

In sum, residents are spending more time in more regions of the woods, with a consciousness influenced by national attention to forest conservation.

Sixth, peninsula communities have as much as seventy years experience working with "the company." They have seen the companies come, cut as they will, and leave with little notice, causing booms and busts. They do not trust the companies to place a high priority on sustainability. Rather than maximize timber production, residents wish to maximize jobs, but contemporary logging methods have reduced seasonal woods work five-fold since the 1950s (Omohundro 1994). They think that foresters, in trying to maximize timber harvest, serve the companies' interest. Foresters are believed to be under lobbying pressures from the companies to include more timber in the resource pool.

Forestry had little presence in the north until the mid-1970s, so its role and legitimacy are still in the process of formation. Furthermore, until the forest management plans of the 1990s called for more local citizen input through committees, residents had little voice in what was done with the forests on the Crown land surrounding their communities. They still have little voice except through their loggers' unions in what is done on company land.

From their position of little authority, residents frequently raise the accusation of unfairness. "It sounds to me that there are two sets of laws: Harsh laws for the common Joe and lenient laws for those who engage in {logging}," a letterwriter observed (Northern Pen 1994a). The two themes of favoritism toward business and restrictions on locals are combined in this complaint. The most popular contrast pair in the unfairness argument is that residents are prohibited from driving their all-terrain vehicles on bogs but the loggers' skidders are allowed in the woods (and, allegedly, get into the streams and bogs). A popular song during our 1996 field season satirized the contrast:

I was up pickin' berries when the law came out,

Sayin' that ridin' on trikes is not allowed.

When a pickup drove in, full of government men,

I t'ink 'twas the Environment crowd...

...Then I looked: there was a trike on the mesh {bog}.

There they was, running down through the young spruce,

As fast as their stiff legs could go,

When a big timberjack starts crossin' their path

With two cords of long timber in tow.

She was smashing down trees over twelve feet tall,

Cuttin' a trench three feet deep as she passed.

"Hurry up, driver, scram! We got to arrest that man:

He's on the bog with his trike in the grass."

..."Pretty smart is that government brass,

'Seems a company is free to destroy every tree,