



Clearwater Defender

News of the Big Wild

Friends of the Clearwater

Fall 2003, Vol. 1 No. 8

Keeping the Big Wild Pristine

Garrett Clevenger, president

It is fortunate for Friends of the Clearwater to run effectively with minimal monetary funds. This capability is a result of dedicated staff, wonderful volunteers and a growing membership base. Our grassroots approach, which strengthens our conservation goals, allows us to stay focused on the issues. We have maintained our uncompromising belief in keeping the Big Wild as pristine as possible, knowing this is the only way to insure a healthy ecosystem for our grandchildren. FOC is the only group focused solely on the Clearwater region. We fully dedicate our effort, time and money toward ecosystem preservation in the Big Wild. Few groups have a better “bang for the buck”!

Without FOC, the Clearwater National Forest would experience more devastating clearcuts, endure more damaging roads and suffer more polluted streams. The Forest Service would not be held accountable for ignoring the law and destabilizing ecosystems.

Our strength comes from our members. Each person who stands behind our vision, creates greater possibilities to promote our policies. Each individual increases our capacity to keep our country’s largest chunk of roadless area – roadless.

FOC efforts to increase its outreach and mem-

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Philosophy of Fire

Greg Gollberg

At the end of August, there were 1,238 firefighters running amok on the Clearwater National Forest. What *are* these fires doing? More importantly, when the smoke clears, *what have they done?* The job of the wildland firefighter is to attack and extinguish wildfire. *That’s it.* To accomplish that job they use shovels and rakes; axes and adzes; mattocks and Pulaskis; chainsaws; water; foam and gel; engines; pumps and hoses; drip torches; airtankers and helicopters; tractors; bulldozers and fallers. Actually, these are only some of the tools of their trade.

So, how do concerned citizens, who happen to love the Clearwater, assess the consequences of the use of these tools, and of fire suppression in general? There is really only one honest answer to that two-part question – it depends. Assessing the impacts of tools depends on the tool or tools used and the extent of use. A

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Annual FOC membership meeting/potluck
November 7
7-9 p.m., 1912 Center Moscow
This event includes yummy food, live music, a wild silent auction and YOU!

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bership recruitment program will result in greater public education. We hope to encourage you and others to understand why protecting this area is so crucial. We want people to engage in the current public process and add their voices to the conservation chorus.

Like any cause, we require financial support. With the Bush Administration's assault on ecosystems, the need for FOC grows exponentially. Because granting foundations' support for non-profit groups has decreased considerably, FOC must now rely more upon individual donations than we have in the past.

So here's your mission – think about the value of wild areas and what these areas offer – clean water, suitable habitat for large animals, places to get away from the hustle and bustle. Ask yourself – “How much can you invest in protecting the Big Wild?” and “Do you know others who want to add their voices to our cause?”

With member investment into FOC, we all help to secure this vision for the future. As someone who invests money and time into FOC, I can assure you that every donation goes to good use. In fact, your donation is crucial in maintaining FOC strength, vision and viability.

Garrett Clevenger also is an advocate of grassroots radio. He's been instrumental in making Radio Free Moscow a reality. The station recently received its permit. To find out more, check out: <http://www.radiofreemoscow.com/>



Lewis and Clark Hike, Page 7.
Photograph by Rosemary Streatfeild.

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Friends of the Clearwater, a recognized non-profit organization since 1987, defends the Idaho Clearwater Bioregion's wild lands and biodiversity through a Forest Watch program, litigation, grassroots public involvement, outreach, and education. The Wild Clearwater Country, the northern half of central Idaho's Big Wild, contains many unprotected roadless areas and wild rivers, and provides crucial habitat for countless rare plant and animal species. Friends of the Clearwater strives to protect these areas, restore degraded habitats, preserve viable populations of native species, recognize national and international wildlife corridors, and to bring an end to commodity extraction and industrialization on our public lands.

Friends of the Clearwater is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. All contributions the Friends of the Clearwater are tax-deductible.

The Clearwater Defender welcomes artwork and articles pertaining to the protection of the Greater Salmon-Selway Ecosystem. Articles in the Clearwater Defender do not necessarily reflect the views of Friends of the Clearwater.

