees so large, or moss so deep, or hanging ferns and new seedlings all growing in such undisciplined profusion.

Once the camera crews were gone, the unlikely group continued its tour, flying further south to Hot Springs Island. Even with Duane Gould along, grumbling

about the whole idea of creating a park, the group was starting to have fun. Tom was impressed by Guujaaw's and Huck's knowledge of natural history. He loved the experience of seeing the forest through Guujaaw's eyes. On Hot Springs Island, Guujaaw told them that the traditional Haida way was to go naked into the natural healing waters. Standing on the rim of the rocky pool, the idea was hard to resist. McMillan and Huck compromised by wearing their underwear, but Guujaaw jumped in *au naturel*. It was glorious, sitting in the naturally warm water, looking out over the rocks to Juan Perez Sound. McMillan, former tourism minister, was well aware that the entire Canadian parks system had started in order to protect the hot springs at Banff. Tourists and hot springs go together like *Anne of Green Gables* and Prince Edward Island. McMillan started to picture real possiblities for the area as a tourist destination, creating economic activity that could offset the loss of jobs from logging.

Later, as McMillan stepped onto the tarmac at the Sandspit airport, an angry mob closed in on him, waving placards that read, We Want to Work! and B.C.'s Number One Industry: Forestry. The new minister was pushed; picket signs waved perilously close to his head, and more than by any physical violence, he was scorched by a burning hatred he had never encountered before. McMillan had not realized the effect his press statements would have on the men who wanted to log those woods. Members of the Sandspit committee had read the story of Tom McMillan's triumphant maiden speech in Banff. They were livid. No new logging permits had been issued since Pelton's announcement, and the logging crew on Lyell Island had dropped from eighty men to fifty-three. Logging continued under existing permits, but unless new permits were issued fast there would only be another week's work. Tom McMillan's commitment to make the area a park had

made them apoplectic. They raged at the man they saw as hoping to make his political future at the expense of their livelihoods.

Bob Long was the son of a prominent Socred, president of the Queen Charlotte Islands Chamber of Commerce, soda pop salesman, and politically ambitious. He put it to the minister that the area could support logging and a park. McMillan stood his ground. "You can't have logging in a park," he retorted. "Either you have a park or you don't." But McMillan stopped short of committing himself to saving the entire area. As he explained to reporters, there would be some preservation, but "the question is: how much, and where, and, I suppose, how much will it cost?"

McMillan had a far more cordial meeting with representatives from the Council of the Haida Nation. He felt an almost immediate personal rapport with Miles Richardson, who made it clear to him that the area is Haida land, and that the Haida were not interested in a national park, except to the extent it helped stop the logging. McMillan would never forget the critical role the Haida would have to play in any strategy he might adopt.

The national television news that night carried pictures of the handsome young minister stepping out from his helicopter and drawing in his breath at the magnificence of the forest. For many Canadians those images would cement in their minds the idea of Tom McMillan as a serious environmentalist.

Tom McMillan left Haida Gwaii more committed than ever to South Moresby. He headed down to Vancouver to capitalize on his recent visit by doing the requisite interviews. He expected to have a fairly easy ride. After all, he was, as he would often comment, on the side of the angels. But his first interview the next day was with the irreverent and irascible broadcaster Jack Webster. What McMillan did not know was that Webster

was a die-hard logging advocate who had been exerting strong behind-the-scenes pressure on Bill Bennett to allow logging on Lyell Island to resume. Later it was revealed that Webster was a shareholder in WFP's pulp partnership venture that depended on Lyell Island's trees for its mills.

As McMillan waited to be introduced, the show opened with a video in fast forward of his arrival in Windy Bay the day before. McMillan came out of the helicopter like a Keystone Kop. Then the tape was reversed, and he scurried backwards into the helicopter. Now forwards. Then backwards. Over and over, while Webster announced, "The minister doesn't know where he's going on this issue." Tom McMillan kept his composure. Then Webster taunted, "I heard you were skinny-dipping yesterday with a bunch of hippies." Tom smiled and said, "Well, Jack, I wore my shorts, so I wouldn't call that skinny-dipping, would you?"

Over and over, McMillan argued for saving a national wilderness treasure. Webster responded by calling the environmentalists "selfish" and unconcerned with the fate of the loggers. Tom was effective, but whether or not he knew it, he was infuriating British Columbia politicians. His tone was slightly too superior for their tastes. And even if he had not said, "we must save British Columbia from its own stupidity," he had come close to it. Austin Pelton, who essentially agreed with McMillan, was annoyed. McMillan was stealing the show. And other than give press interviews, he had done nothing concrete – there was no new federal proposal for the province's consideration.

Expectations were running high that a joint announcement on the fate of the islands would be made during McMillan's visit. The British Columbia cabinet had met while he had been touring the islands, and comments from senior provincial bureaucrats seemed to suggest that a park, of some size, was currently

favoured. A number of members of Bennett's cabinet were softening in their opposition to a park, among them Tourism Minister Tony Brummett. With an election looming sometime in the coming months for the Socred Government, the time was right to put the whole South Moresby controversy behind them. Public opinion in the province seemed to be decidedly in favour of the creation of a South Moresby park. The *Vancouver Sun* had taken an editorial position in support of maximum preservation, accurately summing up the state of affairs: "If the debate in Cabinet has come down to stand-off between Mr. Pelton and a few development-minded ministers, the premier is going to have to take the lead and nudge it in the right direction."

Pelton left a meeting with Bennett and Norman Spector, the Premier's right-hand man, convinced that the Premier would do just that. He was sure that Bennett would announce within days that the South Moresby area, with the exception of parts of Lyell Island, would be saved as federal and provincial park. But it was not to be.

What Norm Spector and the Premier had realized was that the issue required handling. They were not yet ready to make a decision that would anger the forest industry, the loggers, or such senior members of cabinet as Forests Minister Tom Waterland. Something really clever would be required to ease the pressure, while allowing logging to continue. They found the solution in a well-intentioned, even courageous letter from twenty prominent British Columbians, urging the Premier to save South Moresby. The letter had been the brainchild of a respected Vancouver lawyer, Bryan Williams. Williams had been moved to exert whatever influence he might have over Bennett after a sailing tour of the area with guide Al Whitney.

Within a week of receiving the letter Bennett phoned Bryan Williams, suggesting that he might need

Williams's help. A week or so later, Williams was in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in the middle of a case. Norm Spector tracked him down to explain the shape of the assistance the Premier would require of Williams. Bennett and Spector had come up with an entirely new gambit – a Special Advisory Committee on Wilderness Preservation. Williams was being asked to chair it. To his surprise it would not just examine the South Moresby conflict, but study and provide recommendations on twenty-three different controversial areas, from the Stein Valley in southwestern B.C. to the grizzly bear valley of the Khutzeymateen in the northern interior. The committee was to have a firm deadline of no later than February 15, 1986. Four months to study twenty-three areas.

Williams was in a quandry. He knew that any such committee would be attacked as wholly inadequate to the task, but it was an almost irresistible challenge. Chairing a high-profile advisory committee with an impossible mandate and an unreasonably short time-frame had, in its own way, a perverse appeal for a lawyer. What Williams did not immediately realize was that the creation of the Wilderness Advisory Committee would be announced simultaneously with the issuance of new logging permits for Lyell Island.

Meanwhile, media speculation that the area was on the verge of salvation was at an all-time high. John Broadhead was quoted as saying, "I think that at long last, we've won." The national profile of the issue had never been higher. David Suzuki's special on South Moresby had been the most popular segment in the history of The Nature of Things and had been repeatedly rebroadcast by public demand. And on the eve of a major environment and forestry conference sponsored by the Ontario Sierra Club, the Globe and Mail ran a full-page advertisement appealing for the preservation of South Moresby. It was the work of the Canadian

Nature Federation's Gregg Sheehy and was published with a substantial price concession from the newspaper itself. The following evening, Huck and Bill Reid jointly accepted the B.C. Booksellers' Choice Book of the Year Award for *Islands at the Edge.* The South Moresby wilderness crusade had become respectable. John Turner, former prime minister and leader of the federal Liberal Party, had joined the legions of politicians on all sides of the House of Commons in Ottawa in calling for the preservation of the islands. Tom McMillan's trip to British Columbia and Austin Pelton's words of support combined to create an aura of pending euphoria. The victory was at hand.

No one, not even Austin Pelton, was prepared for the announcement he was forced to make on October 18. Pelton put the best face he could on what must have been a heartbreaking setback. He told reporters that, while he was "personally persuaded" that "South Moresby is an area that must be preserved to the greatest extent possible...there is a need to balance the concern for wilderness preservation with the jobs of those whose livelihoods are dependent [on logging]." Pelton announced the creation of the Wilderness Advisory Committee. Pelton's press release was issued at four on a Friday afternoon. Vicky Husband just happened to wander into Pelton's office as the Wilderness Advisory Committee was being announced. The committee was clearly dominated by forest and mining interests; none of its members represented environmental or native groups. Of the six panel members working with chairman Bryan Williams, two were academics, the third was a senior executive of Cominco Mining, the fourth was a vice-president of the International Woodworkers of America, the fifth, the only woman, was a lawyer and executive officer of Carrier Lumber in Prince George, and the sixth was a well-known and powerful forestry professor, Les Reed, widely reputed to favour economic interests over wilderness preservation.

The same day that Pelton made this announcement, Tom Waterland granted new logging permits for the south side of Lyell Island.

Vicky was deeply shocked. She phoned activists in Vancouver and Victoria, reading the entire press release long distance over and over, and set in motion a chain reaction of outrage. J.B. phoned Huck from Toronto. Colleen phoned Vicky from New Denver. Huck phoned Miles in Prince Rupert. One word was on everyone's lips: Betrayal. After eleven years of battle, after the four-year Environment and Land Use Committee study, the Public Advisory Committee charade, the four-year South Moresby Planning Team exercise, and on the verge of a final decision, yet another committee had been created, one that would be used to justify logging in the study area. As well, there would be twenty-two other areas all thrown into the pot for a decision within four months.

The Saturday papers from Toronto to Victoria carried news of the reaction of the Haida and environmentalists. The Haida immediately announced that they would not participate. Colleen attacked the committee as an "absolute outrage" and "a total sell-out." Vicky predicted the decision would spell a crisis for the islands. Huck called it a "total betrayal" of the Haida people, recalling that Austin Pelton had been to the islands twice, once accompanied by three cabinet colleagues, each time promising the Haida that there would be no further logging within the wilderness proposal area until a final solution was reached. Tom McMillan expressed disappointment, saying, "I personally prefer preserving as much as possible of the relevant islands." The federal minister of Indian affairs and northern development, David Crombie, who happened to be in Vancouver, spoke strongly in favour of the native interests: "All three political parties support the idea of a park...I see the stewardship of the Haida people with respect to that park as a significant priority."

When he heard the news, John Broadhead was attending the Woodshock Conference in Toronto, organized by the Sierra Club. Saturday was the closing day of the Club's attempt to build trust between environmentalists, the government, and the forest industry. Charles Caccia had pulled no punches in his closing address, suggesting that it was time to consider placing the forest industry under public control: "I've seen what happens in B.C., where, thanks to the pursuit of profit, the industry is getting away with murder."

The conference organizers had winced. The meeting's theme of cooperation and consultation was straining at the edges. But the mood of conciliation was still sufficiently strong that the conference appeared to welcome Pelton's initiative of the advisory committee. John Broadhead was to be allowed a few minutes to speak on the subject of this important new development at the very end of the proceedings. The chairman, Tony Whittingham, cautioned him to keep his remarks in context – to be positive. Then Whittingham called on the recent winner of the B.C. Book of the Year Award to present a few closing remarks, "to talk to us about the new B.C. Wilderness Advisory Committee and highlight the opportunities for government and industry and environmentalists and natives to build new bridges of understanding."

J.B. realized that his message could not build bridges; it could only burn them. He looked out at the delegates, some four hundred representatives of environmental groups, governments, and forest companies. He held his emotions in check, but inside he was seething. "I take heart from the people and the good intentions of the Woodshock Conference, but if the industry, the government, environmentalists, and native people are to get together and talk to each other, before the process can succeed there has to be trust, respect, believability, credibility." Tony Whittingham leaned over to J.B., whis-

pering desperately, "Don't, John. Please." J.B. did not stop. He reviewed the series of study groups and planning teams. He explained that the new Wilderness Advisory Committee had been used to end the moratorium on the logging of the south side of Lyell Island, violating the trust implicit in Pelton's handshake agreement with the elders at Skidegate.

"So now the government and industry are saying that we have to log this area – that it is critical to the economic survival of British Columbia. But I know from the Forest Resource Report that the area of land not satisfactorily restocked in British Columbia is four million hectares, and that it is growing every year by an area twice the size of South Moresby. I know that two South Moresbys are going ignored, wasted, every year. And you're telling me that we cannot afford to save South Moresby. You're not making sense."

Men in blue suits squirmed in their seats. Quite a few environmentalists looked distraught. These words were not the up-beat send-off they had expected. This was the reality that three days of discussion had tried to avoid. Tony Whittingham broke in again in a last-ditch plea, "John, you're breaking the balloon. You're bringing them down!"

Meanwhile, Miles Richardson wasted no time in making the Haida position public and absolutely clear. "The Haida people have made a decision that there is to be no further logging in that area. We fully intend to uphold that." Adding weight to the pledge, Miles added, "We are mobilizing our people to place them on Lyell Island to stop logging." Miles, with Skidegate Chief Tom Greene and band manager Willard Wilson, flew to Vancouver to meet with David Crombie. They were impressed with him and his sincere sympathy with the Indians' concern to protect their homeland. The next day, they went straight on to Victoria to see Austin Pelton. Pelton looked at the young president of the

Council of the Haida Nation and apologetically explained, "I didn't have the authority to promise that there would be no more logging permits."

Miles could see it all. Pelton had been overruled by the rest of cabinet. For a man of honour to be forced to break his word was a brutal blow. As they left his office and headed down the corridors of Victoria's parliament building, Miles turned and looked back. There, in his office door, were Pelton and a young aide. The word "betrayal" did not come to mind. Miles felt no anger toward Pelton. He thought that Pelton looked like a broken man.

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THE HAIDA BLOCKADE

THERE WAS NO TIME TO WASTE. THE GOVERNMENT HAD broken its word. Logging was resuming despite the fact that Beban had already logged his annual quota. Logging was resuming even while the "blue-chip" committee was deciding the area's fate. Logging was resuming even though the federal minister of Indian affairs was willing to resolve the Haida land claim, even though the federal environment minister had offered compensation to create a park. The Haida decided to do whatever it took to stop the logging on Lyell.

The forest company representatives knew that the Haida would not take the new permits lying down. Beban requested RCMP support as he began to increase the workforce at the Powrivco Bay logging camp on Lyell Island. The Queen Charlotte Islands manager for Western Forest Products, Harvey Hurd, admitted to reporters, "I'd be crazy to tell you I'm not expecting something." The debate over strategy preoccupied the Haida leadership and their environmental supporters. Prominent Canadians were volunteering to come forward to join the Haida in blocking the logging roads.

Bill Reid told the press, "I'll go when I'm recruited," and non-Haida supporters, such as David Suzuki and Robert Bateman, were reported to be willing to face arrest, if necessary.

Fishing boats loaded with cargoes of young men and building supplies were dispatched to Sedgewick Bay on

the south side of Lyell to prepare an encampment. Two camphouses were built and cook-stoves and water barrels were installed. Each new boat brought shipments of food and other supplies to sustain the Haida in what promised to be a lengthy seige.

Back in Vancouver, Bryan Williams was trying to save the credibility of the committee he had agreed to chair. He desperately wanted a strong environmentalist to join, and he knew who was needed. He pressured the government to appoint Ken Farquarson, whom he had met during the battle to save the Skagit River Valley. Williams realized that the committee's credibility was seriously eroded by the decision to allow logging on Lyell Island during its deliberations. He pleaded with the Premier's office for an extended moratorium on forest operations within the wilderness proposal. He was successful in only one of these pleas. Farquarson joined the committee, but logging continued on Lyell Island.

By October 30, Haida men and women had taken up their positions, standing on the road between Frank Beban's camp and the new cutting blocks. As Guujaaw drummed, Chief Dempsey Collison of Skidegate stepped forward, his arms extended, his button blanket flapping in the breeze. The logging trucks rounded the bend in the road and stopped dead. The human barricade was successful. No trucks dared pass, and Beban's operations were shut down for the day.

A new wave of activity hit Haida Gwaii. By rented helicopter and chartered airplane, news crews from all over the province arrived. Political columnist Marjorie Nichols quipped that, "More reporters [were] hunkered down...at Sandspit...than were in the press gallery in Victoria." Miles Richardson told the assembled news media, "We are staying here. We cannot stand by and have all this land alienated from us."

Charles Caccia publicly supported the use of civil disobedience to end the logging, while both Austin Pelton

and Tom McMillan ducked reporters. Within the week Western Forest Products' lawyers were in court seeking an injunction against Haida occupation of the logging road. Having created the climate for confrontation, Tom Waterland commented, "I don't know what is happening there, but I hope it will be solved through rational discussion instead of confrontation." As for the issue of native land claims, Waterland added, "Every time someone makes a claim to an area of land, we can't go and turn history back or the forest industry would be dead."

For a few days in November, the scene of conflict moved from the muddy roads above Sedgewick Bay to the law courts of Vancouver. For several days, a small skirmish was played out between the lawyers for the forest company, the judge, and the Haida. The Haida appeared without a lawyer to oppose WFP's application for an injunction. Dressed in full Haida regalia, Miles Richardson requested a three-month adjournment in order to prepare the Haida case. The judge, His Lordship Harry MacKay, gave him two and a half hours in which to find a lawyer. Some of the province's best lawyers offered their services *pro bono*. But the Haida decided not to be represented by counsel. When Miles returned two days in a row without a lawyer, the judge pleaded with him to retain proper legal representation. Miles explained that the Haida Nation had decided the issue was too important to be addressed by lawyers. Instead, Miles asked for leave to present the Haida evidence as oral testimony, rather than in the written affidavit form customary in such matters. The request was justified, he argued, because the Haida tradition is an oral one. Further, he explained to the judge, when a Haida rose to speak in public it would not be countenanced that he spoke anything but the truth. Judge MacKay agreed and also allowed Miles's requests for translation so that testimony could be given in Haida,

and for a swearing-in without use of the Bible. As the Haida could not accept the loss of sovereignty implied in addressing the judge as "Your Worship" or "Your Lordship," they called him "Kilslii" – a Haida word denoting the greatest respect that can be bestowed on a chief. For two days, a parade of blanketed Haida elders, chiefs, and young people took the stand to provide the most moving and articulate testimony Judge MacKay had ever heard.

Diane Brown, a beautiful young Haida woman with long dark brown hair and a steady gaze, told the court, "We were put on the islands as caretakers of this land...Without that land I very much fear for the Haida Nation...I don't want my children to inherit a land of stumps." Miles's father, Miles Richardson Sr., wearing the traditional dress of an hereditary chief, spoke of his life as a Haida and a logger: "The continuity of our way of life is more important than anything. Future generations will depend on the area for subsistence, and that is more important than short-term logging of old-growth trees."

As the witnesses spoke, the Haida filling the courtroom held hands, some quietly weeping. Lavina Lightbone, a white-haired woman with a will of steel, sang a Haida song from the witness box. She nearly broke down as she told MacKay, "It's a terrible thing...to see a nation die, to see rivers die. It's humiliating to sit here and shed tears, but the devastation put upon us has to come to an end."

The testimony was having its effect both on the court in Vancouver and on the court of public opinion and the politicians who respond to its changes of mood. Every night the Haida's cause was the leading news item on television, and it was the stuff of daily headlines across the province. From Ottawa, Tom McMillan tried to intercede to avert further confrontation, offering to join with the province to buy out Western Forest

Products' timber rights. McMillan estimated that the timber values in question were about $12 million, a figure ridiculed by WFP's president, Roger Manning. Manning reframed the issue of compensation to include not only the company's logging rights but its operations at two pulp mills he claimed relied on Lyell Island for their supply of raw material. "That [$12 million] won't even pay our fuel bills for a year...I just can't believe that figure."

Tom Waterland was no more receptive to McMillan's offer, snapping that Ottawa "should keep its nose out of a matter that isn't any of their business." Even Pelton was unable to respond positively, saying that the matter "is in the hands of a committee that was set up to deal with it."

In an effort to avert further clashes on Lyell Island, church leaders met with B.C. Attorney General Brian Smith to plead for talks with the Haida on the land-ownership issue. But Smith discouraged any hope of negotiation: "It would be a breach of our trust, as representatives of the people of British Columbia, if we even held out the slimmest hope...that we were going to negotiate any land claims on an aboriginal title basis."

A political solution was not possible. The B.C. government was intransigent. It would not open land-claim negotiations. It would not halt logging. It would not consider the federal offer to negotiate compensation for the forest industry. With its head firmly in the sand, it would wait out the crisis: wait for the whole problem to go away; wait for the Haida to be hauled away by the long arm of the law; wait for Beban to finish logging Lyell Island; wait for the next provincial election.

On November 9, 1985, Judge MacKay told a packed and emotionally drained courtroom that he was constrained by the law that he was sworn to uphold to grant Western Forest Products its injunction, making it illegal for the Haida to obstruct the logging road. The only

choice now, if the protest was to continue, was to break Canadian law. Anyone blocking the road would have to be prepared to go to jail. No one wanted to be arrested, but the Haida were determined to stop the logging and to preserve their land.

In the early morning of November 14, heavy winds buffeted a small helicopter as it waited outside the Skidegate Band Council office. Most of the young Haida who were prepared to make their stand on Lyell Island had already moved into the area they called Gwaii Haanas, Haida for Place of Wonder and Beauty, but reinforcements were preparing to come in by chopper: Diane Brown, the young woman who had impressed Judge MacKay with her eloquence, was joined by her Eagle mother, Ada Yovanovitch; by Ada's uncle, a hereditary chief in his eighties, Watson Price; by Ethel Jones, an elder from Massett; and by Ethel's older cousin, Adolphus Marks. Ethel and Ada had spent much of the night in prayer, seeking guidance for the action they were prepared to take.

It was still dark when the elders clambered into the helicopter and strapped themselves in for the journey over the turbulent waters of Haida Gwaii. An hour's flight took them to Sedgewick Bay, where they were greeted by Guujaaw, by the other Haida youth, buoyed by the arrival of their elders, and by the RCMP. The Mounties had sent Haida members of the force down to Lyell, and at the sight of the elders, they embraced them before heading off to Beban's camp to get further instructions. This was an unexpected development. Arresting young men was one thing, but no one wanted to arrest elderly women.

The elders were brought coffee and sandwiches as Ada, Ethel, Watson, and Adolphus kept their vigil in the middle of the logging road. Later that day, at the cookhouse at the Haida base, the local chief of the Mounties

paid them a call. Harry Wallace had been a friend of Ada's husband, a Yugoslavian logger who had died years before, and was still a friend of the family's. He was solicitous, but firm. "If any of you are found blocking the road, you'll be served with court papers. And if you ignore them, you know what will happen." "Yes," said Ethel, "but this is our fight and we have to do it." "You know we'd have to arrest you. You'll have to go to jail," said Wallace. Ada tried to cheer him up. "As long as I have a lot of fancy work to keep me busy, I don't care."

Up on the road, a human barricade of young Haida warriors was being given the same message. They had painted their faces red and had smeared them with black charcoal indicating that they were prepared to make any sacrifice. They shook rattles made with the shells of the islands, while Guujaaw drummed. The Mounties stepped forward and served each of them with a copy of the writ. When the loggers' yellow trucks pulled up, the line parted and allowed them through. Miles explained to reporters that they had permitted the trucks to pass out of respect for Judge MacKay, whom they still called Kilslii. But the press was advised not to leave the area yet.

Back at the camp, late into the night of November 14, discussion and debate raged over how many and exactly who should face arrest. As usual in Haida meetings, these issues were not put to a vote, and the endless round of discussions wore on in search of consensus. Miles, Guujaaw, and the hereditary chiefs had to be persuaded, much against their will, that they were too valuable strategically and would be the first targets for arrest. Then Ada and Ethel put forward their argument that the elders should be the first to be arrested. The whole country would see the humiliation of the nation of Canada arresting the elders of the Haida Nation. They saw it as a way to shame the government for its refusal to discuss the issue, forcing old men and women

onto the logging road. The younger Haida disagreed. In an emotional round, everyone in the room had a chance to express his views. Nearly all of them pleaded with their elders not to go alone, not to be taken off to makeshift jails somewhere in Beban's camp, but they were adamant.

Very early on Saturday, November 15, the only non-Haida member of the group went from bunk to bunk, quietly waking the others. Vancouver New Democrat MP Svend Robinson had been invited to join the Sedgewick Bay camp during a chance encounter with Miles the week before. Other non-native supporters had stayed away, honouring the Haida leadership's decision to discourage non-Haida participation for fear it would muddy the waters.

As Ada got dressed, Diane came running in. She had been walking along a little stream and had heard the Raven above. She was sure its chattering was a good omen.

Ada, Ethel, and Watson struggled up the path to the logging road wearing their button blankets over their warm clothes, Adolphus having had to return to Skidegate. Ada and Ethel stood quietly for a while, saying their prayers together and dismissing intruding reporters: "This is our devotion time." They took their places on the benches that blocked the road and waited for whatever was to come. The young people formed a line down each side of the road. Holding cedar branches, they sang and chanted in Haida.

The logging trucks pulled up and stopped in front of the elders. Frank Beban came forward, "You're blocking the road. You're breaking the law." Television cameras crowded in on the burly logger, and microphones pointed into his face, while sound crews ducked to keep the illusion of direct confrontation for the evening news. The Haida young people and elders stayed calm and stared out as impassive as totem carvings – unblinking in

the face of the mass media, the Mounties, and the loggers. Frank Beban continued, "Will you please stand aside and let us go to work?" No one responded. Harry Wallace and the other officers began serving writs on the Haida. Ethel felt a piece of paper being tucked between her folded arms but kept concentrating on maintaining her dignity, on not speaking, on not weeping. The paper fell into the mud and she never knew what it said.

Once the writs were served, Frank Beban demanded again, "Will you please step aside and let us go to work?" The elders stared straight ahead, and a few moments later Beban turned away to find the police. The reporters pressed in for comment from the Haida. They wanted anger. This was a confrontation, after all, and they wanted a good ten-second clip for the evening news: Hostile logger confronts militant Haida. "Aren't you angry?" one reporter demanded of the impassive Ethel. "No," she answered slowly. "We're not angry. We just don't like the loggers destroying our land."

The Mounties moved forward to make their arrests, but backed off and waited politely while Ethel prayed aloud in Haida. Ada then called for the singing of a hymn, and led the roadside congregation in "How Great Thou Art." As the elders moved to the police cars and vans, shipped in from Graham Island to haul away the protesters, she turned to address the young people who would be left behind. "We have to go now," she said. "So whatever you do, do it with peace and dignity." She opened the Bible she had had on her lap and read aloud from the second letter of Paul to Timothy: "For I am already on the point of being sacrificed; the time of my departure has come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course. I have kept the faith." For one young officer the moment was too painful. Alan Wilson was Haida, from Massett, and he was Ethel's nephew – the son of her "sister" Gracie, for while Grace was not re-

lated by birth, the community referred to the close friends as sisters. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he prepared to arrest his aunt. She whispered, "You don't have to lay a hand on me. Just put your arm out and let me put my arm through yours. It won't look so bad. Just like we're going for a walk." Unable to speak, Alan followed Ethel's instructions. The protestors on the sidelines drummed and sang, and the procession of Haida elders and Mounties, some in tears, moved to the vans that would take them to the waiting helicopter. They were greeted upon their arrival in Sandspit by dozens of friends and supporters, all Haida, all wearing their finest ceremonial clothes. The three elders were taken to a makeshift jail, where they were fingerprinted and photographed.

Duane Gould, leader of the Moresby Island Concerned Citizens, was also a justice of the peace. He had known Ada and her late husband for years. He hardly looked up at her as he asked, "Your name?" She answered, "Jaadsaankinlhan." She did not tell Gould that it meant Woman of High State Looking Up. Duane Gould tried to write it down and gave up part way. Ethel submitted to finger-printing saying, "For me to be doing this is a disgrace to you people. What did I do wrong for you to do this to me?"

At the same time, in Victoria, a rally of several hundred protesters gathered in front of the parliament buildings to hear the news of the arrests and speeches from Bill Reid, Bristol Foster, and the leader of the Salish Nation, Tom Sampson. It was pouring rain, but the determined crowd stayed to the end, listening to native prayers and Haida songs. Forrest DeWitt, a Tlingit chief from Alaska, offered the closing prayer for peace between native and non-native. Eighty-two years old, he was the most distinguished of the elders at the Victoria rally. His wife, Grace, Ethel Jones's "sister," did not know

as she stood on the steps of the parliament building that her son had just arrested Ethel. She was concerned about her husband, who had insisted on coming to Victoria against the advice of his doctor.

After the rally, some fifty people made their way to Huck's house. The small living room was jam-packed when the six o'clock news came on. There was stunned silence as the Haida saw Alan leading Ethel away. Hands reached out to comfort Grace DeWitt, "Don't worry, Nonny Grace. He had to do that." But Grace and Huck were more worried about Forrest, who was shaking with feverish chills. Huck decided to phone the hospital, but the old man made him hang up the phone. "I just want to get to Vancouver tonight," he insisted.

In Queen Charlotte City, Ada was dressing for a potlatch that had been planned to inaugurate the hereditary chief of Skedans, an ancient Haida village on an island north of Lyell. Now the potlatch would be an opportunity for the Haida to share the emotions and experience of the day's traumatic events. After the fingerprinting, all three elders had been released pending their trial, set for January. Boatloads of the others on the blockade were on their way back from Lyell to join in Saturday night's feast. Ada watched the television coverage of the arrests and of the support rally in Victoria. She saw her old friend Grace and heard part of Forrest's prayer. An hour later, as she was on her way out the door, the phone rang with news from Victoria. Forrest had died of a heart attack on the ferry to Vancouver.

Over four hundred people came to the potlatch in Skidegate. Svend Robinson came over to Ada and hugged her. "I'm sorry to tell you that we broke our promise to you to behave with dignity, Ada," he said. "We all cried." "Oh, my dear boy," said Ada, embracing him. If not at that moment, soon thereafter she resolved to adopt Svend Robinson in the Haida tradition as her own son.

The potlatch lasted late into the evening with speeches from Ada and Ethel and Watson, and tributes to their courage from the assembled Haida Nation. There would be no blockade the next day. But the loggers did not observe the Sabbath. During the Haida's day of rest, the logging continued.

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Conflicts and Caravans

For the next three weeks the arrests continued, and so did the intense interest of the national news media. Scenes of the Haida blocking the road and of Frank Beban and the police asking them to stand aside were becoming standard fare on television. People who had never before heard of South Moresby had now heard of Lyell Island. Pressure built on federal politicians, who appeared increasingly helpless, to intercede and end the dispute.

Western Forest Products' lawyers returned to court twice in those weeks. First they attempted, unsuccessfully, to obtain a court order to require the RCMP to enforce the injunction more vigorously. Next they obtained citations against seventeen people for contempt of court because they were supporting the blockade from the sidelines. This group included Guujaaw, who would not deny *his* contempt, and Svend Robinson, who had stood, wrapped in a button blanket, on the side of the road.

By November 25, ten days after the first arrests, nearly fifty Haida had been arrested and a further seventeen had been charged with contempt. Demonstrations continued in front of the B.C. legislature, and plywood silhouettes of Haida figures, made by Patrick Pothier, appeared on the lawn of the parliament building.

In Ottawa, Jim Fulton was arguing the Haida cause with David Crombie, pointing out the unfairness of the

departmental policy that restricted land-claim negotiations to a maximum of six at one time. This comprehensive claims policy had created an endless queue and had institutionalized paralysis. Crombie surprised Fulton by making an unprecedented offer – to develop a "special process," outside the normal policy, to negotiate the Haida claim. When Miles Richardson phoned him later, Crombie volunteered to fly out to B.C. to get negotiations underway, if the provincial government would agree.

Meanwhile, Opposition leader John Turner, a former member of the board of MacMillan Bloedel, was using Question Period to demand federal intervention in the controversy. He directed his question to the Prime Minister, charging that Haida lands were being "despoiled" and asking that Mulroney move to protect "this priceless national treasure." For days Mulroney had resisted the pressure to respond in the House to the escalating crisis on the Queen Charlotte Islands. Tom McMillan had fielded Opposition questions, reiterating the interest of the federal government in preserving the area and lamenting its impotence in the face of provincial obduracy. But the issue was not going away. Bill Bennett was expected in Ottawa on November 26 for discussions in advance of the next First Ministers' Conference. Finally, Brian Mulroney could avoid questions no longer. In answer to a question from NDP leader Ed Broadbent, he vowed to raise the matter with Bennett, calling South Moresby a "troubling situation," and repeating expressions of interest from his two relevant ministers, Crombie and McMillan.

The climate seemed to be warming toward compromise, but Bennett's arrival quickly chilled the air. After meeting with Mulroney, he called a press conference and rejected any notion of federal mediation in the conflict. He was unyielding. The primary consideration, he explained, was "that we...not interrupt the forest licence."

Bennett's intractable position was nearly incomprehensible, but political observers began to suspect a strategy of galling cynicism. With a provincial election possible in early spring, many began to speculate that Bill Bennett was deliberately inflaming the stand-off at Lyell Island in order to exploit anti-Indian sentiment in the election campaign. Editorial comment in the *Globe and Mail* was direct, saying that Bennett's behaviour "lends credence to Opposition charges that he is laying the foundation for a mean-spirited anti-Indian campaign in the next election, widely expected next spring."

Court dates came and went. Contributions and pledges of financial support poured into the Haida Nation from across the country. American folk music legend Pete Seeger held a benefit concert, raising $30,000 toward the Haida's legal costs, and Bruce Cockburn donated $35,000 from a Vancouver concert. Church groups, human rights organizations, and concerned environmentalists sent donations. The Anglican Church, without success, attempted to gain status in the trials as a friend of the court in support of the Haida. Rev Peter Hamel of the Anglican Church, bird-watcher and naturalist, had a long history of commitment to conservation and native justice issues. He spent more and more time working with the Haida Nation. "This is a human rights issue," he said. The former moderator of the United Church, Bob Smith, visited the Charlottes and explained his presence by saying that God exerts a "preferential option" and sides with the poor and oppressed.

By the end of November, seventy-two Haida had been arrested for blocking the road. Over two hundred thousand dollars had been spent to maintain the police force on the island and to transport the protesters. The cost to the Haida had been far greater. Days upon days had been spent in court hearings, but the issue was no closer to resolution. B.C. Attorney General Brian Smith

maintained that he could not meet with representatives of the Haida Nation as long as the blockades were in place and the matter was before the courts. When they heard this excuse, the Haida suspended their blockade. Still Smith refused to meet with them. Instead, the provincial government unsuccessfully sought an extraordinary injunction, prohibiting the Haida from going anywhere near Lyell Island, including its coastal waters. This clear infringement of civil liberties led to protests from the legal community. A public opinion poll conducted by the *Vancouver Sun* should have given Bennett pause. It demonstrated that 60 per cent of British Columbians favoured opening land claim talks with the Haida. Tom Waterland dismissed the poll as "uninformed opinion."

Finally, on December 10, Smith agreed to meet with representatives from the Council of the Haida Nation: Tom Greene, Lavina Lightbone, Guujaaw, and Miles. After more than two hours of intense discussion, Miles left to tell waiting reporters that the meeting had accomplished little. Smith admitted that he had been impressed by the passion of the Haida and the breadth of their arguments, and he told the press that he would ask cabinet to reconsider logging Lyell, but he held out little hope of opening discussions to resolve the land claim.

In Victoria, J.B. had spent the past few weeks poring over court affidavits from the 1978 legal challenge to the renewal of the tree farm licence, as well as figures submitted by Western Forest Products to the Planning Team. He was certain that the climate for confrontation had been artificially fuelled by WFP's claim of economic disaster if Lyell were not logged. The Islands Protection Society held a press conference in Victoria to challenge WFP's claim. J.B. supported his charges using the company's own figures. Far from supplying 20 per cent of the mills' requirements as WFP claimed, J.B. showed

that the South Moresby portion of the TFL provided only 6 per cent. Moreover, one of the forest companies in the WFP conglomerate, Whonnock Industries, was actually exporting logs to Asia, significantly undermining any suggestion that local supplies were tight. As for WFP president Roger Manning's claim that the South Moresby timber was worth $45 million annually, J.B. told reporters, "this is the most bizarre of all WFP's claims. [It] works out to a value of over $250 per cubic metre of wood, when court affidavits from Beban clearly show a value to him of $26 per cubic metre."

Reporters seemed surprised by these figures and especially by the news that Beban had already completed his 1985 quota and had been preparing for the normal seasonal shut-down when the new permits were allowed. No one from the media had questioned the loggers' arguments. From a press angle, the pathos of unemployed loggers had been the perfect counterpoint to the tremendous appeal of Haida elders clutching their Bibles on the logging road. Even the press outside Canada found it an irrestible story. The *National Geographic* was preparing an article, and stories had already appeared in English, Indian, German, and Dutch newspapers. The South Moresby crew saw the possibility of forming international alliances.

A coalition of U.S. groups had already formed to support the Canadian crusade to save South Moresby. They nominated South Moresby for listing as one of the world's most threatened natural areas by the International Union for the Conservation of Nature, based in Geneva. In mid-December, they met with Canada's ambassador to the United States, Allan Gotlieb. Representatives of some of the largest and most respected conservation groups in the world, from the National Parks and Conservation Association to the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club, hinted to Gotlieb that Vancouver's Expo 86 might be made a target for

international action. Paul Pritchard, president of the NPCA, told Canadian reporters, "The coalition is urging visitors to see both sides of B.C. if they visit Expo 86...[including] the unparalled destruction of South Moresby."

As Christmas approached, the seething controversy on Lyell Island appeared to be waning. Beban's crews would be stopping work through the holidays, and were not expected to resume until later in January. Huck and J.B. decided to head east during the respite to do a little media work and fundraising. Monte Hummel, executive director of Canada's World Wildlife Fund, arranged for them to show their South Moresby slides in the Toronto office of Adam Zimmerman, president of MacMillan Bloedel. Hummel had gathered a small group of influential and well-heeled businessmen for the presentation. Zimmerman himself appeared to lose interest sometime during Huck's description of the endemic species of the Canadian Galapagos, and left to attend a Christmas party. But the remaining corporate and monied Torontonians were impressed. One of them was so moved he donated enough money to keep J.B. and Huck in groceries for the next two years. For while there were many things that Huck and J.B. did well, taking care of their basic financial needs was not among them. All royalties from *Islands at the Edge* went to the Islands Protection Society, while they lived from hand to mouth. Somehow this was apparent to Glen Davis, a supporter of the World Wildlife Fund, who nearly adopted J.B. and Huck.

In Ottawa, Huck, J.B., and Gregg Sheehy organized a small rally on Parliament Hill. Before leaving town, Huck, putting on his Tom Sawyer hat, outlined for Gregg a grandiose scheme for a national train caravan in March 1986 – a whistle-stop tour from Newfoundland to Vancouver, gathering support with rallies in each town along the way. Huck wasn't discouraged when

Gregg protested there was not enough time to organize it properly, saying, "Well, sleep on it. I'm sure we could do it."

In B.C. Bryan Williams was valiantly trying to save the credibility of the Wilderness Advisory Committee when he read an item in the business section of the *Vancouver Sun* stating that Western Pulp, a company in which he had invested in 1982, was a partnership of which Western Forests Products was a part. He realized that this conflict of interest could sink both the WAC and his own reputation for personal integrity. He immediately instructed his lawyer and his investment broker to place his debenture in Western Pulp in a blind trust.

A few weeks later, in mid-January 1986, the CBC revealed that the man who had personally granted logging permits to WFP since its inception – Tom Waterland – held a $20,000 investment in Western Pulp. Then Glen Bohn of the *Vancouver Sun* discovered that Stephen Rogers had a $100,000 holding in the same company. As energy minister, Rogers determined the rates pulp mills paid for electricity. He and Waterland both sat on the the cabinet's Environment and Land Use Committee. Editorials across the province were quick to demand the resignation of both ministers.

When Glen Bohn phoned Williams, he was prepared for the inevitable question and Williams calmly explained that he had placed his shares in a blind trust. Bohn had a good story in any event. If Williams had been smart enough to realize his conflict of interest when he was only a temporary adviser to government, why hadn't the two ministers had the sense to do the same thing?

The media and the public were scandalized and, eventually, Premier Bennett called for Tom Waterland's resignation. The man who had described South Moresby as "a clear-cut decision" was finally (albeit

briefly) out of the cabinet. In firing only Waterland, Bennett drew a curious distinction between the two ministers, explaining that Rogers did not have a conflict of interest as he did not have direct ministerial responsibility for forestry. The explanation didn't wash, and a few weeks later, Rogers did step down for a short time.

