

High Country News

March 8, 1993

Vol. 25 No. 4

A Paper for People who Care about the West

One dollar and fifty cents

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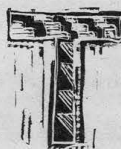
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Paul Tarmina

A famous skeleton returns to the earth

by Samantha Silva



The quiet reburial of one of the most significant archaeological finds in the New World illuminates the continuing debate over who owns the American past.

The find — a 10,000-year-old skeleton of a PaleoIndian woman — was saved from the rock crusher at a Buhl, Idaho, gravel quarry four years ago. Nellis Burkhardt, a Buhl, Idaho, highway employee, recognized a human femur lying crosswise in a rock crusher at the gravel pit where he worked. Burkhardt pulled the bone out of the crusher, asked where the last load of dirt had come from, and found there an almost intact and seemingly ancient skeleton buried deep in the hillside. At the suggestion of his wife, Loretta, a Buhl Middle School teacher, Burkhardt contacted the staff of the nearest museum and they called in State Archaeologist Tom Green.

Green joined a team of archaeologists the next day to rescue the skeleton from destruction.

Green was also the person responsible for enforcing Idaho's 1984 Graves Protection Act, which required him to notify the Indian tribe on whose traditional territory the remains had been found.

Green's first estimate was that the skeleton was old — 5,000 to 8,000 years old — which caused great excitement among the excavators. Members of the Shoshone-Bannock Tribal Council were also intrigued and they agreed to a physical description and radio-carbon analysis

of the remains.

But a year-long wait at one university and an earthquake at another delayed the carbon-dating for three years, when Green learned to his amazement that the skeleton was at least 10,675 years old. That made it possibly the oldest nearly complete skeleton ever found in North or South America. The stakes had gone up.

Green tried to convey the archaeological significance of the find to the tribe in hopes that the Indians would agree to endure further, far more complete analysis and study of the remains. But the council's patience had thinned. Tribal elders said that recent deaths on the reservation were caused by the stirring of the Buhl woman's spirit. They did not share Green's keen anticipation of what joy further study would bring to archaeology, let alone what light it would shed on understanding the past. The remains had been out of the ground long enough. The council demanded immediate reburial.

The conciliatory Green turned over the reassembled contents of the burial — a stone point, a bone needle, a badger bone and the skeleton — to the tribe on a cloudy day last December on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation near Pocatello. In the

**He learned
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continued on page 10

Dear friends,

Parable of the lost skiers

Like the rest of the West, staff has spent too much time talking about the seven backcountry skiers who were lost in a snowstorm outside Aspen. Were some of us to lose ourselves while cross country skiing, we concluded, we'd be torn between wanting to be rescued and wanting to stay lost. We could probably pay for the helicopter, but we're not sure how we'd stand up to the publicity. When Andy Warhol promised us each a few minutes of fame, he neglected to mention how painful the fame might be.

At the same time, it is easy to understand why the skiers grabbed our attention. There, in the mountains above America's most famous small town, seven people played out how Americans interact with nature and with each other.

The lost skiers were successful business and public-policy entrepreneurs. They have succeeded in a world that requires pushiness, a refusal to recognize limits, and a determination to do things their way. But that same "just do it" ethic turned into a major handicap in the natural world, when they disregarded advice that they not head for the remote, high-altitude hut. Once lost, they again mimicked our social norms by splitting into three uncoordinated groups, each going its own way.

So they played out for us over a dull,

late-winter weekend a life-and-death drama that was the essence of America: a nation of people so proud and individualistic that we can't lead and won't follow.

Winter Fishtrap

On the weekend when the skiers were going their separate ways through deep Colorado snow, HCN's publisher and editor drove through the snow to the tiny town of Joseph, Oregon, to attend Winter Fishtrap — a workshop on writing and culture.

Although the 60 of us had presumably come together for a meeting of minds, we naturally, unthinkingly, splintered into several groups, like the skiers 1,000 miles away. We journalists, ranchers, environmentalists and the simply interested were divided by the West's general natural resource issues, as well as by a very emotional local issue: Should Hells Canyon be made a national park?

