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#### THANK-YOU

This issue of the Forest History Association of BC's Newsletter leads off with a tribute to its former editor, John Parminter. For 27 years he has donated his time and energy in collecting and compiling stories of British Columbia's forest history. The pages of the newsletter (and the readers) have benefited from his graceful diligence. Our president, Stan Chester has penned the following accolade:

John Parminter, the Newsletter's first, and (until this issue) only editor, is retiring. Over the 85 issues that John has been editor, he has ensured that the Newsletter has met the mandate of our Association to print articles on individuals involved in forestry and forestry events; to publish lists and short reviews of published books on forestry and related subjects; to request information or answers submitted by readers; and to report on recent forestry events. John willingly accepted these responsibilities, expanded on many of them, and made the Newsletter the glue which kept our Association and its members together. John did a fantastic job of filling each issue with interesting articles. He was also successful in soliciting feature articles, writing about current events, and filling the remaining space with book reviews and requests for information. Occasionally, he had to plead for material but somehow always managed to fill the space and produce an interesting and useful issue. He also served as author or co-author of a number of books published by the Association.

John, while retiring as editor, will continue to serve as a Director on the Association executive. Thus, we will continue to benefit from his knowledge, thoughtful comments and long experience. On behalf of all members of the Association, I say "Thank you John for a job well done."

#### EDITORIAL by Barb Coupé

When esteemed editors such as John retire, the gap they leave is overwhelmingly wide. To take over from someone as accomplished and knowledgeable as John is a daunting task. But typical of his generous nature, he has kindly volunteered to steer me in the right direction as I navigate unfamiliar waters. I echo Stan's thank-you.

A wee bit about myself: I am a graduate of UBC and a professional forester, practicing in forest ecology and silviculture. Currently, I am enrolled in a MA in Interdisciplinary Studies combining creative writing and forestry at the University of Northern BC. My thesis has historical overtones. It will be a creative nonfiction narrative on the Biogeoclimatic Ecosystem Classification Program of the Forest Service—a look at its history, its science, and above all its people. Please feel free to contact me if you have stories about that program that you wish to share. In fact, I welcome any and all suggestions (and contributions) regarding the full spectrum of forest history, ranging from logging to environment and from communities to policies. Scratch the surface of many families in this province and chances are you will find a forestry story in their history. My email address is located at the end of the newsletter.

Two histories dominate this issue. The Forest History Association warmly thanks Gaeil Farrar (and her employer, the Williams Lake Tribune) and Garry Mancell for their contributions.

## 2008 AGM MINUTES

The 2008 Annual General Meeting of the FHABC took place on Saturday, September 27, 2008 at the West Coast Railway Heritage Park in Squamish, BC. The meeting was sponsored by the Forest History Association of BC and the Squamish Historical Society.

After welcomes and introductions, the minutes of the 2007 Annual General Meeting held in Kamloops were approved as presented in the December 2007 issue of the Newsletter. Reports were then given by the Newsletter Editor, John Parminter (presented by Stan Chester). This is John's final report as Editor as he is retiring after 27 years of outstanding work. Barb Coupé has agreed to become the new Editor. Reports were then given by Art Walker, Treasurer's Report, and Stan Chester, President's Report. Detailed copies of the above reports are available on request.

The following Directors all agreed to stand for a two-year term, 2008-2010: Mike Apsey, George Brandak, Hubert Bunce, Stan Chester, Barbara Coupé, Mike Meagher, Edo Nyland, John Parminter, and Art Walker. With no further nominations from the floor, all of the above was declared elected.

Updates were then given on our next book publication, a biography of Alan Orr-Ewing, our booth at the last ABCFP Annual General Meeting in Penticton, the BC Forest Service's 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary in 2012, the status of Forest History Society—Canada, The Irving K. Barber Learning Centre, establishment of the FHABC web site, and the survey that George Matheson has undertaken of the museum and archival needs and wants in the Interior. Further information on any of the above is available on request.

At the conclusion of our meeting and after lunch, Lorne Hammond of the Royal BC Museum in Victoria gave a presentation on the Museum holdings of material from the Woodfibre Pulp Mill. Many ex-Woodfibre residents and workers were in attendance and showed great interest in Lorne's remarks. At the Squamish Adventure Centre, Eric Andersen gave a Power Point presentation on the logging history of the Squamish Valley. John Hammons of the Whistler Forest History Project then demonstrated the work that they had done in digitizing the logging and land use history of the Sea to Sky Corridor and how the information can be displayed and used on a computer screen. The meeting then closed at 3:45 pm.