With the scandal dominating the headlines, the province announced that there would be a moratorium on new logging permits for Lyell Island until the WAC reported back. Beban's crews could continue logging the south side of Lyell Island under the permits Waterland had issued in November. When this was announced in the first week of February 1986, logging crews had nearly completed the over-cutting they had begun in November. Once again, Beban raised the alarm that men would have to be laid off if the moratorium remained in force.

Meanwhile, WAC members fanned out in an attempt to see all twenty-three areas for which they had to issue recommendations. They could not all visit each site, but at least one member of the committee reached every contested wilderness area, if only to hover over it by helicopter. It was rapidly becoming clear that, of all the diverse areas under their consideration, only South Moresby and the Stein Valley were truly contentious within the committee.

Committee members had pledged to keep their internal debates and potential compromises confidential, but there were several leaks. Colleen saw a consultant's report to the committee indicating that a sixty-kilometre logging corridor would be recommended within the Moresby wilderness. She blasted Williams in the press saying that the WAC was "moving toward a complete sell-out of the South Moresby preservation area." Williams was quick to deny it. More disturbing to committee members were nearly verbatim accounts of their

meetings, repeated in a way that suggested the pro-logging side was winning within the committee. Only one of their own members could leak such information, but that person was never identified.

The WAC report was expected in early March, and preparations were moving into high gear for the great national train caravan, which Huck had proposed to Gregg Sheehy. It had to arrive in Vancouver before the report was published. Gregg Sheehy had suppressed his doubts and had agreed to organize it, even before J.B. and Huck had left Ottawa before Christmas. The caravan would begin in St John's, Newfoundland, on March 5, 1986, and would arrive in Vancouver ten days later. The trip would be punctuated with five overnight stops: Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. The Canadian Nature Federation office in Ottawa was the nerve centre, working with volunteer regional coordinators across the country. Huck, J.B., and others organized the Regina to Vancouver route, with Pat Stephenson, a native coordinator, working out of Victoria. Gregg Sheehy had never before taken on such a daunting organizational nightmare. It was a Big Plan fraught with risk. If it failed, it would fail publicly and miserably.

In Sandspit, Pat Armstrong saw possibilities for the caravan as well. If Thom Henley was going to go cross-country spinning his magic about the misty isles, Pat was determined to dog his every step to present the other side of the story. The forest industry contributed money toward the costs of two counter-caravan campaigners, but Pat made sure they were also backed by community money raised in two dances on the islands. The Moresby Island Concerned Citizens Committee selected Bob Long and Pat to follow the caravan. They flew from city to city, while the caravan chugged along on Via Rail. With the time they saved in transit, Bob and Pat held

press conferences, visited other forest industry representatives, and lobbied politicians.

By the time Huck and Gregg got to St John's for the start of the tour, Pat and Bob had already done much to undermine their credibility. Thanks to the anti-sealing protests of the 1970s, environmentalists were not popular in Newfoundland. Bob and Pat met with the Canadian Sealers' Association to ask for their support, arguing that the South Moresby crusaders were out to get the working man, just like the save-the-seals softies had been. But the advance work by the Chain Saw Twins, as they were called by the caravaners, had the unintentional side-effect of increasing press interest in the issue. The possibility of confrontation between the two sides attracted more reporters and increased their audience. At the St John's public meeting the night before the start of the caravan, Huck and Gregg yielded the floor to give Bob and Pat equal time. By the end of the meeting, it was clear that the environmentalists had won the argument. Sealers stood in line to buy buttons and to sign petitions to save South Moresby.

In North Sydney, Cape Breton, after the overnight ferry crossing from Newfoundland, Huck and Gregg were thrilled when twenty supporters boarded their train, including seventeen young Micmac Indians from the Eskasoni Reserve who drummed and sang on the long ride to Halifax. Sue Stephenson, Atlantic Region coordinator for the caravan, boarded in Moncton, carrying a woollen blanket to which she planned to stitch patches made by supporters across the country. The patchwork blanket would be given to the Haida at the end of the trip. There was a strong contingent of cheering Acadians on the platform as the train pulled out of Moncton, and Huck began to believe that his crazy idea might actually work. Sometime after midnight, when Huck was awakened by a commotion outside his window,

he saw that the caravan *was* succeeding in mobilizing new support. The train had stopped at the tiny station of Fredericton Junction, and Huck was amazed to see a stalwart band of some thirty-five people standing knee-deep in the snow and waving placards and balloons at one in the morning.

In Montreal, a rally had been organized at a local church – the first Quebec event to raise awareness of South Moresby. The next morning the caravan members faced an unexpected blow. They owed $800 for the use of the church, an unforeseen expense they had no way of paying. As they boarded the train in Montreal, an elderly woman came forward. She pressed a cheque into Sue's hand, saying, "Thank you. This gives me hope." Sue's eyes welled with tears as she saw the amount, $1,000.

Bob Long and Pat Armstrong continued to garner press coverage in every city they visited. They had skipped Montreal and had flown on to Ottawa in order to lobby members of Parliament and the cabinet. Their staunchest supporters were the members of the Progressive Conservative caucus from B.C., who organized a breakfast meeting for the Chain Saw Twins. Bob Long and Pat Armstrong were in their element. Bob railed against the hippy draft-dodgers who were trying to put Frank Beban out of work. They urged the caucus to pressure Tom McMillan and David Crombie to back off. This was B.C.'s business, they argued, and if the federal Tories understood where their support lay, they would stop championing NDP causes.

John Fraser sat quietly through most of the session. He was in what he would later refer to with an ironic twinkle as "disgrace." He was no longer a minister, but he was respected in the House of Commons, and not without clout, even now. As he cleared his throat, his colleagues shifted nervously in their chairs. Fraser's

views on South Moresby were well known and the other caucus members had hoped that he would not disturb an otherwise harmonious breakfast.

Fraser narrowed his gaze on Bob Long and asked, "Two or three generations from now, where will anyone be able to see a thousand-year-old tree on the B.C. coast?" Bob Long pooh-poohed the issue, "That's not the point – " Fraser persisted, "Where is there a single thousand-year-old tree, except for in existing parks, that is not already part of a tree farm licence?" Bob and Pat were stumped.

Canadian Nature Federation supporters had planned a rally at the Ottawa train station to greet the arrival of the growing number of caravaners. Inside the station almost two hundred people waited for the train and for Tom McMillan, who was due to welcome the South Moresby stalwarts and to speak at the rally. As the train pulled up to the station, bleary-eyed caravaners poured out to the cheers of the waiting throng. A huge kite in the form of an eagle was paraded through the station to the accompaniment of bagpipes. Charles Caccia spoke to the crowd about the wide non-partisan support for the cause. The train was due to leave for Toronto in fifteen minutes when Tom McMillan showed up with several harried aides trailing behind. He put on a caravan hat and said that he favoured saving "as much of South Moresby as possible, including Lyell Island."

Caccia boarded the train for the ride to Toronto, plying the weary travellers with juice and cookies. Sue Stephenson sewed a new patch on the blanket. Other caravaners walked through the cars, selling buttons, putting up balloons, and gathering signatures on the petition. The mood on board became festive and contagious. Conductors and other passengers caught it. At each stop, supporters brought dozens more completed petitions.

In Toronto, Pat Armstrong and Bob Long were waiting at Union Station for the train to arrive, but the

Chain Saw Twins were about to be totally upstaged. Throughout the trip they had made the claim that they were the only real residents of the Charlottes on the caravan. As they held court with the press in a corner of the station, they heard a familiar and commanding voice. Ada Yovanovitch, Haida elder, road blockader, and definitely a resident of Haida Gwaii, was joining the caravan together with Ethel Jones, Watson Price, Guujaaw, and Ethel's sister, Grace.

The organizers of the Toronto event scheduled for later that evening were extremely anxious. Rev Peter Hamel had reserved the largest church in Toronto, St Paul's, which could hold three thousand people. Kevin McNamee had lined up entertainers and speakers, including Pierre Berton and the Most Reverend Edward Scott. Meanwhile, another organizing committee led by a Massett resident and community organizer, David Phillips, had planned an event at the Diamond Club to follow the church event, featuring performances from the Nylons, the Canadian Aces, and other popular bands. The Diamond Club organizers and the St Paul's Church coordinators had nearly come to blows in the frantic weeks leading up to the Caravan night. Kevin had argued with David that the two events would split the audience. David was certain that the Diamond Club event would be a hit. "We have to synchromesh!" he pleaded with Kevin. "We have to make it happen." Kevin was despondent. He had no idea if anyone, much less several thousand people, would show up at the church. It was a miserable night, pouring rain and bleak. But shortly before seven-thirty, people began to pour into the church. By the time Pierre Berton arrived, there were at least seventeen hundred people, where a few minutes before there had been no one. Each one of them had had to pass by the Chain Saw Twins, lobbying on the church steps.

The high point of the evening was the arrival of the Haida elders. Wearing the traditional black and red

flannel of the Haida, Ada, Ethel, Watson, and Grace walked slowly to the altar. Most of the people in the church had seen them on the evening news being led away to police vans. Seeing them in the flesh, their dignity and stoicism evident, caused an unexpected wave of emotion. The entire audience spontaneously rose to its feet. Much to their amusement, the elders were introduced as "criminals" to cheers and prolonged applause.

When Pierre Berton spoke, he called the clear-cut logging of South Moresby "an act of vandalism, a national disgrace." Miles Richardson was the first guest since the Pope to speak from St Paul's pulpit. He spoke with his characteristic eloquence, and David Crombie joined this roster of powerful speakers, preaching to the converted.

It seemed that nothing could top the enormous success of that event, but the Diamond Club benefit was still to come. The contrast between the two events was startling. On the club's dance floor, young women and men with spiked hair and safety-pin earrings danced to deafening music. Beer was served from a garbage can to a full and noisy crowd. Amid all this stood the Haida elders, staring in disbelief at the throngs of young Torontonian's gyrating in a smoky bar. Kevin was concerned that they might be offended. As he put his arm around Ada, she started to cry. "Oh, Kevin," she blurted out, "I had no idea people this far away cared."

To the bizarre crowd of punks and freaks, Miles was introduced as though he were a rock star. Bob Rae, provincial leader of the NDP, played the piano, and the comedians from the Second City improvisational company performed. The event was an enormous success. Both events had been triumphs, and had drawn entirely different audiences. The church and the rock'n'roll bar had synchromeshed.

On the train from Toronto, the major topic of conversation among the caravaners was the Wilderness Advisory Committee, whose report had just been re-

leased. Its South Moresby recommendation was an attempt at compromise, protecting most of the wilderness proposal but allowing continued logging. On Lyell Island, only a thin buffer of trees would be protected along the coast of Darwin Sound. On the Windy Bay watershed, the committee recommended a 675-hectare ecological reserve be established, but not protected as part of a national park. The string of islands at the north of the wilderness proposal area - Richardson, Tanu, and Kunga – would be logged.

The compromise pleased no one. Environmentalists assailed it, and forest industry executives claimed it would cost the province millions in lost revenues while creating higher unemployment. Colleen led the charge against the committee for its failure to protect Lyell. But in a rare spirit of something akin to compromise, Colleen did express gratitude that, at least, the committee had recommended national park status for most of the area.

The WAC recommendations caused a dilemma for the South Moresby supporters. Ninety per cent protection was better than nothing. But the whole campaign had arisen in large part thanks to the spectacular beauty of Windy Bay, which would be heavily logged under the WAC plan. Moreover, as long as logging on Lyell continued, so would confrontations with the Haida. The WAC recommendations were clearly unacceptable to the Save South Moresby campaigners. Even Bob Long, still following along behind the caravaners, ridiculed the recommendations. In a remark that delighted even his strongest adversaries, he said that the committee had opted for "the sailboat option – setting aside corridors so that guys sailing their sailboats can be happy with not having to see any type of industrial development in South Moresby. Landscape logging is not going to work."

As Bob Waldon, the organizer of the Winnipeg caravan event, said, "Sharing South Moresby with the logging

industry is like sharing your horse with a glue factory." Waldon had put together a rally at Hotel Fort Garry, where four hundred people watched Cree and Métis dancers and heard songs from the Haida caravan members. In Regina, a crowd of well-wishers maintained their candlelight vigil for South Moresby until the 3 a.m. train rolled in at dawn.

As the train crossed the mountains into British Columbia, spirits soared. The caravaners were headed for the largest rally yet, in the place where it was most needed. They had twenty-seven thousand more names on petitions than they had when they had left St John's. Thousands of people had participated in the cross-country string of rallies, vigils and concerts. But Vancouver would have to be the biggest and the best. WC Squared stalwarts Paul George and Ken Lay had worked for weeks to ensure that the rally would be a success. As the train rolled on through the night, Guujaaw kept a group of passengers awake teaching them the song he had sung on the logging road at Lyell, the Coming into the House song.

The train was due into Vancouver at 1 p.m., on March 15. Over two thousand people jammed into the terminal to celebrate its arrival. Huck and Gregg unfurled the eagle banner and walked into the station, leading the hundred or so people who had joined the caravan. With Guujaaw drumming, the neophyte singers formed a solid chorus behind the eagle. They were joined by singers inside the station led by Mike Nicholl and other Haida who had come down from Haida Gwaii for the rally. To everyone's great delight, the two choruses discovered they were both singing the Coming into the House song – in unison. Welcoming speeches were made by Robert Bateman and Bristol Foster, while Salish Indians danced in greeting. Thousands of people then poured out from the station to march down Georgia Street to the Canada Place

Pavilion for the rally. Later that evening there would be a benefit concert with Long John Baldry and Doug and the Slugs. As the street filled with the jubilant marchers, above the train station in downtown Vancouver, a lone bald eagle circled.

20

Fate of the Earth

IN THE SPRING OF 1986, BRITISH COLUMBIANS PREPARED to welcome the world to their extravagant showpiece, Expo 86. Premier Bill Bennett could not be accused of underestimating the fair's significance when he declared that it was "certainly the most important event of the century for British Columbians." With international attention fixed on Expo, the South Moresby crusaders made sure that the wilderness islands were not overshadowed.

On April 31, the Prince of Wales officially opened Expo, accompanied by his wife. But even the tightly controlled protocol of a royal tour could not keep South Moresby out of the headlines. As soldiers stood at attention outside the parliament buildings and the army band, replete in freshly starched uniforms and pith helmets, played the royal anthem, overhead an airplane circled. Trailing behind the plane was a banner for all to see, proclaiming, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS. Late that night, Prince Charles spoke at a dinner and said that B.C. should save South Moresby.

Another visit of the world community to Vancouver was expected in spring 1986. The World Commission on Environment and Development, chaired by Norway's prime minister, Gro Harlem Brundtland, had been set up by the United Nations to address the critical global issues of environmental degradation, population

pressures, poverty, and militarism. It was coming to Vancouver to hold one of a series of public hearings in Canada. It had already held meetings in places as diverse as Jakarta, Oslo, and São Paulo, where a full gamut of interest groups – peasant farmers, politicians, and industrialists – had presented their concerns.

The meetings in Vancouver were scheduled for the end of May, following sessions in Halifax, Quebec City, Ottawa, Toronto, and Edmonton. Canada's representative on the commission was a long-time South Moresby supporter, Maurice Strong, who was proud of the quality and calibre of presentations they had heard across Canada. But then they got to B.C. There, while promoting tourism to Expo with native dance and art, the provincial government decided not to allow any native presentations to the commission. Miles Richardson had contacted the Vancouver coordinators of the commission's hearing with a request to speak. It had been denied. Maurice Strong was appalled and arranged for a separate meeting with the Haida. After the official hearing in Vancouver, a delegation headed to Skidegate for meetings with Miles Richardson and other Haida representatives. The visit had an indelible impact on the commissioners. Emil Salim, the minister of environment from Indonesia, was shocked. He later asked a Canadian friend, "If Canada cannot save an area like South Moresby, what hope is there for the rest of the world?"

Although Emil Salim's comment was spoken only to one friend, it reverberated: If we can't save this one little place, what hope is there?

Within days of the Brundtland Commission's Canadian tour, Tom McMillan launched the first ever high-profile, million-buck Environment Week. It was a disaster. Caught with a sudden influx of money and no plans for how to spend it, the departmental organizers spent it badly. Over six hundred and fifty thousand dollars went to produce a rock video on an environment

theme, featuring Tom McMillan singing with the Edmonton Oilers. Another eighty thousand dollars or so was spent on hot-air balloons that had to be cancelled after one nearly broke loose on Parliament Hill. McMillan's honeymoon with environmentalists appeared to be over. The South Moresby group was still giving him the benefit of the doubt, but other environmentalists across the country felt that the time for patience was over.

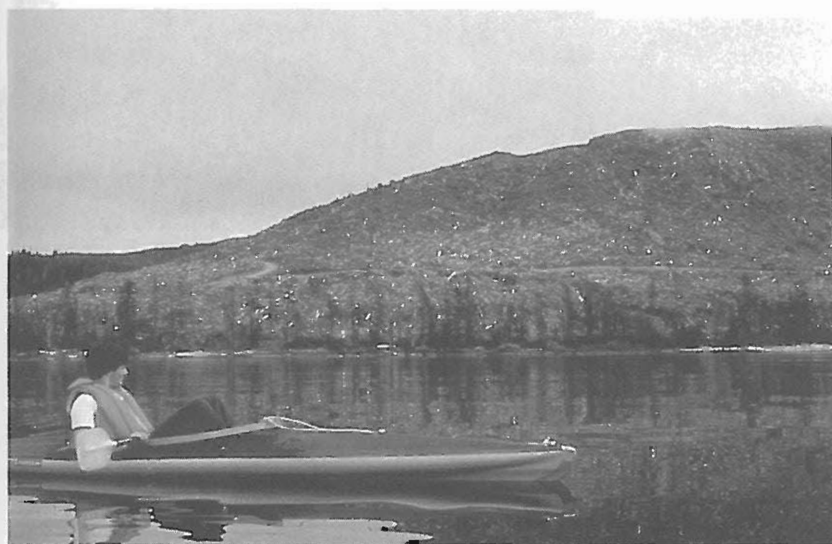
After the opening of Expo 86, Bill Bennett surprised political observers by announcing his resignation. The press had been prepared for an election call in British Columbia. Now they also had a Social Credit leadership race to keep them busy reading political tea leaves.

South Moresby receded from the headlines. On May 20, the provincial cabinet had decided to accept the recommendations of the Wilderness Advisory Committee "in principle." They had made a vague commitment to discussions with the federal government to create a national park at South Moresby, but nothing was moving very fast in those negotiations.

In late June, senior federal bureaucrats met in Vancouver for what they thought would be the first genuine bargaining session with their provincial counterparts. Instead, the provincial officials explained that formal negotiations for the creation of a national park in the Charlottes could not begin until two events occurred. First, the British Columbia cabinet had to approve their negotiating position, and second, the province demanded that Ottawa clear away the seventeen-year-old debt for the Pacific Rim National Park. This was Canada's first west coast national park, encompassing the long white beaches of west Vancouver Island. Protracted negotiations had finally resolved to expand the park to include a contested area of forest called the Nitinat Triangle. But the $24 million payment

Jeff Gibbs

Bald Eagle at Windy Bay, Lyell Island.

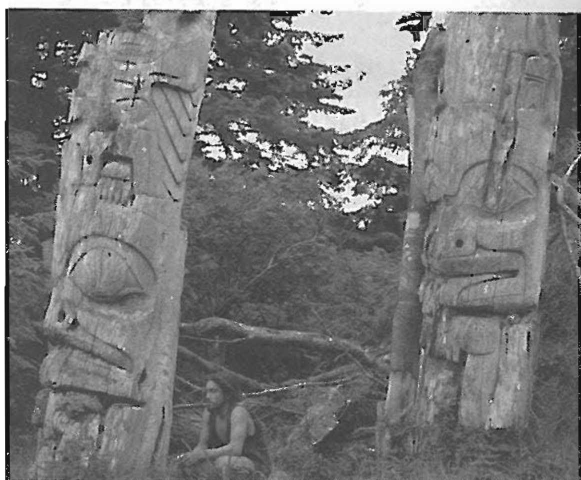


Jeff Gibbs

Lone kayaker surveys the clear-cut slopes of Lyell Island.

Richard Krieger

Huck (Thom Henley) crouches on the stump of an eagle's nest tree.
Lyell Island, 1978

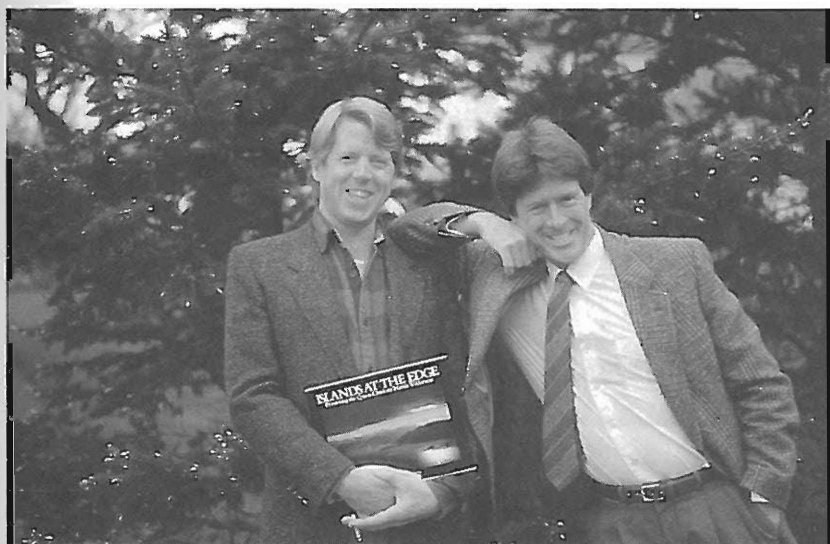


Richard Krieger

Guujaaw between decaying mortuary poles at Ninstints, 1978.

Richard Krieger

Huck, Guujaaw, and Paul George on the shore at Gwaii Haanas.



Jeff Gibbs

Islands at the Edge, with J.B. (John Broadhead) and Huck looking every bit its proud authors.

Ann E. Yow

The RCMP read the injunction order prior to arresting the Haida elders in 1985. Seated, l. to r., Ethel Jones, Ada Yovanovitch, Watson Price, Adolphus Marks. Standing behind Watson Price: Diane Brown and Svend Robinson.

Martin Roland

The Haida demonstrate in front of the Vancouver law courts, following their sentencing in December 1985.

Martin Roland

Huck leads the caravan parade in Vancouver, March 15, 1986. Centre; Mike Nicholl, drumming, next to Miles Richardson, president of the Council of the Haida Nation.

Martin Roland

Caravan rally in Vancouver. Foreground, l. to r., Ada Yovanovitch, Ethel Watson, and Guujaaw, drumming.

Miles Richardson dancing at the Sedgewick Bay bunkhouse, March 1987.

Jeff Gibbs

Jeff Gibbs

Guujaaw drumming as the RCMP join in the dance during the dedication of the Windy Bay longhouse.

Bill Reid (front) in *Loo Taas* in Vancouver Harbour before its voyage to Haida Gwaii.

Martin Roland

Bristol Foster

The South Moresby agreement is signed in Victoria, July 1, 1987. L. to r., Tom McMillan, Brian Mulroney, Bill Vander Zalm, Bruce Strachan.

Courtesy of Bristol Foster

Celebrating in the aisle of the P.M.'s back-up plane. Clockwise from bottom l., Bristol Foster, Elizabeth May, David Suzuki, Sharon Chow, Al Whitney, Peter McAllister, Kevin McNamee.

Jeff Gibbs

Skidegate band chief, Tom Greene, presenting Jim Fulton with a blanket from the Haida, July 1987.

Jeff Gibbs

Tom McMillan cuts the cake he ordered to replace the one "squashed by a bear in Banff." L. to r., Vicky Husband, Tom, Miles, Huck.

Celebrations at Windy Bay. L. to r., Gregg Sheehy, Colleen McCrory, Vicky Husband.

More celebrations. L. to r., Huck, Jeff Gibbs, Kevin McNamee, Vicky Husband, John Faser, J.B., Colleen McCrory, Tara Cullis, Elizabeth May, David Suzuki, Gregg Sheehy, Terry Husband.

in compensation to the province had not been paid by Ottawa.

Within a week of the first South Moresby negotiations, the B.C. government approved five new cutting blocks on Lyell Island and logging resumed on July 9. To reaffirm the sovereignty of the Haida Nation over the area, Guujaaw, Miles, and seven other Haida renounced their Canadian citizenship. "As Canadians your courts ruled that we have no rights to protect our land," said Miles. Despite a province-wide strike by members of the International Woodworkers of America, Frank Beban was able to start logging by working out a sweetheart deal with the union.

Meanwhile most attention in B.C. was focussed on the Socred leadership race, not on South Moresby. The leadership convention was set for the first week of August at Whistler and competition for Bennett's post was keen. The early odds-on favourite was the flamboyant extrovert, devout Roman Catholic, and Dutch immigrant William Vander Zalm. With a toothpaste smile and an infectious enthusiasm for people and politics, Vander Zalm seemed to herald an era of optimism. In the late 1960s he had hoped to capture the leadership of the provincial Liberal Party. In that distant time, Vander Zalm had courted the support of Vancouver lawyer Bryan Williams, the man who later chaired the Wilderness Advisory Committee. During his speech at a Liberal rally in Penticton, Vander Zalm had suggested that criminals should be whipped. Williams had been concerned. "Bill," he cautioned, "you really shouldn't joke about a thing like that." Vander Zalm was nonplussed, "I wasn't joking." "Then you're in the wrong party," said Williams. Within a few years, Vander Zalm had become an avid member of the Social Credit Party.

He had been minister of social services in the Bennett government, but for the last few years had been out of provincial politics. In August 1986, Bill Vander

Zalm became premier of B.C. and all that was required for the official anointment was the political mandate of a successful election campaign.

An equally significant change in government took place at the federal level with hardly a whimper. Deputy Prime Minister Erik Nielsen resigned in June and Mulroney appointed as his new senior lieutenant a former car salesman from Alberta. Don Mazankowski had distinguished himself in the transportation portfolio, and Maz, as he was known, would run the government for the remainder of the Tories' first mandate and into the second. The difference in the Mulroney government between Nielsen's guidance and Mazankowski's was nearly as distinct as if an election and change of parties had taken place. Mazankowski cleaned the Prime Minister's Office, bringing in seasoned professionals to replace the small circle of old friends who had dominated decision-making in the first part of the Mulroney mandate.

In the first week of June 1986, activists from around the world came to Ottawa for the Fate of the Earth conference. The organizers wanted to ensure that the plight of the Haida be given prominence among all the other international issues. On the night of the first public plenary session, the hall at the Ottawa Congress Centre was full to capacity to hear Nobel Prize winner Dr George Wald, folk singer and activist Pete Seeger, movie actress Margot Kidder, Marion Dewar, Ottawa's mayor, and Guujaaw. George Wald addressed the crippling problem of Third World debt, identifying it as a cause of environmental disasters and human suffering around the world. Margot Kidder talked about the need for activists to join political parties and work within the system. But for all the celebrities and fanfare, for all the movie-star glitter, Guujaaw stole the show.

When Guujaaw rose to speak, without warning, he opened with a long, compelling war song in Haida. He sang a cappella, for he was even without his drum. Some quick-witted lighting technician instantly killed the house lights and put a baby spotlight on the long-haired Haida. When the song was over, he had the audience in the palm of his hand. He spoke of the history of the Haida Nation when his people roamed the seas and were masters of the coast, when food was plentiful within the waters of Gwaii Haanas. He told of the deaths of thousands of Haida, felled by white man's diseases. He talked of the Haida's long search to regain their culture and traditions. "We are trying to rebuild our numbers," he told the transfixed crowd. "Us young fellas do all we can." And then he laughed, and hundreds of people roared with him. He went on to describe the fight for Lyell Island, and he won over the whole conference to the cause.

The day after the conference ended, Tom McMillan attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Environmental Network. It was the network's first meeting since the Katimavik session with Suzanne Blais-Grenier. McMillan felt he could win over the audience of sceptical activists with a little coup all his own. He knew he needed better relations with people in the conservation and environmental community. Meetings were sporadic and follow-up inconsistent. He often did not know until it was too late that some well-intentioned press release would mean hell to pay from his environmental constituency. He decided that what he needed was a real live honest-to-God environmentalist working right in his own office. In late May, he arranged a meeting with someone he had already described in a national radio interview as a new member of his staff – me!

When McMillan called, I had no idea what he wanted to talk to me about. I had known him slightly since his

time as environment critic, largely because one of my friends from Dalhousie Law School had worked as an aide to McMillan on and off. It seemed that every other time I was flying from Halifax, where I lived and practised law, I bumped into Rob Burnett and Tom McMillan at the airport. I had talked to Tom about tourism when he was tourism minister, because my family had had the misfortune of going into the tourism business in Cape Breton.

In 1973, my family had left behind an affluent life in Connecticut to open a restaurant on the Cabot Trail. Largely because of my mother's political activism against nuclear weapons testing in the atmosphere, and later against the war in Vietnam, I had grown up with the idea that all of us have to do whatever we can to stop unconscionable actions. It was my grandmother's motto that seemed to run my mother's and my reaction to problems: "Thought without constructive action is demoralizing."

When we moved to Cape Breton it seemed unlikely that I would ever be an activist again. I was too busy trying to keep the family business afloat. I couldn't afford to return to university, and spent nine years cooking and waitressing. But I did get involved when there were environmental threats, joining with neighbours to oppose chemical spraying of our forests, first against the use of insecticides to kill budworms, and then in a costly, unsuccessful, devastating court battle to prevent the use of herbicides to kill hardwoods. During the court case against 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, I had somehow managed to finish law school, having returned to university as a mature student in 1980. By 1983 I was working in a downtown Halifax law firm, recuperating from the pain of losing the two-year herbicide case. I was just beginning to feel like my old self again when I got a job offer in Ottawa – a chance to work full time for good causes without having to worry about how the clients could pay. So I moved to become associate general council to the

Public Interest Advocacy Centre. The move to Ottawa roughly coincided with Tom McMillan's becoming environment minister, an appointment I wholeheartedly supported. It also coincided with the Fate of the Earth Conference, to which I was elected co-chair. When McMillan's office called to ask if I was available for a meeting, I thought that it might have to do with the conference. The last thing in the world I expected when I finally met him in the boarding lounge of the government hangar at the Ottawa airport, was to hear that he wanted me to come work for him, to be something like an in-house environmental lobbyist.

I explained that I could not possibly think of taking another job. He had to dash for his plane, but urged me to think about it. I did. Indeed, I could think of nothing else. I phoned friends in the movement for advice and, of course, my family. With only one exception, everyone urged me to give it a try, but to be very cautious and to brace myself for the accusation that I had sold out. When I next met with him, a week or so later, I had my questions thought through.

We met in his office in Les Terraces de les Chaudières in Hull, overlooking the hills of Quebec and the Chaudière Falls on the Ottawa River. I didn't realize that he had already virtually announced my appointment during a CBC Radio interview. He would have agreed, I think, to almost anything to get me to join his staff. Everytime I suggested that there were things I would no longer be able to do, he would counter, "Oh, no. You could still do that." Whether it was completing the Ontario bar admission course or serving on the boards of environmental groups, of which I was on a half a dozen, McMillan denied that anything would have to change if I agreed to be his adviser on environmental issues. He even dismissed my suggestion that I would have to stop speaking in public about environmental issues, saying, "As long as you make it clear that you don't represent the government of Canada when you speak, I

want you to stay involved in the environmental groups. I want you to be my ambassador to the movement, and the movement's ambassador to me."

I said, "Tom, I don't know how to say this, because I like you, and I think you've been doing a good job as minister, but" – and here I took a deep breath (how do you ask someone if you can trust them without sounding as though you don't?) – "the thing is I'd have to be really involved in decisions." "Of course, you would be," he said earnestly. "You'd be in every discussion on every environmental decision." It was getting harder than I had thought to say no.

I tried a more direct approach. "I couldn't be used as window-dressing – not that I'm saying you'd do that. It's just that you have to be very careful hiring a person like me," I continued, taking one last deep breath, "because I'm the kind of person who'd quit on principle and that would be worse than if you'd never hired me at all."

McMillan leaned foward, and said gravely, "It's precisely because you're the kind of person who'd resign on principle that I want you to advise me on issues."

I had warned him. There was no reason to say no, unless I was more afraid of the loss of face in being called a sell-out than I was interested in seeing if I could make a difference from the inside. I found myself saying yes.

In retrospect, I realize that I should have asked such questions as "Will I still be able to do my laundry?" or "Is it okay with you if I buy groceries?" But I did not know that then, and I had run out of objections.

On June 9, 1986, I turned thirty-two, and Tom McMillan announced to assembled environmentalists from around the country that I was their ambassador. Only some of them thought this was good news.

I showed up for my first day of work on August 1 to the top floor of the tallest high-rise tower in Hull, Quebec. Things were slow in the summer of 1986. The

House was in its summer recess and ministers' offices had relaxed from the frenetic pace of winter to a nearly comotose state. McMillan was in P.E.I. for the summer, mingling with his constituents on the island's beaches. Just what an adviser was supposed to do with no one to advise was not clear to me or to anyone else on staff. The acting chief of staff was welcoming and friendly when I presented myself for duty. But it was clear he had no idea what my job was. There was no written job description and no precedent for the position I'd been recruited to fill. I finally latched onto the deputy minister's executive assistant on the other side of our floor. The line down the middle of the twenty-eighth floor of les Terraces de les Chaudières separates the minister's "exempt" or political staff from the department and the non-partisan, but intensely political, ranks of the civil service. Crossing this line between the never-never land of the political staff and the domain of the career bureaucracy would prove to be valuable. Most ministerial staffers stay out of the civil service turf. If a chat with a bureaucrat is necessary, the political aide sends a message to the relevant assistant deputy minister and a reluctant official is summoned to the minister's office to meet with a member of his staff.

In the doldrums of August, the only life on our floor was on the deputy's side of the office. While no one in the department had any idea what my job was either, they were prepared to provide information, briefing notes, and ideas about what I might be interested in. McMillan's entire staff was composed of four special assistants, a speech writer, and the chief of staff. None of them was interested in environmental issues and no one followed up on ministerial policy commitments, such as promised national parks or new toxic chemical legislation. Instead, the staff functioned reactively. Criticism from environmental groups was automatically perceived as a bad thing, and environmentalists were considered

trouble. The staff seemed to see their job as keeping people away from the minister – especially those pesky environmentalists.

My sense that McMillan's staff was not sympathetic to environmentalists was confirmed by a call from Colleen McCrory. We had been friends since we had first met at the Katimavik meeting of the Canadian Environmental Network the previous year. Colleen outlined months of unreturned telephone calls and fruitless attempts to get a meeting with McMillan. "He said he wanted to meet with us on South Moresby in June, but I can't get anyone in his office to call back. It costs a fortune to call from B.C. just to get the run-around in Ottawa. Thank God you're in there, Elizabeth." I told Colleen I'd find out what was happening on South Moresby as soon as possible, and arrange a meeting with McMillan.

But before I got a chance to start work on South Moresby, I was presented with the challenge of resolving an impasse over the creation of a national park on Ellesmere Island in the Arctic. Kevin McNamee from the National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada had written a letter to the editor of the *Globe and Mail,* which was published on my second day at work. It began, "Canadians should stop giving federal Environment Minister Thomas McMillan standing ovations every time he promises us a national park." The letter went on to detail McMillan's promise for South Moresby, for Ontario's Bruce Peninsula, and for the park on Ellesmere Island. This was the park Tom McMillan had promised to the Banff Assembly in September 1985. McNamee charged, "It is almost one year later and the agreement sits unsigned, a victim of political gamesmanship...I hope that the Minister's welcome commitment to South Moresby exceeds his commitment to completing Ellesmere. It's time to stop promising and start delivering."

McMillan, interviewed later that day from Charlottetown, called McNamee's charges "bull," and

went on to blame the Tungavik Federation of Nunavut for "playing politics and holding the park hostage." I didn't know whether McMillan's answer was his own natural response, or whether someone in the department had suggested a defensive position. By the time I saw the interview, I had already pursued my natural inclination. I'd picked up the phone as soon as I got to the office and called Kevin McNamee in Toronto. He seemed to know chapter and verse how a national park on Ellesmere Island, once a forgone conclusion, was slipping away. "The whole thing has been messed up from day one. The Territories' government hasn't heard from McMillan's office in months about scheduling the signing."

I thanked him and promised to keep him posted as I tried to get the park back on track. In retrospect, it was quite wonderful that no one was around to try to indoctrinate me in the etiquette of ministers' staffs. I called people I thought had the best information. I called Kevin for help without worrying whether it would make the government look good. I ignored hierarchy; it saved a lot of time. I phoned the Ellesmere Park planner, Murray McComb, down in the bowels of the building. He had nearly given up. All his entreaties for action had stalled somewhere between his office and the deputy's. He could hardly believe it when I said I wanted his help to get the park deal signed before winter. He was ecstatic.

The bureaucracy had braced itself for my arrival, expecting a cross between Bernadette Devlin and Patty Hearst. Within no time, however, those who wanted to accomplish something, whether in parks or in control of toxic chemicals or acid rain, realized that I wanted to help. Word spread through the department that I was interested in parks. On August 15, I got a call from the South Moresby park planner. "My name's Barry Olsen, and I was just wondering if you'd like a briefing on South Moresby?" Within ten minutes, a good-looking,

sandy-haired fellow in his late thirties was sitting opposite me in my tiny office.

Barry Olsen was the bureaucrat who had written the lyrical briefing note that had enraptured McMillan a year before. He had been working on Moresby for years and was as committed to saving it as any of the activists. But while meeting with me, he maintained his civil-service bearing and presented the professional view of a dispassionate parks planner. He outlined the progress, and the lack of it, in the negotiations with the province. "What I'm really worried about," he explained, "is that the minister said in a radio interview out in B.C. a few weeks ago that he would be going to British Columbia soon for a meeting with his provincial counterpart. But no one from the minister's office has phoned anyone in B.C.'s government. It will be embarrassing when the press follows up on it."

We obviously had to get McMillan out to the West Coast as soon as possible. I took two pages of notes and scribbled all over the copies of letters and memos that detailed the current state of affairs. Barry showed me the difference between the WAC boundaries and the original wilderness proposal boundaries, upon which both the Haida and the environmentalists would insist.

I stared at the map. I didn't know much about the South Moresby issue. I'd never even seen a detailed map of the various boundary options, but I did know how determined Colleen and Vicky could be, and I remembered Guujaaw's speech at the Fate of the Earth conference, and the arrests of the Haida the previous November on the logging roads of Lyell Island. I may not have known much, but I did know that a park without Lyell Island would result in outrage from the people who had fought to save South Moresby.

During my first month on the job, I drew up a tentative agenda of fall events. I had unofficially declared September to be Parks Month. We had to get to the Arctic to create the Ellesmere National Park; we had to

get to Victoria to meet Austin Pelton and provide a firm commitment that the Pacific Rim debt would be paid off so that South Moresby negotiations could begin in earnest; and, to round things off, we could release a long-awaited Marine Parks policy in Toronto at the end of the month.

McMillan returned in late August, looking tanned after a summer of constituency work. He seemed worried that I had actually been in the office so much. "I hope you weren't here just in case I phoned?" he asked. "No," I said. "I really found quite a lot to do." He looked baffled. For the next two years, I really don't think he ever understood what it was I did when I was not completely consumed by his personal requests.

I had asked Gerry Fitzsimmons, the deputy minister's executive assistant, if Ellesmere and South Moresby could be put on the agenda at the deputy minister's briefing, the only formal meeting to review issues and divine ministerial attitudes. The new deputy had joined the department at roughly the same time as McMillan had assumed the portfolio. In keeping with Mulroney's aggressive promotion of women and francophones, Genevieve Ste Marie was both. Fortunately her executive assistant had had experience working with Jacques Guerin. But Ste Marie's inexperience, for this was her first deputy ministerial assignment, would be a handicap for McMillan. The senior bureaucrat of the national Parks Service was also a recent appointment. Jim Collinson had become assistant deputy minister earlier that year, coming from a background in Treasury Board and Indian Affairs. All of us gathered in the boardroom for the briefing.

Collinson set out for McMillan where the Ellesmere issue lay. I added my information on Kevin's concerns and stressed the Territories' desire that the agreement be signed in the North. We would not have much time, as by the end of September the weather would deteriorate. To my surprise, Tom looked over to me and said,

"All right, Elizabeth. I want you to look over every aspect of the Ellesmere issue. I want you to personally attend to every detail. Call the minister's office in the Territories and pick a date." He paused for emphasis, "You understand? I do not want you to delegate a thing."

