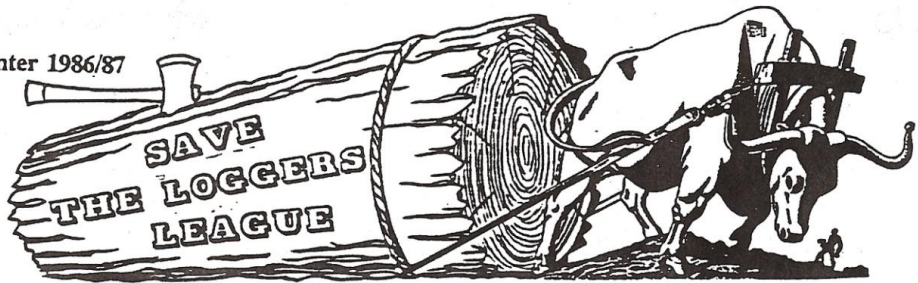


Winter 1986/87



WHY SAVE THE LOGGERS ?

Everyone of us uses paper. Everyone of us uses wood. Even the staunchest defender of wilderness occasionally must break down and blow his or her nose into a kleenex. We need a viable timber economy to supply our community and nation with wood products. So if there are so many reasons to maintain a timber based economy, why are there so many problems. Why is the Scotia Logger and others of his ilk becoming endangered? Large corporations like MAXXAM are presenting real threats to local economy. Once we break away from locally owned business operations, once money men from New York City and Houston start dictating how things should be run in Northern California, without ever having lived there or for that matter, without ever having been in the logging business, the motivation for sustaining a local timber economy falls apart.

People who run corporations like MAXXAM really couldn't care whether Pacific Lumber puts out lumber or bubble gum. They are only concerned that it puts out money, and lots of it. A huge short term profit for a few men doesn't translate into sustained jobs and trees for the local economy, but why should they care in New York and Houston. They've made their money. So what if a few hundred folks are on the unemployment line. In towns with millions of people, a few hundred or even a few thousand folks seem like nothing. It is this kind of attitude that is bringing the Scotia Logger closer and closer to extinction. Unless we can do something, and fast!

One of the problems with coping with a situation like this is that the big corporations like MAXXAM have well paid publicity people and well thought out schemes to mislead the local folks into thinking that they really have nothing to worry about. Also, they point fingers at other traditional scapegoats, like environmentalists, who they know the loggers already have no liking for. In MAXXAM's own prospectus, the primary blame for declining old growth redwood trees is placed on parks expansion, with increased and continued

harvest placing only second. The truth is that out of the original old growth stands remaining, 94% have been harvested by the industry and only 2% have been preserved as parks. MAXXAM's idea of who to blame is of course, ludicrous in its prioritizing, however there are woodworkers who continue to believe that MAXXAM has their best interests at heart. And that is where the SAVE THE LOGGERS LEAGUE comes in.

The entire economy of Humboldt County and perhaps Northern California rests on the truth being realized by everyone. What we plan to do is spread the word far and wide that the Scotia Logger, once an admirable tree faller and forest preserver, is now on the endangered species list. The SAVE THE LOGGERS LEAGUE believes that the state of the economy is a direct reflection of the state of the forests. That is to say if there are no thriving forests, both second and old growth, then there are no jobs. Can anyone argue with that? And if there are no forests, both to enjoy and to cut for lumber, then there are no loggers. So, please read on and enjoy the feature articles by Paul Bunyan, Milldred Woodrose and others and help us SAVE THE LOGGERS.

PAUL BUNYAN RETURNS

Page 3

The Solution by Milldred Woodrose

Dear Friends, Wildlife Enthusiasts, and Concerned Citizens:

We of the *Save The Loggers League* have come here today to tell you of a terrible, terrible crisis. One of nature's noblest creatures, the *Scotia Logger*, is being placed on the endangered species list. But before I tell you of the horrific plight that has befallen him, allow me to first share a bit of background with you concerning this marvelous creature. CONTINUED...