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Front Cover: Slims Fire, Meadow Creek Roadless Area. Clearcut, slash piles, and log deck—with Nez Perce NF Supervisor, Bruce Bernhardt—from fireline that was not used. Photographs courtesy of USFS.

Back Cover: Clouds over the Gospels, Photograph, Chuck Pezeshki

Winged Migration – ‘two cuts above typical Animal Planet fare’

Chuck Pezeshki

My family and I recently attended the showing of the film “Winged Migration” by Jacques Perrin, a French director of considerable acclaim. Besides starring as the homecoming Italian director in the classic *Cinema Paradiso*, Perrin recently is notable for giving the world profound nature classics, such as “Microcosmos” and “Himalaya” – two cuts above typical Animal Planet fare.

“Winged Migration” was no different. A deeply insightful view into the world of migrating birds, the film took three years to film, and poetically covered everything from bird courtship behavior, the migrations themselves, as well as threats to the survival of the film’s subjects. The soundtrack consisted primarily of New Age music and very little narration instead leaving the viewer to supply the interpretation regarding the birds’ feelings and motivations.

So, what did the moviegoers think of the movie?

Well, the adults thought it was funny. They took every opportunity to laugh at the birds. Any courtship ritual that had any moment of human-projected awkwardness was worth a guffaw. Any chick bouncing on a branch, any rockhopper penguin desperately throwing itself on the rocks to escape predation was a rib-tickler. If you spent any time watching the Moscow audience and relying on their interpretation of the movie, you’d assume that flying 10,000 miles through tempests, snowstorms and desert was an enormous hoot – no pun intended. An appreciation of mystery, an understanding for suffering of another species, or a reverence for nature of the migrating birds’ sacrifice? *Forget it.*

At just about the time I was reaching for my Prozac and Jack Daniels, I looked around the Kenworthy during one of the extended sessions that just about had the adult Moscovans rolling in the aisle. None of the children were laughing. They were staring, transfixed at the screen, in rapt amazement

of the beautiful world Perrin had painted. Braden and Conor, my five- and three-year-old, were transfixed. And then I realized, the adult behavior was learned. There was hope.

We are a no-TV household and for good reason. Both my wife and I believe that no matter how good the movie we miss is, it can never replace the time spent watching it – time better spent interacting with our children, reading books, making model airplanes or patting the dog. One of the chief arguments foisted off on me by many people wishing to assault my neo-Luddite behavior is the presence of PBS, the Discovery Channel, and Animal Planet. If kids watch these TV shows, I am told they will learn. But in spite of the good intentions of many of the producers of these shows, it is obvious what people are learning. They are learning is that animals are funny. They are entertainment, not beings with lives, or even rights of their own, however circumscribed by our culture.

More than anything, the movie experience reasserted my own belief that we are in a culture war. Even supporters of FOC and PCEI, the sponsoring organization for the film, are influenced by the constant bombardment in this culture war of the trivialization of nature. If it’s trivial, then it’s valueless and can be disposed. To his credit, Perrin worked extremely hard to make sure that this did not happen with his movie. But in spite of his best efforts, even his success was only partial. If we are going to win this culture war, we are going to have to assert, over and over again, that these things, and the places they live, are sacred. We may resort to using the amenity argument as a practical matter, where we can gain in the short-term for the long-term benefit of the Wild. But if we completely abandon the notion that the things in the Wild, as well as the Wild itself, are sacred things, we are screwed.

None of this is impossible. We can reassert this truth that we know. But we must be public about it. I’m going to issue a challenge to the FOC membership: Let’s get eight letters to the editor published each month making the case for

Experience for Yourself

Definition of a Perfect Sunday Morning

Leslie Einhaus

When I mention the Gospel-Hump Wilderness to an acquaintance in the area, I often get a blank stare or shake of the head. “Where is that,” the person says, perhaps picturing it on an island overseas few have never seen.

It is true – very few have seen the wonders of the Gospel-Hump Wilderness. But it’s closer than many think.