I was surprised, but pleased. McMillan had previously cautioned me as a non-Tory member of his staff not to call other minister's offices. It was always a little murky as to when I could be seen as a member of McMillan's staff and when I should be invisible. But the Ellesmere experience set the pattern for my role. First I would advise that a course be taken, and once McMillan was persuaded, I would be responsible for steering it.

A National Park Reserve was created on Ellesmere Island on September 20, 1986. We were joined on our trip north by Kevin McNamee, who witnessed the agreement on behalf of the people of Canada. And, thanks to a call from a friend who was an Arctic scientist, we managed to establish the North's first National Wildlife Area at Polar Bear Pass on the same trip. I was beginning to feel giddy. Nothing had ever seemed as easy as making wonderful things happen from the minister's office.

It was a shame that Jim Collinson and I would not see eye to eye on South Moresby. We certainly had a good foundation for working together after Ellesmere. As we flew back to Edmonton from Resolute, I presented him with a birthday cake I had ordered from Ottawa. The other passengers – media, government dignitaries, and civil servants – played along in surprising him and singing a boisterous version of "Happy Birthday!" We were all feeling close and in good spirits when we landed in Edmonton, and Tom, Rob Burnett, and I got off the plane on which we'd spent nearly thirty hours to catch a commercial flight to Vancouver and our first negotiating session on South Moresby.

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The Miracle Option

Tom McMillan had more than one reason to head for British Columbia after establishing his first national park. Monday, September 22, was officially Prince Edward Island Day at Expo. *Anne of Green Gables* would be performed, and a roster of Island dignitaries would be on hand for the festivities. The Environment Canada British Columbia office went all out for the minister's visit. They rented limousines – long, white monsters that Tom complained made him feel like a pimp.

The meeting with Auston Pelton was almost entirely a formality. Our two offices had agreed in advance on a joint press release to announce the beginning of serious negotiations to create a national park at South Moresby. The major obstacle to those negotiations, the outstanding debt for the Pacific Rim National Park, was to be removed. Jim Collinson had hoped that the minister would seek "new money" to pay off the $25 million, plus interest, owed for the last seventeen years by the federal government to British Columbia. But Tom McMillan's opinion was that "you can only go to the well so often." Having just obtained $5 million to fund Ellesmere Island National Park for its first few years, Tom was loath to return to cabinet, hat in hand. He instructed Collinson to find the money within the basic Parks' budget, even if it meant that maintenance of existing parks would suffer.

McMillan and Pelton greeted each other as old friends before they closeted themselves away for a private chat. Later they called in their staffs for a final review of the press release. It was all terribly cordial and civilized. For the moment, the federal and provincial government were prepared to agree to disagree. British Columbia was willing to negotiate a national park at South Moresby based on the boundaries proposed by the Wilderness Advisory Committee. McMillan countered that the federal government wanted to have a much larger area for the park, including a marine park. The starting negotiating positions were far apart, but the key news was that discussions to close the gap were finally beginning in earnest. I phoned Colleen and Vicky to let them know the content of the news release, while Tom made an important phone call to Miles Richardson. McMillan wanted the Haida to be kept fully informed of developments.

Election fever was heating up across British Columbia. Later that week, Bill Vander Zalm flew up to the Charlottes in a surprise pre-campaign swing, showing up to go fishing and mingle with the folks without so much as an aide or a press attaché in sight. The prospective Socred candidates for the riding wooed their new provincial leader, but Bob Long, half of the Chain Saw Twins, had the inside track. His father had been a deputy minister in the Bennett government and had worked for Vander Zalm in his leadership bid. As he was one of the leaders of the pro-logging lobby in Sandspit, Bob Long's candidacy was seen as a test of the loggers' political strength. The *Red Neck News* urged its readers to "Vote Long – Save our Jobs!"

While Vander Zalm campaigned with a pledge to end the confrontational style of the Socred government, the Haida were preparing for another round of blockades. Quietly, avoiding press attention, they transported materials to Lyell Island to build a longhouse on the shores

of Windy Bay. Frank Beban's crews began cutting new logging roads to the blocks on the south-facing slopes of Lyell, looking out toward Hot Springs Island.

Western Forest Products submitted their new five-year logging plan to the provincial Forest Service. The most effective access-to-information process in Canada, well-timed leaks, allowed the maps and cut plans to make it to my office in Ottawa, as well as to J.B. and Huck. By 1990, the clear-cutting would reach well into the Windy Bay watershed. It was clear that the next battleground would be Windy Bay – the place that had inspired the campaign twelve years before. The British Columbia government wrote to the Haida warning that the building of any structure on Lyell was illegal, then promptly began some construction of its own – temporary holding cells at Beban's camp. The transportation of the arrested Haida blockaders had put too large a dent in the provincial treasury. This time temporary jails would be ready on site.

On October 22, 1986, the people of British Columbia elected a new government, or at least they gave Bill Vander Zalm a political mandate. In the course of the campaign, he had dodged South Moresby as an issue, except to suggest that logging Lyell Island would be necessary as the trees were "diseased." Colleen McCrory had managed to elicit this response at an all-candidates meeting in Nelson, just before she had been shouted down. In the Charlottes, Bob Long lost to the NDP candidate, Dan Miller. R.L.Smith's repeated endorsements in the *Red Neck News* had not been sufficient to sway the body politic.

Vander Zalm's first cabinet shuffle removed Austin Pelton as environment minister and handed the portfolio over to Stephen Rogers, the former energy minister with the troublesome $100,000 investment in Western Pulp. That investment had forced a brief cabinet resignation for Rogers, allowing him to enter the environment portfolio with a clean slate. Jack Kempf became

minister of forests. With a reputation as a maverick within cabinet, he was known as Wolfman Jack. The loss of Pelton was seen as a bad sign for the future of South Moresby. Even though he had been unable to stop logging or to preserve the area, the Haida and environmentalists had felt that his heart was in the right place. Stephen Rogers was another matter altogether. Within days of his appointment, rumours circulated that the cabinet had decided to reconsider its approval in principle of the WAC recommendations. Some observers feared that the whole negotiating process would go off the rails. These fears were justified in December when the B.C. government announced that Western Forest Products' five-year plan had been approved, with the caveat that any logging of Windy Bay would require a further cabinet-level decision. But WFP's whole five-year plan was premised on the logging of Windy Bay.

In negotiating sessions throughout October and November, provincial officials insisted that most of Windy Bay would have to be logged. The federal position was less clear. Parks Canada's internal map indicated protection for a few more areas – strips of trees along the shoreline of Lyell, Richardson, Tanu, and Kunga, to shield tourists from any view of clear-cuts – and showed Windy Bay as a proposed provincial ecological reserve.

I did not realize until it was nearly too late that federal negotiators had conceded in the very first session in early October that the WAC boundaries were acceptable "in principle" for a national park. Parks Canada's position was that the federal government was interested in "possible modifications" to the WAC line. It was like a house buyer holding tough with a vendor saying, "You want $200,000 for this house, and eventually I'll be prepared to pay that. But for now, I'd like to see if you'll sell it to me for less."

During these negotiations, I was distracted by a myriad of other issues, assuming that South Moresby was in

hand. Briefing notes from the department did not reveal that our negotiators had given away the store on day one. I learned that from Vicky Husband and Colleen McCrory. I couldn't believe it and asked to see copies of the minutes of the negotiating sessions, instead of the sanitized summaries in briefing notes. There it was in black and white. Colleen and Vicky were right. We had given up Windy Bay. I asked Tom if he realized this had happened. He denied it and promised we would make it clear that we wanted much more than the WAC compromise position. But as I railed to sympathetic friends in the Parks Service about Collinson's acceptance of the WAC boundaries, word came back to me that he had had McMillan's approval before he took that position. I had no way of knowing for sure if this was true. All I knew was that we had to reverse the position.

Ever since Stephen Rogers' appointment as environment minister, we had been planning a negotiating session between him and McMillan. The issue of boundaries could no longer be left to the vague platitudes of ministerial press scrums. I was convinced that we had to spell out what we were prepared to have logged and what we would fight to include in a national park. In private, Tom had agreed that we needed a thorough briefing to review the whole situation, but time was at a premium. Through November and December both he and I were swamped with drafting new legislation on toxic chemicals, amendments to the National Parks Act, the reform of federal environmental assessment, federal-provincial acid-rain agreements, not to mention the normal daily crises.

But Colleen kept phoning, and Mike Nicholl, now executive director of the Council of the Haida Nation, gave me cryptic messages about imminent Haida blockades. Vicky called several times a week, each time with the same message: "Elizabeth, you've got to make Tom understand that accepting the WAC boundaries would

be the worst thing he could do. We'd feel totally betrayed by the federal government. Nothing would have been solved, and arrests would go on." I tried to reassure her that I would give the message to Tom, but I had misgivings myself. "Vicky, what if we lose the whole thing? I mean isn't ninety per cent of it better than nothing?"

"Not if it means logging Windy Bay. Windy Bay is critical to the whole proposal. It's the heart of the entire wilderness area. If the federal government caves in and accepts a national park on the WAC boundaries, it will make it that much harder for the Haida and the rest of us to protect Windy Bay. National public opinion may think the issue has been resolved." Vicky was very persuasive. "Look, Elizabeth, tell Tom we'll defend him if he takes a stand for Lyell Island and negotiations fail. But," she added, "we will not defend him if he gives away Windy Bay."

One night one of the province's most sympathetic bureaucrats dropped by Huck's house when Vicky and other South Moresby supporters were there. He pleaded with them to compromise on the boundaries. Vicky could stand it no longer. She leaped from her chair and stunned even her friends by the vehemence in her voice, "No! We've compromised enough already. Lyell Island has been logged almost every day for the last ten years. Every tree lost was a compromise. No more. We are going to save the whole thing, including Windy Bay. That's how it's going to be." And shaking with anger, she left the room.

Her conviction persuaded me that somehow they'd save the whole thing – as long as we didn't sabotage them. I didn't know how they'd do it, but I knew that they would. By early January 1987, I was determined that Tom McMillan had to meet Stephen Rogers before it was too late and make it clear that a park without Windy Bay was no park at all.

Then I learned the British Columbia press had unearthed yet another scandal. Once again, Stephen

Rogers was involved. This time, it was the inclusion in his financial disclosure form of his interest – more than 30 per cent – in Forest Investments Ltd, a holding company with investments in MacMillan Bloedel and its parent company, Noranda Mines. As MacMillan Bloedel had a timber licence covering part of South Moresby, including portions of Lyell Island, Rogers had a clear conflict of interest. The New Democratic opposition was quick to demand his resignation, but Vander Zalm defended his minister, reasoning that what was good for MacBlo was good for the province. "Obviously, we want the value of shares to increase, and we want the values of industries to increase. The only thing is we don't want people making decisions for personal gain."

Rogers did not resign and I started the long process of finding a convenient time for both ministers to meet. The first available date was not until mid-February.

Following the approval of Western Forest Products' five-year plan, the national media increasingly pressed Tom McMillan about South Moresby. Conservation spokesmen had urged that the federal government withhold federal equalization payments to British Columbia, bringing the full weight of federal government authority to bear. Tom rejected the suggestion, saying that any such federal-provincial war was antithetical to the principles of cooperation that typify Canada. But then he went on to suggest to reporters that he did not have much support in cabinet. The eyes of his cabinet colleagues, he said, "glaze over" when parks are discussed. He painted himself as the lone environmentalist in a sea of red-necks.

Reaction to his comments was swift. In British Columbia it was read as an admission of defeat. The provincial government said it welcomed McMillan's conciliatory remarks, but environmentalists were outraged. In private, cabinet ministers asked him why he had assumed he had little support when he hadn't yet raised the subject. Some of the reaction surprised him.

Almost in awe of his cabinet colleagues, Tom had not believed they were interested in the environment. "You know, Elizabeth," he told me in wonder, "after caucus today, Barbara McDougall came up to me and said, 'I hope you know that I support you on South Moresby.' How about that? Barbara McDougall!" And he was left musing over the support he didn't know he had. Over the next few weeks, other cabinet ministers – Flora MacDonald, Joe Clark, and Pat Carney, among others – took the time to tell him that they could be counted among South Moresby's supporters.

British Columbia's recent actions had strained federal-provincial harmony. The federal government had collected an estimated $375 million through a 15 per cent lumber export tax, earmarked for forest worker retraining and silviculture projects. But, Kempf, B.C.'s new minister of forests, announced that the money would be placed in the general revenue fund to offset some of the provincial debt. Forty million seedlings, costing $30 million, were ready to be planted in nurseries around the province. With the money gone, the program was cancelled, and so were the seedlings. Pat Carney, the formidable minister of trade and a member of the federal Tory B.C. caucus, was indignant, "Every British Columbia member of Parliament knows that our forests are a silvicultural slum."

As the February negotiation session with Rogers approached, I was having a hard time placing South Moresby on the agenda of the weekly ministerial briefing sessions. Week after week, the South Moresby item slipped off the bottom of an overcrowded agenda, and I grew increasingly nervous. Then, a happy combination of events allowed me to force the issue. The meeting with Stephen Rogers had been scheduled for February 18. Jim Murray, executive producer of The Nature of Things, had requested an interview with McMillan for early February for a further special on Windy Bay, and the Canadian Nature Federation had invited him to the

film première of a documentary on the Save South Moresby Caravan on February 10. We could no longer afford to wait until the eve of the meeting with Rogers to sort out our position on boundaries. The CBC interview would be broadcast after McMillan's meeting with Rogers. Whatever he said in the interview would have to be consistent with what he said to Rogers and to the Canadian Nature Federation crowd at the film première. I was finally able to put South Moresby first on the agenda for a ministerial briefing.

It became clear in the preliminary strategy meetings that the Parks Service and the Policy branches of Environment Canada were not going to agree. The Parks officials saw the goal as the creation of a national park in the Queen Charlotte Islands at the least possible cost. The policy group saw the goal as meeting public expectations that the Haida's homeland and a spectacular wilderness would be protected. These goals were not entirely convergent.

After fruitless attempts to arrive at a consensus I met with Gerry Fitzsimmons (who had moved from being executive assistant to the deputy to head up the federal-provincial relations branch of the policy group), to hammer out an analysis to present at the next briefing session. In all our discussions, bureaucrats and officials had demanded to know what good I thought it could possibly do to hold out for more. What could possibly persuade the British Columbia government to halt logging and create a park beyond the WAC boundaries? There was only one honest answer: "a miracle." So, identifying the issue as "What result for South Moresby equals a success for the Minister of the Environment and the Federal Government?" Gerry and I outlined four options:

"(1) *Miracle Option* – Minister convinces B.C. to halt logging to preserve status quo during negotiations.

"(2) *High Road/Mobilize Option* – Minister stands firm in public and in private for more of Lyell Island (i.e.,

Windy Bay, South Slopes).

"(3) *Mobilize Support/High Road/Confront Option* – Minister stands firm with ultimatum to B.C.: Either include Lyell or forget the whole thing.

"(4) *Capitulate Option* – Minister accepts WAC boundaries. Gets park, loses public."

The ministerial briefing session was a little like the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral. Down one side of the table sat an array of senior officials. The minister, as always, sat at the head of the table, and to his right were members of his personal staff. I was seated in my now-usual place – first in from the chief of staff. The meeting was tense from the start.

Jim Collinson, who knew I would not accept the WAC boundaries, did his level best to convince McMillan that they were as good as we were going to get from the B.C. government. He argued that there was nothing particularly special or significant about Windy Bay from a Parks point of view. "Every single species found there, every natural feature, can be found in other parts of the area within the WAC boundaries." He suggested that the Haida would likely log Lyell Island, if they ever got control. "The environmentalists are just being used by the Haida." This argument would be used two ways over the next few months. Sometimes it was argued that the environmentalists were the dupes of those tricky Indians. Other times, it was put that the environmentalists were manipulating the gullible Haida.

I countered with our memo, supported by a number of soon-to-be chastised bureaucrats from the Policy branch, and described what I thought would be the result of a decision to create a park on the WAC boundaries. "The confrontation will get worse," I began. "The Haida have already built a longhouse at Windy Bay and they're prepared for a long siege. And this time, every Haida is prepared to get arrested. And when there are no more Haida to face arrest, David Suzuki and his wife and his father have said they'll get arrested. And, of

course, Bill Reid, and Maurice Strong, and dozens of environmentalists – probably entertainers like Bruce Cockburn. It would go on for weeks, and the federal government would be seen to be on the wrong side of the issue. We will have given away the one bargaining lever we had, creating a national park. Everyone will accuse us of betrayal."

Back and forth we went. I could see hostility flash in the eyes of the deputy minister and the assistant deputy minister for Parks. I had learned enough of the ways of political staff and bureaucrats to know that you were never supposed to disagree in front of the minister, as the minister was never to be put in the position of making an actual choice. The "choice" was narrowed to a range of three options, and everyone, including the minister, knew he was supposed to pick the middle one. But as much as I regretted the blows to egos and careers that might take place, I knew I had no choice. If the minister was not prepared to take a chance, to try saying just once to B.C., "It's Lyell Island or nothing," then we would never know what might have been possible.

I moderated my argument. "All I'm suggesting, Mr Minister, is that it's too early to cave in to the WAC boundaries, and that we should hold the line that we want as much of Lyell Island as possible – what you've said all along."

Tom sat silent for a moment. Then he took a breath and assumed control of the meeting. "My instinct on this is that we have to be on the side of the angels." I breathed a sigh of relief. Tom continued, "When I meet with Stephen Rogers, I'll make it clear that there are certain minimum features to a national park and that protecting as much of Lyell as possible is necessary if we are to have a park."

I looked over apologetically at Jim, but inwardly I cheered. Then Tom turned to me, "And Elizabeth," he said sternly, "you better make sure that the Colleens and Vickies of this world stand by me on this."

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The Element of Surprise

During the cabinet shuffle of July 1986, the Haida had lost their staunchest supporter; David Crombie was moved to become secretary of state for multiculturalism – a move intended to give the popular Crombie a portfolio with a greater profile in his native Toronto. He was replaced by Bill McKnight, a Saskatchewan member with no experience and little interest in native rights and land claims.

If anyone was more surprised by Mulroney's decision than the country's native leaders, it was McKnight himself. Bill McKnight was direct, stubborn, and on the right wing of the party. He immediately distanced himself from some of the policy directions of his predecessor. Any thought of dumping the comprehensive claims policy was abandoned, as was Crombie's commitment to a "special process" to deal with the Haida land claim. But this issue was a thorn in the side of Indian Affairs. While McKnight was not prepared to deal with the land claim, neither did he want to see arrests of the Haida – that was a political tinderbox no one wanted to see ignited. In that regard, McMillan had the support of his House of Commons benchmate, Bill McKnight. If the Haida issue could be resolved by the environment minister, it was one less headache for McKnight, at least from a public-relations standpoint.

Miles Richardson had been upset by remarks McMillan had made to the press earlier that he could

not use "heavy handed" tactics to save South Moresby, but Miles knew that McMillan was still the best hope and the strongest ally the Haida now had in cabinet. I stayed in touch nearly daily with Mike Nicholl. As the logging moved onto the south slopes, even Parks officials became concerned this would compromise the park. I kept hoping a blockade of some kind was imminent.

Again and again, Mike would tell me that the Haida were about to move on Lyell. We knew that the RCMP were ready to move, but were the Haida actually going to risk arrest again? I wasn't the only one wondering. Activists throughout British Columbia were calling the offices of the Council of the Haida Nation, offering help, asking to be allowed to join the blockade. But Miles was biding his time, waiting for the moment when there was no choice but to hold the line.

On the evening of February 10, 1987, the Canadian Nature Federation held its gala South Moresby Caravan film première in the ballroom of the Château Laurier in Ottawa. Tom and I arrived late, finding our seats in the darkened room as the film was underway. It was quite good, considering its shoe-string budget. Tom was impressed, whispering, "That's Lorne Green narrating this, isn't it?" The song at the end of the film was donated by Bruce Cockburn and, again, Tom was impressed. A panel discussion followed, including master canoeist and film-maker Bill Mason and Parks' own Barry Olsen among the speakers. The emcee recognized the VIPs in the audience, among them Charles Caccia and Tom McMillan. McMillan was asked to make a few remarks. Tom whispered to me, "What should I say?" I smiled encouragingly, "Just speak from the heart."

I had grown to trust Tom's instincts. I knew that in a room full of supporters, he would say the right thing. His speech was the best I had ever heard him give. It was brief, and in contrast to his much-laboured-over written speeches, he was not pedantic or overly clever in his

turn of phrase. He spoke clearly about the magnificence of the area and of his commitment to save it. And he went one step further than he ever had gone in public before by saying that the national park must include Windy Bay. The audience of several hundred applauded loudly.

With our trip to British Columbia less than a week away, South Moresby began to dominate our daily agenda as it had never done before. Tom had a meeting with Bill McKnight to keep him informed and to solicit his agreement that the Haida be kept fully involved in park negotiations. Based on meetings I had had with McKnight's political staff, it seemed reasonable that we could tap into some money for tourism development from the Native Economic Development Fund. Tom and McKnight discussed the possibility of pooling resources to get more money into the kitty for a park deal. McKnight agreed, provided nothing we did could be viewed as settling the Haida land claim.

The other major item for the meeting with Stephen Rogers on February 18 was the Pacific Rim Agreement. The two ministers would finally be signing the legal document creating the park, which had been established seventeen years before. Tom wanted to have cash in hand, for dramatic effect. He told Collinson, "I want a cheque with me for eight million dollars to the province. And I don't want them to know about it. I want to be able to produce it at the proper moment at the press conference." Then he lowered his voice, "But if I don't like the way things are going, I'll just keep it in my breast pocket and bring it back to Ottawa. It may just help with the South Moresby negotiations." Jim agreed, and for the next week he jumped through innumerable hoops with Treasury Board to get permission to draw a cheque for $8 million. Orders went down the line that no mention of the cheque should be made in the joint federal-provincial press release.

We flew to Vancouver in the government's Challenger jet, a comfortable eight-seater with such good acoustics that it was possible to hold useful meetings in mid-air. Jim Collinson was grinning from ear to ear as he passed the cheque to each of us. "I don't know, Jim," I smiled. "With a small plane and eight million, why don't we just go to Tahiti?" Despite his resentment of my forcing changes to our position on the boundaries, Jim and I were still managing to get along fairly well. And the flight to Vancouver was made in high spirits.

Those good spirits crashed the next morning. We held an early briefing session with the regional officers of Environment Canada before the 8:30 a.m. meeting with Forests Minister Jack Kempf. In the briefing session we were given a draft of the joint federal-provincial press release. We were outraged. After all the insistence on total secrecy about the cheque, there it was in the press release. McMillan was seething, "Does this mean that the province knows I have a cheque for eight million?" Nervous officials looked everywhere but at the minister. The bravest of them summoned the courage to mumble, "Yes, minister."

"I see," said Tom. "Well, I don't know how this happened. But I guess we've lost the element of surprise. And I'm not pleased." That last part was a huge understatement.

The meeting with Kempf was brief and inconclusive, as he left the real discussion to be conducted by Stephen Rogers. As Kempf left, the next round of meetings began, one I had been looking forward to. I had set up a session with Vicky Husband and a coalition of B.C. wilderness groups: Sharon Chow came from the Sierra Club of Western Canada, John Mikus and Al Whitney came from the wilderness tourism groups, and there were also representatives from the B.C. Wildlife Federation and local affiliates of the Nature Federation.

Tom McMillan needed to go through the South Moresby strategy with this inner circle before facing Rogers. Al Whitney spread out a large map on the table, around which a dozen of us were seated. He pointed to where logging was happening at that moment – slopes McMillan had seen in the fall of 1985 on Lyell that were being clear-cut. Vicky stressed that Windy Bay was the heart of the wilderness proposal. Tom reviewed his strategy with them, asking, "If I risk it all to save Windy Bay, will you back me up?" Vicky, Sharon, and Al spoke for the rest: "Absolutely."

The meeting restored Tom's good spirits. After some hugs with old friends, we headed off for Tom's meeting with Stephen Rogers. The press conference was scheduled for 2 p.m. and we thought that the ministers would have a short private chat and then invite their staffs to join them for substantive negotiations. As it was, Stephen Rogers, a burly mustachioed man, took the more diminutive, dapper McMillan straight into his office for nearly two hours of conversation. Vicky, John Broadhead, and other environmentalists waited in the hallway, along with reporters, for the beginning of the press conference. A room away I nervously paced and wondered aloud, if quietly, "What the hell is going on in there?"

Inside, Tom McMillan was wondering if Stephen Rogers could possibly be the environment minister. Afterwards, he told me that he had never heard such a string of epithets against environmentalists in his life. "The whole South Moresby thing was started by a bunch of hippy draft-dodgers, you know." Tom said that he hadn't known that. "Bunch of tree-huggers..." Rogers went on in a virtually non-stop diatribe against the people Tom looked to as his strongest supporters. Tom finally did tell Rogers that he could not accept a park on the basis of the WAC boundaries, that a national park had a requirement for certain minimum features, and

that if Lyell Island was clear-cut, too much would be lost to justify a national park. Rogers didn't seem overly concerned. If there was no park at all, it would be just fine with him. Eventually, they agreed to go out and face the press, knowing the difference in their views would come to light.

After the formality of the official signing of the Pacific Rim Agreement and the presentation of the $8 million cheque, the ministers agreed to answer questions. Tom reviewed the progress of his talks, first with Pelton, and now with Rogers. He explained that Pelton had favoured a park based on the WAC boundaries, but that the federal government had assumed that this was merely a starting point for negotiations. "Unfortunately, there has not been any movement on British Columbia's part," Tom said. "We do not see eye to eye on the boundaries question. For our part, if there's going to be a national park, it must go beyond the WAC boundaries to include a marine park and a substantial part of Lyell Island."

The "if" in Tom's answer had caused reporters' pens to stop in mid-scribble. Then someone asked, "Are you saying that the boundary issue jeopardizes the creation of a national park?" To which Stephen Rogers and Tom McMillan simultaneously answered, "Yes."

This was news the press had not expected. Tom McMillan had seemed so anxious for a park that the idea that he might actually walk away from negotiations over the issue of boundaries had not occurred to anyone. "Look," Tom said, warming to his position, "There is no interest on our part in cutting a quick and dirty deal for the sake of saying we have a national park. It must meet certain minimum park values." He went on to argue for a logging moratorium during negotiations, as more and more land would be "foreclosed" from national park status as it was logged.

Newspapers across British Columbia picked up the

significance of his position. The *Vancouver Sun* headline the next day read, "South Moresby Park Threatened – Ottawa, B.C. can't resolve logging." Its editorial called on the B.C. cabinet to reconsider its position, especially in light of the federal government's commitment to pay off its Pacific Rim debt and compensate B.C. for South Moresby. Straight from the press conference, Tom had gone to Jack Webster's studio for an interview. He held his ground well against Webster's aggressive questions, denying that he was trying to force the park down anyone's throat. "Look, Jack," he spoke soothingly, "if we create a national park at South Moresby it will be because the people of British Columbia want a national park at South Moresby."

The ball was now in the federal government's court. Tom had promised Stephen Rogers that the federal government would put the specifics of its proposal on paper so that Rogers could take it to cabinet. I knew this meant another round of difficult sessions with Parks officials. So far, even Tom's bold step of insisting on more of Lyell Island had been devoid of specifics. Drawing the federal government line at anything less than the full wilderness proposal would be painful and difficult. But, as much as I wanted the whole area to be protected, I knew that was impossible. I just held firm to the idea of saving Windy Bay. Meanwhile, Vicky was as good as her word, telling reporters, "We're happy the federal government realizes a national park is not a national park without Lyell Island. A logging road is being built into Lyell right now. Hopefully, there'll be some eleventh-hour agreement." She could not have known how close she was to predicting the precise moment the issue would be resolved.

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Chain Saw Concerto

South Moresby had to take a back seat to other issues for the rest of February. We were trying to conclude acid-rain agreements with reluctant provincial governments in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and we were arranging signing ceremonies with Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Ontario, Quebec, and Manitoba. The idea was to have the Canadian acid-rain control program in place before the Mulroney's next summit with Ronald Reagan in April. The draft environmental protection legislation required fairly constant review, and, as always, dozens of other issues kept leaping to the fore, demanding resolution.

One afternoon in early March, Kevin McNamee phoned. We had stayed in fairly close contact since the trip to Ellesmere and he was devoting a much larger portion of his time to South Moresby. "Elizabeth, I just wanted to check with you about a telegram we'd like to send to Mulroney," he began. "Do you think it would be helpful if we asked him to raise South Moresby in his meeting with Vander Zalm?" I felt stupid. "What meeting with Vander Zalm?" Then I learned that they were to have a meeting to discuss federal-provincial concerns on March 5 in Ottawa. I told Kevin that a telegram sounded like a great idea, and then I hung up to figure out what the ministerial equivalent of a telegram would be. It turned out that the federal-provincial branch of the Privy Council Office – the civil service equivalent of

a deputy minister's office to the Prime Minister – was working on a briefing note on South Moresby for the upcoming meeting. In one of the less noticed political shifts, Premier Bennett's whiz kid, Norm Spector, had left British Columbia after Vander Zalm took the helm to become director of federal-provincial relations in the Privy Council Office. (I was now sufficiently Ottawa-ized that the alphabet-soup note on Spector heading up FPRO in PCO did not faze me.) Briefing notes to Mulroney on the significance of the WAC boundaries would be vetted by the man who had orchestrated the WAC in the first place.

I called one of Spector's assistants and found she already had a draft memo based on a briefing with Parks officials. It said in part: "The federal position on Windy Bay is that it should be completely protected (not just 10% of it) as an important ecological site, but it is not park material," and "The federal Minister of the Environment is prepared to see future logging on Lyell Island and is not pressing to include Windy Bay in the park designation." These contradictory statements reflected the current schizophrenia between the minister's position and the Parks officials' preference. Until we could finalize the letter to Rogers such confusion was, I supposed, inevitable. The Privy Council staff was prepared to amend its memo and we traded drafts for the next few days. Mulroney's information would now be in accord with McMillan's stated position that more of Lyell Island, including Windy Bay, should be protected. Mulroney would also be briefed to suggest that a preliminary estimate of the cost of a South Moresby national park for the federal government could be as much as $39 million over ten years. Barry Olsen had, through his own channels, found out about the Privy Council briefing notes. He'd rushed over to help draft them, using the latest estimates from the Parks socio-economic branch – figures that even McMillan had not

seen yet. The notes were in good shape, but no one was sure that the Prime Minister would use them. No one knew if he would raise the issue, if Vander Zalm did not.

The day before the meeting between Mulroney and Vander Zalm, I had a chance to ask Tom about it. "Do you think it would help if you called the Prime Minister and talked to him about South Moresby before tomorrow morning?" I asked. Tom thought it over. He looked confounded at the prospect. "Lookit, Elizabeth. Call my brother Charlie. Tell him I'm just too busy to call myself and apologize for me. But ask him if he thinks it would be appropriate for me to phone the Prime Minister, and, if so, how we would go about it."

I had never met Dr Charles McMillan, Tom's twin brother and a member of the staff at PMO, and it seemed strange that Tom wanted me to make the call. But I did as I was told, and if Charlie McMillan thought my request was odd, he didn't betray it. "Just have Tom call the PMO switchboard between nine and ten tonight, and they'll put him through to the Prime Minister's residence." It seemed straightforward enough.

That evening, I went over to Tom's suite on Parliament Hill to tell him the upshot of my conversation with Charlie. Tom was anxious. "Are you sure the Prime Minister expects my call?" I wasn't sure, but Charlie had been reassuring, so I said, "Yup. Charlie said to call. It's no problem."

Tom fidgeted, and then looked up at me from behind his desk. It was one of those moments when the arrogance of power vanished and he reminded me, more than anything else, of a small boy. "Elizabeth, I've never called the Prime Minister at home before. I mean, I *see* him all the time, but I don't know...What would I say?" I tried to sound confident and matter of fact. Tom would be doing the Prime Minister a service by drawing the issue to his attention. The negotiations were at an

impasse. If Mulroney could nudge them along by letting Vander Zalm know that the government was fully behind the minister of the environment, he would be helping immeasurably in getting the negotiations moving. What's more, maybe he could push for a moratorium on logging while the negotiations were underway.

Tom pulled himself together. "O.K., I'll do it." Then he hesitated, "Do you really know how to place a call to the Prime Minister at home?"

"Yup," I smiled. "It's easy." And then I slipped out to ask Tom's superb secretary, Gillian, to call the PMO switchboard, hoping desperately that it was as straightforward as I had led Tom to believe. After a few anxious moments, waiting with Tom in his office, Gillian buzzed him to put the call through. Tom had totally regained his composure. "Hello, Brian," he said, sounding self-assured. "I'm sorry to be calling you at home. Is this a bad time?"

On the contrary, Mulroney was prepared to have a fairly lengthy chat with his environment minister. "Well, look, Brian, the reason I'm calling is about the South Moresby national park issue. I don't know how familiar you are with it, but..." And here Mulroney must have interjected. "Oh," said Tom, "that's wonderful. Yes, it would be very helpful if you raised the matter with Premier Vander Zalm." And then Tom launched into his spiel, "Brian, South Moresby has a salience well beyond its specifics. It has achieved a symbolic importance to people across Canada that rivals acid rain as one of Canadians' major environmental concerns. As a matter of fact, I receive more letters urging the saving of South Moresby than on any other issue."

The conversation continued for a few more minutes with Mulroney doing most of the talking. Tom ended by stressing that the negotiations were stalled and that, ideally, we needed a moratorium on logging areas we wanted within a national park. Tom hung up and looked

over to me, euphoric. "He knew all about it!" he enthused. "He said he planned to raise it with Vander Zalm tomorrow and that he really appreciated my call!"

In British Columbia, Vicky and Huck were organizing yet another demonstration. The B.C. legislature was scheduled to open March 9 for the first time since the fall election victory of the Socreds. Huck asked Patrick Pothier, Vicky's musician partner, if he could play "God Save the Queen" on a chain saw at the rally. Patrick thought it unlikely, but for the next few days, he experimented with different saws, without chains to avoid accident, at different pitches.

The day of the rally, over two hundred and fifty people gathered in front of the parliament buildings to protest a grab-bag of issues – the resumption of uranium mining, native land claims, the threat of logging to the Stein Valley, and assaults on Strathcona Provincial Park – but mostly to demand the preservation of South Moresby. Bill Reid spoke eloquently of the importance of saving the Haida's homeland. Then, just as artist Robert Bateman prepared to speak, a flock of great blue herons, some seventy-five of them, flew overhead. Bateman excitedly proclaimed it must be a sign. Bristol Foster described the protesters' effort, in his speech to the rally, as "trying sweet reason on the provincial government."

Vander Zalm arrived to wait on the steps of the parliament building for the lieutenant-governor, steadfastly ignoring the chants of "Open Government!" and the beating of the Indian drums, but not the singing of "O Canada," which forced him to stay at attention or risk showing disrespect for the national anthem.

Finally, Patrick came forward, baton in hand. "Over the years," he said, "composers have been inspired by the sounds of the natural environment. Now, the sounds of the Charlottes have inspired this new piece." Then he

conducted his small orchestra, five "musicians" with chain saws, in an unrecognizable rendition of "God Save the Queen." The air was full of oil smoke and the roar of the chain saw concerto, but Bill Vander Zalm remained impassive and unsmiling. To loud boos, he and the lieutenant-governor made their way into the B.C. legislature, flanked by officers in red serge and ceremonial hats, their chests glistening with medals.

The lieutenant-governor delivered the speech from the throne, the Vander Zalm agenda for the government. No one was particularly surprised that it called for funding "to reduce the high rate of abortions," or the appointment of "a private sector task force to work on the privitization of Crown corporations." But there were murmers of surprise at the commitment to "attempt to expedite the federal-provincial negotiations for the establishment of a national park on South Moresby in the Queen Charlottes" and for a bilateral agreement with Ottawa to develop "the enormous tourism potential this area offers."

The throne speech was faxed to our offices in Ottawa and I read the relevant paragraph over the phone to Tom. "It must have been the talk the Prime Minister had with Vander Zalm that prompted this, don't you think?" Tom agreed. Mulroney had told him that his chat with the Premier about South Moresby seemed to go very well. Maybe this was really progress.

The Parks officials thought it was. The next day we finally dispatched our written proposal to the British Columbia government. In the last three weeks, both ministers with whom McMillan had met in Vancouver had been replaced. Stephen Rogers had been shuffled to another portfolio, and Jack Kempf had been forced to resign over allegations of improper handling of his personal finances. We were back to square one in our negotiations.

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McMillan's letter to the new minister of environment, Bruce Strachan, was the result of weeks of haggling. The proposal stressed that with "small adjustments" to the WAC boundary "South Moresby's potential can be realized to its fullest extent." Two full paragraphs emphasized the need to preserve Windy Bay: "This area is the largest remaining unlogged watershed in South Moresby, with trees more than one thousand years old, the area's most important salmon stream, and considerable evidence of the Haida culture. And yet your government has accepted in principle the WAC's recommendation that most of it be logged, leaving only a small strip of ecological reserve. Already largely surrounded by clear-cuts, Windy Bay itself is to be logged, beginning this year, according to the forest company's five-year plan." But the federal position fell short of insisting Windy Bay be included in the park boundaries. The Parks Service would simply not agree with us as it might cost millions more in compensation to Western Forest Products. The strongest language I managed to use was that we would be prepared to include Windy Bay in the national park as an alternative to the provincial ecological reserve proposal.

Attached to McMillan's letter was a lengthy proposal, which set out the specifics of the boundaries of the terrestrial and marine park, and a map. We could use weasel words in a letter, but we could not fudge our position on a map. I argued that as we were shading in those areas we wanted, if Windy Bay were not also shaded in, we would be giving the go-ahead to logging. The legend to the maps Barry showed me described three boundaries: (1) the proposed national marine park, (2) B.C.'s boundary proposal, and (3) Environment Canada's proposed additions. These last were shown not by a line, but by dots over the areas we wished to add. I looked at Barry, "We've got to dot Windy Bay."

He gave me one of those here-we-go-again looks.

"Elizabeth, we're not insisting it be added. The text of the letter makes it clear that we think it should be protected."

I launched my favourite weapon, a line I'd been using for weeks to achieve improvements in the letter: "But if the map was ever made public, and Windy Bay isn't included, then everybody will say we've abandoned it and betrayed them."

Barry sighed. "They won't like it downstairs, but I'll get two maps done – one with Windy Bay dotted, and one without – and you'll have to get the minister to decide which one we send."

When I showed Tom both versions of the map, he didn't hesitate, tapping his finger down on the one including Windy Bay. "Send this one." And with that, he signed the letter to Bruce Strachan and phoned to welcome him to the portfolio and alert him that the long-awaited federal proposal was on its way.

While we seemed, at long last, to be making progress with the B.C. government, an unexpected source of opposition was mobilizing closer to home. The B.C. caucus of the federal Progressive Conservative Party was getting heat from the forest industry back in its ridings. Mulroney's intervention in support of McMillan's tree-hugging crusade had not been appreciated. As luck would have it for the strongest pro-logging voices, they were the only ones who attended their next caucus meeting. They dispatched a strong letter to McMillan, with a copy to Mulroney, which claimed to be the "unanimous position" of the B.C. caucus and endorsed the boundaries proposed by WFP. That boundary would allow logging not only on Lyell, but also on Burnaby and on the other heavily forested areas of the proposal. In McMillan's office, we referred to it as "the park without trees" proposal.

I thought the letter was a problem. Under Tom's instructions, I had ignored the B.C. caucus. Tom had

asked me to keep Jim Fulton, the NDP member for the area, posted, and Jim and I were quickly becoming friends. But no one in Tom's office was dealing with the back-benchers from B.C.

"Tom," I asked. "Don't you think you ought to meet with them? Doesn't the Prime Minister hate it when his ministers ignore the caucus?" This was a repeated and dreaded problem for ministers. Angering caucus was a nearly cardinal sin. As a result, most ministers' offices, and certainly the non-francophone offices, had a special assistant whose full-time job was catering exclusively to the Quebec caucus. But for some reason we weren't dealing at all with the British Columbia back-benchers. I suggested that if Tom didn't want to deal with them, I would. Tom laughed, "You're the last person I'd let meet with them. They'd probably think you're a Communist or something. They probably think *I'm* a Communist. Just ignore them."

But that was easier said than done. I was terribly worried about the threat of a back-bencher revolt against the park, and there was no one I could turn to. Then a few days later Vicky called to say that the caucus's letter had made it to B.C. First the industry had it, then people in Sandspit, and now the environmentalists knew all about it, too.

"Elizabeth," said Vicky, "this could be serious." "Yeah, I know, but I don't know where to turn," I replied. Vicky did. "Call John Fraser," she said. "He'll know what to do. As Speaker, he can't take public positions, but he is interested. He's from B.C. after all, and he's been involved in environmental issues forever." There did not seem to be any reason not to. I phoned his office and was given an appointment for the next day.