Feelings in Wallowa County run high on Hells Canyon. A vocal, local proponent of national park status, for example, had tried to get a dentist's appointment to care for a broken cap. On his first call, the receptionist told him the dentist was busy for the next few weeks. On his next call, she told him the dentist was busy for the next few months, and added: "You don't get it, do you?" At that point, he "got it" and made an appointment with a dentist 70 miles away.

The passions that story illustrates were present at the gathering. But we also had a speaker who sought common ground.

Theresa Jordan, author of *Cowgirls*, told the myth of the founding of her family's ranch — that the founder, her great grandfather, came West as a 14-year-old orphan and by sheer grit and ornery independence built the ranch up from nothing.

But Theresa discovered from family letters that he had actually come to Wyoming when he was about 25, rather than 14, and bought his first land with a loan from his father. The ranch, then, was built on that oldest base: a strong, cooperating unit of society — in this case, the family.

Unfortunately, later generations were ruled by the myth of the 14-year-old loner. No one could measure up to that standard, but they tried, leading them into costly expansions and silences that lost the ranch after three generations.

The memory of that loss has led Theresa to write about her family and ranching. She told the Fishtrap Gathering that she hopes to change the myths we Westerners live by, as a way to nudge the West itself toward change.

It was a wonderful story to tell people who had come together for a weekend to explore their differences; it would be nice to say that her openness and generosity brought us together. Perhaps as her story works on her listeners, it will eventually have that effect. But in the short run, we left as divided as we came.

— Ed Marston for the staff



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WESTERN ROUNDUP

BLM reinstates a long pause for filmmakers

A BLM policy in Utah that forces moviemakers to wait 45 days for a film permit has some Moabites hopping mad.

The controversy erupted last fall when two environmental groups filed an appeal against film permits for a movie called *Slaughter of the Innocents*. Part of their objection was to a scene that called for dropping a 7,000-pound mockup of an ark of the covenant from a tower in Castle Valley near Moab (HCN, 12/14/92).

The Bureau of Land Management reviewed the appeal and on Feb. 5 reinstated a 45-day delay. In recent years that policy had been changed in practice to a two-to-three day permitting process.

"The BLM basically acted as an agent to the film industry for years," says Castle Valley resident Jack Campbell. "As long as the industry flashed the green bucks, they got the green light."

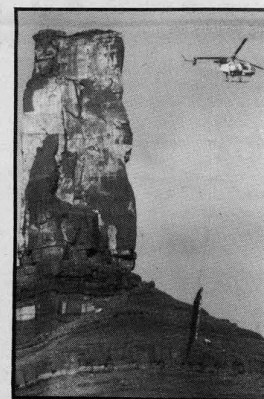
Some residents disagree. "The BLM just derailed the most clean non-extractive industry around," charges Moab Film

Commission director Bette Stanton. "Moab stands to lose an annual \$5 million from this." BLM realty specialist Brad Groesbeck agrees that the policy is tough on the industry. "It's unfortunate for the film industry, but the 45-day processing period is a regulation that applies to all commercial activities on BLM land."

Stanton says she worries that Utah will lose business to surrounding states that enforce the regulation less rigorously. And both Stanton and Campbell are troubled that the policy subjects all filmmakers to the same 45-day wait. Campbell thinks the agency policy may be deliberate overkill to incite opposition to the new regulation.

"Everyone knows there's a big difference between wildlife photographer Tom Till and a movie like *Slaughter of the Innocents*," he says. "The BLM should have formulated regulations that didn't penalize people who make little or no impact on the area."

— Arden Trewartha



Dennis Willigan
A helicopter carries part of a movie set past Castle Tower near Moab

Las Vegas moves on western Colorado's water

Nevada wants to pay for a dam on the Western Slope of the Colorado Rockies in exchange for use of the reservoir's water for half a century.