It’s practically in our backyard. This two-million-acre wilderness was established in 1978. Southeast of Grangeville in the Nez Perce National Forest, the Gospel-Hump is home to deep canyons, pristine lakes and camera-worthy alpine terrain.

My most recent trip to the area was on July 4 weekend. A fellow FOC member in-

ited me on a backpacking trek. A group of us took off down the trail toward Slate Lake mid-afternoon on Thursday. That night we camped near a rocky ledge overlooking an expanse of vistas. We drank wine, watching the sun create new shadows. Lynne cooked supper – pasta, spinach accompanied by a delicious marinara sauce. After supper, the four of us watched darkness take over. The moon, a tiny arc in the indigo summer sky, felt like enough light to read by.

The next day – July 4 – Keith and Mary joined the hiking group with Strider, a Chocolate Labrador puppy, and a string of pack goats, some named after the peaks in the Seven Devils – Imp, Goblin and Ogre.

Happy Hour started early on Friday. I re-

member someone saying, “It’s happy hour on the East Coast.” That’s all we needed to know.

In the wet, lush, green meadow, a few hours after we commenced happy hour, Keith offered a ropes course for us – we learn to tie the trucker’s hitch and the bondage knot.

Later, as dusk settles in, we yip and howl with laughter. On July 4, 2003, we are grateful not to be in front of fireworks – a city display – blanket beneath us. The moon appears again casting our expressions – sleepy-eyed, all smiling.



Sunday Morning, Photograph by Leslie Einhaus

In September 2002, I joined a group of friends to visit Moore’s Lake in the Gospel-Hump Wilderness. I later found out that the lake was used as a store reservoir (“Idaho Place Names,” UI Press, 1988). It was named after Charley Moore, who manned a way station near the lake during the 1890s.

In the Gospel-Hump Wilderness, everything

seems so crisp, so bright. Here, you open your eyes wider – out of amazement at beauty, at nature, at what’s before you – moment to moment. Maybe it’s a high mountain lake, a moose, an osprey, a ground squirrel or the high-point vista at the end of the trek. Swigging water from a Nalgene bottle, I take a deep breath, loving the fact I am in wilderness.

We hike in the sunshine and later we see sleet. We tell stories after dinner, a few steps from Moore’s Lake. An hour or so later, we curl up tight in our sleeping bags, twisting our toes in wool socks, awaiting the frost.

On Sunday morning, we perched around camp – miles from anyone. The lake is covered in a shawl of mist. The sun is doing its best to remove it – oh, so very slowly.

We sit in silence looking over the lake. There's an occasional tinkering of a coffee cup – lips on aluminum sipping – or the scampering off to the tent for a needed item or two.

For the most part, it is quiet after sunrise. The noise – if you can call it “noise,” is bird-song.

“We're lucky to live in a place like this,” a friend says, taking a swig of coffee, the topo map sitting between us. “We sure are,” I say, eating the last of my granola bar, wondering what the day has in store.

I know I am spoiled now. I love roadless areas — protected wilderness. I come from Texas, a place where big game is corn-fed and wilderness is a state or two away; walking or hiking the countryside means getting permission or trespassing illegally. Wherever you end up, so do Tex and his cousins.

But in Idaho, you can get away from it all. It is possible not to see the convenience store lights or the glow of a cityscape or even a pair of headlights – if you go to the right place. Gospel-Hump is one of those places.

Leslie Einhaus enjoys yoga, backpacking, writing and folk tunes. She enjoys listening to Emmylou Harris, Lyle Lovett, Amy Martin and Peter

Migration, from Page 3

ues. It doesn't have to be tied to a particular issue. But let's talk about beauty, spiritual peace and fulfillment and our tie to our God, be it Jesus, Allah or Gaia through the Wild and its creatures. Let's talk about our fundamental values that not everything in the world has to be slave to our use, be it logging an old-growth tree or laughing at a bird in its courtship dance.

We can do it. We have no choice.

Pezeshki is a member of the FOC Advisory Board. He captures the poetry and majesty of the Clearwater region through his photographs. www.wildcountry.info

A Case of Huckleberry Flu

Gary Macfarlane

Huckleberry-pickers are as reliable about the amount of huckleberries gathered as fisherman are about the size of fish they caught.