I wasn't sure that John Fraser would remember me from the days I lobbied him when he was environment minister, so I was pleased when, dressed in his Speaker's

costume, he greeted me as an old friend. Fraser sat down and gave me his full attention, "Well, what can I do for you?"

I cleared my throat and started, "It may not be right for me to be here. But I just didn't know where else to turn. I'm worried about the B.C. caucus and South Moresby." Fraser frowned. "Yes, I know. I've got a copy of this so-called unanimous position right here." Then he proceeded to explain what he could and could not do as Speaker. It was clear that I'd done the right thing by coming. In fact, Fraser couldn't understand why I had taken so long to ask for his help. "After all," he explained, "all three parties at the federal level have taken positions in favour of saving South Moresby. It's not a controversial issue within the House of Commons. And while I can't go around making speeches, I can and should keep members on all sides of the House informed and serve their wishes."

I felt a little foolish and very grateful. Before I left, he gave me a run-down of which members of the B.C. caucus were in favour of saving South Moresby. I was pleased that the list was so long: Bob Wenman, Mary Collins, Vince Dantzer, Pat Crofton, and, of course, Pat Carney. There were others who were on the fence. It was hardly a unanimous WFP team. Fraser encouraged me to get Tom to phone them and to keep the caucus involved.

That evening I caught up with Tom. I said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, "I saw John Fraser today." "You did?" Tom was taken aback. "I didn't know you knew him that well." "No," I said. "Neither did I."

From that day forward, John Fraser played an indispensable role in the federal strategy for saving South Moresby.

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THE LOGGERS' FEAST

IN EARLY JANUARY, JOHN BROADHEAD HAD FELT THE power centre of B.C. shift. And so he had moved from Victoria to Vancouver, the city where he'd grown up, to push South Moresby into the mainstream of B.C.'s establishment. In late February, he took a break and flew east. In Ottawa he stayed with his old friend Barry Olsen and his wife. Over dinner Barry said, "I've got to get you to meet the minister's adviser. She's calling the shots in that office these days."

The next day, Barry brought John Broadhead up to meet me. I'd spoken by phone with J.B. often before, but my primary contacts had remained Vicky and Colleen. I was used to the intensity they, and others, brought to South Moresby strategy sessions, but J.B. blithely ignored the troubling details of negotiations. Instead he sketched out grandiose schemes to reintroduce sea otters to Haida Gwaii, to persuade major Canadian musicians to play benefit concerts, to invite British royalty to the islands. He was spellbinding. I liked him immediately.

Back in Vancouver, J.B. continued efforts to establish his new organization, Earthlife Canada Foundation, and to expand his contacts in the mainstream business community.

It was unlikely that a high school student would provide the key to open the door to Vancouver society, and when Jeff Gibbs started haunting the offices of Earthlife

it was not immediately apparent that this tall, lanky redhead would prove useful to anyone.

Jeff was an alumnus of an innovative five-month education program, B.C. Quest. Like Rediscovery, Quest sought to motivate kids by exposing them to a wilderness adventure. The program was so successful that its veterans maintained contacts as ExQuesters and organized many environmental activities. In 1982, the ExQuesters had circulated a petition to the B.C. government to save Windy Bay, which eighteen thousand people had signed.

The kids' interest in South Moresby had been sparked by one of the Quest teachers, Tom Ellison, who took a few students on a summer tour of Haida Gwaii on his sailboat. Jeff had been on the trip and had become a dedicated Moresby activist. Although he was only in grade eleven at the time, Jeff had done much of the work to organize the Vancouver caravan rally. He had also done his share of envelope-stuffing and newsletter-distribution for the Western Canada Wilderness Committee. But he still looked so young it was hard for J.B. to take him seriously.

Jeff asked J.B. if he would be willing to come speak at his school. J.B. knew a thing or two about Prince of Wales High School. For one thing, it was in the Shaughnessy area, a community reputed to have more doctors, lawyers, judges, and chief executive officers per square inch than any other community in Canada. It was fertile ground for the work he wanted to do. J.B. gladly accepted Jeff's invitation and gave several talks at Prince of Wales. Then one of the ExQuesters' parents asked him to show his South Moresby slides to some friends. One evening led to another, and J.B. found his support base of wealthy well-connected people. From the living rooms of Shaughnessy, through the spring and early summer of 1987, John raised close to sixty thousand dollars for South Moresby.

Jeff, in the meantime, helped to organize a march from Robson Square to the headquarters of Western Forest Products in downtown Vancouver in mid-March. Working with the Sierra Club and other groups, he got five hundred people out to hear speeches from Bill Reid, Thom Henley, David Suzuki, Vicky Husband, and Haida artist Robert Davidson. At nineteen years old, Jeff Gibbs acted as emcee, and the media had a new angle for their South Moresby story, The Youth Crusade. But Jeff was not content to stay in Vancouver and organize rallies. He was insistent that a group of high school students should go to Lyell Island and join the next Haida blockade. The previous fall, he had been at Windy Bay to help with construction of the new longhouse, on the site of a long-abandoned Haida village. He told Miles that he wanted to come back for the next action. According to the rumour mill, another confrontation was imminent as the chain saws chewed their way down the shore of Faraday Passage and the southern belly of Lyell.

Jeff called everyone he thought he could persuade to join the blockade, even though J.B. had cautioned him that the Haida were not yet prepared to welcome any non-Haida particpation. Jeff wasn't discouraged. He talked to Bill Reid about his plans. Reid liked the idea and started calling the ExQuesters the "Youth Brigade." "I'd like to join your Youth Brigade," he told Jeff cheerily. Bill Reid and a number of other Haida had staged the last, little-noted blockade on Lyell the previous October. None of them had been arrested, but Reid was prepared for a longer siege and arrests the next time. Reid's affliction with Parkinson's disease was slowing him down more than he'd ever want to admit. Sixty-seven years old, he quite fancied the Youth Brigade.

Finally Jeff got confirmation that there would be a Haida blockade on Lyell on a long weekend in March. The Youth Brigade members prepared to leave, even

though they didn't know if they would be allowed to come. It was touch and go all one long Thursday afternoon, until Guujaaw called to invite them as the only non-Haida for the next Lyell logging blockade. While they were on their way to Lyell Island, they received word of a totally unexpected development. On March 20, the British Columbia government announced a moratorium on the issuance of new logging permits for South Moresby.

Vicky, Colleen, J.B., and Huck scrambled to figure out the significance of the moratorium. Newspapers headlined, "Logging on Lyell to Halt," but reports from the island indicated that Beban's crews were still working in double and triple shifts. Vicky got hold of the press release from Strachan's office. The acting forests minister, John Savage, was quoted as saying that the suspension of new permits was to ensure that "we do not compromise any option that may give rise to the successful conclusion of negotiations for a national park in the area." B.C. claimed the moratorium was a response to McMillan's proposal.

Loggers were livid. Frank Beban's partner, Bill Verchere, blasted the provincial government for not consulting them. Once again, newspapers were full of stories of pending lay-offs – doom and gloom for the forest industry. In Ottawa, I was elated by the news until I learned from Vicky that Beban's crews had three to four months' logging left on Lyell under existing permits. I reported to Tom that logging was continuing on Lyell Island, and I told him that Bruce Strachan wanted to speak with him by phone.

I sat in Tom's office as he listened to Strachan's assessment of negotiations. It sounded encouraging. Strachan was clearly floating a few trial balloons: maybe we could work out a timber trade somewhere else; maybe we could get Fisheries to relax objections to logging on another area in order to trade for more of Lyell.

There was a flexible tone to the conversation. Tom thanked Strachan for the gesture of good faith in deferring the granting of new permits and the commitment of the B.C. government as reflected in the throne speech, then he hung up the receiver and said, "It looks really good, Elizabeth. Our bureaucrats meet again this week and I think we're getting close." So much had happened in the two weeks since Mulroney had met with Vander Zalm that I couldn't help but think that the PM's much-vaunted friendship with the Premier was paying off.

On board a fishing boat that plied its way through the waters off Lyell Island were Jeff Gibbs and the rest of the Youth Brigade. They had been joined by Guujaaw and fifteen other Haida of all ages. Guujaaw sang and taught the young Vancouverites warrior dances. Once on Lyell, they headed for Sedgewick Bay, where the November 1985 blockade had been staged. Ever since, the Haida had kept the Sedgewick Bay longhouse in a state of readiness. Ada Yovanovitch had been with her daughter to take inventory on the food stored there (enough for a month-long siege), occasioning her Mountie friend, Harry Wallace, to issue a cautionary word. Now, everyone was back in earnest. About fifty Haida were already there, including Miles Richardson, his younger brother, Colin, Ada, Ethel Jones, and several hereditary chiefs. The teenagers from Vancouver were introduced and greeted warmly. Many of the Haida had seen coverage of the rally in Vancouver the week before, and had heard of the high school students who had pulled it off. Jeff grinned and blushed. He looked closer to sixteen than nineteen. They sang Haida songs and the young people danced, Haida and non-Haida alike, pounding their feet on the rough floor of the longhouse. There was a swell of emotion and joy.

They knew that the RCMP expected a blockade.

Everyone on the Powrivco Bay side at Beban's camp knew that they were there. The makeshift jails were ready for the Haida at the other end of the logging road. Through the evening various options were debated. Jeff listened and wondered what was the right thing to do.

The next morning, everyone was awake before dawn. The elders and the chiefs dressed in their ceremonial finery. The young people put button blankets over their down vests and carried chairs for the elders up to the logging road. They put charcoal on their faces and carried cedar branches as they had sixteen months before. Skidegate Chief Tom Greene, a big man with a generous heart, stood on the road between Nonny Ethel and Ada's daughter, Diane Brown. The Youth Brigade and the rest of the Haida took their places along each side of the road. As the sun came up, Guujaaw drummed and everyone sang. The stage was set exactly as it had been the last time. The only difference was that no network camera crews were present. The Haida had decided that this was not to be a media event.

The first truck arrived and the logging foreman stepped out of the cab and ambled toward the blockade of three in the centre of the road. He tried to sound relaxed. "How are you doing today?" he asked no one in particular. Ethel Jones stepped forward to deliver the message that had been agreed upon the night before: "We'd like to invite you and your men and all your families to a big feast we're preparing for you today."

His face showed his disbelief. Of all the possible consequences of another Haida blockade, an invitation to a feast was the least probable. Too taken aback to think of another response, he said, "Yeah. We'll be there. Thanks." And with that the elders and Diane left the road, and everyone went back to camp to start preparing the feast.

The idea of a feast for the loggers had been planned in Skidegate. Only the kids from Vancouver had thought they were there to block the road. To Jeff, the idea had seemed to have come out of nowhere the night before. They had so much food stored up, and after the moratorium announcement, a blockade just didn't make much sense. Jeff had been surprised to learn that the communities of Haida and loggers were not as far apart as he had believed. Genuine concern had been expressed for the loggers' feelings over possible lay-offs in June and the decision made to heal the wounds between their communities.

All day long they prepared the feast. The men went fishing for more fresh delicacies, and the women barbecued octopus, abalone, prawns, scallops, halibut, cod, salmon, deer, gaaw, and baked bread and cakes.

Toward evening the loggers and their families started to arrive, all wearing their "Beban Logging" work jackets and looking slightly nervous. Once grace had been said and the food passed among them the divisions blurred, and they all started to enjoy themselves. Miles made a short speech explaining that the Haida Nation was not against working people, but had taken a stand against further logging of Lyell. The feast, he told them, was to show the Haida's respect for the people in the camp and to bid them farewell. The foreman spoke, too, thanking their hosts for the feast. "We feel caught in the middle," he said. "It's company policy, and we just want it all resolved one way or another."

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Good Faith Bargaining

Within a week of the moratorium being announced, the B.C. government "clarified" the scope of the suspension of permits. The clarification completely erased any notion of a meaningful halt to logging, or even of a meaningful pause. The moratorium would be in effect for only six weeks, less time than the already-approved cut blocks would take to log. A further restriction was that it would apply only to those areas the federal government had expressed an interest in including within the national park. As the federal proposal was not yet public, this left people wondering just which areas would be off-limits to loggers. When asked, Tom's new press secretary, Terry Collins, a former *Toronto Sun* reporter, declined to make our map public, fuelling further speculation in the B.C. press. Jim Fulton called to tell me that logging was going on in double shifts, and that the scars were clearly visible from Juan Perez Sound.

My network of South Moresby contacts was growing exponentially. Well-placed Tories in the House and Senate had plugged me into a network of former aides to Vander Zalm and current moles within the Socred political staff. I was getting a fuller picture by the day.

Whatever Strachan might want to do, it was clear that almost the entire cabinet was against any proposal for a park, except perhaps for the "park without trees" proposal from Western Forest Products. A mole in Victoria

confirmed that the impetus to resolve South Moresby had been the Mulroney breakfast with Vander Zalm in early March. The so-called moratorium had been announced in good faith; the "clarification" was the result of intense heat from the forest industry, and not just from those companies immediately affected. Other companies backed WFP and MacMillan Bloedel. They viewed South Moresby the way Dean Rusk had viewed South Vietnam – it might cause a domino effect. If we were going to get a deal, we had to get it while the momentum was with us. But word was that we were already losing momentum. The more time that went by, reducing the impact of Mulroney's words to Vander Zalm, the harder it would be to get a deal. We knew that the six-week moratorium, while having no relevance to logging, was a real psychological deadline for the B.C. government. If we didn't have a deal by the end of April, we could pretty well forget the whole thing.

We hammered out draft memoranda to cabinet suggesting a Regional Economic Development Agreement for the Charlottes, enlisting as many federal departments as possible: Regional Economic Expansion; Tourism; Fisheries and Oceans; Indian Affairs and Northern Development; Energy, Mines and Resources; the Canadian Forest Service. Anyone and everyone with possible jurisdiction and a little money to spend was recruited. The Parks Service had forestry consultants frantically number-crunching, developing estimates of the value of the forestry resource for which we would have to offer compensation on a fifty-fifty basis with the province. Tourism consultants worked out the likely employment that could be generated by a national park versus that lost to logging. They estimated that a park on South Moresby would generate in the first ten years 70,000 visitor-days a year and provide 3,700 person-years of employment – more than the current number of logging person-years.

As our negotiating team headed out to Victoria for another round of talks, Bill Reid announced that he would discontinue work on a major piece of sculpture commissioned for the new Canadian embassy in Washington, D.C. Reid had been working on the massive *Spirit Canoe* for nearly two years. He explained. "I couldn't live with it anymore, using the Haida symbols to advertise a government – and I mean all levels of government, provincial as well as federal – that we felt was not cooperating with us in what I consider to be very minimal, legitimate requests." Earlier that week, the First Ministers' Conference on Aboriginal Rights had ended in failure. Press coverage suggested that the western premiers had been the least cooperative in resolving the status of aborignal rights under the constitution. Tim Harper somewhat exaggerated the impact of Reid's gesture when he wrote in the *Toronto Star*, "In one fell swoop, Reid's action may have been at least as effective as a logging road blockade in bringing the plight of the Haida to the attention of B.C. and the country as a whole."

That same week, David Suzuki's third program on South Moresby was aired. Suzuki's clip of Tom McMillan focussed on the minister's plea for the public to make its voice heard, to push governments to save Windy Bay. In his closing editorial comment, Suzuki called McMillan's plea a "cop-out," arguing that the public had already expressed its support for South Moresby through thousands of letters and petitions. He challenged politicians to show some leadership. The program inspired hundreds of people to write McMillan and Mulroney demanding they save Windy Bay. We had never before received so much mail. I imagined that Strachan and Vander Zalm's offices were getting at least an equal amount.

Federal officials had a productive negotiating meeting in Vancouver and returned to brief McMillan. Tom

had a dinner meeting scheduled with New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield to persuade him to honour his commitment to an acid-rain accord. They were to meet rather late at the Château Laurier, so Jim Collinson and our West Coast regional head, Kirk Dawson, and I met with McMillan in the lounge area between the hotel lobby and dining room. I kept one eye peeled for Hatfield while our senior bureaucrats layed out the state of negotiations.

"We've made a lot of progress," Jim explained in a hushed tone. We were sitting on comfy chairs with our heads lowered, trying to catch every word and keep our conversation private. "They've agreed to go beyond the WAC boundaries, to include the south slopes of Lyell and portions of Richardson, Kunga, and Tanu islands." This sounded good. I crossed my fingers that the next words would be that Windy Bay, or most of it, would be saved as well. Jim continued, "But we're not going to get Windy Bay. The value of the timber on that watershed is maybe five to ten years' more logging. It would cost tens of millions of dollars in compensation. They'll preserve the lower watershed as a provincial ecological reserve, but they'll clear-cut the rest. After logging, we could probably get a deal to have it added to the park." Tom looked a little sick at the prospect. "Well, Mr Minister, after a few years, it should green up. Eventually, there'll be trees on it again."

My mouth was dry. I looked at Kirk. He had shared my perspective in pushing for more of Lyell. He worked for the Weather Service and was not contaminated with what I now thought of as "Parks culture." We were friends and I trusted him. He read my mind. "We won't get anymore than this," he said soberly. "All my contacts in the provincial bureaucracy say its this or nothing."

"What about helicopter logging of the upper watershed of Windy Bay?" I could hardly believe I was asking the question, but taking the trees out selectively might

preserve the lower watershed from landslides, stream siltation, and erosion. "I don't think they'd be interested," Jim said, "but, I could ask."

"Well," Tom said, " I guess that's as good as we'll get." And then to me, "Elizabeth, you'll have to get Colleen and Vicky and the others to understand." I nodded numbly. Hatfield came into the room flanked by aides, and Tom left to shift gears to acid rain. I talked longer with Kirk and Jim, getting more details and feeling an immeasurable weight of sadness. Then I went home, tired and discouraged. I had given up on Windy Bay. No miracles had arrived. And time had just run out.

But the next morning, I felt differently. Strachan and McMillan had a negotiating session scheduled for April 8. Maybe Mulroney could have a word with Vander Zalm. We couldn't give up. I phoned Barry Olsen to tell him we had to think of how we could make one last try for Windy Bay. Barry was surprised, "I'd heard you'd given up and accepted the latest B.C. position. The word going around is that you're prepared to compromise." I suddenly realized that it wasn't just the minister to whom people looked for signals. How I felt and what I said was being analysed throughout the department. I decided to be more careful in allowing my moods to show.

I called Kirk Dawson and told him I wasn't prepared to give up on Windy Bay. He sounded pleased and surprised. I called Jim Collinson. He wasn't pleased, just surprised. Hoping I had squelched the rumour of my surrender, I headed for our morning briefing session with Tom. I told him I thought we owed ourselves one last try, but Tom didn't see any point in persisting. Once again he asked me to break the news to Vicky and Colleen and the others.

Suddenly I realized how we could summon the strength for another run at Windy Bay. "Maybe if you met with them Tom, you could explain things. I know I

couldn't do it by phone." Tom brightened, "Yes, that's a good idea. I need to meet with them and lay the whole situation out for them and see what they recommend. Maybe there's something we've missed." He then gave me instructions to get Vicky, Colleen, J.B., Huck, and Gregg Sheehy to a meeting in Ottawa. "Fly them in. Do you think they'll come?" Tom asked.

I was sure of it.

The next morning, Tom and I showed up at the parliamentary restaurant's private dining room for a breakfast meeting with the B.C. caucus, Frank Beban, and a Western Forest Products representative, Hank Hansen. I'd never seen Beban before, except on television, but I couldn't help but like him. He reminded me of Fred Flintstone, big and beefy. He tried every argument against a park. No one would ever go there. "Can you imagine driving your Winnebago with the kids and then finding out there's no road to this national park?" He had brought photographs of trees planted ten years ago, forty years ago; trees on areas clear-cut thirty years ago. "See? It greens up just fine." It was a long breakfast. As we left and got out of earshot, Tom smiled. "I've never heard so many versions of 'If you've seen one tree, you've seen them all'!"

The next day, Vicky, Colleen, and the others were to meet with McMillan. "The others" was becoming quite a crowd. Colleen had called, "Paul George has got to be there, Elizabeth. I know you don't know him, but he played a major role." I tried to dissaude her, knowing that the more they were, the less effective they would be.

Vicky called, "Good news. David Suzuki is coming." I didn't think that was good news. "Vicky, Tom didn't like the way he was treated on the last Nature of Things. Why bring Suzuki into it?" Vicky wouldn't budge. "He's got to be there. You said yourself, this meeting is our last chance."

Colleen called back. "Peter Hamel's got to be there." "Who's Peter Hamel?" I felt exasperated. "He's with the Anglican Church and he's worked for years on this. Trust me."

They all rolled into town the night of April 6. I met with them the next morning in Jim Fulton's office: Colleen, Vicky, J.B., Gregg Sheehy, Huck, whom I'd only met briefly at the caravan rally in Ottawa, and three people I had never met before: David Suzuki, Paul George, bear-like and unkempt, and Peter Hamel, as dapper as Paul was dishevelled. For a few minutes there was a wonderful confusion of hugs and introductions, then we got serious.

"We don't have much time before your meeting with Tom, so I thought I'd tell you what we're facing at tomorrow's meeting with Strachan," I said. I unfurled our map, and as we all crowded around Jim's coffee table, I started outlining which areas would be in the park, and which ones wouldn't.

Paul George was furious. "Why would you give away half of Richardson Island and parts of the others? This is awful!" Colleen wasn't pleased either, "You mean the federal government has already given up on most of Lyell?"

I knew this would happen. I wanted to be sure that they had a chance to vent their anger *before* seeing Tom. I could take being yelled at a lot better than he could. I tried to explain how difficult it had been to get any movement past the WAC boundaries. Fulton said knowingly, "Yeah, but if your negotiators hadn't agreed to the WAC boundaries from the beginning, you wouldn't be in this mess."

Gradually, everyone blew off enough steam to focus on the strategy of persuading Tom to hold out for Windy Bay. I tried to prepare them for the worst. "We may not be able to get anything more," I said. "And if we walk away now, we won't have been bargaining in good faith."

Vicky was supportive, "Don't worry, Elizabeth. If you can't do it, you can't do it. We'll still save Windy Bay – our own way."

We made our way, minus Fulton, down to Tom's office. Jim spoke on the phone immediately with Tom to persuade him of the need for a bold new bargaining ploy. "Fire your negotiators! Send in a new team and start over."

Soon we were all squeezed into Tom's powder-blue office, and Tom started the ball rolling by reiterating that this was an "off the record" session. They all nodded. He then briefly summarized the progress of the negotiations, succinctly highlighting our few victories: the so-called moratorium, movement beyond the WAC boundaries, and the federal government's willingness to more than triple the first figure that Tom had mentioned for the park deal. In a year, it had moved from $12 million to $39 million – a far cry from Blais-Grenier's offer of $2 million. Tom explained that the latest thinking was that we would allow some logging to continue on Lyell to serve as a necessary bridge between a logging and a tourism economy. But he also stressed that he was open to hearing their views, especially on the fate of Windy Bay. With that, he turned the meeting over to Huck.

Huck had been chosen to act as chair of the group, and he called on each in turn to make his or her best pitch. David Suzuki spoke first. He was passionate and direct. "Preserving this area is a measure of leadership. You'll be a hero if you save it. Windy Bay is non-negotiable. Logging and the protection of Windy Bay are mutually exclusive. If Windy Bay is touched, all hell will break loose!"

Paul George pointed out that Windy Bay represented only five days' logging out of the annual provincial yield, and he plugged a videotape into Tom's VCR to show him the latest devastation. It was hard to watch. "All this

happened in the last six weeks," said Paul, as the camera panned across slopes of tree stumps.

Peter Hamel spoke of the Haida's interests and of the full support of a coalition of churches for the resolution of the Haida land claim. Gregg Sheehy pointed out new public opinion polls in B.C. that supported South Moresby. Vicky mentioned her contacts with B.C. politicians who were increasingly sympathetic to a park.

J.B. was very effective. "Your 'Lyell Island or nothing' gambit was a brilliant move." Tom glowed. "You've made Moresby a political liability for the Socreds." Then he outlined the possibilities for a "corporate-source solution" – a timber trade with MacMillan Bloedel, or a private acquisition through the Nature Conservancy, a group that puts private money into purchasing endangered areas. He told Tom that the *National Geographic* would have a feature article on South Moresby in its July edition. "It has a direct circulation of fourteen million people. Any story on a possible tourism destination results in an average of a hundred thousand immediate inquiries. Tourism for the park is an increasingly attractive proposition."

Tom was impressed. "I can't make any promises. I don't know what will happen when I get to Victoria tomorrow. But you have my word that I'll do my best to push for Windy Bay."

Vicky spoke for the group. "No matter what happens, Tom, we want you to know that we appreciate what you've done. You've moved this thing farther than anyone else. Even if it all falls through and we have to block the logging roads on Windy Bay, we'll always be grateful to you for what you've tried to do."

Late that evening, Tom, Jim Collinson, Terry Collins, and I flew to Vancouver. We had an insanely busy schedule for the next day, visiting Fort Langley, Vancouver, Victoria, Prince George, Fort St James, and Prince George again, arriving in Edmonton that night. We

were scheduled to be in Victoria for the meeting with Strachan for only two and a half hours.

It was already spring in Victoria and the weather was lovely. Despite the tension of not knowing how we would fare in these critical negotiations, I felt optimistic. Flanked by a handful of bureaucrats, we walked through the marble corridors of the parliament buildings. Tom left Jim, our regional head, Kirk Dawson, and me to sip coffee and wait while he met privately with Strachan. Exactly twenty-two minutes later, Tom emerged looking grim. "Is your meeting over already?" I asked. Tom spoke under his breath with an intensity that alarmed me, "We've got to get out of here."

A reporter from Canadian Press ran to catch up with Tom as he strode toward the exit. "Any progress, Mr McMillan?" "Mr Strachan has presented us with an entirely new proposal and it would be premature to comment on it."

We made it to the car, with Tom looking like he had been dropped on his head. "You'll never believe it," he said. And he proceeded to describe, in painful detail, his meeting with Strachan.

As soon as Tom had sat down with him, Strachan had said that he had a new proposal and had indicated several maps propped on an easel. The first showed the WAC boundaries, and on the second, the additional areas Parks Canada wanted included had been highlighted with a florescent orange marker. No surprises so far. Then Strachan had unveiled the third map, "B.C. Revision to Canada's National Park Proposal." It was a sea of orange. All of Lyell, all of Richardson, Tanu, Kunga, everything from the height of land of the Tangil Peninsula south had been highlighted.

Tom had been amazed, wondering if Strachan had somehow confused his maps. It was too good to be the whole proposal. Then Strachan had dropped the other shoe: The B.C. government would put in a maximum of

$8 million toward the costs of compensating the holders of tree farm and timber licences; the federal government would be responsible for all negotiations with the forest industry and other third-party interests, would assume responsibility for all the lands in question, and would ensure that the current workforce on Lyell would be employed logging timber in the area for ten years.

That was not all. Other conditions included a small-craft dock and a wharf for Sandspit, a boat launch for Moresby Camp, $20 million to be spent on capital improvements over the next ten years, and – unbelievably – ten annual payments of $10-million each from the federal government into "the Queen Charlotte Islands Forest Ecology Benefit Trust." In other words, a $100 million goody to the province. Tom's head had been reeling. He had held his emotions in check, telling Strachan that he would need time to review this new proposal with his cabinet colleagues. That was when Strachan had dropped his final bombshell: We had until April 21 to respond.

There was a moment's silence in the car as we tried to grasp the full horror of what Tom had just told us. Jim Collinson was the first to speak. He was appalled. "We just spoke to their negotiators yesterday. No one said anything about a new proposal." "Well," said Tom, without a trace of irony, "maybe they wanted the element of surprise."

I flipped through the proposal Strachan had handed to Tom in a cheap Duo-Tang file, looking at the maps, reading the conditions, frantically trying to sort out the good from the bad, the loony from the possible. Rather lamely I asked, "Is there any way we can accept their boundaries and then work from there, one item at a time?" "No," said Tom. "I rather had the impression that this was a package deal. Take it or leave it."

The car wasn't moving. We had asked to be driven back to the restaurant where we had eaten lunch before

the meeting. Now we were just sitting there in the parking lot, in shock. "Well, it's a trap," I said, pointing out the obvious. "They want to be able to say to the public, 'Look, we offered the federal government the whole thing and they didn't want it. They weren't prepared to pay for it.'"

"Yes, but who would think we should have accepted a park with logging in it for ten years?" asked Tom in exasperation. "It totally violates the National Parks Act. It's just totally nuts."

I reread the proposal. "You know," I ventured hopefully, "it's not entirely clear that they want logging to be maintained within the national park. It says 'timber supply from within the area,' but maybe that is the whole Queen Charlottes area."

"I didn't get that impression from Strachan," said Tom, "but maybe you're right. Jim, could you nose around and see what clarifications you can get from the officials you know here?"

Collinson readily agreed. Kirk Dawson speculated, "Maybe you were just supposed to throw up your hands and call it quits right then?" "I thought about it," said Tom glumly.

There was nothing more to be said. Kirk and Jim left to do some sleuthing and Tom, Terry, and I headed for the airport. We were scheduled to fly to remote Fort St James to inspect an historic church MP Lorne McCuish wanted federal money to repair. I did not mind the thought of getting to a church at all.

26

PARALYSIS

THE PHONE JANGLED, WAKING ME FROM A DEEP SLEEP. IT was pitch dark and I was somewhere unfamiliar. I had no idea where.

"Elizabeth. Sorry to wake you. It's Jim Collinson," said the voice over the phone.

"Jim? What time is it?" I asked. I remembered where I was: a hotel room in Edmonton.

"About two-thirty in the morning your time, I think. But I just finished meeting with B.C.'s deputy minister, Vince Collins. We went out for a few beers, and I thought you'd want to know right away what I found out about their latest proposal," he explained. "It's not great news," Jim continued. "They definitely want us to maintain ten years' worth of logging at current rates from within the national park boundaries. They just want to hand the federal government all their headaches – the whole package. Hand the land over to us, while insisting we keep up ten years' worth of logging," Jim explained.

"That is so absolutely nuts. Do they really think that we'll even consider that? Or is this just a stunt to get us to walk away?" I asked.

"I don't know," Jim said. "But I noticed something about that map that we missed this afternoon. Their new boundary is not the entire original wilderness proposal. They've cut off the little triangle of water at the top right corner that contains those three tiny islands, Limestone, Reef, and Skedans. There's no trees to speak

of there, just Haida artifacts and a sea-lion rookery. But B.C. thinks they might have some interesting underwater oil and gas possibilities. The point is, if they weren't serious about these boundaries, if they weren't prepared to have a park along these lines, if it was just a trick, why bother to leave out those three little islands?"

I saw his point. It made me hopeful. Maybe we could hang onto the new boundaries after all. Jim went on to fill me in on what he'd learned about the evolution of B.C.'s crazy new position. Their senior negotiator, Vince Collins, had met twice with the Premier in the last few days, but the new position had been developed at a cabinet meeting just about an hour before Strachan's meeting with McMillan. The florescent orange could hardly have been dry.

"Vince Collins told me that when we met last week, he honestly thought that the negotiations would proceed in the direction we were going," Jim explained. "Now he says the whole thing's political. He can't negotiate anything." Jim went on to outline the recent frustrations that cumulatively had made the chip on B.C.'s shoulder grow to the size of a boulder. Recent announcements of economic assistance to General Motors in Ontario and to the oil and gas industry in Alberta had increased the perennial cries of "B.C. never gets it's fair share!" On top of that, Vander Zalm felt that he had been unfairly singled out by federal aides as a cause of the failure of the recent constitutional talks on aboriginal rights. In short, federal-provincial relations had soured, and South Moresby was the nearest target for retaliation. "Besides," Jim added, "the way they see it, maybe South Moresby is a chance to get some really significant dollars, so they're linking all kinds of other economic initiatives to a park deal."

For the next few days, no matter how often Tom and I reviewed the B.C. proposal, we could not figure out what our next move should be. The more we examined

it the less sense it made. On the one hand, B.C. was demanding a $100-million trust fund to compensate the province for what it claimed would be a net loss of $30 million a year as a result of the cessation of logging. On the other hand, we were supposed to guarantee that logging would not stop. "It's diabolical," I said to Tom. He and Strachan had agreed not to reveal their new proposal to anyone. Vicky, Colleen, and J.B. phoned to see how the session in Victoria had gone, but all I could tell them was that B.C.'s new proposal was "very bizarre, totally new, and totally weird." When they expressed their frustration at being kept in the dark after being brought in for the last-minute strategy meeting, all I could say was "Trust me. We haven't given anything away. We're back to square one."

Tom was as appalled as I was by the audacity of the provincial move. The April 21 deadline was less than two weeks away, and Parliament's Easter recess fell within those two weeks. Even if we had been prepared to accept the provincial offer, there was no way we could have put it through cabinet in the time allowed.

Our manoeuvrability was further limited by instructions from the PMO not to annoy British Columbia before the constitutional talks on April 30, or before the first meeting of the new Pacific Council of Ministers, established to provide a forum for resolution of federal-B.C. irritants. I wondered if it was just coincidence that the deadline was the same day as that first meeting between federal ministers Pat Carney and Don Mazankowski and such provincial representatives as Stephen Rogers. I worried that the park might get tangled in the give and take of federal-provincial relations: You get an ice-breaker, we get South Moresby.

In the meantime, we faced a serious problem within our own shop. Jim Collinson saw the B.C. proposal as an opportunity to resurrect his recommendation that we accept the WAC boundaries. I couldn't believe that Jim

was serious. The boundaries were the only good thing about B.C.'s proposal. But Jim was insistent, and we went back to arguing over whether Windy Bay was special, and over whether the Haida were being used by environmentalists or vice versa. Jim finally countered with a lengthy memo in which he argued that the position being advanced by the Haida and the environmentalists (and, by implication, me) was that we insist on Windy Bay or nothing. This was premised, he explained, on the following "highly questionable" assumptions:

"(1) There is a good chance B.C. will agree to including Windy Bay on a basis acceptable to Canada;

"(2) Funds will be made available by Cabinet to pay the increased compensation;

"(3) After a break down of negotiations, public pressure will build on B.C. and the province will change its position before Windy Bay is logged;

"(4) If B.C. does not agree to include Windy Bay and, as a result, the park negotiations break down, the federal position will receive public support in both the short and long term."

I had to agree with Jim that those were the assumptions, and I couldn't disagree with his view that they were highly unlikely. But they were just barely possible. I held to my recommendation that we buy time and try to come up with a way to accept the boundaries and deal with B.C.'s other demands one at a time. Tom agreed with me.

On April 15, Tom wrote to Strachan asking for an extension of the moratorium, which was due to expire on April 30. Tom suggested that in order to review B.C.'s proposal and prepare a formal response, he would need until late May. We got past the April 21 deadline on the basis of a verbal okay relayed through official channels, but on April 24 we received Strachan's written reply. The letter opened expressing regret that Canada would need until late May in order to respond: "This issue is

already one of long standing, and further delay will only serve to heighten anxiety and uncertainty." I had a feeling this letter was written for more than one audience. In a tone of generosity in the face of severe provocation, the letter went on to say: "Nevertheless, the province is prepared to give Canada this additional opportunity to formulate a reply."

But from sweet acquiescence, the letter took one of the Kafkaesque turns we were accustomed to in negotiations with B.C. In order to maintain the moratorium, the federal government had to agree that new logging permits be issued on Lyell, almost immediately. Worse yet, Strachan wanted McMillan to choose which of three possible sites would get clear-cut: Windy Bay, Gate Creek, or the southern slopes of Lyell Island. Tom looked horror-struck. "I'm not going to *approve* logging on Lyell Island, on Windy Bay, for God's sake! What kind of a time extension is this?"

Obviously, Windy Bay and the southern slopes were the areas of Lyell we most wanted in the park. Gate Creek, on the other hand, was not as sensitive from a national park standpoint, but as Strachan hinted in his letter, "It is likely that your assistance will be required to secure Federal Fisheries approval." Jim Collinson confirmed that Gate Creek was an important salmon-spawning stream. Fisheries had already determined that logging there would destroy salmon habitat.

"Great," said Tom bitterly, "As environment minister, I'm supposed to lean on Tom Siddon, the federal fisheries minister, to get him to overrule his officials to allow clear-cutting along a salmon stream. And, if I *don't* agree to new logging permits being issued, then the moratorium will be over. They'll break off negotiation and they'll log. That's it, isn't it?" He shook his head in disgust. "That's about it, Mr Minister," Jim agreed.

Tom grimaced. "Well, Jim, tell them we need some time to review it. I'll have a chat with Siddon, just to let

him know about this. But I sure as hell am not going to suggest he approve logging a salmon stream!"

One evening soon after, J.B. called me at my house, late. He had just been talking to a local CBC reporter. "She said that when she was talking to Strachan today, she got the impression that there'd be an announcement of a park soon. But when she pressed for details about a national park, he was evasive, as though it might be a provincial park instead."

"Oh God, J.B., that's it!" I suddenly saw the B.C. plan as clearly as if I saw it laid out before me. "They'll wait till we've given up, or they'll throw us another ultimatum which we can't meet, and then they'll announce that the federal government didn't want a park, so they've gone ahead and protected the area themselves. They'll announce it like it's great news for the environment. Hallelujah! But it'll be a park on the WAC boundaries." I reconsidered, " No, it'll be worse. It'll probably be the Western Forest Product boundaries. The federal government will look like the bad guys, and they probably figure by the time the public figures out the difference between a provincial park and a national park, they will be too confused to get angry. Oh God! That's exactly what they'll do." Somehow knowing what B.C. had planned was empowering. I no longer felt totally victimized by the cat-and-mouse game. But neither did I know what we should do to outsmart them. I realized that, in this little drama, the federal government was playing the part of the mouse.

Through late April, we tried to develop a compromise position, somehow taking British Columbia's concerns into account. Parks officials proposed the idea of offering a period of four to five years of logging. They suggested that we not play with boundaries, just stick to the phrasing of B.C.'s offer. How many years' worth of logging could be maintained on Lyell? We knew that the Haida would object. We knew that environmentalists

would be outraged. But we had to come up with some response, and I agreed with Tom that this one was better than falling back on the WAC boundaries. Besides, I had a growing conviction that this was an exercise in futility. We would go through the motions until the moment when B.C. would proclaim the game over, fold up their board, and take it home. A comment Bruce Strachan made to a reporter confirmed my intuition. On April 30, he was quoted as saying the logging moratorium "will remain in place until the negotiations fail."

On May 1, Tom dispatched a lengthy letter to Strachan outlining our problems with his offer of April 8. He pointed out those little technicalities that Strachan may have missed: that logging in a national park would violate the National Parks Act and that it seemed inconsistent to demand a $100-million fund to compensate for the loss of logging, while insisting that logging continue. But to show some movement in B.C.'s direction, and as a gesture of good faith, we floated the trial balloon of four to five years' more logging.

We didn't have to wait long for it to be shot down. On May 6 a letter from Strachan came in over the fax machine a little after 6:30 p.m. It was an ultimatum. No date was mentioned, but the letter read like a final notice. "Given the public sentiments of support for a national park; given your public and private statements of interest on behalf of the Government of Canada; and given British Columbia's generous offer to relinquish its beneficial economic interests in the area, I would have expected much more movement in your position. Furthermore, I find it disturbing that in spite of lengthy discussions with your B.C. Caucus, you have not taken the substance of our most recent offer to your Cabinet colleagues. As matters stand now, the prospects for settlement appear elusive..."

The ultimatum was thinly veiled and short. Strachan concluded by saying that unless Tom McMillan concurred with the granting of new cutting permits some-

where on Lyell Island, negotiations would be at an end. "The time has arrived," Strachan wrote, "in which we must conclude a deal, or reluctantly, we must conclude that a satisfactory settlement is not possible."

After arranging for Tom to phone Strachan as soon as possible, I waited to find out from Tom what had transpired. There wasn't much to hear. We had a few more days to respond. But probably not beyond May 11.

We were almost out of time, and we had to develop a strategy. The Parks officials proposed a range of options, including the inevitable suggestion that we try accepting the WAC boundaries. But one course they suggested was surprisingly close to my own view – that we find the best way to end negotiations, disclose the positions of both governments, and hope that public opinion could force British Columbia back to the bargaining table.

"Before we do anything irrevocable," Tom said, "I want to be sure we've consulted with all the key players. That means the Haida, environmentalists, Jim Fulton, the B.C. caucus, and, of course, cabinet. I want everyone onside before we do whatever it is we have to do."

I pointed out that Tom was already scheduled to meet with the annual gathering of the Canadian Environmental Network on Monday. "Vicky and Colleen and Kevin are all going to be there anyway," I added.