WOODWORKER PREDICTS DISASTER

The greatest manmade disaster ever to befall the redwood forests of Northern California is occurring today with the sale and profit taking at Pacific Lumber Company. 200,000 acres of prime redwood timberland is being clearcut, divided and sold off in chunks. The last remaining redwood region company town will soon be a thing of the past, a subdivision will likely replace it. The economy of Humboldt County will boom for a few short years while the overcut is occurring but then the fall that will come will be worse than we've ever seen before. People will be jobless, tax bases will disappear, the north coast economy will founder.

Your help is needed now. The Federal and State governments must take immediate action to control timber harvesting by the redwood companies at a level that will be sustainable over the long term now while there is still timber available to harvest. You must act to prevent clearcut, break-up and destruction of the finest single timber property in Northern California.

The peoples right of eminent domain must be asserted to prevent the destruction of the economy of Humboldt County and Northern California. The stability of the economy of the Northern California redwood region depends on timber being available to harvest each year. The former Pacific Lumber Company owners dedicated their lands to sustained production of high quality forest products. Now the lid is off. The race is on to cut as much of their redwood timber as can be harvested. A production cycle such as we have never seen in this area is beginning. When the boom is over the redwood lumber industry will be but a fragment of history.

You have a chance to affect the course of history, you are on the cutting edge...help now. DONALD NELSON
International Woodworkers of America
Local Union No. 3-469

THE SCOTIA LOGGER

1987

1993



The Solution cont'.

The Scotia Logger [latin name: *Sequoius Devourus Beerdrinkus*] has, until recently lived out a happy undisturbed existence. The male of the species, distinguished by a bony outgrowth on the head commonly referred to as the "hardhat", presents a virile epitome of masculinity, with a long, hard protrusion extending from the waistline vicinity, which is commonly known as its chainsaw.

During the Spring, Summer and Autumn months, the Scotia Logger becomes quite active cutting down redwood trees with its chainsaw and then exchanging those trees for food and shelter. In a marvelous example of a symbiotic relationship a benevolent creature known as the Woody Murphy [latin name: *Hometownus Sustainsus Murphoi*] has provided the Scotia Logger with the numerous dwellings and trade bucks it needs for a proper environment to raise its young. It is the recent disruption of this symbiotic relationship between the Woody Murphy and the Scotia Logger that we of the Save The Loggers League are most deeply concerned about.

An outside predator, the Greenbacked Hurwitz [latin name: *Treeranosaurus Maxxamus Profitus*] has been introduced to the habitat of the Scotia Logger, who until now, has known no natural enemies. Even the strange long-haired, tree-loving creature known as the Humboldt Hippo [latin name: *Environmentallus Hippius Freakus*] has had no dispute with the Scotia Logger due to the logger's habit of sustaining it's yield. A most unusual phenomenon, if I do say so myself. But, getting back to the Greenbacked Hurwitz; this ravenous predator has managed to disguise its plumage to look like the benevolent Woody Murphy, and has within but one year put the continued existence of the Scotia Logger into question.

Normally, the Greenbacked Hurwitz remained in its native environment, a gray dreary habitat know as Houston, with an occasional forage to its other major feeding ground, Wall Street. But due to an affliction known as Acute Corporate Disorder, the Greenbacked Hurwitz has felt a need to expand its feeding range and has come upon this very spot to spit out its poisonous venom in hopes of creating a similar gray environment to the one in

which it now lives. In order to do this it must eliminate the very trees which surround us today, and once its habitat is gone, so will be the Scotia Logger.

Unfortunately, the Greenbacked Hurwitz is a clever creature and disguised as the benevolent, symbiotic friend of the Scotia Logger, it first offers him more trees to cut and more food to eat. Upon closer inspection, one can see clearly that the Greenbacked Hurwitz has no intention of continuing the good tidings for long. As a creature who has previously fed on petroleum products, uranium tailings, textiles and other inorganic food sources, the Greenbacked Hurwitz seems to have entered the realm of the Scotia Logger perhaps out of sheer boredom. If you've ever been to Houston, you might know what I mean. But with no experience or interest in the great redwood trees that surround this domain, the Greenbacked Hurwitz can have but one intention: to collect more green.