Our 2009 Annual General Meeting will be held in Prince George from September 17-19, 2009. This meeting will be co-sponsored by the Forest History Association of BC, UNBC, and the Aleza Lake Research Forest Society. (**EDITOR'S NOTE—Heads Up!** The 2009 AGM is being planned as a full-fledged workshop on forest history in the Northern Interior. So keep this date in mind and plan to come with any and all forestry stories in hand. Full details will be included in the next issue.)



## **HARRY GARDNER—CARIBOO LOGGING PIONEER**

by Gaeil Farrar (reprinted with permission of author and the Williams Lake Tribune—originally published in the Spring 2008 Truckers and Loggers insert)

The passing of Harry Gardner on Feb. 2, 2008 is a reminder of the pioneering spirit of one family that paved the way for modern day logging and milling operations in the Cariboo. Born in Quesnel on Aug. 5, 1917, Harry grew up to become president of H. J. Gardner and Sons, a logging, milling, trucking and building supply empire that was started by his father during the Great Depression and continued to grow as a family business well into the 1960s. The legacy of their contribution is still evident today in Williams Lake in the businesses known as Rona and West Fraser.

Harry was the fourth of five children born to Herbert John (Jack) Gardner Sr. and Mary Adams of Hartfordshire, England. The five Gardner children, Alf, Martin, Herb, Dot, and Harry were raised at Stanley. Alf, the eldest son, constructed the first Gardner sawmill at Beaver Pass in 1926 using an old Fordson tractor, mainly to cut lumber for a new barn, though some was sold to placer operations near Stanley and at Slough Creek. Back in the bush, the Gardners faithful horse, Daisy, would be hitched up to a log and she would promptly haul it to the mill site by herself, returning for another when the first had been safely delivered.

In 1928, the Gardner family moved to Quesnel where Jack and his two eldest sons, Alf and Martin, set up a new mill at 13 Mile Lake on the Barkerville Road. The mill produced 15,000 board feet a day. In 1929 the disastrous stock market crash plunged most of the world into the Great Depression. But for H. J. Gardner and Sons, the crash proved a stroke of good luck. Gold was in demand and Wells had plenty of gold. H. J. Gardner and Sons supplied the mining timbers for Fred Wells and the Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Co. when they made their big gold strike at Cow Mountain by Jack O'Clubs Lake. They also built 20 houses for mine workers, the Wells theatre, liquor store, bank and other buildings as Wells boomed. The 13 Mile Lake mill was destined to become the forerunner of the Central Cariboo's thriving lumber industry and as time went on Jack and Mary's younger children Herb, Harry, and Dot joined the business.

While he was alive, Jack had a strict policy of only selling the lumber they produced in the local market, which made the building supply business a natural addition to their logging, milling, and trucking interests. The family branched into the building supply business in 1928 when they built their first supply store in Wells. In 1930 they opened a building supply store in Quesnel. Then in 1940 the Gardners purchased the lumber supply business of Smedley and Sharp in Williams Lake. Harry's brother Herb, who later became the first mayor of Williams Lake, moved from Wells to Williams Lake to manage the new store which opened March 2, 1940. In 1942 the Gardners set up another saw mill at the south end of Bouchie Lake in Quesnel where the most modern equipment of the day was used by a large crew.

During the Second World War, Harry saw action in France, Germany and Holland after he swung a transfer from the Army Service Corps to the Queens Own Cameron Highlanders. After the war, Harry became president of the growing H. J. Gardner and Sons operations, a domain that sprawled over a 200-square-mile area, from Quesnel to Wells and Barkerville in the north, Horsefly Lake in the east, and Williams Lake in the south.

The Gardners established their sawmilling operations on Horsefly Lake in 1951. This operation was managed by brother Alf and included a camp with nine loggers who cut trees and boomed the logs 14 miles down the lake by tug boat to the company's sawmill and planer mill. The company also planed lumber for other small saw mills operating in the area. After a few years, a stud mill was also established at Horsefly. The mill was run by diesel electric generators and equipped to turn out almost every type of lumber: specialty timbers for construction; long-length material, cedar siding, and timbers two-feet square by four feet long. Most of the 25 men initially employed at the mill lived on the property in company-built houses. Eventually they would be running two shifts, and it would take a full-time employee to keep the

generators running. Lights were usually out by 10 pm to conserve fuel. The company built a network of logging roads in the Horsefly area. Ever on the lookout for easier ways to do things, the Gardners bought a heavy-duty military tank retriever, added a huge steel arch and used it to skid large numbers of logs at one time to the loading points. The logs were chained up to the machine so that only the tail ends of the long trees would be touching the ground during the haul. Finished lumber from Horsefly was trucked to the building supply yard in Williams Lake.