"Great," said Tom, "but get John Broadhead and Thom Henley there, too, and Gregg Sheehy, and see if Miles Richardson can come to Ottawa." I phoned Vancouver immediately. J.B. agreed to come on Saturday night. But Huck and Miles were busy on the home front, so we arranged for them to speak to Tom by phone. Tom headed back to Charlottetown for the weekend, and I kept my fingers crossed that a strategy session on Monday, May 11, would not be too late.

Vicky and Colleen arrived Friday, and I joined them, spending most of the weekend out at the Katimavik

Centre where the Canadian Environmental Network had met two years before with Blais-Grenier.

By Sunday, the core group was assembled – J.B., Colleen, Vicky, and Kevin. We sat down on the grass outside the main chapel at Katimavik. The sun beat down as I set out the state of the negotiations. "Don't let on to Tom that I've told you," I said, "but I know he's going to tell you the whole thing tomorrow anyway and this proposal is so weird that it takes a couple of days to be able to think clearly about anything after hearing it." I told them the secret I had been keeping for over a month. They were shocked. I reviewed the various options that Tom was now considering, explaining that he was leaning toward issuing a press release, breaking off negotiations and laying out the B.C. position. Everyone quickly agreed that that seemed to be the best strategy and that we should issue it as soon as possible, preferably the next day.

"I don't know," said J.B. "It would be better if the press release did not end the negotiations." He suggested a new twist, "*Before* either side admits the negotiations are over, Tom should issue a release urging B.C. to stay at the negotiating table and spelling out the positions of both governments."

"That's brilliant," I said. "That way we haven't signalled or precipitated the breakdown of talks. It might just put enough public pressure on B.C. to keep them talking." With a new strategy to propose to Tom, I was feeling almost optimistic.

Early the next morning, we all went to the airport to meet Tom's incoming flight from Prince Edward Island. Vicky had to leave on a morning plane to Toronto, so she spent a few private moments talking with Tom by the baggage carousel. The plan was for the rest of us to ride with Tom to the Katimavik Centre, holding our strategy meeting in the car.

Ministerial limousines are roomy and comfortable for four to five people, including the driver. There were seven of us: Paul Rowe (Tom's chauffeur), Terry Collins, Tom, Kevin, J.B., Colleen, and me. Terry was desperate not to miss the strategy session in the car, so he persuaded Paul to let him drive, so that there would be one less person. Paul's departure had the added bonus of extending the length of our moving meeting, for while there may not be a better press secretary than Terry, there are certainly better chauffeurs. He would become engrossed in the conversation in the back seat, and Tom would say, rather sharply, "Terry, are we going the right way?"

Tom was wedged in between J.B. and Kevin in the back seat, while Colleen was in the front with me. Tom wanted to go by his apartment on the way to the meeting in the Gatineau, to drop off his luggage and change into the casual attire appropriate for his meeting with a sampling of the country's environmental community. The ride from the airport to his apartment building was interminable. Tom told the story of his meeting with Strachan in excrutiating detail. Convinced that he held the tiny audience in the palm of his hand, he unburdened himself of the suspenseful tale of drama and intrigue, leaving out no recollection – however minute.

Once at Tom's building, he and Terry went inside with the luggage, and the rest of us broke into laughter from the suppressed frustration of listening to a story we already knew retold in painful detail. J.B. put it, "At this rate, he'll get to the part where Strachan unveils the last map, just as we drive into the Katimavik Centre. Is there any way we can speed this up?"

Tom helped us out by taking a long time getting changed. He took his clothes seriously, even his jeans looked tailor-made. When he got back to the car, much to the relief of our volunteer strategists, I told him,

"Tom, I hope you don't mind, but since we're running a little late, I've brought everyone up to date on what's been going on."

He didn't mind, and the South Moresby crew demonstrated superb thespian skills, acting out shock and sympathy as if they had just heard the latest loopy curve in negotiations for the first time. "So," said Tom, finally getting to the purpose of our meeting, "Now that you know where we stand, what do you recommend?"

J.B. spoke first. He stressed that B.C. should not be allowed to spring the trap they had so obviously set for the federal government. "You have to pre-empt their strategy," he urged coolly. "And the only way to do that is to make B.C.'s negotiating position public, *before* they break off talks and announce a provincial park instead."

Tom liked the idea. "That's much better than being seen as spoilers who have left the bargaining table, no matter what the provocation. I like it." Kevin and Colleen added bits of recent intelligence from their grapevine of contacts. "The only way to go now", said Colleen, "is for you to stake out the federal government's position and let the public judge B.C.'s position for what it is – blackmail."

It had already been a long day for McMillan. He had risen early, an hour's time difference to the east, had crowded in a car for a long drive and a very intense strategy session, and he now faced a hundred or so activists, each with a pressing concern. The discussion went well. On a range of issues, from the proposed expansion of the Sunshine Village ski resort in Banff, to measures to protect the ozone layer, to the proposed Rafferty-Alameda dams in Saskatchewan, Tom pledged to put environmental concerns first and foremost. South Moresby was next on the agenda. Colleen spoke passionately about the current crisis, only obliquely referring to very difficult negotiations. She called on groups from around the country to support Tom McMillan,

even if the situation appeared to worsen. Her remarks were met with sustained applause.

Tom thanked her, and then did something I had not expected and could hardly believe. He asked the gathering of over a hundred people to keep in confidence what he was about to tell them. Tom filled them in on the whole of B.C.'s proposal – the expanded boundaries, the logging in the park for ten years, the outlandish dollar figures, the whole thing. "Obviously," Tom said, "there is no way we can authorize logging in a national park. On that count alone, a deal is not possible." The crowd was stunned. Support for the minister and for South Moresby soared that morning as activists from around the country realized what the odds against preserving South Moresby really were.

We left Katimavik to return to a full agenda in Ottawa. The principal task for the day was the drafting of the press release along the lines we had agreed upon in the limo meeting. It was written, edited by Tom, and then rewritten. It was crafted to such an exquisite degree that each word served a purpose and packed a strategic punch.

Tom phoned Miles Richardson to discuss the strategy with him. A meeting was scheduled with the B.C. caucus for the next morning and a copy of the draft release was sent to Deputy Prime Minister Don Mazankowski and Senator Lowell Murray, Mulroney's minister for federal-provincial relations.

We dated the release for the next day, May 12, and alerted our communications staff to distribute it as soon as we had approval from Maz and from Lowell Murray. Later that evening, Tom and I made our way over to a reception hosted by John Fraser in honour of the Canadian Environmental Network's tenth anniversary. We arrived late and missed the speeches by Fraser, Charles Caccia, Jim Fulton, and the NDP environment critic, Bill Blaikie. Tom spoke briefly and then mingled

with the guests. Wine flowed and canapés were served. It may have looked like a cocktail party, but it sounded like a council of war. Liz Calder, a good friend from my Cape Breton anti-spray campaigns, circulated, lining up support for her plan to charter a plane from Nova Scotia and load it with people prepared to get arrested on the Charlottes. People from all over the country were planning to put their own fights on hold in order to mobilize support for South Moresby.

Kevin and J.B. left the sumptuous committee room used for the reception and wandered out into the corridors in search of a washroom. John opened a likely looking door and found himself looking into the House of Commons. It was the entrance used by the Speaker, which lies behind his large chair. They ventured in feeling like little boys in a place they knew they shouldn't be. J.B. spotted a desk on the right. "That's where Mulroney sits! Shouldn't we leave him a note or something?" He grinned mischievously. They opened J.B.'s briefcase to look for a likely item. "This should do nicely," said J.B., removing a political cartoon that had recently appeared in the *Vancouver Sun* about Bill Reid's refusal to complete his sculpture for the Canadian Embassy. It featured Reid carving what looked like the beginning of a hand, giving the finger. Canadian Embassy staff in the corner of the drawing provided the caption: "I don't think I like the way this thing is taking shape." They left it inside Mulroney's desk as an offering, an inside joke, a reminder.

J.B. was staying at my house, and when I got home around midnight from the last re-draftings of the press release, I was pleased to find he was still awake. Together we reviewed the draft. "This should do the trick," he said smiling. And then he told me about what I had missed at the Speaker's reception. "You should have heard Fraser's speech," said J.B. "He said that we were all part of the conspiracy to save the planet."

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THE CONSPIRACY

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 12. TOM'S SECRETARY, GILLIAN, and I fussed in Tom's outer office, setting out coffee, juice, tea and milk, muffins and butter for the B.C. caucus. Die-hard pro-loggers Lorne McCuish, Fred King, and Lorne Greenaway were there; chairman Ted Schellenberg, whose fence-sitting tilted decidedly toward the forest industry camp; and park supporters Pat Crofton, Mary Collins, and John Fraser balanced things out.

Ted Schellenberg brought along a recent clipping from a paper in his riding, the *Alberni Valley Times,* in which B.C. Tourism Minister Bill Reid was quoted as saying that logging, mining, fishing, and tourism would operate side by side in the province's recreational areas, and "South Moresby will be the place we'll prove it." It was passed around to groans, amid the muffins and butter.

Tom called the session to order, explaining that the federal government that day would be forced to admit that the negotiations had stalled, and that, under the tense circumstances, he wanted caucus to be fully aware of the status of those talks to date. Then he spelled out Strachan's offer of April 8 and the recent series of counter-proposals and ultimatums.

I hadn't expected caucus to be as horrified by B.C.'s gambit as we were. Even the staunchest pro-loggers were aghast when they heard what B.C. had been proposing.

With each new condition, they recoiled. Lorne McCuish, champion of Moresby Island Concerned Citizens, was blunt in his assessment. He doubted very much whether Bruce Strachan could be responsible for such a scheme: "I'll bet anything Stephen Rogers is behind it. Rogers and Strachan are doing a Bergen and McCarthy routine!"

MPs with contacts in Vander Zalm's office said he'd been under tremendous pressure from the major forest companies ever since the throne speech. All the caucus members, even those who had never supported Tom McMillan before, supported his proposed strategy now. They admitted that they had thought the federal government was being greedy in wanting more of Lyell Island, but it was nothing compared to the avarice of the B.C. proposal. Pat Crofton minced no words, "You'd better make the federal government's position bloody public and soon." Mary Collins agreed, and suggested that maybe Mazankowski should call Vander Zalm. John Fraser had excused himself early to head back to the House and to avoid any partisan discussion. His only advice had been that the federal government had to be prepared to pay a fair price.

Tom was pleased with the advice from caucus, but we both felt that there was no time to waste in getting our position released. Chances were not insignificant that someone in caucus, maybe not among those present, would tip our hand to the province. We had our usual Tuesday morning briefing session with the deputy minister and had to focus on an agenda of other issues, but our attention was never far removed from the imminent release of the minister's statement on South Moresby. It had taken on the characteristics and language of a military manoeuvre, a "pre-emptive first strike."

The day wore on, but still we did not have approval to release it. With a First Ministers' Conference on the constitution scheduled for the first week of June, all minis-

ters were under direct orders not to rock any provincial boats. Planning a "pre-emptive first strike" was thought to fall outside the realm of friendly relations. Tom went to a cabinet committee meeting, hoping to catch Maz and Lowell Murray. Terry and I waited in the outer chamber. It was getting on toward early evening, and still Tom had not surfaced to give us the "all clear." I had just stepped into one of the cabinet lobby phone booths when, through the leaded glass doors, I saw Tom emerge with a man I recognized as Mulroney's old buddy from St Francis Xavier University, Lowell Murray. As Murray turned on his heels, Terry and I rushed over to Tom. He was in a black mood. "We can't release this," he said.

"Why not?" I objected. "Don't they realize –" Tom cut me off with a peremptory tone. "There's nothing more to be said. The constitutional talks in June take precedence over everything else just now, and this would be seen as unnecessarily provoking British Columbia."

"So, we just have to wait like sitting ducks for B.C. to blow us out of the water?" Terry asked in exasperation.

"I do not want to hear anything more from either of you," Tom said, as though to disobedient children. "That's all there is to it." He turned away from us and headed back into the cabinet room. I thought I might start to cry right there. Terry didn't look dry-eyed either. "What are we going to do now?" I asked. He shook his head, "I dunno. Nothing we can do."

Later that evening, Mazankowski asked Tom to come into his office for a chat. Nothing concentrates the mind like an upcoming execution, unless it's a particularly well-written press release demonstrating the way in which an event will unfold. In the case of Tom's South Moresby statement, it succinctly brought home the reality of an impending disaster. The breakdown of negotiations would not be good for federal-provincial relations either. Mazankowski decided to try to mediate. Maz and

Tom put through a call to Bill Vander Zalm. The deputy prime minister told the Premier that he understood that negotiations between their respective environment ministers seemed to have fallen apart. He expressed concern that the two governments not give up on such an important initiative. Vander Zalm agreed. He had given up his belief that Mulroney had any real interest in South Moresby, but now that he was talking to the deputy prime minister, maybe there was still hope. They spoke in generalities for a while about the importance both governments attached to striking a deal, and then Tom spoke to Vander Zalm, extolling the virtues of the Charlottes as a tourism destination. With the province's own tourism minister saying that the islands were too remote and rainy for anyone to go there, Tom felt that their commercial viability could use a little selling. When Vander Zalm expressed doubts about their proximity to tourist markets, Tom waxed eloquent. As a former tourism minister, he knew all the stock phrases. "Tourism is a highly segmented market," he told the premier of the "Super, Natural" province. "Times have changed since the days when Mom and Pop and the kids and the dog piled into their station wagon and drove to their holiday destination. Now people will pay top dollars for a wilderness tourism experience. The more remote the better. Tourism is now the number one industry for the Yukon, and surely its weather is as problematic and its location as remote as the Queen Charlotte Islands."

Tom knew he was on a roll. The Premier was interested. "But how would people get there?" he asked. "Well," Tom said, exuding confidence, "cruise ships take people right past the Charlottes all the time to tour Alaska. I'm sure they could include a national park in the Charlottes in their itinerary. And, of course, people can fly in and then join a charter. There are already a dozen or so operators offering kayak excursions or sailboat

charters. Even without promotion, tourism in the area is growing exponentially."

Vander Zalm seized on the idea of cruise ships. "Could we get cruise ships to the Charlottes?" he asked. "Certainly," said Tom. "We already have some inquiries from some companies and after the July issue of *National Geographic*, we could be swamped." Tom felt that he had succeeded in getting Vander Zalm really excited about a national park for the first time, throwing around a lot of his favourite phrases – evocations like "world class." Visions of the Love Boat stopping in at Sandspit. Now we were talking. It wasn't just a park for some tree-huggers that would be nice to do as a favour for the Prime Minister. This was a hot prospect.

Mazankowski got back on the line with Vander Zalm to see if the two of them couldn't sort things out and agree on a new process of negotiations. Vander Zalm asked if the two governments had made any progress, "Do we agree on anything?"

Mazankowski, holding the phone to his ear, turned and repeated the question to Tom. Tom thought fast. "Yes," he said. "Tell him we agree to their position on boundaries in their April 8th offer." Maz did. And Vander Zalm said that that was, at least, a start. We agree on boundaries and we'll take the rest from there. Vander Zalm and Mazankowski agreed that from here on in, they would handle the talks themselves. The negotiations had been booted up from the environment ministers to Canada's deputy prime minister and B.C's Premier. But, Vander Zalm cautioned, they couldn't take forever. If they hadn't made substantial progress in a few days, then it might not be possible to conclude an agreement.

From his phone conversation with McMillan and Mazankowski, Vander Zalm went straight to the press gallery to fill in the fourth estate on the latest development, telling reporters that Ottawa had a few more days,

or else the province would "go it alone." "I'm not threatening," he said. "I'm not putting out an ultimatum, except I'm saying there has to be a deadline."

Late-breaking stories were keeping the Victoria press gallery hopping. After the Premier's surprise press scrum, a Canadian Press reporter and a Southam reporter both got hold of fairly complete versions of the province's April 8 offer from different sources. Now they had the whole story. They knew why the negotiations had broken down earlier in the day. They knew that B.C. had been insisting on a $100-million trust fund, $40 to 50 million in other goodies, and ten years' more logging inside the park. The next morning's papers carried news of both developments: Vander Zalm's chat with Mazankowski and the details of B.C.'s April 8 offer.

I was ecstatic. Until I saw the headlines, I had been in the depths of despair. Now I could hardly believe it. Mazankowski hadn't thrown us to the slings and arrows of outrageous British Columbia. He had stepped in and saved the day. Tom was keen to tell me all about the spectacular about-face in our fortunes.

Things were moving along as a result of the public exposure of British Columbia's bargaining ploy. Reporters in B.C. couldn't find their usual press contacts as Vicky, Colleen, and J.B. were still on their way back west. But Jeff Gibbs gave a great interview, setting out clearly why the environmentalists felt that the federal government was being set up and how important it was for people to support the federal position. Jim Fulton characterized the province's last offer as "an insane, bizarre proposal." By my count, two of Jim Collinson's assumptions of what was most unlikely to happen had just come to pass: B.C. had agreed to a park, including all of Lyell Island, and the public was rallying behind the federal position.

Midday, I got a call from a reporter in the Victoria press gallery. Vander Zalm and Strachan had just an-

nounced that they had dropped their demand for ten years' more logging in the park. "There would be a phase-out of logging" with a park deal, Strachan had explained. "There would be no more cutting permits." Vander Zalm had told reporters that he expected to speak with Mazankowski again that day. "I'm pretty sure there's going to be a park," he said smiling.

In Ottawa, Question Period was sprinkled with more questions on South Moresby than at any time since the Haida blockade. Tom's answers reflected the giddy optimism of negotiations that were progressing hour by hour. In the afternoon, I sat in Tom's office while he took a phone call from Bruce Strachan. Strachan reported that they were taking an idea to cabinet. It would be based on their April offer, but they'd find logging somewhere else. Furthermore, he told Tom that they would "take over the Frank Beban problem" and remove the cap on their $8-million contribution. B.C.'s new proposal was due the next day, May 14. When Tom hung up, he looked euphoric. "I think we've got a deal, Elizabeth." Neither of us could quite believe it.

With developments occurring by the minute, I spent most of the day on the telephone, keeping John Fraser, Jim Fulton, Miles Richardson, and Vicky, or J.B., or whomever I could reach, up to date. I had to call Pat Carney's staff and Maz's office and reporters and far-flung contacts. My secretary, Karen, was juggling four or five phone lines, all flashing away on hold with people who either wanted to tell me what had just happened, or to find out. Time flew and I had completely forgotten about my dinner meeting with Kevin McNamee and the author of the task-force report on New Park Establishment, Arlin Hackman, when Kevin showed up to fetch me.

I was just going out the door, when Tom's legislative assistant, Marc Grenier, came rushing up. He looked stressed, as he often did. "We've got an Opposition motion for tomorrow. They just now sent it over to us!" This

was always bad news. There are a scant twenty-five opposition days on the parliamentary calendar, divided between the opposition parties. An opposition day meant that the minister responsible for the subject of the debate had to speak and also had to line up other government members to speak in support. In simple terms, it meant that the minister's staff would spend all night arranging speakers and writing speeches for the minister and the other government speakers prepared to debate. Marc handed me the motion, "It's from Jim Fulton and it's on South Moresby," and then he smiled. It turned out that Jim had received permission from his own caucus to use one of its precious opposition days for South Moresby with only minutes to spare before the filing deadline. He had drafted the motion hurriedly, but it lost nothing because of haste. It was a brilliant move.

"That's fantastic!" I told Marc. "We'll have a whole day in the House to campaign for South Moresby. This is great! Yay Jim!"

Kevin watched in amusement as the office seemed to erupt in happy chaos. He turned to Marc, who was still grinning. "The government isn't supposed to like opposition motions, is it?" Marc laughed, "Not usually, no."

Marc and I quickly got down to business, reviewing the best possible candidates to join the debate on Jim's motion. "Try to get Bill McKnight." It turned out that McKnight had a major press conference in the morning. The fact that he made it to join the debate was one of the best things he did as minister of Indian affairs.

I reported for duty on the second floor of our building to work with Barry Olsen and Jim Shearon of the Parks' communications branch. Each of us was to write one speech, focussing on a different aspect of the issue. The minister's could be the most wide-ranging and lyrical. McKnight's would, of course, focus on the Haida interest, and the third, for an as yet unnamed B.C. member, would deal with the economic benefits of ex-

panded tourism in the Charlottes. I reached Tom by phone and he gave me a blow-by-blow outline of the speech he wanted to give the next day. It already sounded great. Jim Shearon plunked me down in front of a computer. I had never used a computer to write on before, but it seemed idiot-proof and in no time, I was typing away, lost in the mood of *Islands at the Edge.* I'd never been to Haida Gwaii, so in order to describe the places I knew Tom had seen, I studied the book's various images and let the words pour out.

Late that night, as I waited for the speech to print out, I looked at the big Parks Canada map on the wall. All the national parks were shown in green. I picked up a green magic marker and started colouring in the bottom third of the Queen Charlotte Islands archipelago. "What are you doing?" asked Barry. "Protecting South Moresby," I said.

I got home late, around 2 a.m. There was no sign of Kevin, who was staying at my house, though I was grateful for his note that my poor dog had been walked. I collapsed on my bed, holding onto my copy of *Islands at the Edge.*

Tom liked my draft the next morning and made a few changes, strengthening it here and there, and adding a line about his personal impressions of the islands: "Despite advance descriptions from people who had visited the islands before me...I was singularly unprepared for the magnificence...the awe-inspiring forest canopies, the bubbling hot springs, the teeming wildlife, the wide-open spaces, the pristine stillness, the sheer beauty of an unspoiled world...I feel a special kinship to those remote misty isles."

The motion that had inspired such lofty prose and had launched such a frantic whirl of activity was itself fairly prosaic:

"Pursuant to Standing Order 82 (12), moved that this House calls on the Government of British Columbia

to cooperate in setting aside the South Moresby area of the Queen Charlotte Islands as a National Park Reserve; and,

"Further, that the federal government provide such compensation to those interests affected by such National Park Reserve; and,

"Further, that the House confirms its intention to ensure the continued participation of the Haida people in matters affecting South Moresby."

As an opposition motion for debate, Fulton's motion could not be put to a vote. It was a debating exercise, nothing more. Ordinarily, such motions stir little excitement, other than for the few MPs who directly participate. Not only do they interest the media hardly at all, neither do they draw much of a crowd in the House. The minimum number of members on all sides of the House are forced to attend to maintain a quorum. Something on the order of a dozen souls catch up on correspondence, while another honourable member delivers a fine parliamentary oratory into the echoing void. Only proceedings in the Senate attract less interest, and that's because they're not televised.

Because of the unexciting nature of the morning session of Parliament, the Speaker of the House, having ceremoniously paraded through the outer halls of Centre Block to the chair wearing his three-cornered hat and flanked by the golden mace of office, usually slips out the exit behind his chair with a good deal less pomp. The Speaker returns to his chambers for the avalanche of parliamentary business that awaits him every day, between refereeing rounds at Question Period.

But on the morning of May 14, John Fraser showed no inclination to leave his position, presiding over the resolution pursuant to Standing Order 82 (12). Jim Fulton was the first to speak to his own motion. He set a standard of brilliant and evocative eloquence that was

maintained, but not surpassed, throughout the day-long debate. Speaker after speaker departed from the usual rancour of the House to employ words rarely heard in parliamentary debate. As Vince Dantzer, Tory member for Okanagan, who carried the B.C. Tory banner in the debate, said toward the end of the day's proceedings, "This is more like a love-in than a debate."

From his opening remarks, Jim Fulton stressed the non-partisan nature of his motion. He recounted a conversation he had had years before with a Haida elder. "What he said to me sunk in my heart and will be with me for as long as I live. He said, 'Jim, if a Haida went down on a skidder to a large graveyard in Vancouver and drove around with the blade down and pushed all of the headstones into a big pile, what do you think the white people in Vancouver would do?' He said, 'That is how I feel about the logging on Lyell Island. That is how I feel about what is going on in South Moresby.'"

Fulton spoke longer than his allotted time, but John Fraser showed no sign of impatience. Some might find a friendship between a dyed-in-the-wool Tory and a zealous New Democrat to be an unlikely match, but Jim Fulton and John Fraser were friends of long-standing, bound together by a shared love of the natural environment. Fulton was the only person I knew who called the Speaker "Fraze," and Fraser spoke with affection of Jim's "impish quality." The previous fall, when the first-time election of a Speaker on a free vote was being discussed by members of Parliament, Fulton and Fraser happened to share a flight back to Vancouver from Ottawa. As they sat together, Jim wedging his substantial form into the airplane seat by the window, he tried to persuade Fraser to let his name stand for Speaker. "C'mon, Fraze. You'd be great. The House really needs you," Jim had urged.

Fraser had tried to discourage the notion, "I don't think you'd really like it." With a twinkle, Fraser had recalled the time that Jim had smuggled a dead salmon,

concealed down one trouser leg, into the chamber, and had dropped it on Mulroney's desk during Question Period. "If I'd been in the chair when you brought in that dead fish, I wouldn't have recognized you for six months!" Now, as one of the most important issues in the lives of both men was hanging in the balance, each counted himself fortunate that the other was there.

Brian Tobin, a fiesty Newfoundland member, rose to speak on behalf of the leader of the official Opposition. John Turner was out of town, but fortunately his support for saving South Moresby had been recorded on several previous occasions in Hansard.

As Tom and I prepared for his address, our B.C. office faxed us the latest Vancouver press. The tabloid-style *Province* heralded "Moresby Wins! B.C. expects pact today on national park." Strachan was quoted as saying that he hoped to conclude talks within the day. Vander Zalm was smiling again, "I like it. It is a great tourist destination." He told reporters that cruise ships were the solution to the problem of remoteness and that the federal government would build a cruise-ship facility in the park. Vicky phoned, "Has Tom really promised a cruise-ship dock? That would be a real ecological disaster!" I reassured her that Vander Zalm had just gotten a little over-enthusiastic.

I listened to Tom's speech from the gallery. It went well. "South Moresby is the litmus test of our values as a society. How much importance do we attach to the aesthetic, the intangible, even the spiritual values that South Moresby represents? Those qualities do not readily lend themselves to a cost-benefit analysis. That fact does not make them any the less compelling. Again, some of the strongest arguments for saving South Moresby are economic. But it is the other arguments that cry out for us to act: the ones that strike at the heart of what we stand for as a people, the ones that address whether we stand for anything beyond feeding and clothing and sheltering ourselves."

The spirit of unanimity was so rare and the values expressed so exemplary, that several members later could not remember another day such as this. It was intoxicating.

As McMillan answered friendly questions after his speech, Bill Blaikie rose to propose an unusual procedure. "Could the Minister indicate whether he would be willing to support a proposal at the end of the day to have this motion deemed to have been passed by the House?"

A non-votable motion converted into a unanimous vote? It would be parliamentary alchemy. Tom was quick to his feet, "Mr Speaker, I think that is an inspired suggestion." Brian Tobin, speaking for the official Opposition, was just as eager to support a unanimous resolution on a non-votable motion.

Fraser had not ruled when Blaikie rose on a point of order, "Given the unanimous views which have been expressed, could the House agree and have you put it on the record, with unanimous consent, that the motion we are debating at this point will be deemed to have been passed at the end of the day?"

Fraser knew that he had to be careful. The "unanimity" on all sides of the House did not include a few recalcitrant Tories from British Columbia. Tom McMillan looked at Fraser encouragingly. Fulton gave "Fraze" a hopeful grin. And in the gallery, I held my breath and crossed all my fingers, and prayed.

Fraser ruled judiciously. All the 'i's had to be dotted and the 't's crossed if the little network of conspirators was going to be able to pull this off. "The House has heard the suggestion of the Honourable Member for Winnipeg – Birds Hill, the comment from the Honourable Minister of the Environment and the comment from the Honourable Member for Humber – Port au Port – St Barbe." Bases covered, all three parties were on the record. The House is the master of its own proceedings, so where its will is clear no lack of precedent

should deter it. This was Fraser's logic as he ruled that the procedure proposed was acceptable. "The record will show that at the end of the debate, the House has been unanimous in supporting the motion put forward by the New Democratic Party. I take it that that is the pleasure of the House?" Those present quickly agreed.

Fraser paused, "Honourable Members have heard the motion. Is it agreed?"

I scanned the nearly empty benches. There was no sign of anyone who would oppose the motion. I wondered where Benno Freisen and Gerry St Germain, strong pro-logging members who had been on the floor moments before, had disappeared to. They could appear at any moment, but as it turned out they were busy, just a few feet away in the government lobby, trying to browbeat Vince Dantzer into not speaking for the motion.

Back in the chamber, waiting for the objection everyone hoped would not be made, Fraser let his last "Is it agreed?" hang in the air like an auctioneer's gavel. All present shouted "Agreed!" and the Speaker ruled "That will be appropriately recorded." This was the finest moment of Fraser's noble Conspiracy to Save the Planet. Tom and Fulton may not have actually let out a cheer, but it seemed that the House erupted in an exclamation of exultation. The Speaker adjourned proceedings until after lunch, and Tom McMillan and John Fraser and Jim Fulton and Bill Blaikie and Brian Tobin and Nelson Riis shook hands and hugged and generally acted in ways unrecognizable to those who see them only in Question Period.

In Queen Charlotte City, Miles and Guujaaw were watching the proceedings via satellite. The concerns of the Haida Nation had never before dominated a full day of proceedings in the Parliament of Canada. Every call for wilderness preservation in the course of the debate was matched by a demand that the interests of the Haida Nation be respected. They stayed close to the set

through addresses from Bill McKnight, Ian Waddell, and Charles Caccia, for whom the approaching reality of a South Moresby deal was a dream come true.

Back in the Hill office, Tom and I were still congratulating each other for a major coup and an incredible morning, when the phone rang. Mazankowski was calling to see what the dickens was going on. He had received some irate calls from members of the B.C. caucus, and he wanted to know just what the hell McMillan thought he was up to. Tom calmed Maz, "Everyone present agreed, and I thought it would strengthen our hand in the negotiations with British Columbia." Mazankowski was appeased, but still carried out the obligatory call to the Speaker. Fraser showed equal sang-froid. Nothing unusual had transpired, although it was true that no one could recall another time in parliamentary history when a non-votable motion from an opposition party had been deemed to have been passed unanimously before the debate was half over.

The next day, Jim Fulton told the press that Miles Richardson said, "The Great Spirit hovered over the House of Commons briefly yesterday."

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ENVIRONMENT WEEK

DURING THE MAY 14 DEBATE, JIM FULTON HAD LEFT THE floor to take a phone call in the opposition lobby. A deep baritone voice had said, "Hello, Jim, this is Brian Mulroney." Jim knew a prankster when he heard one, so he had laughed. "Yeah, sure. Quit bullshittin' me. Who is this really?"

To which a startled Prime Minister had insisted, "Jim, this is Brian Mulroney."

Jim's jaw had dropped. It turned out that Mulroney had just wanted to ask him how he thought things were going, both the debate and the negotiations. The two men had chatted for a while, and Jim had hung up, incredulous. We spoke by phone later in the day. "Geez, Elizabeth," Jim said. "I couldn't believe it. The Prime Minister has never called me before. I think he's really worried about South Moresby."

By the next morning, we had B.C.'s revised proposal. It did not go as far or make as many concessions as Strachan had done in his last phone call to Tom. But it was a quantum leap from where we had been just four days before. It was essentially the April 8 offer, without the demand for ten years' more logging. All the other terms and conditions remained. The total package, after including the federal government's direct costs, would be close to $200 million. The deadline for our response was the following Friday, May 22.

We were getting close enough to think about defrosting

the famous cake. The *Vancouver Sun* headlined, "Moresby deal said close to wire." Tom left for the weekend, asking me to arrange calls for him to Miles Richardson and B.C. caucus chairman Ted Schellenberg, and, of course, any calls from the deputy prime minister or Strachan. The momentum was strong, and we assumed that talks would continue through the long weekend.

People around the country were stretching the limits of their creativity to figure out what they could do to help. Monte Hummel of the World Wildlife Fund had excellent contacts and a strong commitment to South Moresby. It struck him that an appeal to Vander Zalm's Dutch roots might not hurt. One of the founders of the World Wildlife Fund was Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. Monte contacted Soesdijk Palace, to suggest that a telegram from His Royal Highness might prove helpful with a certain Dutch premier in Canada. Prince Bernhard telegraphed Bill Vander Zalm with an eloquent appeal to save South Moresby, part of the world heritage. He closed saying, "I would be proud to have one of my countrymen associated with this conservation achievement."

Monte phoned me to read the telegram. I was impressed. "Let me know if you ever feel that we need a telegram from Prince Philip. I can always get in touch with Buckingham Palace." I told him I would keep that in mind. Prince Philip was president of World Wildlife International and was widely known for his personal interest in environmental issues.

Monte's was not the only effort to marshal international support. The Jacques Cousteau Society sent an urgent telex to the B.C. government, as did the National Parks and Conservation Association and the Audubon Society from the U.S.A. Staff from the National Parks and Conservation Association started phoning me almost daily to see how we were doing in the negotiations

and to ask what more they could do to help.

In some ways it was wonderful to have the brunt of negotiating with British Columbia managed from a different office. I kept in touch with Maz's staff on a daily basis, and Parks Canada officals had been virtually seconded to Maz's office for technical back-up. In other ways it was a disadvantage. For one thing, despite briefings between offices, I was much less in the information flow. And, for that matter, so was Tom. Jim Collinson kept developments very close to his vest. He was under no obligation to brief me, but it did seem strange that, from time to time, developments occurred that Collinson did not inform McMillan about, either.

But, as always, Tom and I had plenty of other concerns to keep us occupied. He had decided to put negotiations for a grasslands national park in Saskatchewan into high gear, meeting with their minister responsible for water rights just days before flying west for Environment Week. We still hoped we might get the whole matter resolved in time for an announcement during the early June visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, coinciding with Environment Week. We would use Prince Philip's visit shamelessly to get as much money for wildlife habitat protection programs as was humanly possible.

As late May turned into June, it seemed that Mazankowski was prepared to counter B.C.'s offer with significantly more dollars than our last $39-million bid. For months, Maz had been presiding over one of the worst-kept secrets in Ottawa – the Western Diversification Fund. Nothing had been announced, but departments were already forming a queue in front of the Western Diversification trough. It was rumoured to be around one billion dollars. With policy reserves for the cabinet committees bone-dry, a one-billion-dollar fund was an oasis in a desert of fiscal restraint. Environment Canada was already drafting applications to the non-existent fund for money to implement

prairie wetland habitat restoration and "Centres of Excellence" for wildlife toxicology. As Maz had responsibility for the fund and was also carrying the South Moresby negotiations, it wasn't hard for people to guess where additional bucks for a South Moresby deal might come from.

South Moresby now faced a new obstacle. Jealous supplicants to the imaginary fund began to make noises about South Moresby getting "their" project monies. Even our own deputy, Genevieve Ste Marie, worried that South Moresby might get "our" duck money. Our application for restoration of prairie wetland had been submitted a few weeks before. What if it were decided that Environment Canada couldn't get a park and ducks? If the deputy minister of the Parks Service was worried about South Moresby grabbing the potential goodies in the giant Western Diversification Fund cookie jar, B.C. caucus members were apoplectic. Eventually they would convince British Columbia to insist in the negotiations that the money not come from Western Diversification. Which pocket the federal government dug into to give the money to B.C. should have not concerned B.C. at all, but it was on its way to becoming a bone of contention.

On June 2, Vander Zalm came to Ottawa for what are now known as the Meech Lake constitutional talks. McMillan arranged to see Vander Zalm briefly before the first ministers closeted themselves away for the Meech Lake lock-up. They slipped away in search of a private place to chat. Tom looked for a likely spot, opened a door, and found himself alone with the Premier in a laundry room. Vander Zalm was clearly sold on a park. He was excited about it and told Tom that he felt confident that he and Maz could make progress on the deal during his Ottawa visit. Tom was thrilled. The momentum was with us, and, Tom assured me, the agreement on boundaries was holding firm.

The next day, we took off for Regina, Saskatchewan, and Environment Week festivities. As well as attending

events arranged for Prince Philip, Tom was also scheduled to speak to the annual meeting of the Canadian Nature Federation being held in Saskatoon. Thom Henley and John Broadhead were being awarded the prestigious Pimlott Conservation Prize for outstanding work in the cause of conservation. For the next two days, Huck, J.B., Tom, and I travelled across southern Saskatchewan to wildlife events starring His Royal Highness.

Before we left Ottawa, I had asked Monte Hummel, the ringmaster for the royal three-ring circus, if there would be any problem orchestrating a brief audience with Prince Philip for J.B. and Huck. He had agreed that the benefits to the cause made it worth an effort. So at the first morning's opening press conference, I had J.B. and Huck positioned as instructed by Monte in a spot by which Prince Philip would pass. Monte would introduce them. I had a photographer ready. Monte and Prince Philip walked right by them, Monte looking preoccupied. He apologized later – "running late for Canada A.M." We planned a second attempt at the afternoon's ceremonial opening of World Wildlife Fund's project to restore the endangered burrowing owl population. "Have them there," Monte assured me, "and I'll make sure they are introduced."

The afternoon's event took place at a farm about a forty-minute drive outside of Regina. Grant Fahlman had been one of the first Prairie farmers to enrol in Operation Burrowing Owl, agreeing to leave a portion of his fields out of production, sparing the use of chemical insecticides, so that the rare underground owls had a chance to survive. As we crossed the hot fields of Saskatchewan, J.B. retreated to the shadow of the Fahlman barn to work on the carving of a traditional Haida pipe. Huck, wearing his going-to-lobby suit, looked for all the world like a ministerial aide. Tom enjoyed his company, as did I, and Huck played the part of the minister's official photographer to the hilt. All around the periphery of the protected habitat in the

blazing sun, held back behind sturdy ropes, were several thousand conservationists, monarchists, and country-fair lovers. The first portion of the program was the introduction of the burrowing owls to McMillan and Prince Philip. Lorne Scott, head of the Saskatchewan Wildlife Federation, had rigged one of their nests in advance, so that all he had to do was lift a piece of plywood in order to expose the tiny, naked, ugly, and squawking baby birds to the blinding sun. As the baby owls were passed around – one to the Prince, one to McMillan, another to a local dignitary – I wondered how many more endangered birds would bite the dust because of our efforts to save them. (I checked later. All the baby owls had survived – a credit to their endurance.) Prince Philip toured the perimeter of the field, showing the baby owl to the crowd of adoring fans who had come to see a real live prince, not a threatened species. His Royal Highness is a dedicated conservationist and a good educator. He made sure that no one missed the point of the exercise. And he scolded the media for focussing their cameras on him instead of on the burrowing owl.

Tom McMillan handed his owl back to Lorne Scott, but I noticed that he didn't seem comfortable. I was part way across the field when I noticed that Tom was holding his hand at a rather odd angle from his body. I wandered over to where he was, realizing the cause of his discomforture – a yellow glop in the palm of his hand. Appropriate, I thought, for an environment minister to be shat upon by an endangered species. They so rarely get the chance. I ever so discretely handed Tom a serviette from my purse. Without a word, he wiped his palm, and with equal inconspicuous ease, handed the dirty napkin back to me.

Huck clicked away with a highly professional flare, as Tom joined Prince Philip for the walkabout. As I obediently followed behind, I said, "Tom, you know, if you got the chance, it would really mean a lot to me to meet Prince Philip."

Tom looked surprised, and in an apologetic tone, said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you'd met." I suppressed the desire to ask, "*When?* The last time I had tea at Buckingham Palace?"

Immediately, Tom spoke up, "Excuse me, Your Royal Highness?" Prince Philip turned to face us. He may have said, "Yes?" or his regal bearing may have just conveyed it. Tom began, very graciously, "I'd like to present to you a member of my personal staff. This is Elizabeth May, and she –" At this point, I could tell Tom was warming up to say something really nice about me. Maybe to tell His Royal Highness that I was an environmentalist in my own right, and not just a well-dressed flunkie. But before Tom could say whatever it was he was planning to say, Prince Philip cut him off, extended his hand to me and said, "Yes, I know. She provides you with Kleenexes." I laughed, amazed that anyone, least of all the centre of attention, had noticed our very surreptitious exchange. If Prince Philip were a bird, he would definitely be a raptor. He has sharp enough eyes.

Although I had received my introduction to royalty, Monte decided that the Fahlman farm was not a good place to introduce Huck and J.B. "Bring them tonight to the dinner. They can meet there."

The Ducks Unlimited-World Wildlife Fund gala and art auction was a $500-per-head event. I already had my ticket, paid for by the department. Tom, of course, would be sitting at the head table. Premier Devine would be there, as well as countless Prairie politicians and dignitaries, and bigwigs from Toronto, like Adam Zimmerman and Doug Bassett. Another two tickets at $500 a shot might not faze most of the guests, but as I paid for J.B.'s and Huck's tickets out of my own pocket, I decided that these two new brothers of mine were turning into an expensive proposition. Still, in all my time in McMillan's office, I had never had so much fun. It was almost like being off-duty. Tom was in great cheer,

and word from Ottawa continued to be encouraging about the prospects for quick resolution of the thirteen-year crusade. We were dizzy with happiness.