Nevada's Colorado River Commission recently revealed that it had reached a secret "gentleman's agreement" with Chevron Shale Oil Co. and Getty Oil Exploration Co. Under the agreement, Nevada would negotiate for the temporary use of 175,000 acre-feet of Colorado River water a year — enough for around 700,000 new people in Las Vegas.

Under the plan, Nevada would lease the water for about \$8.75 million a year for at least 30 to 50 years, while the rapidly growing southern part of the state seeks a permanent supply, the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* reported. The water would be delivered to the Las Vegas area

via Lake Mead. In exchange, Nevada would build a \$200 million reservoir on Roan Creek, near DeBeque, 30 miles northeast of Grand Junction, Colo.

At around \$200 an acre-foot, the water would be cheap, commission representatives said, compared to the projected \$900 to \$1,200 an acre-foot cost of importing ground water from central Nevada or \$1,500 to \$2,000 an acre-foot to desalt ocean water, two other options the area is pursuing to supply future residents. Water planners claim the Las Vegas area will tap out its current Colorado River allotment within 13 years.

Rival southern Nevada water purveyors and lawmakers reacted with dismay that they had not been informed of the secret negotiations by the state Colorado River Commission, a body appointed by the governor.

"When the state engages in these deals that affect the people in southern Nevada, the people should be notified," said state Sen. Joe Neal. But oil companies in Colorado demanded secret talks, responded Nevada Gov. Bob Miller, who defended the agreement.

"I'm not getting involved in turf battle about who did what," Miller said. "I'm just trying to find some water."

Colorado water officials were skeptical about the plan. Ken Salazar, executive director of the state's Department of Natural Resources, said it could prevent Colorado from consuming its full water entitlement under the Colorado River Compact. He also said interstate dealings could dry up irrigated agricultural lands on the Western Slope.

— Jon Christensen

WESTERN ROUNDUP

The drill starts to change at Interior

Interior Department nominees and a Clinton administration proposed budget indicate that public-land management could change radically in the next four years.

President Clinton tapped New Mexico Land Commissioner Jim Baca to head the Bureau of Land Management, and George Frampton, president of The Wilderness Society, to head the Interior Department's national parks and fish and wildlife programs.

Baca, 47, is a maverick reformer known as much for his fiscal conservatism as his environmental advocacy (*HCN*, 10/21/91). As state land commissioner, he imposed a royalty on hardrock miners; implemented an incentive grazing fee program that dramatically increased the price paid by ranchers who do not take good care of the land; and barred the federal Animal Damage Control from operating on state school lands (*HCN*, 12/28/92).

Frampton is a former prosecutor with experience in the Watergate scandal of the early 1970s. He will oversee two agencies embroiled in political controversy: the National Park Service and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which is responsible for implementing the Endangered Species Act. As leader of The Wilderness Society, he advocated expanded protection for wilderness and parks throughout the



George T. Frampton Jr.

country, including the remaining old-growth forests in the Pacific Northwest.

President Clinton also announced the appointment of John Leshy as the Interior Department's solicitor. Leshy, an Arizona State University law professor, served in Interior under the Carter administration. He is the author of *The Mining Law*, which has been called a seminal book on the 1872 Mining Law.

Others named to posts were: Bob Arm-

strong, who served as Texas land commissioner, to be assistant secretary for land minerals management; Elizabeth Ann Rieke, director of Arizona's department of water resources, to be assistant secretary for water and science; Leslie M. Turner, a Washington, D.C., attorney, to be assistant secretary for territorial and international affairs; and Bonnie Cohen, a senior vice president with the National Trust for Historic Preservation, to be assistant secretary for policy, management and budget.

In his budget proposal, Clinton projects revenues of \$1 billion over the next five years from a variety of new public-land user fees. These include royalties on hardrock minerals, recreational user fees, and surcharges for farmers using water from federal irrigation projects.

The administration's budget also projects savings of \$274 million from a four-year phase-out of below-cost timber sales on public lands.

"It's a new era," says Bruce Hamilton, the Sierra Club's acting conservation director. "This is the first time in history that we've tried to do so much to change public lands management at once."

— Paul Larmer

Paul Larmer is assistant editor at *High Country News*.