In 1955 H. J. Gardner and Sons bought two big diesel Kenworth trucks and pup trailers, the first of their kind to work in the Cariboo. The trucks replaced the two heavy duty flat-deck lumber trucks they had been using at Horsefly. With the trailer in tow, one of the new trucks could haul up to 25,000 board feet of lumber a trip. The trucks were used chiefly to haul clears between Horsefly and Williams Lake, but they also ran lumber to their store in Quesnel. The Wells store closed in the 1950s when the gold ran out and people started moving away.

In 1953, to solve the problem of keeping their retail stores fully stocked with nails, roofing paper, sash and doors, hardware, paint and other supplies, the Gardners put their own freight truck on the road. Initially, the weekly runs to and from Vancouver were made by Dot's husband Jack Ritson, who later became the Quesnel building supply store manager. In the early days Dot worked in the office. She also drove the lumber trucks during the Second World War and even afterward when extra help was needed with deliveries. While materials were also coming in by train, having a delivery truck offered the advantage of providing a means of getting special orders for their stores in from Vancouver on short notice. They could also bring supplies from the mills or up from Vancouver and deliver them directly to big construction projects such as the G.R. Baker Memorial Hospital, thereby eliminating the necessity for extra handling.

Harry, also a pilot, oversaw the entire operation, regularly flying between head office in Quesnel and the operations at Horsefly. Over the years, the company owned three different planes that could be equipped with floats; each one larger than the last as the company needs grew. Harry flew in food and supplies to the isolated logging camp, cheques for the workers, and used the planes for timber surveys. On occasion, he would evacuate people from forest fires. He also enjoyed flying in to remote lakes to fish.

After Jack Sr. died in 1950, Harry and his siblings decided to enter the export market. In 1951 they built a new Beaver Planer Mill at Two Mile Flats north of Quesnel which planed 1,500,000 feet of finished lumber per month, much of it for other sawmills in the region. The Gardners also built the first lumber drying kiln in the Cariboo at Two Mile Flats. Harry was also instrumental in negotiating with the Pacific Great Eastern Railway to have a loading spur line built at Two Mile Flats so lumber could be shipped by rail to Vancouver for export. About two-thirds of the planer production was exported.

H. J. Gardner and Sons remained a tight family company for approximately 40 years. Harry served as president. Brother Alf was the vice-president and Horsefly mill manager. Sister Dot was the secretary-treasurer and office manager. Brother Herb served as director and Williams Lake building supply manager. Unfortunately their brother Martin died in 1943. Eventually some of Jack's grandchildren were also working in various positions with the company.

But all that would change in the mid-1960s when the Horsefly mills were closed and moved to Williams Lake. In 1962 H. J. Gardner and Sons merged their milling interests in Horsefly with Allfir Lumber, Northern B.C. Lumber and R. D. Merrill in Williams Lake to create the new Merrill-Gardner Ltd. After the merger the milling operations at Horsefly were moved to a site at North Mackenzie Avenue in Williams Lake.

Harry oversaw moving the mill and stayed on as a consultant for a few years as the new company added a veneer plant to its operations. Veneer is used in the production of plywood and most of the veneer in those early days was shipped to plywood plants at the coast. When Harry was ready to retire, the Gardner siblings made the decision to sell their milling interests to a U.S. company and Merrill-Gardner

became Merrill-Wagner Ltd. Merrill-Wagner was eventually bought out by Weldwood, which was bought by today's owner, West Fraser, in 2004.

The H. J. Gardner and Sons building supply stores in Quesnel and Williams Lake were purchased by Dot (Gardner) and her husband Jack Ritson but after a few years they also sold the companies to West Fraser. The second building supply store constructed by H. J. Gardner and Sons in Williams Lake during the 1960s has changed hands a few times but the same building is still in use today as the Rona building supply store. A bank is now on the site of the Quesnel store.

Today, West Fraser produces lumber, laminated veneer lumber, panels and plywood, and pulp and paper in plants throughout Western Canada and the Southern U.S. West Fraser was started in 1955 with the purchase of a planer mill in Quesnel by the Ketcham brothers Harry, William and Sam. But that is a whole other success story from the Cariboo.