That afternoon, I had a phone call in my hotel room from Michael Keating, environmental reporter for the *Globe and Mail.* "What's this about an agreement in principle?" he asked. Then he told me that, as soon as Vander Zalm returned to B.C. soil, or at least the tarmac of the Victoria airport, he had told the waiting reporters that he had struck "an agreement in principle" with Mazankowski, and that he expected federal bureaucrats to come out to B.C. early the following week to sort out the details. I reported all this to Tom, and we checked with Ottawa. It seemed that Vander Zalm was, true to his nature, being a little over-enthusiatic. Talks had gone well, but Ottawa was still drafting the proposal. We should have worried about Vander Zalm's exaggerated sense of progress, or about the federal caution. But since both sides professed that a deal was close, we took all news as good news.

The formal dinner was memorable, but once again, J.B. and Huck did not meet Prince Philip. So the next morning, I rented a car to convey me, J.B., and Huck to the hundredth anniversary party for the first wildlife sanctuary in North America – Last Mountain Lake. McMillan and Terry Collins were travelling by helicopter with Prince Philip to the event, and as there had been only room for one staff member, I was glad to opt out and accept ground transportation.

We got to the lake on schedule and joined the thousands who had already assembled to catch a glimpse of His Royal Highness. Tom was there to declare officially Last Mountain Lake a National Wildlife Area. I was able to find two seats for J.B. and Huck in the front row of the VIP section behind the rope barriers. As Prince Philip prepared to leave, he was taken down the front row of dignitaries. There was no way for Prince Philip to miss

them now. Monte introduced our two conservation heroes, heaping praise upon them for their dedication and their national award. They presented Prince Philip with a copy of *Islands at the Edge* and a recently published book, a handsome volume on the life and art of Bill Reid. Tom McMillan stood next to Monte, beaming as J.B. and Huck had their picture snapped with Prince Philip. As Monte passed me to get on his helicopter, he stopped to give me a congratulatory hug. "Let me know if Moresby needs a telegram from Buckingham Palace." Again I told him I wouldn't forget.

Back in Ottawa on Monday everything seemed to be going well. Jim reported that the final touches were being put on a package Mazankowski hoped to send to Vander Zalm. Mulroney was in Venice for an economic summit, Environment Week not yet being the stuff of prime ministerial agendas.

Tuesday was my birthday and the anniversary of Tom's announcement to the Canadian Environmental Network that I would join his staff. It did not seem possible that it had happened only a year before. Nor did it seem likely that I was only one year older on this birthday. It felt like ten. That afternoon my birthday cheer was dampened by a call from Canadian Press reporter Daphne Brougham in Victoria. "Something's gone wrong. Vander Zalm is complaining that B.C. was expecting a senior federal negotiating team out here yesterday, and no one showed. It sounds serious," said Daphne, relating both facts and intuition.

I called Jim Collinson and reported the news. "Oh, they just got it all wrong," he assured me. "We never said that we were sending anyone out on Monday. We'll send a team out after they've looked at our proposal, but we haven't sent it to them yet. There'd be no point in flying out now."

I called Mazankowski's staff. "Maybe we ought to dispatch some senior people right away so Vander Zalm

won't feel slighted." They didn't agree. They took Jim's line, there was no reason to panic. The team would go out when it had something to talk about.

But I took Daphne's warning seriously. I was convinced that the success of negotiations depended entirely on Vander Zalm. The B.C. cabinet was nearly unanimously against a national park at South Moresby. Rogers and Strachan must have been livid when Vander Zalm had agreed to the enlarged boundaries and then, the next day, had decided to abandon the demand for ten years' worth of logging. Instead of the federal government being hoist with its own petard, Ottawa had been handed a chance at success. Rogers and others would be quick to rally cabinet support for a much smaller provincial park the moment that momentum flagged in the Mazankowski round of talks. If Vander Zalm lost heart, we were sunk.

On June 10, it nearly all fell apart. In mid-afternoon Tom received a phone call from Maz's office. His staff expected B.C. to break off talks that afternoon and were not planning anything to keep them on track. We scrambled. Jim Collinson rushed to Tom's office. He brought the latest federal offer, which had been faxed to British Columbia that morning. I was shocked that Tom had not seen the offer before it had been sent. We read it quickly. The bottom line was that the federal government was offering a $106-million package for South Moresby. Tom was amazed that so much money had been promised. In his nearly two years as minister, he had never seen so much money committed to a single environmental project. "Why would they break off talks just when we are offering so much?" I asked no one in particular. Tom suggested that I call Strachan's assistant, Nan Selkirk, to see what I could find out. She didn't know anything about the faxed offer from Mazankowski. The B.C. cabinet was meeting as we spoke. I asked her to check: Was it possible the offer had

gone astray? Tom looked at me with a steady gaze. "Call John Fraser. See if there's anything he can do through his contacts in British Columbia."

I got on the phone with the Speaker's principal secretary, Stephen Ash. "We don't know what's going on, or why they're angry, but we may lose the whole thing any minute," I told him. "Okay," said Ash. "Leave it with me."

An hour or so later he called back. Fraser's best contact within the B.C. cabinet was Attorney General Brian Smith. They had been friends since the days of their first law practices and involvement with the Young Conservatives, twenty-five years before. Over the last few months, Fraser had applied so much pressure on his old friend to support South Moresby that he feared jeopardizing their relationship. But it turned out that Smith was not in the cabinet meeting in Victoria. He was, in those fateful hours, in Vancouver, attempting to obtain a writ to squash trade-union protests against Vander Zalm's latest labour legislation, Bill 19. Without Smith in cabinet, we realized that Vander Zalm would have virtually no support for a park, for while Smith was not a champion of South Moresby, he was at least aware of the larger political and national dimensions of the issue.

Ash had also called David Poole, Vander Zalm's right-hand man. Ash had pointed out that breaking off talks of such personal interest to Mulroney when he was in Venice would be a personal slight. Vander Zalm then tried to telephone Mulroney in Venice, but was unable to reach him. It now appeared that British Columbia would give us a few more days, at least until the Prime Minister was back in Canada.

Tom and I sat in his Parliament Hill office through the tense afternoon, reviewing the letter dispatched that morning to Vander Zalm. The offer, on the whole, was fantastic – a package beyond our wildest dreams. The federal government was offering $50 million over ten

years for a Queen Charlotte Islands Regional Development Fund. We were offering to forgo our usual fifty-fifty cost-sharing ratio for buying out timber interests. We would match B.C.'s $8-million contribution with 23 million federal dollars. We had upped the estimates of what it would cost Parks Canada to establish and operate the park. Capital development costs had been raised to $20 million over ten years, and operations had gone up to $12 million. This $32-million portion of the $106 million was money that B.C. would never see. It was essentially a windfall for the Parks Service; enough money to really run a park. It looked great. But as I studied the letter, I became alarmed about a few little wrinkles. They would not be apparent to the media or the public or most observers, but I noticed them and wondered why we had risked annoying Vander Zalm with what might appear, in the multi-million dollar context, to be nickel-and-diming him. I pointed them out to Tom. We were insisting that if the total forest compensation costs exceeded $31 million (their eight plus our twenty-three), B.C. would be expected to continue to contribute to forest compensation on the established 75:25 ratio. "They've stuck to their $8-million cap pretty hard," I argued. "Why bother insisting on this when every independent assessment we've got estimates the compensation costs at well below $31 million?"

Jim explained, "We want to ensure that they're on the hook for more. If they're not, they may deliberately encourage the forest companies to go for an unreasonable amount." I could see Jim's point, but I also wondered if this was what Vander Zalm meant when he complained to the press about federal officials gumming up the works. But more serious was the explanation that if the compensation costs exceeded $31 million, the federal government would find its share by deducting it from the promised $50-million fund. I

knew B.C. would not like this condition at all. I wondered if this was what Vander Zalm meant by our "backing off." If we promised $50 million one week, and then suggested that we would be taking money from that pocket to fill another, he could interpret that as reneging on the earlier commitment. Jim argued that this was another way we had to ensure that B.C. would use its clout with the forest industry to keep the costs reasonable. But we had suggested that an independent arbiter determine those costs. If B.C. would agree to binding arbitration on compensation costs, and we reasonably expected them to be within the $31-million package, why risk losing the whole deal over these irritants?

Tom agreed with me, saying that if he'd seen the letter first, he would have modified or removed these small twists. "But," he continued, "on the whole the offer is so fair and so generous, that I'm sure now that the province has given us a few more days, cooler heads will prevail and they'll take it seriously." After all, $106 million over ten years was an unprecedented offer to a province in the course of negotiations to create a national park.

That evening was the Speaker's annual garden party. Waiting in the queue for the very short receiving line consisting of the Speaker and his wife, Cate, I looked out at the sea of smart hats and clever dresses. As I shook hands with Fraser, he regarded me gravely, "Did we keep things on track today?"

"Yes. Barely," I answered. "Thank you, as always, more than I can say." He nodded briskly, and turned to the next guest. As I sipped wine and downed a few baby shrimp, I saw a red-faced Gerry St Germain, looming over Stephen Ash, jabbing his chest with an angry finger. I didn't need to ask what they were discussing.

Back on Haida Gwaii, organizing was underway for the potlatch for the longhouse at Windy Bay. It was the first Haida structure on the mossy banks of Windy Bay Creek built in the last hundred years. The front of the

house, in traditional Haida style, offered a minimal point of entry, as protection from wild weather and enemy raiding parties. A small oval was the only "door" facing out to sea. All around the oval was a painting in red and black of three Watchmen. One Watchman stared out from the centre of the wall, while on either side two more in profile provided the perfect symmetry of the Haida art form. The Looking Around and Blinking House was a masterpiece.

Built as a deterrent to logging and for cultural inspiration, the time had come to consecrate the longhouse with a Haida potlatch. On the weekend of June 12, close to a hundred Haida and non-Haida supporters came by boat and seaplane to the shores of Windy Bay. Invited by the Haida Nation, the Mounties were distinguished guests at the feast. Wearing their traditional red serge, the yellow pinstripe down the trouser legs, spurs shining, they came to stand at either side of the longhouse, framing the scene in black and red. The feast was tinged with an expectant glow; everyone hoping, believing, that the house would never need to be put to the purpose for which it was built – a base for the next blockade.

Over the weekend, I reviewed the June 10 letter over and over, analysing it and wondering if we shouldn't make an adjustment or two without waiting for B.C.'s response. I spoke with my contacts out on the West Coast. Kirk Dawson had been nosing about. His information was not encouraging. "We can expect a twenty-four-hour ultimatum from them tomorrow," he told me, confirming that Vander Zalm believed he had been jerked around. I called my few spies within the B.C. government. Everyone sounded pessimistic. The word in Victoria was that federal officials were "screwing things up." A deal was no longer likely.

I called Tom at home in Charlottetown to tell him what I'd learned. "With the Prime Minister back in Canada, we've lost the only reason that Vander Zalm

delayed pulling the plug. They don't like our offer. What's worse is that they think we're playing games with them. And, frankly, I don't blame them. We shouldn't be mucking about, threatening to take money away that we've already committed." I told Tom that I thought he should try to reach Mazankowski over the weekend. "The good news is that in all the griping from B.C., nobody is criticizing you, or Maz, or the PM. It's federal bureaucrats who are getting the heat. So whether it's deserved or not, let's use it to advantage. Call Vander Zalm and tell him that the bureaucrats have been pulled from the negotiating team. Have Maz take it over personally again, using his staff, or PMO staff – or maybe offer more money. I'm afraid if we don't do anything, by Monday it could be too late."

Tom heard me out. "Okay, Elizabeth. This is what I want you to do. Write up your analysis and include a couple of scenarios for fiddling with our offer. Put in all the numbers of the costs of different permutations you think might work. Have it ready for me on Monday morning. I'm sure that won't be too late."

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The Week of June 15, 1987

MONDAY MORNING, I SENT MY TWO-PAGE MEMO TO TOM in Charlottetown. He was taking the day to travel to Montreal with his wife, Kathy, and would not be in until Tuesday morning. The memo argued that from British Columbia's perspective we had gone back on our word, by conditionally reducing the $50-million fund. Moreover, in absolute dollars, an offer we had made to British Columbia some months ago – a fifty-fifty split on forest compensation costs up to the WAC boundary, with the federal government paying 100 per cent for anything beyond them – would actually be no different from B.C.'s current position of an $8-million cap on its contribution.

I spoke to Tom and he promised to give Maz a call. All day I was anxious, wondering when B.C. would lower the boom. But the day passed without incident. Maz's staff said they didn't expect to hear from B.C. that day. Jim Collinson felt that, while things weren't as good as they had been a week or so before, nothing momentous was likely to occur.

Like thousands of other Canadians, at 10 p.m. that evening I was watching the CBC national television news, relaxing, distractedly filling in my room-mate, Heather, on the day's events. My attention was suddenly riveted to the television when the now-familiar graphic used for items about South Moresby appeared over Knowlton Nash's left shoulder. "There will be no national

park at South Moresby in British Columbia's Queen Charlotte Islands. Negotiations between B.C. and the federal government have broken off. B.C. will create a provincial park in the area instead. The provincial cabinet will meet next week to determine the boundaries of the new park."

Knowlton Nash kept on talking – other stories, other news. I didn't hear a word he said. I just stared straight ahead. It did not sink in. How could Knowlton Nash, the embodiment of authority, have said those words? Heather looked over at me, "Are you all right?" I wasn't sure. I felt as though I was underwater, not quite in the room, not quite hearing. Coming to the surface, I said, "Yeah, I'm okay."

I started breathing again. Thinking, figuring out what should be done. "I know this sounds crazy," I said, "but I think it's got to be some kind of mistake. I mean, it could be true, but it just doesn't feel true."

I reached for the phone. If anyone should know if negotiations had broken down, it would be Jim Collinson. He answered, sounding cordial and relaxed. He was not among the thousands of Canadians watching The National. "Jim, they just announced that the negotiations are over. That there'll be no national park." Jim was shocked. He promised to make some phone calls to find out what had happened.

I hung up and decided to check with CBC in Vancouver for more details. No, they said, they knew nothing about it. They didn't even know how the story had got to Toronto. I called Terry Collins. He didn't know about the story either, but promised to track down Tom Van Dusen, Mazankowski's press secretary, to find out if he had any more information.

I called half a dozen other people and, within the hour, the story had gelled. Vicky had spoken to reporters at the press gallery in Victoria. She called me to report that sometime after 6 p.m. (B.C. time), Vander Zalm and Strachan had made a joint announcement. In

Victoria, major policy statements were often made by the Premier rather casually. Bruce Strachan had joined him for this announcement. CBC Victoria had filed it straight to Toronto to get it on the 10 p.m. national news in central Canada. It was no mistake. But it didn't feel true.

Tom McMillan still didn't know. For the first time in the year I had been working for him, he was taking the night entirely off. He and Kathy were staying overnight in Montreal. Whenever he returned to his hotel, among the pile of messages would be one from me: "B.C.'s broken off talks. Don't worry. Call me in the morning."

Meanwhile Terry Collins was arguing with his counterparts in the office of the deputy prime minister. Van Dusen had confirmed that at a little after 6 p.m. (Ottawa time), more than four hours ago, Mazankowski had spoken with Vander Zalm. They agreed that they could not strike a deal. The gap in dollars was just too wide. As far as Maz's people were concerned that was the end of the matter. Case closed. Terry pleaded with Van Dusen to allow McMillan to say that the federal government's offer was still on the table. "Let's leave a crack in the door open for further negotiations if B.C. reconsiders," Terry urged Maz's press secretary. Van Dusen was persuaded, but a change in our final position and media line had to be cleared with people higher up. Terry called Jamie Burns, Mazankowski's chief of staff, and begged him to let us keep hope alive. Burns agreed.

Terry then called me to fill me in on Mazankowski's last telephone conversation with B.C. He told me that our official press line was that our generous offer of $106 million was still on the table, if only B.C. would reconsider. But he didn't tell me that he alone had been responsible for changing that line from an obituary to a reprieve.

While I was going through my own non-stop telephone alert, Terry was doing a substantial amount of sandbagging to save South Moresby. At midnight, he got

dressed and headed over to his office in Hull. He managed to reach Tom in the hotel in Montreal and get his "go-ahead" for a little late-night undercover work. Terry photocopied Mazankowski's letter to Vander Zalm of June 10 and drove it over to the night desk at Canadian Press. He hand-delivered it to a friend, someone he could trust not to divulge the source. Terry figured that if the morning news was that B.C. had rejected the federal government's offer, the public ought to know precisely what was being refused.

I stayed on the phone alerting the troops, calling as many key people as possible, and putting in place some sort of strategy for the next day. I woke up Jim Fulton and his wife, Elizabeth, who did not seem wholly happy to hear from me at 11:30 p.m. Jim had seen the news and had made a lot of his own inquiries. He was relieved to hear that the offer was still on the table. As it got later I switched to making calls only to B.C., where the time change gave me half a chance of doing another day's work before I went to sleep. I reached Colleen and Vicky. Huck was unavailable, as he was working flat out somewhere on the B.C. coast on an expedition of the Haida war canoe, *Loo Taas.* I felt a twinge of exasperation – a canoe expedition at a time like this! John Broadhead was in a great mood, having just arrived home from a party. He could not believe the news, cheerily insisting that I must be kidding.

I needed to reach Miles Richardson. The Haida reaction to B.C.'s announcement would be critical. We all knew what a provincial park for South Moresby would mean. Regardless of the precise boundaries, we could be sure that it would not include Lyell Island. Logging on Lyell would resume within days of the permits being issued, probably in Windy Bay. The Haida had made it very clear that any resumption of logging on Lyell would be met with direct confrontation and blockades. I wanted to let Miles know that the federal government

was not going to give up. But I couldn't reach him at any of the half-dozen places I usually tried.

Heather brought me wine between calls, and generally marvelled that I was not, in any visible way, falling apart. When the wine was all gone, around 1 a.m., we rummaged through the kitchen shelves to see what remained to be drunk. My numbness was a protective condition at this point. I didn't want it to wear off. We found white rum, canned pineapples, and coconut milk. About two years before I had bought the ingredients for pina coladas, but had never gotten around to making them. The only missing ingredient was ice. I kept dialling through the sticky Ottawa night, forcing down the appalling sweetness of warm pina colada slush.

Just before 3 a.m., nearly midnight B.C. time, I reached Miles. He hadn't heard the news. He agreed that we would all stress that the issue was not over, and he confirmed that the Haida Nation would obstruct any further logging on Lyell. Miles was my last call. Exhausted, I fell into bed and turned myself off for the night.

I hadn't managed to get dressed and out of the house the next morning before Tom McMillan called. He was on the car phone on his way back from Montreal. The line cracked, cutting in and out as I tried to piece together for him the events of the night before. Tom sounded shaky. We had been so close to a deal and now everything had gone to hell. He peppered me with questions. How had Miles reacted? Did Fulton think there was still a chance? What were Colleen and Vicky and J.B. going to do?

I told Tom that I was quite sure that it really was not over. After all, why else would Vander Zalm have set the following week's cabinet meeting for the decision on boundaries? The British Columbia cabinet knew the boundaries the logging companies would want and the majority of cabinet members would support them. I was

convinced that the only reason for the delay before the issuance of logging permits was to give the federal government one last chance. Vander Zalm had just taken the ultimate gamble. He'd given us nine days to save the deal. "Okay, Elizabeth. This is what I want when I get back to Ottawa. I want a brief, crisp statement for Question Period. Have you got a pen?" and he proceeded to dictate the statement that he would deliver virtually verbatim later that day. I promised to meet him with the draft statement at the House of Commons by midmorning. He was on the roster for mandatory attendance at the morning session – House Duty.

I hung up and rushed to the office. Tom tried to concentrate on correspondence as the limo streaked back toward Ottawa. One letter in the pile seemed worth taking some time over. It was a routine response to Thom Henley, prepared, as almost every ministerial response is, by the department. Tom was unusual, insisting on at least seeing every letter before it went out, and on signing all of them himself. Most ministers have a machine for that. Tom updated the now sadly irrelevant response to a letter Huck had sent in March: "P.S. Thom, As I write this in a car headed for Ottawa from Montreal, the talks with B.C. on South Moresby have just broken down. I refuse to believe, though, that the cause is permanently lost, it depends on whether public opinion can be mobilized. It could be the movement's finest hour or its worst, depending on whether people will/can/want to rise to the occasion – Tom."

The *Globe and Mail* ran a front page story that day, "No National Park for South Moresby." Vander Zalm was quoted as saying that he was relieved that it was all over and that the loggers could now get back to work. "We have to protect the loggers and protect not only those jobs for today, but jobs for the future. We're certainly not going to hold up operations."

I drafted Tom's statement, ending with Yogi Berra's words, "It ain't over till it's over." Karen, my secretary,

finished typing it, and I grabbed a taxi from the department's offices in Hull, Quebec, across the Ottawa River to the Parliament Buildings. But all the while anger about the little twists that had been inserted into Mazankowski's June 10 letter to Vander Zalm was coming to the surface. I had a growing suspicion that the negotiations had gone off the rails either through deliberate sabotage or unintentional stupidity on the part of our own bureaucrats. Had we purposely thrown the fight by crafting a letter that would look good to the press and public, but would contain enough sneaky little irritants to convince Vander Zalm that the federal government was not playing straight with him? The fact that the letter from Mazankowski to Vander Zalm had not been shown to Tom McMillan before it was sent did not lessen my paranoia.

I needed a hug. Tom and I had been through a lot on this issue and I knew he cared desperately about it. I was sure that he felt as stunned by the developments as I did, and I looked forward to seeing him for a few minutes in the government lobby, the long comfortable lounge found behind the curtains and doorways on the government side of the House. But when Tom came out in response to my note, he was brusque. Whatever he was feeling, he didn't want to share it. He didn't want to talk. And he never was the sort of person who could comfortably hug anyone.

I wandered down the hall of Centre Block, past the marble and granite bas reliefs of Indians and beavers, the carved columns and wrought-iron lanterns, down the empty marble halls. I had not planned to try to see the Speaker of the House, but I found my feet taking me to his door.

My numbness was wearing off, and I thought I might start to cry any minute. Fraser's principal secretary, Stephen Ash, met me in the foyer and ushered me into his own office. "I know the Speaker will want to talk to you. He's been very upset about all this." He left to see if

Fraser could join us. I sat on the edge of the sofa, biting my lower lip, feeling shaky and hoping I could keep it together to ask the Speaker what he thought I should do now.

Fraser had been in a meeting in his office, but excusing himself, he broke away and came in with Stephen Ash. He sat down saying, "It was good of you to come. What happened? I thought we'd bought enough time to keep the thing on the tracks."

I had spoken with him just yesterday, but so much had changed since then. I went straight to the theory I had found too disturbing to mention to anyone besides McMillan. "I think our own bureaucrats put in conditions that they knew, or should have known, would make B.C. balk. The business about the 75:25 split for any logging compensation costs above the $31 million. And then the idea that any additional compensation costs for the federal government would be deducted from the $50-million Regional Economic Development Fund. Those terms wouldn't attract any interest from the press, but B.C. could see them as the feds reneging on the talks we had last week. I'm really afraid that the June 10 letter may have been designed to make the federal government look good, but with enough twists to make talks fall apart. You know how much the B.C. caucus doesn't want the South Moresby deal funded out of the Western Diversification Fund? Well, with this offer, they can look good, not have to spend the money, and use it on other initiatives the caucus wants."

I told Fraser that I didn't think it was Mazankowski's idea, or that he even knew about it. But that I thought it was very strange that the letter Mazankowski sent was drafted by Environment Canada's senior Parks bureaucrats, without ever checking the draft or the details with McMillan. I stopped, looked out the window, and tried to keep my emotions in check.

Fraser sighed and sank back in his chair. "Oh God," he said, not as a curse but a prayer. He closed his eyes

and held his face in his hands. He looked so awfully tired. Shaking it off, he became businesslike. "Look dear, you've got to go see Dalton Camp and tell him exactly what you've told us."

I was speechless. Dalton Camp, the legend, the power-broker, the man who, in terms of political geology, is a mountain who watches grains of prime ministerial sand blow away. He's not someone you actually meet. Even Tom spoke of him in awestruck tones, once taking days to decide it would be possible to call him for help when New Brunswick reneged on its acid-rain commitments. I stammered, "I don't think he'd agree to see me. I mean I'm only ministerial staff –"

Fraser cut me off. "Of course he'll see you. He's a friend of mine. He's got to get into this. He's got to make sure that the Prime Minister is getting the full picture, and from what you're saying, he's not likely to get it from the bureaucrats. And the only person who can save this now is the Prime Minister." He stopped again and sighed. "Damn," he said, summing up the sadness and anger and heartbreak we were feeling. "Damn."

Stephen Ash and the Speaker and I pulled ourselves together. "Okay," I agreed. "I'll call Mr Camp as soon as I get back to my office." I still needed a hug. I got two.

In British Columbia, the South Moresby troops were mobilizing. In the small mining town of New Denver in the Kootenays, Colleen had set her alarm for 5 a.m. While her kids slept, she used the time-zone advantage to phone her press contacts in Toronto. "This is war," she declared, determined that, before Windy Bay could be scarred by logging, she would do whatever she had to do. She decided to phone every community in British Columbia to get at least one person in each area to start a phone-in campaign to Vander Zalm. The Victoria government telephone lines had to be jammed with pleas to return to the bargaining table, to accept the federal offer. On her own phone, with no one to help pay for

the calls, Colleen started systematically waking people up across the province.

J.B. headed for the Earthlife Canada office in Vancouver early that morning. Walking from Bill Reid's house, where he had been living for months, toward Granville Ferry, he decided that what was needed was a full-page advertisement in the / In his office, he poured himself a cup of coffee and sat at his desk. He started composing at his computer, "South Moresby – For Your Children's Children. An Appeal to Premier William Vander Zalm."

Across town, at the unofficial offices of the Western Canada Wilderness Committee in Paul George's apartment, volunteers and staff started work on a protest rally. Ken Lay, one of WC Squared's most stalwart staffers, was debating the pros and cons of different locations. Should the rally be in downtown Vancouver at Robson Square? Or in Victoria in front of the Parliament Buildings? The main object was to get Vander Zalm's attention, and, of course, to get good press coverage. It would have to be on the weekend to get maximum numbers of people. And it would have to be this weekend, before next Wednesday's deadline, to have any effect at all. Then it hit him: Vander Zalm's own backyard, just behind the Sleeping Beauty castle at Fantasy Gardens. Vander Zalm's home is in his amusement park, complete with fairy-tale and Biblical characters, in what was supposed to have been a protected greenbelt outside Vancouver. (He once said, "When I think of how Fantasy Gardens all came together, I know there must be a higher authority at work.") Fantasy Gardens was the perfect choice for a Saturday rally.

In Victoria, Vicky phoned the media, calling contacts across the country, giving interviews, and raising money. And people were calling her, such prominent people as the chancellor of the University of British Columbia,

offering help, asking what they should do to save South Moresby. Across British Columbia and throughout much of Canada, the alarm had rung out. The message was simple: Drop everything and do whatever you can to save South Moresby.

But the two people who had started all this thirteen years before, the two people who had started calling the southern third of the Queen Charlottes archipelago "South Moresby," who had invented the South Moresby Wilderness Proposal, who had drawn the line across the height of land from Tangil Peninsula to the west coast of Moresby Island – Huck and Guujaaw – were almost unaffected by the news. Huck was totally absorbed with preparations for the return of the Haida war canoe, *Loo Taas* (*Wave Eater*) from Vancouver to its home on Haida Gwaii. Guujaaw was at a sun dance in Alberta. Two weeks of abstinence were followed by four days of fasting and dancing in a traditional ritual of purification. He had been involved with the carving of *Loo Taas* from its design stage.

Bill Reid had supervised the carving of *Loo Taas* from a single seven-hundred-year-old cedar log almost two years before. Reid had long wanted to revive the art of full-scale expedition canoe building. With Expo planning to display exotic vessels of the world, Reid saw his opportunity to find the necessary support for such a massive undertaking. He persuaded the Bank of British Columbia to sponsor the project, and set to work in September 1985. For the Haida Nation, *Loo Taas* was not a gimmick. Tourist appeal was the furthest thing from Reid's mind when he built the canoe. To Reid, it represented a new threshold in the revival of Haida culture and identity. Unlike the magnificent totem poles he had carved, a canoe was dynamic. A totem pole stood guard. A canoe could fly. The skills revived with the creation of a Haida war canoe extended beyond its carving to

include its mastery – paddling and navigating through the rough waters of the Hecate Strait. A Haida canoe represented the Haida Nation, in motion.

It was fifty feet long and weighed 1,500 pounds. On its bow was carved and painted the face of Killer Whale to give it strength and speed in the ocean waves. The Haida carved it using the techniques of their ancesters who had used stone adzes to create their canoes and poles. Cedar, that perfect wood that clothed, cradled, sheltered, and defined the Haida, was shaped, as if by magic, into a canoe. Young Haida, who had never before seen it done, steamed the cedar log. No living Haida had ever seen it done. Not even Reid knew how to estimate the effects of the steaming by which his ancestors increased the beam of their canoes by as much as a third. Before the carving, he had experimented with a model at one-fifth scale in fibreglass, which he had compressed back into the confines of a log shape. It buckled, producing a humped back. And so that is what Reid instructed them to carve – a funny-looking vessel with straight sides and a bulging back. When it had had its interior hollowed out, the steaming process began. Outside the carving shed, on a bluff at the east end of Skidegate Village, they poured water into the canoe and then placed loads of hot rocks into the water. Steam was everywhere, and as Reid later wrote, "Murphy suspended his Law, and after only two hours the boat fell almost of its own volition into its intended shape."

Once finished, the Haida canoe was a thing of intense beauty, a work of art. But it was also a powerful and expert ocean-faring craft. Young Haida men found that the craft was so exquisitely balanced that they could walk along her gunwales and land in the sea only if they lost their own balance. Huck and Reid hoped that an expedition could be arranged to paddle *Loo Taas* to Expo in Vancouver, but in the end, they ran out of time. And the great Haida war canoe was, rather ignominiously, brought by barge to Vancouver.

Once the fair was over, Bill Reid approached the Bank of British Columbia and requested the return of *Loo Taas* to its home on Haida Gwaii. The Bank officials were unyielding. They told Reid that because they had commissioned *Loo Taas*, it belonged to them and they would display it in the foyer of their new building. *Loo Taas,* that mighty war canoe, vessel of national spirit and magic, had become a corporate asset. But then the Bank of British Columbia faltered, and was bought out by the Bank of Hong Kong. It had little use for a fifty-foot Haida war canoe. When approached by Reid, the management agreed with his proposal that *Loo Taas* should be returned to Haida Gwaii, where it belonged, to be used as a living craft, plying the waters of those bountiful seas. News of the liberation of *Loo Taas* rekindled plans for its ocean voyage home. The first Haida war canoe in one hundred years was going to make the first such voyage up the B.C. coast in as many years.

Bill Reid and the Skidegate Band Council had asked Huck to work on the expedition. On Tuesday, June 16, Huck was too overwhelmed with the details and logistics of the *Loo Taas* expedition to be diverted by the latest set-back in his thirteen-year campaign on Haida Gwaii.

That night, back in Ottawa, I went to see McMillan. We were both feeling a little stronger, and Tom was in much better spirits than when I had seen him in the House that morning. He had handled Question Period brilliantly that day. John Turner, leader of the official Opposition, had opened the day's volley of charge and counter-charge with a question on South Moresby. Turner framed and directed his question to the Prime Minister. He asked, "Does the Prime Minister stand by the first promise made by his minister of the environment? And will there indeed be a national park at South Moresby?" But Mulroney did not rise to answer the question. As is customary in the House, when the Prime Minister chooses not to answer a question, all it takes is a nod in the direction of the appropriate minister, and they are on their feet in a flash. In this case, Mulroney

gave Tom the nod, and Tom rose to make the statement we had worked out that morning. Turner persisted, "Initially, when the minister was sworn in to the portfolio...he promised a fruitful result...The minister has failed." He went on to urge that the Prime Minister persuade the Premier of British Columbia to return to the negotiations.

Tom's answer was better than any other I had heard him give. The usual bombast and hyperbole were gone. His voice cracked at one point, and friends hearing it later told me it had sounded like he might break down. "Mr Speaker, if the South Moresby file turns out to be a failure, it will not be a failure only of this minister of the environment. It will be a failure not only of this government, but of all of Canada. As I pointed out on the floor of the House of Commons on a previous occasion, whether or not we can screw up the courage and the will to save this magnificent wilderness treasure will be the litmus test of our values as a civilized country." He finished by saying, "I urge the leader of the Opposition, his party, and every member of this House to use all our resources to bring wisdom to bear on this very important international question." To which, according to Hansard, some honourable members said, "Hear, hear!" The next questions were also for Tom. He finally said, "It isn't over until it is over," cleaning up Yogi Berra's grammar.

Regardless of the fate of South Moresby, Tom McMillan, politician, had had a good day. His issue had dominated Question Period. In scrums outside the House he had answered a throng of reporters. He knew he had handled it well. And that fact alone had boosted his spirits.

He was standing in back of his desk as I entered his office that evening, sorting papers, reviewing correspondence. He looked up as I came in. "I thought I'd better let you in on something Fraser and I are cooking up," I said. Part of me was afraid that Tom would disap-

prove of my going to see Dalton Camp. Tom generally wanted to keep my visible involvement in his office away from powerful Tories. And few were as powerful as Dalton Camp. I tried for a cheery, light-hearted approach. "We're thinking of finding a way to get more money into the pot, and get the Prime Minister involved." "How are you going to do that?" Tom asked. "I'm going to see Dalton Camp tomorrow."

Tom looked surprised, "You've got an appointment?" "Yup," I tried to sound unintimidated by the prospect. Tom gave me a look I'd seen a few times before, as though he was seeing me for the first time. He became serious again. Refocussing, he said, "Yes, of course. Good luck."

Wednesday, June 17. Two days since the negotiations had broken off, we had only one week to get them restarted. I had a 10 a.m. meeting with Dalton Camp on the second floor of the Langevin Block. I put on my best suit, armed myself with a synopsis of events in the negotiations covering the highlights from last September to this week, and copies of all key documents – offers and counter-offers. And I went in to see the power-broker. Someone in whom I had placed all our hopes. Our last chance.

Camp was affable, cordial, and far less intimidating than people with half his clout. His eyes twinkled, and his face betrayed a nearly constant sense of humour. It was hard to guess his age. While he looked to be in his mid-sixties, I knew he had to be older. After all, he'd managed to oust a prime minister of his own party nearly thirty years before. He smiled, and gestured to a chair in front of his desk. "Sit down and tell us what all this is about." I liked him immediately.

A bright young man was also present. Camp's aide, Andy Stark, was to take notes, probe for more information, and provide whatever follow-up the meeting would require. I had rehearsed everything I would say in my mind. I plunged in, walking them through the

chronology of the negotiations, and offering several views of the reason for the breakdown. I stressed that the hard part was over. The issues surrounding the boundary were what was really impossible. Negotiating money issues, in comparison, was easy. I argued that Vander Zalm really wanted the Prime Minister to intervene. Why else would he have given us this week? Camp leaned back in his chair. "What would you say were the potential down-sides of getting the Prime Minister involved?"

"Before I speculate on disadvantages, let me just say what the advantages are. Thousands of Canadians, maybe millions, want South Moresby to be saved. Public opinion polls in B.C. say the majority of people in that province want it to be saved. It's been featured on CBC's The Nature of Things, in *Saturday Night* magazine, and virtually all major news and information programs on television and radio. All the major newspapers in Canada have had editorials over the last two days urging B.C. to reconsider. It's been covered in the international press. And this week, the latest *National Geographic* will be out with a feature article on the area and the current controversy.

"On Monday," I continued, "when B.C. broke off talks and said there would be no national park, they set the stage for the Prime Minister to accomplish the impossible. To create a national park when no less an authority than Knowlton Nash had told Canadians that all hope was lost. You couldn't write a movie script with more drama. I mean, it's better than the last scene in *The Natural* or *The Verdict* or *High Noon*. The Prime Minister can ride in and stop the logging and save South Moresby." I sketched out a few ways we could revise our offer to make it more acceptable to B.C. – removing those little irritants that I felt had contributed to the collapse of talks.

"Well, you've sold me," Camp said. I was reeling as we turned our attention to how we would engage Mulroney's interest in this. We started discussing possi-

ble approaches, deadlines and contacts. I asked, "Is the PM scheduled to be in British Columbia any time soon?" Dalton Camp reached for a file folder with the Prime Minister's draft travel itinerary for the next few weeks. "Yes, at the moment he's supposed to be in B.C. touring Vancouver beaches and other summer festivals on Saturday, July 11th."

I got chills. At that moment, I *knew* South Moresby would be saved. "That's perfect," I said. "That's the day the Haida war canoe, *Loo Taas*, reaches Skidegate."

"The *what*?" asked Dalton, not understanding why I was so excited.

"It's a traditional Haida war canoe. It leaves from Vancouver on Sunday to paddle up the coast to the Charlottes. They've already got a big feast planned. Neither Mulroney nor Vander Zalm are going to want to even be in the province that day if South Moresby isn't saved. But if it is" – in my mind's eye, I could see the most glorious of celebrations: Haida hereditary chiefs lined up on the shore to welcome Vander Zalm and Mulroney, arriving by war canoe – "maybe the Prime Minister and Vander Zalm could be there, to celebrate the return of *Loo Taas* and the saving of the area. It would be incredible."

Our hour nearly expired, we wrapped up the meeting with our assignments made, putting the wheels in motion to get the Prime Minister to save the deal. I left the Langevin Block, crossed Wellington Street, and headed up the great green lawn in front of the Parliament Buildings. The lawn was already scattered with tourists, clicking pictures in front of the Peace Tower, posing in front of the eternal flame. I was hurrying along to see Fraser and Ash and report to them on a successful meeting. I may have been walking, but I don't recall if my feet touched the ground.

Back in Hull at my own office I started returning the dozens of phone messages piled up on my desk. People from all across the country were calling, offering

encouragement, asking how they could help, reporting back on phone conversations with the Premier's office in B.C. I realized that an impending mail strike, or threats of one, was a tremendous boon to the effort; everyone was using the phone. No one wanted to risk having a protest letter stranded by Canada Post. And the one-week deadline ensured that anyone who was concerned was acting now. Sara Jennings phoned to say that she would try to get her brother Peter to broadcast the South Moresby crisis on the ABC World News. Socred supporters of Vander Zalm called from B.C. to ask what they could do to help. Even friends of Bill and Lilly Vander Zalm phoned with offers of support. One such woman told me, "I saw them the other night at a party, and I told Bill, 'If you start logging Lyell Island, you'll have to arrest me too!'"

It was time to pull out all the stops. I remembered Monte Hummel's offer. If there was ever a time we needed a telegram from Buckingham Palace, it was now. For that matter, if I had had any access to Mother Teresa or the Pope, I would not have hesitated to appeal to them for help. As it was, I phoned Monte Hummel in Toronto. "Monte, do you remember your offer about Prince Philip? Well, now's the time."

Monte was thrown for a loop. "Look, Elizabeth," he answered testily, "I can't just ring up Buckingham Palace and ask H.R.H. to dispatch a telegram. These things take time." I reminded him that this had not been my idea. "Don't worry about it. I promised to let you know when things got desperate. And they don't get any more desperate than this." Somewhat sheepishly, he replied, "Oh yeah. Right. Well, I'll see what I can do."

A little after 2 p.m., Andy Stark from Camp's office called, "Are you watching Question Period? Quick. Turn it on!" I hung up and rushed to the set in McMillan's office.

Jim Fulton was speaking. "As I'm sure the Prime Minister is aware, more Canadians have written to the

Prime Minister and his cabinet colleagues on this issue than on any other environmental issue in the history of Canada. The minister of the environment has done his best. The deputy prime minister has done his best. This Parliament has unanimously expressed itself as wanting that area set aside as a national park reserve. I'd like to ask the Prime Minister, knowing that one week from today the British Columbia cabinet is going to make their final decision, if he would contact Premier Vander Zalm and express to him one more time, that from co-operation comes cooperation in this nation, and on this issue he should understand that very well."

Tom told me later that he looked over to the Prime Minister to register his willingness to grab the hot potato. He waited for the nod, but Mulroney's gesture said no, he would answer the question himself.

"I've met with Premier Vander Zalm in the past on this issue and on other matters that affect B.C." Mulroney digressed to praise the Premier's role in developing the Meech Lake accord. But he didn't dodge the question. He continued, "I think this environmental question in British Columbia has national implications. I have spoken with the Premier. I shall do so again. I shall use every lever to persuade the Premier of British Columbia that this is not only in the interest of British Columbia. This is an intitiative on behalf of all Canadians that ought to be upheld and defended."