Mining reform may hit paydirt in 1993

For much of the last 120 years, the mining industry has said no to fundamental changes in the 1872 Mining Law and made it stick. At first glance, 1993 appears no different.

In a familiar refrain, Keith Knoblock, a spokesman for the American Mining Congress, says reform legislation introduced in Congress last month will "destroy the western hardrock mining industry. No amount of amendments will change that."

But the industry may not be able to stop a revitalized reform movement now that the political landscape has shifted dramatically.

In early February, Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt told the American Mining Congress that "it's probably time to get into the game." Babbitt said that Congress is clearly committed to passing comprehensive reform legislation and that "this year is probably as good as any year...."

Adding muscle to Babbitt's position is the Clinton administration's apparent commitment to getting a fair market return on minerals taken from public lands to help reduce the budget deficit. The administration's new budget includes a hefty 12.5 percent royalty on hardrock minerals as part of a public land user fee package. The fees are projected to bring in more than \$1 billion in revenues over the next five years. The 1872 Mining Law imposes no royalties.

Then there is the Summitville gold mine in southern Colorado, which has turned into one of the largest pollution disasters in recent mining history (*HCN*, 1/25/93). Fearful that mining critics will use the debacle — which, according to the *Denver Post*, is now costing taxpayers \$33,000 a day to clean up — to push for more sweeping environmental reforms, several mining companies are donating more than 1,000 hours of engineering work at the mine.

And now Congress is moving. Simi-

lar bills introduced in January by Sen. Dale Bumpers, D-Ark., and Rep. Nick Joe Rahall, D-W.V., end the sale of public land to mining companies for as little as \$2.50 an acre. Miners would also have to pay the government a royalty of 8 percent of the value of the minerals they take.

In addition, the bills give federal land managers the ability to deny or limit mining to minimize environmental damage; set up mandatory reclamation standards; and establish an Abandoned Hardrock Mine Reclamation Fund supported by royalty revenues and rental fees. A hearing on Rahall's bill, H.R. 322, is scheduled for March 11 in the Energy and Mineral Resources subcommittee of the House Natural Resources Committee (formerly the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee).

So far, the mining industry is mixing conciliatory words with its traditionally tough rhetoric. Knoblock of the American Mining Congress says of Babbitt: "He left the door open... we will talk with him."

Knoblock says the mining congress is interested in a limited reform bill that requires hardrock miners to pay fair mar-

ket value for the public land they use. Such a bill, he says, would also mandate that title to mine claims used for something other than mining — the development of a ski resort, for instance — should revert to the government. The mining congress remains opposed to any royalty charges, he says.

Although the reforms publicly acceptable to the mining industry fall far short of those in the proposed legislation, Phil Hocker of the non-profit Mineral Policy Center says he thinks the industry is ready to deal. He says new players in the mining industry "didn't go to the Colorado School of Mines, but attended Harvard Business School." They realize that "this grab bag is not going to last."

"I think reform is going to happen," says Tim Haddon, president of Amax Gold Inc., in Denver, Colo. Haddon agrees that mining companies should return the land to the public domain after using it. But he maintains that the industry needs guaranteed access to public lands for exploration.

— Paul Larmer

BARBED WIRE

Environmentalists take note.

Dave Roberts, who oversees the Wyoming BLM's wildlife programs, recently told state biologists how to get the attention of his agency. "It never hurts to play like a rancher," he told the *Casper Star-Tribune*. "Go in and beat on a desk once in a while."

Only bakers need apply.

Spelling out requirements for the superintendent of Hot Springs State Park, Wyoming state senators adopted an amendment requiring applicants to have "nice buns." Senators said the amendment

was offered as a joke, reports the *Idaho Falls Post Register*.

Priests in space.

Catholics may soon seek converts on a new frontier — space. An \$8 million Vatican telescope under construction atop Mount Graham in Arizona will search for extraterrestrial life, said Jesuit Father George Coyne. Coyne told London's *Daily Telegraph* that if intelligent alien life is found, the church "would be obliged to address the question of whether extraterrestrials might be brought within the fold and baptized."