A whole crew of purple-handed folks finished the spectacular FOC/Sierra Club hike up Grandmother Mountain in late August. Many in the group collected huckleberries in containers or bags, some collected berries only in their bellies and some did both. One foolish hiker – yours truly – ate so many berries he came down with the case of the huckleberry flu. My only saving grace was that I took at least a gallon of berries home.



Purple-Handed Hikers, Photograph by Gary Macfarlane

Self-diagnosis is a dangerous thing, but I am quite certain it was the huckleberry flu. My belly ached for a few days afterward. I endured a slight fever and joint pain. Surprisingly, nobody else got sick, but then nobody stuffed as many berries in their belly either.

It was a bumper year for huckleberries. The views from Grandmother Mountain were amazing. The old mountain hemlock stands provided shade. We scanned the meadow for signs of the wolf pack. The trip was well worth it, even with the huckleberry flu.

This expert huckleberry hauler is the forest watch director for Friends of the Clearwater. He commutes daily – in all seasons — from Troy to Moscow on his mountain bike.

Fire, from Page 1

fireline built with a Pulaski and a rake that is 100 yards long and two feet wide is obviously different than one built with chainsaws and a bulldozer that is two miles long and 16 feet wide. Other equally important factors are the biophysical characteristics of the site. Quite simply, some areas are more forgiving than others. Another serious, but often overlooked consideration is this – which tool is

support a fire suppression paradigm, including a paycheck for an adrenaline rush, and consider the economic disincentives to agencies who allow fire to destroy personal property and you have the explanation why fire suppression continues to dominate public lands management and why it continues to be so controversial.

Regardless of your philosophic worldview, for every fire management action, there are trad-

If society forgets or no longer cares where it lives, then anyone with political power and the will to do so can manipulate the landscape to conform to certain social ideals or nostalgic visions. ... The more more superficial a society's knowledge of the real dimensions of the land it occupies becomes, the more vulnerable the land is to exploitation, to manipulation for short-term gain. The land, virtually powerless before political and commercial entities, finds itself finally with no defenders.

— Author Barry Lopez, "The American Geographies"

used where? Was the bulldozer in the wilderness or not? Most of us cannot begin to assess the consequences of fire suppression tool use in the Clearwater because the Forest Service does not readily share that information. For example, you don't see pictures in the newspaper of bulldozers plowing fireline in the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness. It takes people like Larry McLaud and Gary Macfarlane of Friends of the Clearwater to go out and document these activities after the fact.

Analyzing the consequences of ongoing suppression actions on the Clearwater is an even more complex and difficult issue due in part to the biophysical diversity there and its symbiotic relationship with wildfire. Perhaps more significantly though, it depends on how anthropocentric, biocentric or ecocentric you are. In other words, whose rights do you defend? Do you defend the rights of the individual/population; the species/community? Do you place human rights above non-human rights? What about plants versus animals? What about non-living functions and processes like gene flow and disturbance regimes? How you answer these questions affect how you perceive and assess the consequences of fire suppression. Lump these questions on top of economic incentives that

occur. There are both positive and negative ecological and social benefits for fire management actions whether they are under a full suppression strategy or a let-it-burn policy. They affect everyone and everything with an interest in the Clearwater – the trees, shrubs, grasses, soil, mammals, birds, fish, amphibians, reptiles, insects, fire regimes, etc.

The bottom line is that there are no simple answers. How could there be? After all, complexity and diversity is what makes the Big Wild so compelling. At the end of the day, your struggle to reach a favorite spot in the Clearwater and the satisfaction that it brings you when you are there is not unlike the struggle to understand and value the process that is fundamentally responsible for how the Clearwater looks today and how it will look tomorrow – wildfire.

Greg is a board member of Friends of the Clearwater. Greg and his wife, Linda, are currently building a cabin along the Lostine River in eastern Oregon.