I gasped. How did Camp do it so fast? It was a miracle. I rushed back to my own office where the phone was ringing. It was Andy. Before I could say anything, Andy asked, "Did you get to him?"

"No. You mean you didn't either?"

"No, not that I know of. I don't think Mr Camp has spoken with him yet. If you didn't brief him, and we didn't brief him, who did?" Andy was genuinely puzzled.

"Maybe he just knew. Maybe Mila watches The Nature of Things. Maybe his kids told him. I don't know. I'm just so happy. He just breathed life into a corpse."

"Well," said Andy, not wishing to join me in speculating about the environmental attitudes of the Mulroney clan, "at least we've got his attention. The next step is to have a thorough briefing package for him to review before he calls the Premier. The Federal-Provincial Relations Office will prepare one, and I'm sure your bureaucrats will have input, but Mr Camp wants to give the Prime Minister his own analysis, and he wants you to write it."

"When does he want it?" I felt the increasing pressure. A sudden realization of my role in all this. An almost physical awareness of extra weight, not necessarily on my shoulders. More like deep-water diving: extra weight everywhere.

"He wants it ten minutes ago. So, listen. This is how the Prime Minister likes memos. Put all the key points on the first page or so. In point form. They don't have to be in whole sentences. It's better if they're not. Just really concise. He calls them bullets." Andy continued to lay out for me the form and style of the memorandum. I took notes and tried to remember to keep breathing. I hung up and went out to my secretary.

"Karen, try to hold all my calls, unless it's Andy Stark or Dalton Camp or John Fraser or the minister or Miles Richardson, or anyone else really important. And I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to do an awful lot of typing, awfully fast." I went back to my office, locked my door, pulled out my files, and started making silver bullets.

Brian Smith was not at all pleased. For months, his old friend John Fraser had been trying to talk him into taking on the South Moresby cause as his own. It was not that Smith was immune to the Haida Gwaii magic. He had travelled through the Charlottes, first as education minister, and then as part of his leadership bid in 1986. He had seen something of the magnificence of South Moresby, travelling back by helicopter on a spectacularly

beautiful evening. Smith realized that it should be preserved, but on the other hand, he sympathized with the pro-logging contingent. Pro-loggers in the B.C. cabinet bitterly resented being made the object of international pressure. They hated the fact that Jacques Cousteau and the *National Geographic* were trying to tell them what to do. Brian Smith travelled regularly to Ottawa and visited the B.C. caucus. Just like the members of the B.C. cabinet, Gerry St Germain and the staunch anti-environmental federal Tories despised those "tree-huggers and draft-dodgers" who were making such a fuss about a lot of good logs. The caucus didn't like McMillan's style and they did not much like McMillan either. They sensed that he thought he was better than they were.

Brian Smith had a better sense than most other provincial politicians in British Columbia of the political currents surging around South Moresby. The Queen Charlotte Islands have the highest-energy coastline in Canada. Its political currents were no less strong. And as the deal fell apart on June 15, Smith could feel the Vander Zalm government getting caught in the undertow.

Editorials from around the country were attacking the B.C. government. The *Globe and Mail* headlined its editorial, "A park for ransom." The *Toronto Star* characterized B.C.'s tactics as "bad faith bargaining." "Sleazy political ransom" was what the *Ottawa Citizen* editorial writers called it. And this time, despite Vander Zalm's petulant statement that he would not let a bunch of "Easterners" tell B.C. what to do, the criticism was hardly restricted to egghead types from Toronto. The *Edmonton Journal* accused British Columbia's government of "myopic greed." Even on the west side of the Rockies, that great natural, cultural, physical, and psychic barrier that separates British Columbia from the rest of Canada, editorial passions were running high. The *Victoria Times-Colonist* even-handedly argued that

fault might lie on both sides, but urged "the moral responsibility of both governments [is] to return to the bargaining table and keep talking – without spurious deadlines and ultimatums." The *Vancouver Province* ridiculed the idea of a smaller provincial park, heading its editorial, "Moresby Must Be Big National Park." The *Vancouver Sun* editorial was harder to ignore. Headlined "Put Moresby Above Crass Interest," it concluded, "The [Vander Zalm government] should be ashamed of itself. People are laughing again. With tears in their eyes."

South Moresby was turning into a poltical nightmare. And it could only get worse. When new logging permits were issued, it would be naïve not to expect a long, protracted confrontation on the logging roads of Lyell Island. The public spotlight would remain on South Moresby, and neither government – provincial or federal – would look good.

This was what Brian Smith realized that his colleagues did not. This could no longer be dissmissed as hippy draft-dodgers trying to save trees. This was something that both the Prime Minister and the Premier of British Columbia wanted to accomplish being scuttled by pressure from the provincial cabinet and their like-minded buddies in the federal B.C. caucus. Smith agreed with Fraser that someone had to knock some sense into anti-park forces. But it would not be easy.

The momentum of events decreased the likelihood of resuming negotiations, almost by the minute. The vast majority of the B.C. cabinet was ecstatic that the deal had fallen through. Now they would not have to face the ire of the province's forest industry. The lobbying pressure from Western Forest Products, MacMillan Bloedel, and Frank Beban Logging, backed by every forest company in the province, had been intense. The whole Socred membership in the Charlottes was against the park. Stephen Rogers had led the efforts to block any preservation, and Strachan had carried out his plans.

Out of the whole provincial government caucus, only Brian Smith, Kim Campbell, and former environment minister Tony Brummet supported Vander Zalm in his desire to cinch a national park deal with the feds. At some cabinet meetings, the Premier had been the only member supporting a park. And now Vander Zalm felt hard done by – tricked and jerked around by federal bureaucrats, abandoned by his friend the Prime Minister.

As for the federal Tory caucus, many of the backbenchers were as pleased as punch that the deal had fallen through. And while it was unclear exactly how active a role they had played in the alienation of affections between Victoria and Ottawa, it was probable that members of the caucus had planted the bug in Victoria's ear to oppose funding from the Western Diversification Fund. That money was meant for economic development, not caving in to a bunch of eco-freaks. And if you were to take a poll on the member of B.C. caucus most likely to scuttle a park deal, the smart money would be on Gerry St Germain, member for Mission – Port Moody.

Gerry St Germain was Métis, born in St Boniface, Manitoba. Bill McKnight, as Indian affairs minister, enjoyed drawing attention to this, calling St Germain, "my native brother." He had nothing in common with McMillan. He disliked his appearance, his style, and his politics. St Germain saw the issue in black and white. Support for the park came from people who would never vote Tory. Wilderness freaks were a bunch of tree-hugging New Democrats. How the federal government, right up to and including the Prime Minister, could be prepared to sink $106 million into an NDP riding was beyond St Germain. The politics of it made no sense. McMillan knew intuitively that he wanted to be on the side of the angels. St Germain's instincts told him the angels were on the wrong side.

It took a phone call from Brian Smith to put it forcefully to St Germain that their respective leaders had staked a significant amount of political capital on a deal. And that it wasn't altogether bright to sabotage their efforts. Smith's call neutralized the fifth column within the federal ranks.

As the week wore on and the countdown to British Columbia's do-or-die deadline approached, the public pressure steadily mounted. The Prime Minister's promise to call Vander Zalm and to use whatever personal and private charms of persuasion he could work on the eccentric premier had rekindled hope across the country.

Even Tom McMillan seemed to think we might yet win the fight. He had not expected Mulroney's commitment any more than I had, and he was clearly buoyed when answering questions in the scrum following Question Period. "He's very persuasive, the Prime Minister is, and one of his many strengths is his ability to move people from firm positions." Tom told reporters he would "bet money" that Mulroney would get a deal. On one point, I couldn't have agreed more with Tom. He was quoted as saying, "Any intervention by the Prime Minister will have to be immediate to have any effect...Obviously, time is of the essence."

Meanwhile, the B.C. tone was softening, if only slightly. Environment Minister Bruce Strachan said in a radio interview that the door was still open to negotiations. But Strachan also threw out a new red herring – that the negotiations had broken down because of the federal government's refusal to resort to an independent determination of the economic value of the forest area to be included in a national park. An independent audit had been suggested in our last offer, and we were baffled over whether Strachan and, more importantly,

Vander Zalm believed that this non-issue was, in fact, controversial.

The airwaves were full of condemnation of B.C. as Strachan tried to keep the provincial flag high. On CBC Radio's national show As It Happens he argued that while South Moresby did contain many unique species, they weren't "that unique." Besides, he told another interviewer, "the only endangered species on South Moresby are the loggers." Colleen McCrory blasted B.C. on the same program, saying "Vander Zalm is holding a gun to the heads of the people of Canada." Cartoonists picked up on the blackmail theme. The *Globe and Mail* ran a sketch of B.C.'s Premier holding a gun against a tree, saying, "Give me $200 million, or the tree gets it!" Another depicted a letter from Vander Zalm to Mulroney made from pasted letters cut out from magazines, a cartoon ransom note: "Put $200 million in a brown paper bag..."

By Friday, Mulroney still had not called Vander Zalm. We had finished work on the memo to the Prime Minister. McMillan had mentioned to him in the House privately that it was really urgent that he call the Premier soon, preferably before the weekend. We were nervous about the delay from a Wednesday promise to "use every lever" to no action three days later. Even more worrying was the attitude of some of Mazankowski's staff: "This is perfect. We get all the credit for a super-generous offer. And we won't ever have to spend the money." I could almost see the fiscal vultures circling over the South Moresby carcass. There would be factories and pulp mills, oil wells and theme parks all lining up at the Western Diversification trough.

Terry and I kept trying to point out to the bright young men of the deputy prime minister's office that as soon as the Haida started being arrested on Lyell Island, along with Bill Reid, Robert Bateman, Maurice Strong,

David Suzuki's family, and other prominent Canadians, the federal government would cease "looking good." Through this whole period, Terry was the only other member of McMillan's small staff who kept pulling for the park, working with me, trying to keep on top of the latest rumours from the press secretaries attached to the PMO and Mazankowski's office. We were both getting increasingly anxious about what the "real" strategy was.

We were not the only ones. I spoke to Fraser at least once a day, and he speculated, "It may be the most brilliant strategy in the world to let them stew in their own juice for a while, but it's dangerous to wait too long." I kept in touch with Dalton Camp's office. Messages back through Andy Stark were reassuring, "Don't bother having Tom try to phone the Prime Minister again. Matters are being taken care of here." I trusted that Camp was capable of miracles. But still I worried.

Jim Fulton was another several-times-a-day phone fix. We both agreed that the best way to conclude negotiations successfully would be to take them totally out of the hands of bureaucrats. And we both knew who, in an ideal world, we would want to handle the bargaining process, if it ever resumed.

In March, in one of those coincidences that make you question the notion of randomness in the universe, the Prime Minister had chosen a new chief of staff. Instead of appointing one of his old university chums, Mulroney surprised those media-watchers who thought him incapable of surrounding himself with anyone but old cronies. He went to the ranks of the civil service and appointed a man with a distinguished record in the diplomatic corps, a career bureaucrat with External Affairs, who also happened to be a Tory. The Prime Minister's chief of staff, arguably the second most powerful person in Ottawa, was now Derek Burney. Joan and Derek Burney were the Ottawa friends with whom Vicky had stayed.

Jim Fulton and I were convinced that the only way to get the talks going again was to boot them up one more notch in Ottawa's power hierarchy. Mazankowski had accomplished a great deal since he took the file over after talks broke down in May. Now, the only way to save things was to have the negotiations handled directly by the Prime Minister's Office.

On a glorious sunny June Saturday in Vancouver, Tara Cullis was indoors on the phone. The Kitsilano beach was in sight, just past her back garden fence. The sky was a sparkling blue, rivalling the harbour and its dancing waves, which reflected the sunlight in brilliant flashes of white light. Tara didn't notice. For days she'd been attached to her phone trying to arrange anything and everything to push British Columbia back to the bargaining table.

The weekend was the perfect time to get thousands of people involved. But they weren't watching television or reading the papers. They were on the beach. So Tara decided that she should hire an airplane with a banner to fly over the beaches and alert the masses. Her husband, David Suzuki, was thousands of miles away, taping a Nature of Things segment in the Soviet Union. He was going slowly crazy, knowing South Moresby's fate was hanging by a thread, and he was stuck in Siberia.

Between calls to arrange the plane and try to solicit some contributions toward its cost, Tara and her friend Mary Jane were organizing a flotilla of boats to see *Loo Taas* out of Vancouver Harbour, Mrs Miniver style. Mary Jane was in the military and knew some higher-ups in the Coast Guard. A Coast Guard escort would be a powerful gesture as the Haida war canoe left False Creek and headed for the open seas. So Tara stayed on the phone, lining up boats and planes.

South of Vancouver, at Fantasy Gardens, a good-sized crowd had gathered to protest Vander Zalm's decision

to reject a national park for South Moresby. Always the gracious host, he'd come out of his castle to chat directly with the demonstrators. Amid flashes of hostility, Vander Zalm just kept on smiling a big white grin that said "Fantastic," even when he didn't.

Huck was weary to the point of delerium. He had not stopped in days from the endless rounds of organizing paddlers, their supplies, their transportation to Vancouver, their lodging en route, the press kits, the photographers. The problems seemed insurmountable. Some of the young Haida men and women had never paddled before. Some experienced paddlers had come down with flu. Practice in the actual craft had been perfunctory, and today was the beginning of a voyage that would take them seventeen days, over six hundred miles.

The whole crew felt that the return of *Loo Taas* to Haida Gwaii would be a turning point in the fate of South Moresby. The termination of negotiations had given the expedition new impetus. Miles announced that, if need be, *Loo Taas* would be diverted to Lyell Island in case cutting operations had resumed there. *Loo Taas* was not a replica of a Haida war canoe; it was a war canoe. The threat of logging had resurrected the craft in the spirit of its ancestors.

A crowd gathered around False Creek, off English Bay, waiting for a sight no one had witnessed in a century. The young male and female paddlers applied oil to their arms and legs, anointing themselves for the voyage and protecting their skin from the sea spray. They wore the traditional Haida button cloaks bearing their clan emblems – Raven, Bear, Wolf, Beaver, and Eagle. To protect their heads from the hot sun, they wore broad conical hats, painted with red and black designs – Seaweed, Moon, Dogfish. Each paddle was also adorned with the animal spirits that represented the families and clans of the Haida Nation. And *Loo Taas* itself, with its white

killer whale teeth glistening in the sun, looked ready to eat any wave that came its way.

The press had turned out in full force. Miles Richardson told them, "What is at stake is our survival as a nation. We can't survive in a land of stumps."

As the Haida youth paddled *Loo Taas* out into the bay, Robert Davidson drummed and sang Haida songs of war and coming home again. All around them was a flotilla of kayaks and pleasure craft. It provided a way for even the staunchest Socred to demonstrate support for the park, as Herb Capozzi, former owner of the B.C. Lions, drove his motorboat amid the kayaks. As if spontaneously, the fire hoses of the Coast Guard's red and white vessel sent a fountain of water heavenward. The crescendo of water, like an explosion of liquid fireworks, caught the imagination of every onlooker and a huge cheer went up. To the Haida Nation it symbolized an official recognition by the Canadian government of another sovereign nation.

Tara looked up from the wonderful scene to see an airplane flying by. Behind it trailed a banner, "SAVE S. MORESBY – PH.VDZ – 387-1715."

By the next day, so many people had phoned the Victoria office buildings that its phone system and the back-up went down. B.C. Tel had no explanation. It had never happened before. So people switched to sending telegrams.

J.B. phoned me that day to say that his advertisement was all set for the next day's *Vancouver Sun.* We were running out of time, but that was the earliest they could run it. It would cost $15,000, but raising the money had not been a problem. Monte Hummel called to say the telegram from Prince Philip would be dispatched soon to Vander Zalm. Dozens of people were calling me, leaving tidbits of information, good ideas, and questions. The major one was: Has the Prime Minister called Vander Zalm yet? To which the answer was no.

I had called Andy first thing in the morning and then the Prime Minister's Office, just to be sure. I had been hoping and praying all weekend that Mulroney was on the phone to the Premier. I wished desperately that on Monday morning, when I came in to work, there would be good news. But there was none. And in this case, no news was definitely not good news.

When the reporters showed up for work in Victoria, around noon Ottawa time, I got firsthand reports of how things looked from a B.C. perspective. According to one member of the press gallery, it had become their standing joke – "Has Brian called yet?" Every time they saw the Premier, they'd call out the question, and he'd laugh a little and say, "Well, he's got my number. I don't know what the problem is." Worse yet, it had come to the point that the press and the Premier doubted that the Prime Minister would ever call. And the cabinet meeting was the day after tomorrow.

If it was a strategic decision to make Vander Zalm desperate, it seemed to be working. He said to reporters that he was willing to fly to Ottawa the next day, if Ottawa came forward with a new proposal. All the Prime Minister had to do was call, the Premier said, and "I'll delay issuing logging permits. If I had my druthers, I would like to see a federal park."

As the day wore on, I restrained a nearly hysterical fear that we were going to lose South Moresby. The momentum was disappearing from the Prime Minister's promise. Maybe the school of thought that we could "look good" and keep the money was holding sway. Maybe the Prime Minister was just too busy with the capital punishment debate on which he would speak that night. Maybe he just didn't realize that a call on Tuesday to meet a Wednesday deadline might be too late.

A little after 5 p.m., I went over to Tom's Parliament Hill office. He was in his shirtsleeves, preferring an open window to the whirr of an air conditioner even in

the humid misery of an Ottawa summer. Tom looked up from his desk, expectantly, as though maybe there might be some good news.

"Tom," I began with a sigh, "I am worried that if Mulroney doesn't make that call tonight, it will be too late. If it's Tuesday and all the pro-logging boys are ready to roll for a Wednesday meeting, they'll probably have told Western Forest Products where their next permits will be, and where the new provincial park boundaries will be located. They'll have maps ready for the press, and it will be too late to turn things around. It reminds me of a story my father told me about why the Germans invaded France in the First World War. They realized at the last minute that it would be a tactical advantage to attack Russia, but the generals said, 'We can't. All the trains are pointing west, and there's no way to turn them around.'"

Tom looked defeated. "I know. Don't you think I know that? But, what do you want me to do? I've spoken to the Prime Minister and he tells me that he will make that call. I will not call him again," he added sternly.

"I don't know," I struggled to come up with an idea that Tom would not reject. "Maybe if you wrote him a short personal note, in your own handwriting, just letting him know that Vander Zalm says all he has to do is call – he doesn't even have to offer anything new – all he has to do is call and they won't issue logging permits. I could make sure it gets hand-delivered."

"You can do that?" asked Tom skeptically. "Sure. I'll deliver it myself tonight right after he finishes his capital punishment speech," I promised, not knowing if I could pull it off, but trying to sound convincing.

Tom brightened. He liked writing letters, and he wrote good ones. He took out his personal stationery and his blue fountain pen, and started, "Dear Brian..."

With the letter in hand, I headed over to the House, to see if I could find a way into the government lobby.

Only one member of a minister's staff has a pass to the lobby, and it was permanently designated for the Question Period assistant. On my way out the door, I bumped into Terry and told him where I was headed. He offered to come with me, being more likely to reach Mulroney. Terry had been on Mulroney's campaign plane when he was with the *Toronto Sun* in 1984. He had even written nice things about the future prime minister.

At the guarded doors into the House and the lobbies, I looked for any MP who might bend the rules to escort us in. Bob Wenman, one of the strongest of the park supporters in the B.C. caucus, was on his way out. He obliged, but I think he extracted a promise from me of money for further renovations to historic Fort Langley in return.

Our timing was perfect. Brian Mulroney had just finished giving one of his finest parliamentary addresses, one in defence of the abolition of capital punishment. He was being greeted and congratulated by a handful of MPs half-way up the room. He was heading toward us. Terry gave me a signal to melt into the background as he walked toward a small knot of well-wishers. I saw Terry make eye contact, and Mulroney came over, hand outstretched. Terry handed him the note, and I could see him adding a few earnest words of his own. Mulroney took the envelope, placed it in his breast pocket and patted it reassuringly. *Sotto voce*, he said to Terry, "We'll let them sweat a little." Then he moved on, smiling at me even as I tried to be invisible.

I went to sleep that night not knowing how long Mulroney would let Vander Zalm sweat. I set my alarm for the CBC Radio news at 7 a.m. the following morning. That evening, sometime after 9 p.m., Ottawa time, Mulroney called Vander Zalm. On June 23, I woke up to the news that the negotiations had resumed to create a national park at South Moresby. We were back on track.

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR

TUESDAY MORNING, RIDING THE ELEVATOR TO MY FLOOR, my fellow employees were jubilant. We hugged each other, as people departed for their floor in the different services of the department – atmospheric environment service, finances and administration, corporate planning, parks service – all the branches housed in Les Terraces shared in the cliff-hanger, Perils-of-Pauline atmosphere of the negotiations.

I bounced into my office to check the day's newspapers. All the major papers across the country carried the news of the twenty-minute phone call the night before. Mulroney's personal appeal had brought British Columbia back to the bargaining table. Vander Zalm had extended the deadline to conclude an agreement by one or two weeks.

Colleen was quoted as saying, "The eyes of all Canadians will be on Vander Zalm over the next few weeks." J.B. who had assiduously avoided accusing Vander Zalm of blackmail, focussed on the numbers being thrown around for the value of Lyell Island's logging industry. "The numbers the province has been using just don't add up at all. Timber on Lyell is worth about $17.5 million a year, not the billions of dollars the government is throwing around."

In a press backgrounder, J.B. pulled out an equation reminiscent of the murrelet study, "If [Forests Minister] Parker is right, then the whole B.C. logging industry is

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week ahead, even without South Moresby's roller-coaster ride. On Friday, June 26, the day we hoped we might have a deal closed with B.C., the new legislation, the Canadian Environmental Protection Act, would be tabled for first reading. Later that day, it became clear that Mulroney's chief of staff, Derek Burney, was running the negotiations, dealing with Vander Zalm's political right hand, David Poole. The Queen Charlotte Islands, in addition to having the most active coastline, the most earthquake-prone region in Canada, was also capable of shaking the political Richter scale. Tremors continued, whether they were aftershocks of the previous week's quake or precursors of new shakes to come, we could only guess. I kept in touch with former Vander Zalm aides who could help me read the indicators, as well as with my few contacts in the B.C. bureaucracy. More than checking for hard facts, I kept checking, long-distance, on the mood. As long as reporters and others reported that Vander Zalm was smiling, I felt that we'd be all right.

Meanwhile, support was pouring in from totally new sources. Margaret Atwood launched a fundraising campaign to save South Moresby. Arguing that the federal government should pay whatever it took to save South Moresby, she got the ball rolling by pledging $1,000 of her own money to the costs of the park and calling on others to do the same. By Wednesday, artists Robert Bateman, Toni Onley, and Jack Shadbolt had matched her offer through donated works of art.

The idea of putting more money into the pot seemed to be gaining momentum with the public. On the CBC national television show Midday, both Tom McMillan and John Broadhead defended the unprecedented generosity of the federal offer, while host Peter Downie argued that the public wouldn't mind seeing more money spent to save a nationally significant, unique wilderness. Tom McMillan talked about fiscal responsibility and the

need not to hand B.C. "the keys to the treasury." Downie tapped into what thousands of Canadians were thinking. "I don't think the public would mind. I mean billions are spent on nuclear submarines and other things the public doesn't care half as much about as South Moresby."

John Fraser felt the same. Falling back on his legal training, he would rage impatiently to me, "I wish we could get people to understand that this is not about determining fair market value. This is about finding the price that will force a sale on an unwilling vendor."

I started checking to see whether the South Moresby offer really was the most expensive national park in history. I doubted it. The South Moresby negotiations were definitely the only time that a package of expenditures for a ten-year period had been costed out as part of the acquisition discussions. I knew that part of the deal for the Gros Morne National Park in Newfoundland had been a commitment from the federal government to build roads across Newfoundland to reach the park. There had been no monetary estimates tied to that commitment. But I had it confirmed by Parks officials that, over time, the costs of Gros Morne and its accompanying highways had come to $130 million – $24 million more than the South Moresby offer.

Meanwhile, as the negotiations laboured toward a solution, the Haida war canoe *Loo Taas* was working toward the same goal in its own way. Coming up the coast, *Wave Eater* and her crew had put into small native villages where they were welcomed and feasted. Dirt-poor communities had put on, and in some cases, sewn from scratch, ceremonial finery to greet the Haida war canoe and the expedition party. In one village, an elder told the proud young paddlers that the last time a Haida canoe had landed in their village, the crew had left only three people alive. The Haida kids had looked at their feet, not sure how to integrate this aspect of their cul-

ture into the critical process of exploring and retaining national pride. But by morning, they were back in the canoe, straining their weary muscles against the coastal waters, at one with the sea and the salt spray, paddling on to save Haida Gwaii.

By Friday afternoon, things were looking very good. Tom got a call to attend an afternoon meeting with Burney, Mazankowski, and Maz's chief of staff, Jamie Burns. Tom had a flight to catch to Charlottetown, so he went to the meeting planning to leave directly from there to the airport with Terry. That evening I was on the phone with Terry. "What happened?" I asked anxiously.

"It's not good," said Terry, in a matter-of-fact tone. "They want us to subsidize their ferry service."

"What! How did ferries get into this?" I was appalled. "I thought the big surprises were over. I thought we had a deal and all the fiddling would be over dollars."

"Well, it sounds like it was Stephen Rogers' idea. But the way it came up was that they figure more tourists to the Charlottes mean more of a strain on the ferry service. And, apparently, it's a long-standing gripe with B.C. that Newfoundland's ferry service is subsidized by the feds to the tune of $125 million a year, but B.C. only gets a $20-million ferry subsidy. They have an annual deficit of $9 million for the Charlottes' ferry service. So they're suggesting we should throw in another $9 million a year annually for ten years."

"Oh my God. Another $90 million, on top of our $106. That's back up to their original $200 million package! This is incredible. So where do we stand now?" I almost didn't want to hear.

"Well, we're still talking, but I don't think we'll get a deal this week," Terry answered resignedly.

I called Fraser with news of the latest set-back. He phoned me at home with confirmation that the B.C. ferry subsidies were raised at a cabinet meeting on

Wednesday. Most ferry routes in British Columbia were losing money. Even though Newfoundland's ferry subsidies had been part of the deal to get them into Confederation, B.C. felt that, once again, it was getting the short end of the stick. Still, as far as anyone knew, the talks were still moving along.

On Monday another wrinkle developed. This one struck me as a good and reasonable idea, as, at least, it was actually related to national parks. Parks Canada's regional office in Calgary was responsible for the parks within British Columbia. The latest proposal was to create a regional Parks Canada office in B.C. to administer the existing B.C. parks and report directly to Ottawa. Tom liked the notion, suggesting to Collinson that we should agree with a proposal to build up, over time, an autonomous Parks Canada office for the Pacific-Yukon Region. Moreover, Tom told Collinson that we should be able to fund such an office from within our existing budget. Collinson saw red and continued to advise the Privy Council Office bureaucrats who were providing back-up to Burney with the drafting of proposals that we were against any new Parks office in B.C., except for a small one that would report to Regional headquarters in Calgary.

We now had new variables in the endless recalculations of a package for British Columbia. In addition to all those other pieces – compensation, small-boat wharfs, regional economic development funds, park operations and maintenance – we had ferry subsidies and a new Parks Canada office to juggle. At least we were still talking.

I was still in my office late Monday night when I got a disturbing bulletin from British Columbia. The 6 p.m. TV news in B.C. had, for the first time, made the ferry subsidy issue public. It was a damaging story and I was livid. I called Terry and read him the transcript I had of the news item. "Terry, someone from the federal gov-

ernment leaked this. Listen: 'Ottawa sources say the B.C. government has introduced major new demands that could add at least $70 million to the $106 million the federal government has already offered...Ottawa officials say they're just about fed up dealing with Bill Vander Zalm and his government. Just when a deal seemed imminent, B.C. demanded that Ottawa pick up the annual $9-million deficit to operate the ferry between Prince Rupert and the Queen Charlottes.'"

Terry agreed it sounded bad. It was the kind of story designed to annoy Vander Zalm. But if the leak upset Vander Zalm, he didn't show it. He continued to express the hope that a deal would be struck. He went so far as to offer to fly to Ottawa to complete negotiations directly with the Prime Minister if that was what was required.

Tuesday, June 30, was the last day Parliament was in session before the summer recess. I was very nervous that, with Parliament adjourned and Question Period no longer available as a daily prod to the process of negotiations, we might lose momentum. My only hope was that between the last day of the House of Commons session and the total political languor of summer stood Mulroney's weekend visit to the beaches and picnics of British Columbia. But if we didn't have an agreement by the weekend of July 11...I feared the worst.

Stephen Ash called in early afternoon to let me know that Mulroney had just spoken to Vander Zalm again, about half an hour before. As the last session of Question Period commenced, Mulroney had reason to feel confident about progress. Jim Fulton rose in the House, directing a friendly and overly optimistic question to Mulroney. Rumours were rampant that Vander Zalm had already accepted the $106-million package, as long as the ferry subsidy issue was addressed and the Parks office opened in Vancouver. Jim prefaced his question by saying, "My question, and I would hope

congratulations, is to the Prime Minister because it appears that the unanimous voice of Parliament has been heard out West."

Mulroney was self-assured and good-natured as he answered, "When the Honourable Member announced the settlement, I was wondering if he'd had a phone call that I hadn't, because while there's been a lot of work done and we have made some progress, there has been no settlement."

Jim tried again, "Just prior to Question Period...the Premier had, as is often the case in B.C., gone and held a press conference regarding this matter; that he has accepted the $106-million federal offer. And the only other two conditions that B.C. wishes to have met are totally achievable and reasonable."

Brian Mulroney tried again to dampen Jim's premature enthusiasm. "Not being a British Columbian, I didn't realize that successful negotiations depended upon catching the Premier's scrums." At which point, every member from B.C. on the other side of the House laughed and called out, "It does!" The members were in good spirits, like school children in the last class before summer vacation. Mulroney joined in the general conviviality, laughing, "Oh, it does? Well, that's probably why he's been so successful!" Mulroney confirmed that not only had he just spoken to Vander Zalm, he expected to speak with him again, soon.

Before leaving for what would be the bulk of the summer recess, Tom sat down with Jim Collinson and the deputy to review the on-going priorities. "Of course," he said, "I'll come back the minute any agreement is reached on South Moresby, and assuming that everything goes well, I'll fly right out for a signing in B.C. And Jim, have your people located that cake yet?" Jim smiled indulgently, "Don't worry, Mr Minister. It's in a freezer in Banff where you left it."

July 1, Canada Day, provided a break in the tension of the negotiations. While most Canadians celebrated with barbecued dinners, the *Loo Taas* expedition was being welcomed at Waglisha Village at Bella Bella. By now the paddlers had grown confident. The experience of cutting their way through the walls of water had made them strong. It was increasingly difficult to get them out of the canoe and replace them with fresh paddlers. No one wanted to spend time on the tug. With each stroke, Huck realized that *Loo Taas* and saving South Moresby were intrinsically linked.

Throughout the Canada Day holiday, calls continued between Derek Burney and David Poole. Finally, we seemed to have found a formula. But first thing the next morning, I was back in crisis-management mode. We were in big trouble with one of the caucuses. This time it was the Alberta Tory caucus. Vander Zalm had told the media about his plans to have the Calgary Parks office "moved" to Vancouver, and Albertans were up in arms. Calgary Mayor Ralph Klein accused Vander Zalm of extortion and I had to phone the federal members from the Calgary area to reassure them that, if an office were opened in British Columbia, it would not be at the expense of the existing office in Calgary. It looked less and less likely that either the Privy Council Office or Parks Canada would allow the federal negotiating position to include an honest-to-God regional office for B.C. Meanwhile, Burney's office ended the great tussle over Western Diversification monies, by indicating that funds for South Moresby would come from some other mysterious pocket.

Friday night John Fraser called me from his home. He had just spoken to Brian Smith and reported that things looked good. Through Saturday and Sunday, progress appeared to be made hourly. Sunday night, John Fraser called again. "Look dear," he said, "I don't

think you're going to have to get arrested. Brian Smith just called and he went over a draft agreement with me. It sounded close to final. Things are looking very good."

It was hard to believe. We had been so close before and seen everything fall apart. I would not cheer, nor cancel my jail reservations, until I was one hundred per cent sure that we had a deal.

Still, I was feeling optimistic, bordering on giddy by Monday, July 6. Among all the other demands of the day, I checked in with the friendly spies of the B.C. government. No one expected an agreement for a few days. The ferry subsidy issue was still sticky and the question of the number of employees of the prospective B.C. Parks office was still disputed. Collinson's version corroborated what I had learned through unofficial channels. Close, but no cigar.

At around 4 p.m., I was in the small boardroom, meeting with officials from External Affairs and the Canadian Wildlife Service to discuss the planned signing of the Canada-U.S. Porcupine Caribou Agreement when my secretary, Karen Palmer, knocked and entered. As she handed me a note on a scrap of pink paper, she looked breathless and wide-eyed. I looked at the message form: "Dalton Camp. On hold for you. NOW!!"

I made quick apologies and literally ran down the hall to my office. I had not spoken directly with Dalton Camp since our meeting two weeks before. I tried to sound nonchalant as I picked up the receiver, "Hello, Mr Camp. How nice of you to call." He chuckled. "Congratulations." My heart stopped. "Congratulations on what?"

"You've got your park."

I could not believe it. "Are you sure?" I asked, knowing that this was a really dumb question. "Yes. Bruce Phillips will have it announced at 6 p.m. this evening." He continued in lowered tones, "It would be best if you told no one until then."

"Oh God! Really! Oh my dear Lord!" I suddenly feared becoming incoherent. I pulled myself together to think of rational questions. "But, I just talked with our ADM and he said there were still lots of unresolved issues. My sources in B.C. said the same."

"Well," Camp explained, "there were. But Burney and Poole just decided that since none of the outstanding issues were so critical as to make either side walk away from the deal, it would be better to end the agony and begin planning the formal signing ceremony. They'll sign it on Saturday when the PM is in B.C." I was almost speechless. Once it began to sink in that, at long last, we really had won, it dawned on me how extraordinarily kind it was of Dalton Camp to have phoned me. "Mr Camp, I just cannot thank you enough" – I may have gushed, as I was near tears – "for everything. For getting the negotiations back on track, and now for phoning me. It is so amazing and wonderful and sweet of you to have thought of me at all. And to call me personally like this. It's just unbelievable."

"Well, of course, I had to call you," he said with affection. "You were the spark."

I hung up, my mind slipping into delirium. Tom. I had to tell Tom. My hands trembled as I touch-toned Tom's home number in Prince Edward Island. He answered the phone himself. "Tom. It's Elizabeth." By this time, my voice started to break up on me. It's a genetic trait. My whole family is emotional. Our voices disintegrate into little gulp-like squeaks.

"Elizabeth? Is that you? Are you all right?" Tom sounded worried.

"Yeah, I'm fine. It's just that, Tom, we got it. We got the park!"

"I don't think so. I just spoke with the deputy and she said that there are still a few outstanding issues." Tom was reasonably sceptical.

"I'm absolutely sure. Dalton Camp just phoned me and he said that Bruce Phillips is releasing the news at 6

p.m. Ottawa time, but we should keep it quiet till then," I explained.

Now Tom was really shocked, "Dalton Camp called you? Why would Dalton Camp call you?"

I did not often, maybe never, blow my own horn to Tom, but I couldn't resist repeating the nicest compliment I had ever been paid. "He said I was the spark."

"He said that? And he's sure there's a deal?" Tom asked, bewildered.

"Uh-huh. The signing will be on Saturday," and I repeated to Tom all the details Camp had given me. "Tom. You've done a great job."

As Tom hung up, I knew he wouldn't really believe it until he heard it on the six o'clock news. I sat at my desk for a moment, my hand stuck on the phone receiver. Suddenly I remembered the Porcupine Caribou meeting. I went back into the boardroom and explained that something had come up. "Are you okay?" they asked. I realized that I was trying to sound normal while crying and giggling at the same time. "Yeah, I'm fine. You'll understand tomorrow, but I think I'd better call it a day."

Karen looked at me as I headed back to my office. "Can I get you something? Is everything all right?" I reassured her that I wasn't finally undergoing spontaneous human combustion, nor was I having a nervous breakdown, even if it looked that way. But I realized that if I was to keep such news to myself, I had better go home. Before leaving the office, I could not resist making another call. I phoned the Speaker's office. Amazingly, he was free to speak with me. "John, would you have any respect for someone who couldn't keep a secret Dalton Camp gave her for fifteen minutes?"

"I just got off the phone with him," laughed Fraser. "Congratulations!" I hung up. "I must go home," I thought to myself. But I picked up the receiver and punched the familiar number of Earthlife in Vancouver. "J.B. You've got to promise you won't tell anyone what

I'm about to tell you, at least for an hour and a half."

"Sure, Elizabeth." I could feel him grinning.

"We've won. We've got the park. The whole thing, right up to the height of land on the Tangil Peninsula." I was finally believing it myself.

"Really? For sure?"

"Yes. One hundred per cent for sure! But wait til 6 p.m. Ottawa time, before saying anything to anyone else, okay?" I asked foolishly, for no one who had just spent nearly the last decade of his life working on the issue could be expected to keep such news from the people who had spent thirteen years, or six years, or four years making the moment come to pass. J.B. agreed, laughing deliciously and with no intention of keeping the news to himself.

When he hung up from talking to me, he called Vicky and Miles Richardson and other key people, advising each of them to keep quiet until after Phillips' news release was over the wire. He took the bottle of champagne out of the fridge, where he had, as a gesture of optimism, confidence, and blind faith, placed it on ice some months before. As he unwound the wire from the cork, the phone rang. It was one of his friends within the B.C. bureaucracy calling to fill him in on the latest snag in the negotiations. News that, now that they were down to the fine strokes, the big boys had decided it was a done deal had not yet filtered down to either federal or provincial officials. J.B. listened without betraying the news that was threatening to explode within him. Reading his mind, the champagne spontaneously expelled its cork with a triumphant bang. The deep-throat at the other end asked, "What was that?" J.B. kept his composure, "Car backfire, I think."

I went home and paced and cried and stood up and sat down again and hugged my dog and trembled. At six o'clock, I turned on the television and the radio at once and tried to monitor both. It was not the lead item on

the CBC World at Six. I tensed from head to toe. Maybe something had gone wrong again. And then, at nearly the end, "And this just in. The federal and British Columbia governments have reached an agreement to create a national park at South Moresby in the Queen Charlotte Islands."

I cheered and called Vicky and Colleen and Terry and Miles and everyone I thought should know. "If only I could reach Guujaaw and Huckleberry." I wished I knew how to contact them on the *Loo Taas* expedition. But for the time being, I surrendered to joy.

As news spread that a park agreement had finally been reached, the weary paddlers had completed their seventeenth day on the open waters. They were approaching the end of Banks Island and the protection it afforded. Within days, they would set out for the most arduous portion of their odyssey, the twenty-hour haul across the often violent waters of Hecate Strait. As they approached the village of Hartley Bay, they heard singing and so the paddlers began to sing a song of coming home. Huck heard the voices from the tug boat travelling in tandem. The songs of the Tsimshian of Hartley Bay mixed and mingled with the Haida over the water. The sun set and the sky was full of colour and voices. Huck thought, "This is the most beautiful part of the experience. I'll never forget this." This was peace.

That night, after the ceremonies of greeting and the hospitality of feasting, Huck and Guujaaw were in the home of the local chief where they and other Haida were billeted. They sipped their tea, as a television provided background noise. Suddenly Huck whirled around. Knowlton Nash was announcing that there would be a national park at South Moresby. Guujaaw and the others rushed to watch. "Details will be announced on Saturday when the Prime Minister and the Premier will sign the accord." Huck let out a cheer. Then his partner in the sublime appeared on the

screen. J.B. was shown, briefly, a phone crooked against one ear, a yellow flower twirling in his fingers, an open bottle of champagne on his desk, as he sipped from a celebratory glass of the same. To Huck, it was one of those pictures worth a thousand words. J.B. was interviewed looking happy, but able to speak coherently about his reaction to sweet victory.

In Hartley Bay, someone said, "I don't know. I mean, how do we know that this is good news? Maybe it doesn't include Lyell Island."

Huck laughed. "Look, knowing how J.B. and Elizabeth get along, there's no way he'd be celebrating unless he knew. She must have called him. If he's drinking champagne, it means we have really won." He could barely believe it himself. "We have won it all. All of Lyell Island. All of Windy Bay. It will never be logged."

It was fitting that nearly thirteen years after the night they had met and drawn a line on a map, Huck and Guujaaw would be together to learn that their vision was now a reality. Neither of them had thought it would take more than a year or so to convince the powers that be of the wisdom of their proposal. Just save a little bit of raw wilderness. Save one tenth of one per cent of the annual allowable cut of British Columbia. Save an area with more rare endemic species than any other area of Canada. Save a place with record-breaking everything: waves, ancient murrelets, bald eagles, black bears, peregrine falcons, sea-lions, whales, earthquakes, skies, cedars, totem poles. Save something unique. Irreplaceable. Spectacular. Awe-inspiring. Save South Moresby.