HOTLINE

Grazing fees sink

Grazing fees for livestock on public land will drop in 1993 for the second year in a row. On March 1, the Department of Agriculture planned to lower the fee from \$1.92 per AUM to \$1.86. AUM stands for animal unit month, the amount of forage needed to sustain a cow and calf, one horse, or five sheep for a month. Since a recent federal study estimated that private land leased for nearly \$10 per AUM, "It's absurd to be lowering the grazing fee at this time," said Jim Norton, Southwest regional director of The Wilderness Society. The grazing fee formula, set by Congress in 1978, adjusts fees based on costs of feed, fertilizer, fuel, farm supplies, taxes and real estate cost, which have all gone up. Rep. Mike Synar, D-Okla., the leading advocate in Congress of fee hikes, said he plans to introduce legislation early in the year to reform the grazing fee system. Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt has also weighed in, saying it's not a question of "if" grazing fees are going to go up, but by how much.

Tale of two predators

Do mountain lions and wolves get along? Researchers engaged in a five-year study in Montana's North Fork Valley, including Glacier National Park, hope to discover the answer. The idea originated with Maurice Hornacker of Moscow, Idaho, who has collared and monitored more than 1,000 mountain lions around the country. Hornacker says the study is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to monitor the two predators because mountain lions and wolves haven't occupied the same place in the lower 48 states for 100 years. So far, researchers treed and radio-collared a young, 32-pound female mountain lion in late January without mishap. They hope to track and collar two more this winter before bears emerge from winter hibernation. Park officials say that if Hornacker collars three without incident, they may allow unlimited captures inside the park.



Linnaea Franco/Cougar: The American Lion

A new guard in Utah

Grand County, Utah, has a radically new government. Seven new council members took office Feb. 22, replacing the three-member council that was swept from power in November (*HCN*, 2/8/93). Winners Peter Hancey, John Hartley, Bill Hedden, John Maynard, Charlie Peterson, Ken Ballantyne and Paul Menard opposed the \$100 million Book Cliffs Road and promised to create a long-term plan for the county. They also pledged to hold monthly or quarterly public meetings in their districts. Jim Siles, publisher of the *Canyon County Zephyr*, said the election was a victory for citizens who "made the government responsible to the people." Among citizens' gripes with the old council was its tendency to give county positions to relatives. Says Siles, "The commissioners used their rights and privileges to such an extreme that people just couldn't take it any more."

The military's top guns collide with an angry valley

Tom Tucker was driving out of Colorado's Huerfano Valley when an F-16 fighter jet roared up behind him. Startled, Tucker momentarily lost control of his car. "The jet was so close it created a wake behind it and took my car with it." He says the close encounter left him shaking and furious.

Tucker's story isn't uncommon. Like many residents of this remote valley flanked by the jagged peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, he sometimes feels bullied by the U.S. Air Force, which uses the agricultural region as a fly-through corridor. Now its local representative, the Colorado Air National Guard, wants to establish a permanent jet training area in the skies over the state's southern corner (HCN, 10/21/91). That could mean mock battles by up to 50 planes along the lines of the movie *Top Gun*.

But in an early-round victory for area residents, the National Guard recently withdrew its training proposal, known as the Redeye Complex Dunes "Military Operations Area." Redeye would have allowed more than 100 additional flights above the Huerfano, Wet Mountain and San Luis valleys, including air drills on 10 days a year involving up to 50 planes. It was shot down by a grass-roots uprising already on edge from frequent sonic booms generated by some 1,000 annual overflights out of Buckley Air Force Base near Denver, Colo.

The National Guard, however, is not giving up. Redeye may be dead, but a new jet training proposal for the area, called the Colorado Air Space Initiative, is under way. Officials say the new plan and an accompanying environmental impact statement will better reflect residents' concerns.

"The proposal is being readressed from the ground up and the moon down," says National Guard spokesman Steve Wolf. "We didn't realize that people were experiencing noise and low-level flights until we heard from them."