To gain its end, the Greenbacked Hurwitz produces a dreadful venom which causes the Scotia Logger to go insane, eliminating his very own habitat. Even as I speak, Scotia Loggers are unwittingly chopping down huge tracts of the trees they require for survival at a frenzied pace they have never known before. Should this venom's poisoning effects continue, even for just a few more years, the Scotia Logger will find itself exhausted and without a food source. The Greenbacked Hurwitz, on the other hand, will have put on much fat for the coming lean season and will move to another habitat taking with it sustenance for its whole tribe of Maxxamus Profitus and deserting this stripped habitat to the scavengers.

As with other endangered species, things do not bide well in the offing. The Scotia Logger seems unaware of his own demise and the Greenbacked Hurwitz grows stronger with each tree that falls. Can there be no hope? Is there nothing that even the staunchest defender of

wildlife can do? Will the Scotia Logger join the ranks of the bald eagle, the buffalo, and the old growth redwood tree as symbols of this great nation whose dwindling ranks are but a pittance of what they used to be?

We of the Save The Loggers League believe that we have the antidote to the poisonous venom of the Greenbacked Hurwitz. It can be applied to every Scotia Logger who is willing to give but a moment of his time to receive it. It is painless, soothing and effective. And what's more, it is guaranteed to Save the Scotia Logger. The serum was developed by a very old kindred spirit, whose time and efforts were donated unselfishly. And, although it has never been applied on a grand scale, in the spot situations where it was injected and able to take hold, it worked every time. It will remove the deceptive camouflage of the Greenbacked Hurwitz, illuminating his true motivation to the Scotia Logger. It will stabilize the disrupted life patterns of the Scotia Logger so that he may once again go through the woods happily cutting the trees in a manner that will provide security for his children, their children's children, etc etc. And this serum will allow them to see that the Scotia Logger is but one of many creatures who share this planet and that by nature are put here to live in balance with one another. The serum I speak of you have all heard of before, it is known as: TRUTH. Should we all allow this wonderful formula to run through our veins and into our hearts, then we shall soon see that the Greenbacked Hurwitz has no power over us and is but a small creature of weak mind and body who could not survive even one week in the wilderness alone, excepting for the concrete jungle that it has created for itself, where eagles do not fly, deer do not roam, fish do not swim, the skies are not blue and the forests are not green. For the Greenbacked Hurwitz, perhaps this desolation is fine, but for the creatures of Humboldt County, we do not believe that this is what they, in their hearts, want.

And so, dear friends, wildlife enthusiasts, concerned citizens, and Scotia Loggers, let the truth run free as the rivers, blow wild in the wind, and grow tall with the trees. In a world that sometimes seems like all is lost, it is our only hope. But it surely is a darn good one. Thank you.



THE RETURN OF PAUL BUNYAN

It's been a long, long time since I was here with you and it sure is good to be back. Yes sir! It was way back in the old days, when this country was new, that I was here a'doin' some powerful loggin' and some powerful story tellin' too. Yes sir! Those old days are the best days I can remember. Why, I logged in Michigan and in Minnesota when the forests were so thick a logger couldn't find enough room to walk between the trees. Then I logged in Montana, and in the Dakotas too, and I made some clearings in that mid-western ocean of trees so's that folks would be able to drive in their covered wagons and build up their towns and cities. After that, I came out west and found myself smack dab in the middle of a logger's paradise. Yes sir! There were giant Redwood trees as far as the eye could see in all directions! Oregon, Washington, California - why the trees just went on and on. Trees so big - why it took me not one, not two, not even three, but four whole chops with my axe, one on each side, just to cut one tree down. Yes sir! Those were the days! Giant trees were everywhere and there was plenty of good work to do.

Those were the happiest days of my life. When the sun was up, there was a heap of loggin' to do - why there seemed to be no end of it. And at night, us loggers would sit around the campfire and swap some of the tallest tales you ever heard. Yes sir! And I suppose I could have lived here the rest of my life, just a'loggin' and a' swappin' stories. . . but a great sadness came over me when Babe, my great blue ox, passed away.

After Babe died, I thought it would make me happy if I could just go deep into the forest and be alone. So, I started looking for a forest where people were few and far between, a forest where loggers hadn't been. I wanted a forest where there were no roads and where the trees were thick and ripe for loggin', 'cause that's the kind of place where I'm really happy. I needed a forest so big and so wild I could lose my sadness in it. Yes sir! I started searching for the biggest, wildest forest that ever there was.