Landmark Mistakes

Mollie G. Eastman

In the book, “The Lochsa Story,” Bud Moore wrote: “Which is better for the forest – management or no management?” He said to go up to Beaver Ridge lookout and see for yourself. “You decide.”

In 1960, the U.S. Congress created the Lolo Trail National Historic Landmark to preserve and protect the longest segment of intact trail tread traveled by explorers Lewis and Clark.

Congress mandated the Lolo and Clearwater National Forests to mark and make publicly available the Lewis and Clark or Lolo Trail. This, however, has never been completely achieved, even though those working these forests have had more than four decades to complete the assignment.

In early ‘80s, Duane Annis suggested the historic trail be relocated in places for timber harvest and to relocate the trail off Plum Creek land to Forest Service land for management purposes. The trail in the Powell District has been clearcut from the time the landmark was established to the present by Plum Creek and the Forest Service.

The 1980 Forest Service version of the Lewis and Clark Trail was available to the public from 1980-1999. The trail was moved to Horseshoe Creek, which did not match the journal descriptions of crossing high mountains. This 1980 trail location was marked with metal tags, but was very difficult to find and follow. Because of neglect and abandonment policies by the Clearwater National Forest officials, the trail in Hungry Creek gets more difficult to find and follow every year.

In the late 1980s and through the 1990s many miles of historic trails in the landmark area were covered with dirt, brush and branches. Even live trees were cut down to discourage travel on the trails open to the public. All this was done without adequate NEPA documentation or by the use of category exclusion under the guise that no adverse effects were to occur to the trail.

The trail tread itself is an archaeological

site containing the history of centuries of use: lost beads, projectile points, cartridge cases and food processing tools. The Archaeological Resource Protection Act of 1979 makes it unlawful to dig up the trail treads. Yet the Forest Service continues this illegal practice and without any public input through the NEPA process or coordinating with the Advisory Council on Historic Places. Rebuilding the historic trails or building new trail tread that goes on and off the historic trails also is a violation of the forest plan.

This is what I learned about the Forest Service and from the trail itself:

- From 1960 –1976 the trail was logged and abandoned.
- From 1976-1993 the trail was logged and abandoned. The six-mile wide corridor also was roaded and logged, a landmark boundary violation.
- From 1993 to 2002, the trail and the new 1993 half-mile wide boundary was logged and abandoned. The corridor also was logged and roaded, a landmark boundary violation. The forest plan was not followed.



Photograph by Rosemary Streatfield

The historic trails on the Clearwater National Forest are in the same primitive condition they were in when they became a landmark in 1960 – but only in areas where no management occurred.

This summer, Mollie and Gene Eastman, both longtime Clearwater area residents, led a weekend hike sponsored by FOC. Participants followed the original Lewis and Clark Trail near Fish Creek

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Keep-it-Close By ... Calendar of Events

October

22-23 Film: "Marooned in Iraq," 7 and 9:30 p.m., SUB Borah Theater at UI. Cost is \$2 for students and \$3 for general admission.

24 Author/filmmaker Michael Moore: 7 p.m., WSU Beasley Performing Arts Auditorium. Tickets: www.ticketwest.com. He has written a new book, "Dude, Where's My Country." More about Moore, go to his Web site: <http://www.michaelmoore.com/>

25 Special Autumn Community Potluck -- Apple pressing and a bonfire. Festivities start at 4 p.m. in Palouse, Wash. Meet at the Co-op parking lot at 3:45pm for carpooling.

November

1-2 Film: "North Fork," Kenworthy Theater. Times TBA. Cost is \$4. Set in 1955, the resi-

dents of a small Montana community are forced to move their homes to make way for a dam.

7 Annual FOC membership meeting/ party: 7-9 p.m., 1912 Center in Moscow. This event includes yummy food, live music, a wild silent auction and YOU! Come join the fun!

18 Community potluck: 6 p.m., place TBA. Bring a friend. Call FOC office for up-to-date information.

December

3 Free concert featuring local artist Lisa Simpson, noon, at the Idaho Commons Food Court on the UI campus.

12 Community potluck and party: Desserts only! Show up at 7 p.m. Place TBA. Call FOC office for up-to-date information.