Wolf says the new initiative will contain several new alternatives, but will still include "something that looks like the old proposal (since) Redeye was a feasible proposal," he says.

The National Guard is working closely with the Federal Aviation Administration, which will ultimately decide on the new initiative, Wolf says. The plan is prompted by the new Denver International Airport, which opens next fall. Commercial jets flying in and out of the airport will occupy air space that is currently used by the guard for training, says Wolf.

But the Guard promises a new attitude along with the new plan. "We haven't been the best neighbors down there," Wolf admits. New regulations now



J.D. Marston

The Baca Ranch stands below Colorado's Sangre de Cristo Mountains

in place require pilots in the area to fly above 500 feet. The previous "floor" for Guard F-16s had been 100 feet, and one resident reported seeing a fighter fly under power lines near her home.

Valley residents remain skeptical. "The Guard can do anything it wants," says Chris Griffith, who belongs to a grass-roots group called Custer County Action Association. "It can make and change the rules; that's the game it plays."

Opponents say they learned a lot fighting the Redeye proposal; the biggest lesson was that their views weren't respected. Some point to a hotline promised last spring. It didn't materialize until months later and even after it was set up, calls were rarely returned. Letters weren't answered quickly either, they add, and when the Guard did communicate, it wasn't helpful.

"A 60-80 page proposal is now sent to us as eight pages of illustrations and fifth-grade language," says Mary Loofbourrow, founder of the San Luis Valley-based Open Space Alliance. "It's a double

insult; we're paying their salaries."

The bottom line, opponents say, is that the Guard is still intent on expanding its jet training in the area.

"We're in it for the long haul," confirms Major Thomas Schultz, public affairs officer for the National Guard at Buckley Air Force Base. He says domestic flight training operations are increasingly important for the national defense now that overseas missions have been sharply reduced in the wake of the Cold War.

"If we don't fly, we lose our combat readiness," Schultz says. "This is a matter of pride for Colorado: its 120th squadron was the first unit to be federally recognized in 1946. The Air National Guard was born here."

For the moment, Redeye opponents are taking pride in their grass-roots efforts to stall the National Guard. In the 300-person town of Crestone, residents passed a resolution declaring the town a "military-free zone." Then resident Tom Redmond, president of the multimillion dollar Redmond cosmetics company and owner of a local ranch, created and paid for a "Say No Way MOA" hotline.

In one of its messages, callers to 800-332-1716 are told: "The Air Force considers itself above the environmental law of the land. When it comes to trashing the American Western environment, the U.S. armed forces can take pride in the fact that they have been every bit as effective in wreaking widespread ecocide as the most ravenous logging companies and shoddy mining operations."

Custer County Commissioner Bob Senderhauf went on record against more jets flying overhead. He said a larger military presence could set back tourism in the Sangre de Cristos and nearby Sand Dunes National Monument.

At a Carmelite monastery in the shadow of the Sangre de Cristos, Father David Levin says he prays for the best but fears that more planes "would make it nigh unto impossible to operate a contem-

plative monastery here. A sonic boom at 500 feet is as damaging as one at 100. We might as well be next to Buckley itself."

The beauty and isolation of the region have attracted other religious groups that count on quiet, including the Tibetan Buddhist Project and the Sisinajin Navajo Center.

What disturbs people could kill wildlife. According to the Open Space Alliance, military aircraft nationwide collided with birds over 16,000 times, causing the loss of nine aircraft and \$318 million in damages. John Cornely, regional migratory bird coordinator for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Denver, says collisions between birds and jets are "a major concern" in the avian-rich valleys of southern Colorado.

The San Luis Valley is the most important waterfowl migratory and nesting area in the state, says Dave Kenvin, a biologist with the Colorado Division of Wildlife. In addition to ducks and geese, up to 20,000 sandhill cranes — the entire Rocky Mountain population — stop in the valley each spring and fall to fuel up for their migration, he says. Interspersed among them are 10 of the world's 135 whooping cranes.