I found myself some pretty nice forest up there in Alaska and I started loggin', but it wasn't long before people started streaming in from all directions - loggers and all kinds of other folks too.

So, I went on over to Canada to find me some elbow room, but once again all kinds of people came swarming in behind me wherever I went. I tried some loggin' in the forest of Mexico, and grand forest it was, but sooner or later there were too many folks around and I just had to move on. Yes sir! I started roamin' the whole world over, looking for forests that were big enough and wild enough to make me happy. But wherever I went, sooner or later folks would come a'pourin' in and I would have to go find another place. In Africa, I found a forest so tall and thick that I didn't think anyone would ever find me, but eventually I had to move on from there too. Lately, I've been loggin' down there in South America where the rain forest is so thick I thought I might be able to log there for the rest of my life. But then, all kinds of other loggers showed up and now there's not enough work left down there for them and for me too.



When I saw that I would have to leave the rain forest, I started thinking of where I should go next. I'd been to every forest in the whole world. I'd seen 'em all and I'd logged 'em all. There was no new place for me to go. Yes sir! I had to think and think, and I started getting worried that there was no place left where I could go and be happy. Then I remembered that it'd been a long, long time since I'd been loggin' in the giant Redwoods. Why, it'd been such a long time, I was just sure that all of the places I'd logged before had had plenty of time for the trees to grow back into giant Redwoods again. Yes sir! I started off right away for the West Coast. I was thinking about how happy I used to be when I lived there. I was thinking it would be the same way again. With a whole new crop of giant trees I could live there and be happy for a long time

to come. But what a shock when I arrived! It was nothin' like what I remembered. Why, there are roads and buildings and people everywhere. There are cars and trucks, trains and planes, ships and bridges and just all kinds of stuff. But the biggest change since I was here last is in the great forest itself.

Doesn't anybody remember the way it used to be? I know it's been a long, long time, but I still remember. You know, when I was here before, the forest was full of giant trees that stood in all directions as far as the eye could see. And there were critters everywhere. Why, there were so many grizzly bears you couldn't go twenty feet in the forest without scarin' one up. Eagles were so thick they sometimes seemed to fill up the whole sky. And at night it's hard to say which made more racket; the wolves a' howlin' or the spotted owls a' hootin' and carryin' on.

Aint that way no more. Now, it's hard to find spotted owls and eagles are so scarce you could live your whole life here and never see one. As for grizzlies and wolves, they're all gone. There's meadows now where there used to be forest. Pastureland! There's towns and even whole cities where the giant Redwoods used to stand. And what with these new bulldozers and all it doesn't seem right. A real logger, like the ones I remember, well, they wouldn't use a contraption like that to fall a tree. No Sir, loggers back then didn't use machines and they were never out of trees, or work neither. Yes Sir, and as for the great trees themselves, there are so few giant trees left that it wouldn't take me more than a single day to cut all the rest of 'em down myself. Most of the Redwood trees you have here now are just babies, nothin' like the forest I remember. You need the few giant trees you have left.

Y' see it's like this. Those giant trees you have, they're your example and your seed crop. They're an example of what a real Redwood forest is supposed to look like and they're an example of what a lot of these baby trees you have need to grow up to be. When the forest, as far as the eye can see, is bloomin' with giant old trees, that's when the loggin's good. If you cut down all the rest of the giant trees, then all you'll ever have is baby trees to log. And loggin' baby trees, that's when the loggin's about as bad as it can get.

CONTINUED...

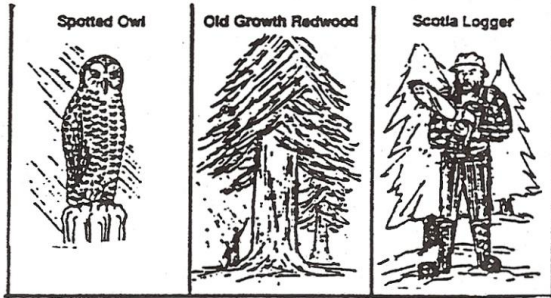
PAUL BUNYAN

CONT.