## **OF SLACKLINES AND OTHER TALES OF THE RIGGING**

By Garry Mancell, RPF, LLB

It was lunch time. We were just settling in around the landing when the woods foreman drove up and asked for volunteers to backrig on the slackline yarder. Other than a few diagrams in textbooks at forestry school, I had no idea what a slackline yarder was, or what was involved in making one work. Apparently my workmates did. There was a prolonged silence as they busied themselves with the contents of their lunch buckets, not daring to make eye contact with the woods foreman and, evidently, not intending to volunteer.

I don't know what motivated me to respond. In any event, I packed up my gear and followed the woods foreman to his truck, while a palpable air of relief and sympathy settled upon my workmates.

The machine was huge. A VIEW spar (Vancouver Iron and Engineering Works) with a telescoping 120 foot tower and a monstrous four-drum Skagit winch, all mounted on a lowbed. Small landings were out of the question. They had just moved the machine and were rigging the first road for an 1800 foot downhill yard. The rigging crew was barely discernable at the back end, up a 40°+ slope through rock bluffs, gulleys, and felled and bucked timber.

Backriggers on a slackline yarder are two-legged mules. My first task was to carry two coils (200 feet each) of strawline 1800 feet uphill through felled and bucked timber to the back end. The concept is straight-forward; the execution not so. With one 50 pound coil on each shoulder, I set off to stumble, crawl, slip, fall and claw my way up the hill. An eternity later I collapsed at the foot of the tail spar, drenched in sweat, surrounded by flies, cut, bruised, and exhausted, only to be asked by the hook tender (sarcastically) if I planned to get the other 3200 feet (16 coils) up there any time soon.

18 coils of strawline, 4 half inch backspar guylines, skyline jack (300 pounds in three pieces), haul back blocks and straps, miscellaneous rigging and assorted hammers, axes, saws, gas, come-alongs, logging chains and other tools later, we were ready to rig the backspar. I was at this job for a year before some bright light finally hit upon the idea of slinging this junk (affectionately referred to by the crew as the "jewellery") to the back end under a helicopter. I'm sure most of the gear originated from the days of steam yarding and, frankly, I felt like one of those moustachioed fellows in pictures from the 1920s showing loggers in their soft hats surrounded by massive cold deck piles and a maze of blocks, cables, guy lines and poles, reminiscent of the main deck on a 17<sup>th</sup> century ship of the line.

In retrospect, and on a positive note, today I pay \$60 an hour to a trainer so he can make me do impossible physical tasks. Thirty-five years ago on a slackline I got paid to do the same thing.

Freddy Usselman was the hook tender. A diminutive, energetic, fifty-something career logger, Freddy was the classic "hooker". He had the attributes of a Jack Russell Terrier: focussed, relentless, fearless, fiercely strong for his size, yappy, and all attitude. Freddy did not take setbacks well. Arms flapping, screaming, forehead veins bulging, he would descend upon a hapless member of his crew like a demon from a Stephen King novel. His tin hard hat was bent and dented from being thrown and jumped on. His face would be so close your eyes couldn't focus on it and would reflexively blink to avoid the spittle. He was a character and very proud of his work.

The slackline skyline was fixed on the woods end and was raised or lowered on a yarder drum. The cable was huge, 2 inches in diameter by my recollection. A simple carriage ran on the skyline and was connected to the butt rigging. A mainline and haul back propelled the carriage, and butt rigging, back and forth. The forces on the skyline were tremendous. Lift was achieved by tensioning out the deflection on the skyline, and turns, weighing tons, could be flown to the landing. To give lift, wooden backspars, 60 to 80 feet high, were rigged. While one road was being yarded, the back rigging crew would rig the backspar for the next road.

The backspar, generally an old growth Douglas-fir (4 to 5 feet in diameter on the stump and over 100 feet high), was limbed and topped in preparation for rigging. Freddy was old-fashioned. No chainsaw for him. Limbing and topping was performed with a very sharp, short-handled, double-bitted axe. The axe was carried about like Excalibur, or a surgeon's tools. Reverently it would be sharpened and presented to his Lordship (Freddy) as he readied for the climb. Limbs were removed to some height above the topping cut. Freddy would chop out the undercut and then would remove all sapwood from the sides of the cut. This, apparently, to prevent the top from splitting. Stories were told of riggers whose backs were broken when wooden spars split at the top smashing the rigger's face into the tree. Fact or fiction? Who knows? It impressed us.