That it took thirteen years, millions of dollars, the determination of the whole Haida Nation, the support of thousands of people, the personal involvement of the Prime Minister and the B.C. Premier, not to mention the crowned heads of Europe, is only a little more amazing than that it happened at all.

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JUBILATION

LATE MONDAY NIGHT, I FINALLY REACHED MIKE NICHOLL, executive director of the Council of the Haida Nation. I filled him in on the details I was allowed to divulge and shared his exuberance at the news. As I was preparing to hang up, he said, "Well, I guess I'll see you in Skidegate on Saturday." I wasn't sure what he meant. He reminded me, "The feast for *Loo Taas* on Saturday. You'll be coming, won't you?"

The next morning I lay in bed, contemplating heading for Haida Gwaii, when the phone rang. I was wanted at a meeting in half an hour with Derek Burney at the Langevin Block. I hurriedly dressed and rushed to be there. Waiting for Burney in the large boardroom outside the Prime Minister's personal suite of offices, I realized that I was in pretty heady company. Bruce Phillips, the former CTV reporter who was now the Prime Minister's communications director, was there. So was Marc Lortie, the PM's press secretary, and the senior Privy Council Office people who had worked over the last month as bureaucratic support to the deputy and to the PMO. The only other Environment Canada person present was Bruce Amos, at the moment the ranking Parks Canada representative.

The draft agreement was passed around for comment. We had done well in the last few weeks' negotiations. We had not increased our offer. It was still a $106-million package. Incredibly, we had persuaded

B.C. to increase their contribution. In addition to its $8-million share of forest compensation costs, B.C. had agreed to kick in a further $12 million to be matched by $12 million from within the federal $50-million economic development fund. The total of $24 million would be used as a "forest replacement fund." The payment schedule for the federal funds had been accelerated from ten years to eight, with a kick-start of $15 million in the first year from the regional development fund. As for the ferry subsidy problem, it had been solved by the federal government accepting, as a matter of principle, that British Columbia should not be stuck bearing the entire costs of any increased burden on the ferries created by the new national park. Ottawa also committed to talks with B.C. to discuss the whole ferry issue. The rest of the agreement fell out along the lines of Mazankowski's offer of June 10. As to what would happen if costs of compensating the industry surpassed our $31-million estimate, the agreement was silent.

The agreement would be put through the Cabinet Priorities and Planning Committee on Thursday, July 9, in time for the PM to sign the memorandum of agreement on Saturday.

Back on Haida Gwaii, word continued to spread to those few key people and activists who were out of touch with the modern mass media. Al and Irene Whitney were conducting a regular charter on *Darwin Sound II*. Their friend, Mary MacDonald, was along as the resident ornithologist for the trip and guests included the new *New York Times* Canadian bureau chief. The deck-hand was Bryan Williams's daughter, Shannon, joining the *Darwin Sound II* for the first time. On Tuesday, July 7, the ketch was making her way through the familiar, if treacherous, waters of Hecate Strait. Al was dealing with a fifteen-knot wind sailing out of the wilderness area, north of Lyell, when Mary, reaching her husband by VHF radio, cried out from below decks, "We got it! We got it!"

Across the waters at Sandspit, there was no rejoicing. R.L.Smith cranked out the latest *Red Neck News* carrying the grim news. "We gave it our best shot," reported an almost philosphical *Red Neck* editor, "but...a gullible public, by the thousands, misinformed by the media, brought tremendous pressure on our governments to end logging in South Moresby." R.L.Smith went on to predict a future when Haida land claims were finally resolved and the area returned to them. "We will all be looking forward to the screams of agony from our draft-dodger environmental friends when logging, initiated by our Haida friends and neighbours, returns once more to South Moresby." He closed with a cheery thought from a friend in Sandspit, "If you want to save a tree, kill a beaver."

Frank Beban was quoted as saying "I can't get mad at Bill Vander Zalm...He tried really hard to save our jobs, but when you're being blackmailed by the Prime Minister, it's pretty tough." Mulroney, known for a government "of lies and deceit" was held squarely to blame by the *Red Neck News*.

Moresby Island Concerned Citizens organized the wearing of black arm bands as a visible sign of mourning. But behind all the gnashing of teeth, Pat Armstrong and others began to strategize about how to get hold of that $50-million regional economic development fund.

Work in Ottawa continued at a frantic pace to nail down the final text and plan the signing ceremony. As the days slipped away, news leaked out that the first five years of funding for the South Moresby agreement was coming out of Western Diversification after all. I was surprised. "How did that happen?" I asked one of the behind-the-scenes types. "Poole blinked," was the answer.

One last detail eluded me. I wasn't getting a straight answer about Tom's cake. For months we had been told the cake was in a freezer in Banff. Now it appeared that

no one knew where it was. Jim Collinson's executive assistant offered an explanation. "Well," he tried, rather bravely in the circumstances, "the minister could say that the cake was stored in one of the big freezers where they keep the road-kill and other big game from the park, and he could say that a big frozen bear fell on the cake and squashed it." He looked rather pleased with this eminently press-worthy version of events.

"Is that what happened?" I asked with what I hoped was a pained inflection. "It could have happened," he offered. "But, as far as you know, that's not what happened?" I pressed. He looked at his shoes, "Well, no. Not exactly."

Tom accepted the news of the lost cake with muttered incredulity and asked me to order a new cake made to look like the first one. No one really wanted to eat a cake that had been in the freezer for almost two years anyway. As for the original cake, for all we know, it is still in a freezer in Banff. For all we know, a bear fell on it.

Loo Taas had surpassed expectations. Far from having one last desperate paddle to reach Skidegate within twenty-one days, the crew members had come within shooting distance of their village a full day ahead of time. Time and tide may wait for no man, but the *Wave Eater* transversed those dimensions like an old friend. The crew decided to hold out in a nearby cove and make their dramatic homecoming arrival as scheduled.

At noon, hundreds of residents gathered on the shore of Skidegate Village. As *Loo Taas* came toward the shore, the village regained some of its tradition. Most of the people on shore wore button blankets. All the hereditary chiefs wore their family head-dresses. Young men and women beat their painted skin drums, wide and shallow like a small shield. Teenagers from recently established native dance groups practised their steps on shore. When *Loo Taas* came within view, a tremendous cheer erupted from the crowd. It seemed almost as loud

as the cheer of the several thousand in Vancouver when Loo Taas had pulled out of False Creek three weeks before. Tara Cullis was there to join in both cheers. She clutched her two little girls as the canoe made its way home.

On the waters of Skidegate Bay, the paddlers heard the cheer. They changed the rhythm of their paddling, punctuating two powerful strokes by bringing the paddles up to a horizontal position and banging them against the gunwales. Stroke! Stroke! Bang! Bang! To the accompaniment of their own drum beats, they sang as they came into shore, paced by their coxswain, an Alaskan Haida who had measured out the metre of their strokes for days.

In the dazzling sun, Vicky, Colleen, and J.B. looked out at the sparkling, dancing waters and the war canoe that was bringing home their dream. Waiting on shore, Ada Yovanovitch stood with her daughter, Diane, and her old friend Ethel Jones. Their case had never gone to trial. No one had wanted to prosecute the elders for their "crime." Reporters mingled with the crowd, seeking the reaction of the Haida to the end of logging. Ethel smiled. "I'd do it again," she said of her experience blocking the logging road. "But I'm happy now that I won't have to."

The paddlers reached the beach, and leapt from the canoe to pull it up on shore with the strength and confidence borne of weeks of eating waves. The young men and women who had brought *Loo Taas* up the coast were immediately swallowed up in the arms of the villagers. Miles Richardson proclaimed, "*Loo Taas* is home!" Speeches poured forth. Bill Reid was cheered. Miles spoke of the victory, not only of *Loo Taas* and her crew, but of the decision to resolve the land-use controversy of South Moresby in favour of wilderness. Ahead lay the battle over ownership, but it was right to celebrate their victory in forcing two levels of government and the con-

sciousness of their neighbour nation, Canada, to accept the spiritual value of places too sacred to despoil.

Hundreds of miles to the south, in an ornate ballroom, under elaborate crystal chandeliers, Brian Mulroney was quoting Miles Richardson: "The fate of the land parallels the fate of our culture." Just before the signing, the ministers had met privately in a beautiful drawing room overlooking the many intricate, formal flower beds of Government House, blooming in profusion. Pat Carney looked at the small group of her male colleagues – the political powers that be. "This is what you will be remembered for," she told them. "Announcements about ice breakers are a one-day wonder. But this matters. This is important. It is an achievement that will last, and it is something for which future generations will thank you."

After the signing, Vander Zalm hammed it up, describing his recipe for success. "When you mix several parts of Irish charm and Dutch stubbornness – pardon me, determination – and shake things up, good, positive things happen."

The reception afterward was a happy confusion. Paul George hugged me and admitted that he couldn't really believe it had finally happened. It had been a long time since Guujaaw had refused his handshake, since he had printed up the first Save South Moresby poster, since he had dreamed up the ecological reserve proposal that had halted logging on Windy Bay for the critical years of negotiations. Now he just stood there, a big bear of a man, grinning from ear to ear like a kid on Christmas morning. Bristol Foster agreed with Paul that he had never thought he would see the day. He shook his head in wonder, scanning the incongruous sight of this cluster of environmental warriors mingling with government officials and no less than the Prime Minister around a lavish spread of finger food, and, of course, champagne.

As the media availability session wound down, I started doing my mother-hen routine, rounding up the chicks for the flight to Skidegate. Everyone was chomping at the bit to get to the celebratory feast for the *Loo Taas* homecoming. But no commercial flights were available to reach the Sandspit airport before morning. My enterprising cohort at Environment Canada, Steve Gorman, had suggested we "borrow" the Prime Minister's back-up plane. I was amazed to realize that there was such a thing, travelling a discrete distance from the PM's entourage in case of mechanical failure. I was even more amazed when after one friendly phone call to the PMO, I was lent the plane for the afternoon. My passenger roster for Haida Gwaii was the fun group: Kevin McNamee, now a veteran of two park signing ceremonies, Gregg Sheehy, heading to South Moresby for the first time, Sharon Chow and Peter McAlister of the Sierra Club of Western Canada, Al Whitney, captain of *Darwin Sound II,* Bristol Foster, Gary Clarke from the Travel Industry Association of Canada, Jim Fulton, and David Suzuki, plus a few reporters, including Daphne Brougham from the Victoria press gallery. I had bought several bottles of champagne in Ottawa, of which I'd left two with Tom's plane, and laid two on for our trip. As soon as we were airborne, I suddenly felt free. I didn't have to worry about anyone's schedule or press releases, or whether the Prime Minister's pen had ink or whether the press kits had their French translation. I was off duty, and I could hug whom I wanted and cry in public and generally join the celebration as a full-fledged crazily happy person. We drank champagne and giggled. Everyone was indecently thrilled to be flying on the PM's plane. Our flight crew from the Department of National Defence must have had pause to consider if we were really an authorized government contingent.

As we approached the chain of islands, the pilot obligingly flew at 6,000 feet, so we could get a good look.

Peering out the windows of the government jet, I caught my first glimpse of what we had fought so hard to save. I was not disappointed. Even from the unnatural vantage point of 6,000 feet, it was beautiful, like a scattering of green velvet cushions. They looked soft and inviting. Al Whitney and Bristol Foster pointed out the well-known features, names I knew, places I felt I knew like the back of my hand. No one needed to tell me when we were over Lyell Island. The sight of great expanses of clear-cuts was the first sign of anything other than how God had made it. Someone once told me that when people destroy something man-made, we call it vandalism, but when people destroy something God made, we call it progress. I had never had a stronger sense of outrage, of disgust at an act of vandalism, than when I looked down from that plane and saw the scars on Lyell.

As we approached the Sandspit airport, we realized that we had missed the ferry over to Queen Charlotte City. There wouldn't be another ferry for an hour, and we would miss the beginning of the feast. By now my desire to see Vicky and Colleen and J.B. and Huck and Miles was to the point of obsession. Every minute I was not with them was intolerable. Al Whitney sensed the impatience of our group, and got on the plane radio to ask Irene to come fetch us on the *Darwin Sound II*. When we touched down in Sandspit, there was no sign of her. But there was a reception party, what might have been called a "neck-tie" party in an old Western movie. When David Suzuki stepped onto the tarmac, a small cluster of placard-waving protesters jeered menacingly. That week's *Red Neck News* would report on the airport scene, depicting David kicking a child in the head, as his "My Dad Was a Logger" sign went flying. I had been expecting some trouble in Sandspit, based on reports from everyone who had been there recently. In fact, I'd requested a discreet RCMP back-up as security for McMillan. It just had not occurred to me that our group

would be harrassed as well. I was anxious not to spend a single minute more in Sandspit, but I felt stymied. I set off through the crowd of angry loggers, Al Whitney as my escort.

As I headed for the Sandspit Inn, I noticed what looked like a Coast Guard flight crew walking back toward the airport. It occurred to me that I could "borrow" the giant Sikorski helicopter on the runway after I remembered that it was there in order to convey Tom and the rest of his group quickly over to the feast. But as Tom was an hour or so behind us, according to our pilot, there was no risk of missing him if they could fly us over before his arrival. I explained all this to the genial pilot and navigator. The flight crew happily agreed, even volunteering to take us to Windy Bay in the morning. "It will be more fun than the last time," he said, explaining that we were borrowing the same helicopter that had served as paddy wagon, ferrying arrested Haida back from Lyell Island in 1985.

Our pilot knew just where to take us, and lowered his massive craft in the ball-field next to the community hall where the feast was in progress. The rotary blades chopped the air and stirred gusts of wind, overturning barbecues where salmon was roasting, kicking up dust and dry blades of grass. Our arrival attracted a crowd. I saw Miles Richardson running toward the helicopter, and I realized he would expect Tom to be with us. Although Tom was nowhere in sight, Miles was not completely disappointed. He greeted his old friends Jim Fulton and David Suzuki. He hugged me and asked, "Where's Tom?" I told him I hoped he'd be along in about an hour, and he decided reluctantly to start serving the food. They had been holding dinner for the minister with the world's worst reputation for punctuality.

Vicky rushed up, hugged me, and led me into the hall. It was jam-packed, full to overflowing. Every square inch of floor space seemed occupied, and above us, in

overhanging balconies, were more people. All around were Haida paintings, and cedar boughs had been used to adorn the frames of windows, doors, paintings, even basketball hoops, for like most community halls, this one served more than banquets. In the back of the hall Guujaaw was drumming. The hereditary chiefs began their solemn ceremonial entrance, as the drums beat and the crowd cheered. I'd never seen anything like it. Each elderly man walked forward wearing the symbols of his lineage and of the spiritual connection to the natural world. All the chiefs were present. Ravens, eagles, bears, and sharks danced in costume. Chief Skedans wore a particularly beautiful full-face moon staring placidly at the crowd from the front piece of his headdress. A black wolf's head bobbed above the others, and the drums kept beating as the room exploded in joy. I hadn't slept or eaten in what felt like days. Between jet lag and exhaustion, my perceptions were stretched to the edge of other realities. And in that moment of ecstacy, the scene had the quality of another dimension, of magic and myth, of having stepped into a Tolkein Middle Earth world.

The din in the hall was nearly deafening. There was a steady roar of drumming and chatter and laughter while Haida and non-Haida women in button blankets began to serve the feast. How they moved through the packed room, I couldn't imagine. But they seemed to glide unimpeded between the tables, depositing enormous platters of barbecued salmon and halibut, of octopus, turkey, abalone, gaaw, scallops. Suddenly, the whole room trembled with the sound of the giant Sikorski helicopter overhead. "It's Tom!" I said to Vicky, and raced to greet him.

Tom was hugged by everyone, and I hugged Terry and Bruce Amos and Pat Thomson as though I hadn't seen them in years. Tom seemed to be getting used to being hugged I thought as I saw him work his way

through the emotional crowd. Miles brought him around to the front entrance of the hall, the door through which the hereditary chiefs had entered. From the head table, he was introduced, "The Honourable Tom McMillan, federal minister of the environment." Tom received a standing ovation, while the Haida drums beat to sustain the energy of the welcome, and people let out cheers and what sounded like war cries. He turned and waved, smiling to the crowd. And the cheering and applause went on, long and loud. I wondered if ever in his political career, he had ever had a welcome to touch this. When I asked him later, still somewhat dazed he said he had not. MPs Mary Collins and Bob Wenman were warmly received as well, as all the federal representatives joined the distinguished elders and honoured guests at the head table. Dancing began. A young man in Raven mask swirled through the open area in front of the chiefs, arms outstretched. Between dances, each of the hereditary chiefs spoke, some in Haida, some in English, some in both languages.

At around one in the morning, which I started to realize was four in the morning according to my internal clock, the traditional gift-giving began. Tea towels, mugs, cutlery, china, and Hudson Bay blankets were stacked up as high as they could be balanced on a table at the end of the hall. Bill Reid had lithographed prints of his Loo Taas design; there were images of that Haida craft swallowing the sea for every guest. Diane Brown served as emcee as each person was called forward to be presented with a blanket by Skidegate chief Tom Greene. Huck and J.B. were honoured for their role in stopping the logging, as were David Suzuki and Jim Fulton. After Tom McMillan received his blanket, he was asked to speak. He had brought the pen Mulroney had used to sign the agreement as a gift for Miles. And last, but not least, we had brought cake. Lots of cake. The departmental staff in Vancouver had ordered three

huge cakes, each proclaiming, "South Moresby National Park" in green icing. He cut up the South Moresby cake, and served it to Miles, J.B., Huck, Vicky, and Colleen. It had been a long time since Colleen had had her cake brainwave in Banff. She grinned at me, "I still can't believe this is happening." Tom served cake to Haida elders and children, and somehow, like the loaves and fishes, there was still more cake.

When Miles rose to speak, it was late. But he spoke brilliantly. He thanked Tom for the pen, but explained that he couldn't use it until the larger battle was won, until the issue of Haida land rights was resolved.

Finally, as tired celebrants moved from the hall, plastic bags were handed out. I was baffled. "You take your food with you at a Haida feast," J.B. explained. "Nothing is wasted and nothing is left behind, or you have insulted your hosts." Vicky had already sprung into action. A group of us were planning to stay at Windy Bay the next night, and Vicky was stocking up on the world's most delicious food for our camping expedition.

The next morning, after breakfast at the Helm Café next to the ferry dock, we reconvened at the ball-field to load up our helicopters. A tall, red-headed kid introduced himself as Jeff Gibbs, and asked if I could give him and his collapsible kayak and a pile of gear a ride to Windy Bay. I told him that if there were a way, I'd squeeze him in – if you could consider it "squeezing" to fit the world's least inobtrusive young man and a mountain of gear into a helicopter. But Jeff has a lucky star. He got on the helicopter, as Miles, Vicky, and J.B. decided to travel later on their own. Terry loaded the media, I loaded the hitchhikers, and we headed south for Windy Bay.

I couldn't believe that I was finally there. It was so beautiful, as we hovered over it, like a green velvet goblet. I stumbled, trance-like from the helicopter, walking into my own dream. I had wished this place safe so

often. I saw its forest through a mist, but one of my own tears, for the giant trees were bathed in bright sunshine. Jeff rushed forward to start giving a tour to Bob Wenman, pointing out the old foundations of the abandoned longhouses. We walked back to the largest tree, up along Windy Bay Creek, deep in the woods, where despite the brightness of the day, we were plunged into near night. Arms outstreched, a dozen of us tried to reach all the way around the base of the tree. We couldn't. I'd never known a tree could be so big.

We heard the sound of a float-plane and rushed back to find that Miles and Vicky and J.B. had arrived. Tom and Miles started to talk about how exactly the Haida would be involved in every phase of the park management and implementation. It was the commitment the federal government had made. They sat on a bench in front of the longhouse and spoke earnestly and candidly about their hopes for the future. Then Tom and the rest of his contingent headed back to complete their aerial survey of South Moresby. I had decided to stay put and soak up the forests we had saved.

By some miracle, we had been able to assemble in one of the least accessible places on this continent almost all the people with whom we wanted to be. Colleen arrived by small boat, bringing additional provisions. During previous trips to Haida Gwaii, bad weather had prevented her from getting to South Moresby. We cheered the arrival of one of those without whom South Moresby would have been lost. As she set foot on Windy Bay's shores for the first time, we both cried again. I never knew I had such a capacity to weep from joy. There was no end to my tears. I cried when Miles and Huck arrived with friends Reg Wesley, Patricia Kelly, and Charlene Aleck.

David Suzuki showed up with Tara Cullis and their kids, Severne and Sarika, and David's father, Carr Suzuki. The next day, John Fraser arrived by helicopter,

just to see us for a few hours. I hadn't seen him since the phone call from Dalton Camp telling us that at long last we had won. We kept telling each other, and anyone within earshot, that it would not have been possible without the other. We walked up Windy Bay Creek, Colleen sinking herself into cushiony moss at the base of a tree and smiling. Some kayakers from Germany, who had stumbled across Windy Bay, expecting to find it deserted, took some wonderful pictures.

After such a long struggle, we could finally sit on the moss, and listen to the creek gurgle by, and know with the certainty of God that the sound of a chain saw would never disturb this stillness. Those of us who were relative newcomers to the crusade marvelled at how we had been accepted by the others. David Suzuki mentioned this one night as we sat around the dying embers of our campfire. He had been surprised, he said, by how little ego there seemed to be; by how readily he was made to feel a part of the family. I felt the same, and as Huck and Reg sang that night, and I watched the stars overhead, I thanked those lucky ones that had directed me to my new family, and had allowed me to be part of saving South Moresby.

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Unfinished Business

WITHIN TWO WEEKS OF THE FORMAL DECLARATION OF the national park at South Moresby, Frank Beban had closed down his camp, lined up his rows of yellow trucks, and started to think about the advantages and opportunities of increased tourism in the Charlottes. After all, as the owner of the only hotel in Sandspit, as well as a charter helicopter company, which was already advertising "Sandspit – Gateway to South Moresby," he was hardly insensitive to the economic potential of tourism. And then, quite suddenly, he died.

Local adherents of the *Red Neck News* insisted that he had died of a broken heart. They went so far as to accuse Mulroney of being responsible for his death. At a large public meeting of island residents soon thereafter, Beban's old friend and adversary in his desire to log Lyell Island put people straight on a thing or two. Ada Yovanovitch brought her imposing presence to its full height and dimension. "Frank was my friend," she told them, "and he had a heart condition for years. And I grieve for his loss. But if anyone is responsible, I tell you it was not the people who wanted to stop the logging." She turned to stare directly into the faces of those she addressed, "When I saw everyone in Sandspit wearing black arm bands, I thought, 'Oh no, whose death will they bring on this community?' Symbols of death are powerful. These islands have seen much death. You do not play with death."

Back in Ottawa, I continued to work toward the completion of the South Moresby mission. We were negotiating a full federal-provincial agreement with British Columbia, fleshing out the four-page memorandum of understanding. We needed to confirm the Haida's full and meaningful participation in every aspect of park implementation and management. We needed to establish local liaison committees. We needed to get as much economic development underway as possible, to reassure those residents who had not wanted a park that in the long run the wilderness alternative would even be to their economic advantage.

I wouldn't have guessed that it would take a full year, six months longer than originally projected, to complete and sign the final legal agreement with British Columbia – that, fleshed out, those four pages would run to well over one hundred. I wouldn't have believed that the federal government would be so disorganized as to be unable to get the relevant departments and agencies to agree on a framework for a working relationship with the Haida Nation. Nor that simple promises to the people of Sandspit would be so hard to keep. And that, at the last minute, with only a few weeks before finalization of the area's national park status, the provincial government would give out permits for mineral exploration within the park. It was the stuff of nightmares.

In all the disappointments of the years since the memorandum of understanding was signed, there has remained one unalterable fact: The area will never be logged. But against that success – a success due to the perseverence and passion of a handful of environmentalists and of the Haida – stand many failures. Chief among them has been the failure to deal with the Haida Nation. It is fair to say that in no aspect of what was promised has delivery been without difficulties and delay.

We made some progress in the final agreement. At least the three little islands – Limestone, Reef, and

Skedans – would be protected as provincial wildlife areas. But, overall, the tying up of loose ends looked more like a contest with flypaper than with red tape. Everything stuck in the wrong places. Every commitment to the Haida Nation required Bill McKnight's approval. Literally hundreds of hours went into the preparation of letters from McMillan and McKnight to Miles Richardson. Bureaucrats from three departments, Indian Affairs and Northern Development, Environment Canada, and the Privy Council Office, laboured for weeks to produce a letter on which everyone could agree, only to have McKnight refuse to sign it, based on potential, and unspecified, revenue implications raised by bureaucrats working for the Western Diversification Fund, for which McKnight was the responsible minister.

By the winter of 1987-1988, we were finally negotiating with the Haida Nation. Of course, these talks had nothing to do with land claims. The comprehensive claims policy still dictated that only six claims be dealt with at a time. Of the sixteen British Columbia native land claims accepted for negotiation by the federal government, only the Nishga's claim was approved for active negotiations. Now that the logging controversy on Lyell Island was resolved, Indian Affairs officials estimated the Haida claim might come up for negotiation in another thirty-five years.

It took a long time to persuade the senior bureaucrats at Indian Affairs that South Moresby created opportunities for some innovative approaches to national park management. The negotiating team on Haida Gwaii, comprised of representatives of the Haida Nation and of Parks Canada, began to make real progress. The starting Haida position had been that they must have an equal say in all decisions affecting Gwaii Haanas. Ottawa's position was that the minister of environment had a statutory responsibility under the National Parks

Act to be the ultimate authority. Fine, said Guujaaw, but the minister is not the ultimate authority over Haida Gwaii. It was difficult to develop a framework for cooperation without touching on the more fundamental question: "Whose land do you think you're standing on?"

Still, by spring 1988, a workable statement of "Interim Purpose and Objectives" had been reached. It was combined with an information and promotional booklet about the backgound of the South Moresby – Gwaii Haanas area, with details of the federal-provincial agreement and the Haida-Canada statement of objectives.

The booklet was beautiful. With a dramatic border of black, the cover photograph of a fresh water lake, high in the San Christoval mountains, offered a view of South Moresby that was rarely featured. Inside, the text was evocative and richly illustrated. With the booklet printed, a Haida-Canada purposes and objectives statement completed, and the Canada-British Columbia agreement ready to sign, it seemed that, perhaps, we were finally back on track. But then British Columbia gave out permits for mineral exploration in areas within the park boundaries to Diamond Resources. Bill McKnight decided to hold up the federal-provincial agreement because of its revenue implications for the Western Diversification Fund. And last, but certainly not least, the federal Department of Justice became interested in the interim statement of purposes and objectives. Justice saw our beautiful little booklet, South Moresby – Gwaii Haanas, and didn't like it one bit. The book contained ominous references to the "hereditary activities of the Haida." There were dangerous suggestions that the Haida considered the area to be "a vital part of their spiritual and ancestral home." The booklet and its interim statement confirmed that both Canada and the Haida recognized that the Haida Nation had lived on the islands of Haida Gwaii for thousands of years, in

harmony with nature. What's worse, it suggested there might be some "right" to continue traditional activities. Justice lawyers said we could not risk saying such things. It might eventually compromise our land claims negotiations with the Haida.

I was totally disgusted when this latest roadblock was put in our way. Guujaaw had had to get every syllable approved by the elders and by the Council of the Haida Nation. This was not a simple matter of cancelling one publication; this risked undermining our whole relationship with the Haida. I suggested to Jim Collinson that the Department of Justice would like us to change the captions under the picture of the totem poles of Ninstints to read that those poles were carved by extraterrestrials.

The Department of Justice insisted that the booklets be shredded – every single one of them. Close to twenty thousand dollars' worth of printing, just shredded.

Environment Week 1988: Months later, Tom told me his theory that it was jinxed. There were no rock videos, no hot-air balloons, no budget to attract the watchful eye of the Auditor General. But neither was there the final South Moresby signing. And, sadly, behind the scenes, a deal was being put together that would lead to my resignation within days: damned dams.

I discovered that Tom McMillan had agreed to sign permits for the construction of two dams on the Souris River in Saskatchewan, without federal environmental assessment, without an agreement to protect the downstream province of Manitoba, all in order to get Saskatchewan to translate their statutes into French, with a grasslands national park thrown into the bargain. When I realized what Premier Devine had been able to barter for a national park, suddenly Stephen Rogers and company looked like a bunch of amateurs. I did not want to leave McMillan's office; there was so much un-

finished business. But I realized my job had disappeared. If the Rafferty and Alameda dams could be approved as part of a political trade-off without any consultation with me, then, in reality, I no longer had the role of senior policy adviser to play. I resigned.

The federal-provincial agreement on South Moresby was finally signed in the second week of July 1988. I wasn't there. Neither was Tom McMillan; his staff had double-booked him, and he was committed to staying in Prince Edward Island for the day of the signing ceremony. Fisheries Minister Tom Siddon signed the agreement in his place, with Terry Huberts, B.C.'s new minister for Parks. There were no invited guests. If Tom couldn't be there, he wanted it very low-key. It was so anticlimactic, it was almost invisible.

Since that time, Guujaaw has continued to work away on a Canada-Haida agreement. Sometimes, it seems that real progress has been made. Occasionally, the Haida Nation issues a warning that the park will be closed to tourists unless the question of joint management is resolved. Last I heard, Guujaaw had finally negotiated a draft agreement with the federal government that overcame the major obstacles. But the chiefs and councillors of the Haida Nation were so tired of the process of reviewing approved drafts, only to have the federal government renege, that Guujaaw couldn't get them very excited about looking at the latest effort.

After I resigned, I headed for islands, for places that heal. Cape Breton Island offered the Atlantic's dancing waves and pilot whales, which looked over the boat's railings, making eye contact with me before lowering themselves back into the sea. And Haida Gwaii massaged my weary soul with sunrises and shooting stars, tufted puffins darting about like wind-up toys, sea-lions splashing into the ocean, and heavenly forests where there was nothing to be done but to sit, forced down by

the overwhelming beauty of the place.

I worked with Huck and Jeff on a tour boat showing Gwaii Haanas to tourists, with Ada and Ethel on board as interpreters. The boat, *The Norsal*, was the same one the B.C. ministers had taken through storm and rain when Tom Waterland concluded that South Moresby was "a clear-cut issue." I was kitchen help, cooking breakfasts and trying to prepare dinner when the guests were kayaking or ashore with Huck, while the galley pitched and rolled in the Hecate Strait. The party from California called me "the girl," while I prepared abalone the way Miles had taught me the year before in Windy Bay. "What do you do when you're not cooking here?" asked one of the more inquisitive visitors.

It's a good idea not to let people who call you "girl" get away with it. "Until June, I was senior policy adviser to the federal minister of the environment, and I'm a lawyer, but I'm thinking of writing a book."

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EPILOGUE

THE FIRELIGHT FLICKERED ACROSS FACES DECORATED with paint and glowing dark in the reflected light of the fire. Guujaaw warmed the skin of his drum against the flames. When the drum's surface had just the right tension, when it gave to his drumstick with the proper reverberating elasticity, then Guujaaw burned sage as an offering to the ancestors, lifted his drum, and began to sing. His song rose to a night sky and stars I could not recognize, for we were not below the heavens of Haida Gwaii.

The Haida music he made was a Strong Heart song for the warriors who sat in a large circle around him. They understood no Haida, neither did they understand English. His song was a gift to the Kaiapo warriors of the Xingu. We were in the Amazon Basin of Brazil, which is threatened with dams and flooding, with deforestation and burning, gold mining and mercury poisoning. The Kaiapo Indians of Brazil are threatened with extinction, as are the thousands – no, millions – of life-forms whose home is the tropical forest.

In the fourteen years it took to save South Moresby, one quarter of the world's forests were logged. The tropical forest is devoured at a rate of 74,000 acres a day. Tropical rain forests cover only 7 per cent of the earth's surface, but contain half of all the species of plants and animals on this planet. And they are disappearing at a rate of 74,000 acres every day.

In Brazil, the forests are not even cut down for timber, but are burned just to get them out of the way. The smoke rises constantly in the dry season – one of those few human activities visible from orbiting satellites. The burning of tropical forests and deforestation around the world contributes approximately 20 per cent to climate warming, the so-called greenhouse effect. Deforestation around the globe threatens us all. Richard St Barbe Baker, known during his life as "the man of the trees," said, "We are skinning the planet alive." Yes, we are.

Medicine men from the plains of the United States told the Haida that saving South Moresby was essential to turn the tide of plantery destruction. If they could save Gwaii Haanas, their prophecies said, the whole world would go that way. But, if they couldn't save it, it would ripple back on the earth. But we don't have time to spend fourteen years saving every precious island of wilderness. We do not have fourteen years to save our earth island. We only have now.

Huck managed to travel deep into the jungles of Sarawak in Malaysia, to meet the embattled Penan people. Like the Haida, they have been blocking logging roads, trying to preserve their homeland. The forests of Sarawak on the island of Borneo are disappearing at the fastest rate in the world: three hectares every minute of every day, seven days a week, every day of the year. The forests of Malaysia are being chopped down to make cheap plywood, used once in construction – concrete forms, scaffolding – and then thrown away. Part of the forest goes to make disposable chopsticks. The forests of Southeast Asia are disappearing into the yawning maw of Japan.

The forests of Thailand are nearly all gone. The King declared a moratorium on logging when less than 17 per cent of his kingdom's forests remained. When Malaysia's forests are all gone, the loggers will finish off

Indonesia. The Philippines' forests have been felled. The rain forests of the Amazon are disappearing. Who will save them?

The least powerful people, the poorest, are those with the most to lose. Indigenous people around the world are in the frontline to save their homes, the forests: Paulinho Paiakan of the Kaiapo in Brazil, Harrison Ngo in Sarawak, Malaysia, Gary Potts in Temagami, Ontario. Threatened, too, are the people who live in harmony with the forests, such as the rubber tappers of Brazil, once led by Chico Mendes, whose memory fights on to protect the Amazon, even from his grave.

We went to the Amazon in February 1989 to support the indigenous people of Brazil, fighting to protect their home. Several of us were South Moresby veterans: David Suzuki and Tara Cullis, Jeff Gibbs, Guujaaw, and me. In March and April that year, I travelled through the rain forests of peninsular Malaysia with Vicky and with Huck, who has devoted an ever-increasing amount of his life to the preservation of tropical forests and to aid their peoples. Huck's parents came as well. And we rode the rapids of the Tembling River, garishly bright kingfishers daredevil diving from the river banks, giant hornbills flying overhead, and monkeys calling from the canopy.

The South Moresby crusaders stay together despite the miles separating us. Colleen is still waging wilderness campaigns from her battle station in New Denver. Paul George and the growing WC Squared gang mobilizing now for the preservation of tropical and temperate forests. Vicky still raises the alarm over the relentless destruction of Canada's old-growth forests – Carmanah Creek, Clayoquot Sound, the Khutzeymateen and the Stein valleys.

This story was about a small group of people who changed the minds of powerful men; who, against all

odds, accomplished what seemed at times to be the impossible. It should inspire us. We need inspiration and courage. We have less time now in which to accomplish more. The planet's natural systems – atmosphere, ocean, biomass – are all under stress: They are tearing at the edges – a hole in the ozone layer, dead seals on Nordic coastlines, advancing deserts, and topsoil blown away by the ton to silt and clog the life of countless rivers. We have to change the way people, especially those in rich, industrialized countries such as Canada, do just about everything. We have to change the way we grow crops, the ways we waste energy, the way we rip at the planet never thinking of the cost, the consequences.

The earth is our home. Bill Reid wrote of South Moresby: "These shining islands may be the signposts that point the way to a renewed harmonious relationship with this, the only world we're ever going to have." That was what South Moresby was about. And if it made sense to preserve those fragile islands at the edge, then it makes sense to preserve the gentle planet on which they float, somewhere between ocean wave and brilliant sky. Earth is calling us home.

Where Are They Now?

*A guide for those interested in supporting the work of the key crusaders of **Paradise Won**.*

In 1988 the Governor General's Conservation Award was presented jointly to **John Broadhead, Tom McMillan**, and **Miles Richardson** (who declined the award), for their work in preserving the forests and waters of South Moresby.

Tom McMillan lost his seat in the House of Commons in the 1988 federal election, and in 1989 he was appointed Canada's Consul General to Boston, Mass.

John Broadhead (J.B.) remains very active in various B.C. conservation issues through Earthlife Canada.
Earthlife Canada, Box 592, Queen Charlotte City, B.C., V0T 1S0.

Miles Richardson, as president, and **Guujaw** are the representatives of the Haida Nation in the continuing negotiations with the federal government over the terms of the final agreement on the South Moresby National Park Reserve.
Council of the Haida Nation, Box 589, Massett, Haida Gwaii, B.C., V0T 1M0.

Thom Henley (Huck) continues his work with Rediscovery and is author of the 1988 book, published by the Western Canada Wilderness Committee, *Rediscovery: Ancient Pathways, New Directions.* He is also involved in the effort to protect the rain forests of Brazil and Southeast Asia.
Rediscovery International, 343 Sylvia Street, Victoria, B.C., V8V 1C5.

In 1988 **Vicky Husband** won the prestigious United Nations Global 500 Award. She is now director of the Sierra Club of Western Canada. Vicky and **Sharon Chow** remain active, through the Sierra Club, in B.C.'s many environmental issues.
The Sierra Club of Western Canada, 314-620 View Street, Vancouver, B.C., V8W 1J6.

Paul George and **Adriane Carr** are both still working with WC Squared. Among its many activities, in 1989 the organization

produced the book *Carmanah: Artistic Visions of an Ancient Rainforest.*

Western Canada Wilderness Committee, 1200 Hornby Street, Vancouver, B.C., V6Z 2E2.

Colleen McCrory, who won the Governor General's Conservation Award in 1984, was awarded, in 1990, *Equinox* magazine's first Citation for Environment Achievement. She and **Grant Copeland**, who produced a new B.C. wilderness map in 1988, are still both very active in B.C.'s environmental movement.

Valhalla Wilderness Society, Box 284, New Denver, B.C., V0G 1S0.

Gregg Sheehy has left the Canadian Nature Federation to become a private consultant in Ottawa, and **Kevin McNamee** has left the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society to join the CNF as its protected areas coordinator.

Canadian Nature Federation, 453 Sussex Drive, Ottawa, Ont., K1N 6Z4.

Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society, 160 Bloor Street East, Toronto, Ont., M4W 1B9.

Margo Hearne heads up the Islands Protection Society, which continues its work on Haida Gwaii, challenging the use of pesticides and the proposed opening of a gold mine on the Yakoun River, and protecting the bird sanctuary near Massett.

Islands Protection Society, Box 557, Massett, B.C., V0T 1M0.

Monte Hummel, as president of World Wildlife Fund Canada, organized a campaign that raised $80,000 to help defray the expenses of the South Moresby crusaders. He now heads up the Endangered Spaces campaign, which is attempting to establish a network of protected areas in Canada by the year 2000, and was the editor of the 1989 book *Endangered Spaces.*

World Wildlife Fund Canada, 60 St. Clair Avenue East, Toronto, Ont., M4T 1N5.

Since 1989 **Elizabeth May** has been volunteer executive director of Cultural Survival (Canada), an organization set up to protect threatened tropical and temperate forests and their inhabitants around the world. In February 1990, she also became the Ottawa representative to the Sierra Club of Canada.

Cultural Survival (Canada), 1 Nicholas Street, Suite 420, Ottawa, Ont., K1N 7B7.

Sierra Club of Canada, 1 Nicholas Street, Suite 421, Ottawa, Ont., K1N 7B7.

On Monday, June 22, 1987, the fate of the South Moresby area of the Queen Charlotte Islands in B.C. hung on a single phone call. At this eleventh hour in negotiations over national park status for the area, Premier Bill Vander Zalm wanted only to hear from his friend Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. But Mulroney had already let precious days slip by while he rehearsed his speech against capital punishment. Across the country, South Moresby activitists held their breaths. Over the course of fourteen years, they had transformed the hope that South Moresby might be saved from the chain saw into an irresistible crusade to protect this unique, unspoiled rain forest of towering cedars, majestic bald eagles, and rare murrelets. Now it seemed that only a miracle would safeguard this small, stunning piece of Canada.

Among those who waited with bated breath was Elizabeth May, then the senior policy adviser to the federal minister of the environment, and now the author of *Paradise Won*, the dramatic story of how South Moresby was saved – not by a miracle, but through the concerted efforts of environmentalists, the Haida Nation, and some surprising federal politicans. *Paradise Won* is both a engaging look at how ordinary people can organize to save Canada's endangered wilderness – and also an unusual insider's account of how power is wielded, and by whom, in Ottawa.

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