Don't you see. A healthy forest, one that's ripe for loggin', is full of giant trees. And among those trees are grizzlies and wolves, eagles and spotted owls galore. Those are the sure signs of some prime loggin' country. Yes sir! So, it seems to me, most of the baby trees you have now need to have a long, long time to grow. Yep, and it seems to me that right now is more a time for plantin' than for loggin'. That's right, and there's a lot of work to be done. You've got to reclaim the forest. Trees once stood where some of these meadows are and trees need to stand there again. If you want to have good loggin', and plenty of it, you need to bring back your giant Redwood forest and then you need to keep it. That's how it was when I was here, that's how it is now, and that's how it always will be.

As for myself, I've got to go off now in search of a forest that's ripe for loggin'. Don't particularly know where I'm going to find one this day and age, but at least I'll visit all my favorite forests and see how they're doing. If nothin' else, I'll tell the folks there the same thing I just told you - it's the least a logger could do. And I'll check back here from time to time to see how you're doin' too. Yes sir! I'll be waitin' for the day when this forest is once again ripe for loggin'. Why, nothin' would make me happier than loggin' in a healthy giant Redwood forest. It would be just like the old days. And I could show you all that these loggin' stories about me aren't nearly so tall as you think they are!

Endangered Species



QUOTES:

"Maxxam, headed by Charles E. Hurwitz, a Texas financial wizard known for his astute takeover moves, borrowed \$750 million to buy PL and immediately began dismantling the company's holdings."

*Gina Bentzley
Eureka Times Standard* ***

"For 2-1/2 years they've got a good thing going. After that they don't know what's happening."

*George Kelly
former mill worker, owner The
Rendezvous Bar, Rio Dell* ***

"Coupled with job losses in other areas of the county, the closure of PL would be disastrous. If you take PL's annual payroll out of the county economic picture, there won't be much left."

*quote from a PL employee
Eureka Times Standard* ***

"One man, Charles Hurwitz, is going to destroy the largest remaining block of redwoods out of sheer arrogance. Only the people can stop him."

*Dave Foreman
Earth First! co-founder*

THE COMPANY says...

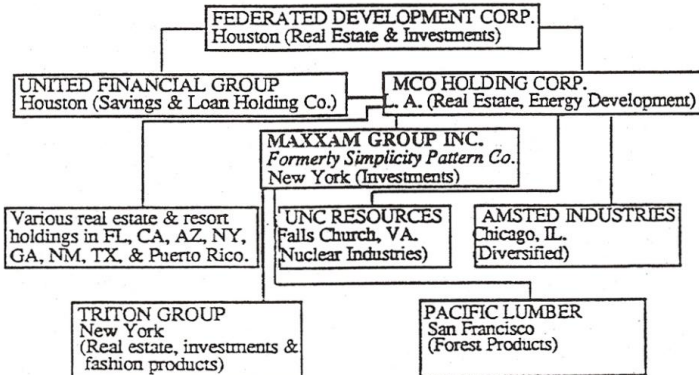
quotes from the Maxxam prospectus (June 11, 1986)

"The Company believes that Pacific Lumber's timberlands contain more old growth redwood trees (which are the principal source of upper grade redwood lumber) than those of all of its competitors combined and several times the amount of any one of its competitors."

"The Company is exploring various alternatives for generating additional cash flow, including increased lumber production and enhanced marketing efforts. Management has already taken steps to substantially increase the timber harvest, the volume of sales of unprocessed logs, and lumber production and may consider selling portions of its timberlands."... "it expects to increase the timber harvest to a level which may equal approximately two times Pacific Lumber's 1985 harvest."

Upper grade redwood lumber is generally dried for one to two years before being sold; however Company intends, when market conditions are favorable, to sell some of its increased timber harvest as unprocessed logs or as undried lumber."

THE MAXXAM CORPORATE STRUCTURE



"San Francisco's Pacific Lumber building has been sold to one of Tokyo's largest real estate developers for about \$31 million."
S.F. Chronicle 11-15-86

Are they selling America's largest and last redwood logs to the Japanese merchants too? Who is buying those trees that they are cutting too fast to process?