The back cut would then be chopped out and the top would fall away, pushing the spar backwards like a crazy amusement park ride. Freddy would whip back and forth, the tools on his rigging belt clanging like a wind chime gone wild. We did not loiter about the bottom of the tree when Freddy was chopping. The pieces he removed were not chips, they were slabs up to 8 inches long, 4 inches wide and 1 - 2 inches thick. We quickly learned to stay far away. Occasionally, Freddy would invite one of us to limb the backspar in preparation for topping and rigging. One would go the leather belt with its wire core manila climbing rope. All that separated the climber from a backward somersault into space was a simple "cats paw" knot, essentially a bowline in reverse. This knot was easily adjusted to change the length of the climbing rope as the tree tapered on the way up. The purpose of the wire core was to prevent an accidental severing of the rope with an axe... pleasant thought. The spurs were crude affairs fabricated by the camp blacksmith. They looked like a 19<sup>th</sup> century prosthesis made of steel with four inch spikes on the instep.

The climbing motion was pretty straight forward. Snap the rope up... step... step; snap the rope up... step... step, and so on. All was well until you found yourself 70 feet off the ground with your life depending on a simple knot that could be adjusted with one hand. In the fullness of time, one developed confidence in the system. Mistakes usually resulted in a face-plant into the bark of the tree, with little more than abrasions and a loss of dignity.

To rig the backspar, the hooker or the second rigger (the person in charge of the back rigging crew) would hang a "pass block" above where the jewellery would be attached. Gear was then hauled up on a rope that ran through the pass block. First up were four ½ inch guylines with metal collars. Then there was the strap for the skyline jack and the skyline jack. The skyline jack was a massive block (200 – 300 pounds). The block broke down into three pieces for carrying: one half of the shell plus the goose neck, the other half of the shell with the axle or pin, and the sheave or drum. The jack was assembled then hauled up to the pass block. For obvious reasons, the aggregate weight of the haulers had to exceed 300 pounds.

Now it was time to string cables. Strawline was run from the yarder, up through the skyline jack to a series of haul back blocks behind the skyline tailhold and then back to the yarder. One continuous 3000 – 4000 foot

loop of strawline. The haul back was then pulled by the strawline from the yarder through the tailhold blocks, up through the skyline jack and back down to the yarder. The skyline was connected to the haul back and then pulled up through the skyline jack and down to the tailhold.

The tailhold would be a large old-growth tree sitting 100 feet or more behind the tail spar. The tailhold would be notched to accommodate the direction of pull on the skyline. At the end of the skyline was a large, spliced eye. The eye would circle the tailhold and be fastened to the bite of the skyline with a knock-out shackle. The pin for the shackle was tapered to a point and at the point was a small hole through which one would thread a "Molly Hogan" (like a cotter key made from cable) to prevent the pin from falling out.

The real excitement occurred when taking all this apart. There was considerable tension on the skyline and the knockout shackle. At any moment in the dismantling process the skyline could break free and rocket down the mountain, uprooting small trees, dislodging rocks and flipping sizeable chunks of debris into the air. No matter how often one performed this operation, there was always the anticipation and that moment of terror when all hell broke loose. Gingerly we would approach the knockout shackle and untie the Molly Hogan. We would then tap the knockout pin with a similarly tapered hammer called, not surprisingly, the knockout hammer. Tap—nothing happens. Tap, tap—nothing happens. Tap, tap, clunk, and out falls the pin—in a blur two inches of angry steel cable whips around the tailhold and rockets down the mountain, creating havoc.

Occasionally, the skyline would jam in the tailhold notch. The knockout pin was gone, yet no movement. Things just get more exciting. We would pull the eye on the skyline back on itself and try to dislodge it. No action. One backrigger would pull on the end of the eye, doubling it back on itself, while the other would swing a sledge hammer at the bite. Nightmares of forgetting to let go of the eye when the skyline finally broke free. Visions of human DNA spattered all over the mountain side. It never happened, but the nightmare was real enough.

There were two complete sets of "jewellery" at the back end. While one backspar/tailhold was in use, we would rig the next one. After a road change, the backspar would be dismantled and all of the rigging carried past the working backspar to the next backspar. Carrying the sheave was a particular challenge. About the only shape more awkward to carry would be a ball. It took two backriggers. We cut a pole, threaded it through the eye in the sheave and then carried it like dead game suspended between our shoulders. It was not enough that we had to stumble through the brush with a pole held in place on our shoulders with one hand, but we had to coordinate our movements with a similarly impaired person. Periodically, we would complete our rigging before the yarding was finished and would be treated to a rest. There is something deeply satisfying about lying with your back against a warm, moss covered rock watching the logging crew scamper about below in the hot sun, like so many mice.

One day we were sitting at the back end for lunch. The whole logging crew, back rigging crew, and Freddy. Freddy was in a good mood and was regaling us with stories of the glory days of logging. Another conversation was happening on the log just below us. Several young bucks from Lake Cowichan one upping each another with tales of the weekend's activities; drinking, fighting and the other "f" thing. These were simple folk with simple entertainments. To them, Shakespeare was a sharpened stick made of cedar.

One young fellow was recounting an episode on the highway where he had thrown an arm full of newspapers out the window in a rainstorm. They stuck to the windshield of the pick-up truck behind, causing it to go off the road and into the ditch. They laughed uproariously. Freddy exploded into full fury ... "that was my truck you little #\$\*&!" A caulked boot was firmly planted in the middle of the newspaper hurler's back. He somersaulted down the hill, rolled twice and came up running. We were treated to a Bugs Bunny-like scene of a strapping 190 pound plus Lake Cowichan goon scampering from log to log down the hill being chased by a 120 pound, 50-something-year-old Jack Russell terrier fully bent on dismantling him and feeding the pieces to the little creatures of the forest.

In an odd way, working on a slackline was satisfying. Big machines, big wood, big distances and a certain elitism among the crew. Unfortunately, it was expensive. Grapple yarding was just taking hold in a major way. Helicopter logging, although still experimental, would eventually prove to be more economical and would displace slackline logging in most applications. Labour costs were high. There was a full rigging crew (rigging slinger and three chokermen), a backrigging crew (second rigger and three backriggers), hooker, chaser, yarding engineer, loading engineer, and sometimes a second loader—12 to 13 people, instead of 2 or 3 on a grapple yarder.

Large skyline machines all but disappeared in the late 1970s. They enjoyed a brief resurgence in the mid 1990s as environmental pressures and road construction costs forced loggers to seek alternative ways to move wood. New machines were very expensive, and there developed a curious trade in second hand machines that had been shipped to other parts of the world, like New Zealand. These were brought back, rebuilt and put to work. This brief resurgence had pretty much ended by the late 1990s as, once again, costs caught up with the system. As one of my logging manager clients put it, "the only skyline I ever want to see again is under a heavy lift helicopter". Such is progress.



## EXTRAS

On November 27, 2008, Lorne Swannell, the province's oldest living forester, at 100 years, was feted in Victoria and honoured with the creation of a \$1,500 bursary at the University of Northern British Columbia's Ecological Science and Management program in his name. For the complete details see the BC Government News Release at [http://www2.news.gov.bc.ca/news\\_releases\\_2005-2009/2008FOR0160-001811.pdf](http://www2.news.gov.bc.ca/news_releases_2005-2009/2008FOR0160-001811.pdf). Pictures of the celebration can be seen at: <http://www.for.gov.bc.ca/pab/media/bell/2008/11/27/>.

The Canadian Institute of Forestry included in a recent issue of *The Forestry Chronicle* a copy of its movie, *Growth Rings: 100 Proud Years of Canadian Forest* created by Kristina Durst.

The NiCHE (the Network in Canadian History and Environment) now offers a monthly podcast entitled: *Nature's Past: A Podcast of the Network in Canadian History & Environment* and is found at <http://niche.uwo.ca/naturespast>. The latest podcast is a discussion of resource development in BC. The Forest History cluster of NiCHE is constructing an online resource center for Canadian forest history research. See their website for more information: <http://niche.uwo.ca/foresthstory>.

**Editor's Picks:** Here are two "forestry" novels: *Paper Trees* by Roy Sinclair (Caitlin Press, 1999)—a mystery set in a small, fictional logging community of the 1950s and *Clearcut Cause* by Steve Anderson (Caitlin Press, 2004)—an even-tempered look at an environmental-logging confrontation set in the Kootenay Region.



This newsletter is the official publication of the Forest History Association of British Columbia. Please submit newsletter material and send changes of address to the Editor: Barbara Coupé, # 312 – 3033 Ospika Blvd S, Prince George BC V2N 4L5 Phone: (250) 562-1051. E-mail: [bjcoupe@telus.net](mailto:bjcoupe@telus.net)

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