High-flying raptors that frequent the valleys, including endangered peregrine falcons and bald eagles, are cause for more concern, biologists say. Jets could hit them as they soar, and frequent sonic booms could frighten them off their nests during breeding season.

The Guard says it will address all of these concerns once the newly named initiative is released. "The EIS gives us the opportunity to better work with the public," says Steve Wolf. "But only time will tell."

For more information, contact the Open Space Alliance, 719/256-4819, Custer County Action Association, 719/783-2061, or Major John France of the National Guard, 303/397-3028.

— **Zaz Hollander**

Zaz Hollander is a former HCN intern.



J.D. Marston

Major Bruce Collins, right, of the Colorado Air National Guard, answers questions from a skeptical crowd in Moffat, Colorado

Chaco Park to be (lightly) roaded

Remote Chaco Culture National Historical Park in northwest New Mexico will get a new access road, but it won't be paved. After years of controversy over improving access to the 1,000-year-old archaeological site (HCN, 11/30/92), final plans call for only slight changes on existing rough roads and one route topped with gravel.

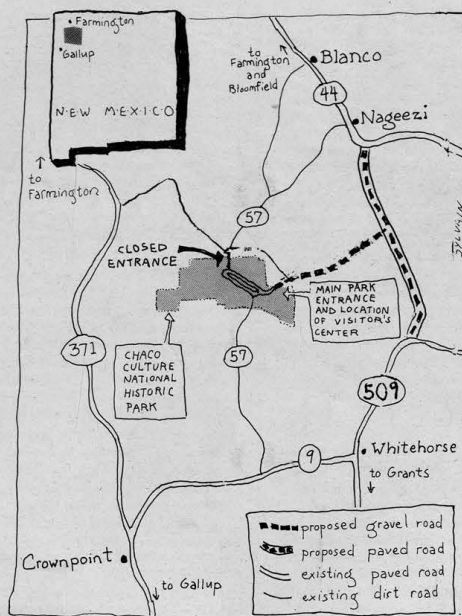
Two separate road projects — one by the Park Service and one by the New Mexico Highway Department — are under way. Their combined effect should make it easier for the park to control traffic and reduce impacts on the crumbling sandstone ruins. But the improved roads will also lead to more tourists than the 78,000 who came in 1992.

The Park Service says its plan deals with several problems in a single stroke. It closes Chaco's north entrance and re-routes traffic through a new east entrance. Closing the north gateway eliminates the truck traffic that passed close to the largest ruins.

Because no visitor center exists at the north entrance to orient people, rangers say they spend too much time warning tourists against collecting artifacts and chasing them off fragile ruins and closed areas. The planned eastern route, which could open as early as this spring, will send people past the park's only visitor center.

Agency plans also call for adding a new access from the west, but visitors will get on that road at the new east entrance. What remains the same is the rough and dusty 20-mile road to the park. Many people believe the washboard road keeps visitation at a manageable level.

Meanwhile, the New Mexico Highway Department plans to build a paved road that will run 15 miles east of Chaco. When State Road 509 is extended north, the state wants to build a spur road connecting it with Chaco. The spur would have an all-weather gravel surface, but construction of 509 is still at least five years off, says Joanne English of Gannett



Fleming West, the engineering firm studying the project.

The new spur would provide better year-round access for most visitors, but Chaco's primitive camping conditions and bare-bones services will probably never attract the average motorhome vacationer.

Expecting a mini-tourist boom from the new roads, a German developer announced he would build a resort on Navajo land near the park boundary. But plans "have been moved to the back burn-

er," says Collier Greyhat, because the tribal government doesn't support the project.

For more information on the road projects, contact: Lawrence Belli, superintendent, Chaco Culture National Historical Park, Star Route 4, Box 6500, Bloomfield, NM 87413; Frank Esparza, public involvement coordinator, New Mexico State Highway Department, Box 1149, Room 115, Santa Fe, NM 87504.

— Ernie Atencio

Ernie Atencio is an HCN intern.

Park ecosystems are slipping away

The nation's parks could become little more than knick-knack and snack shops if park budgets remain lopsided in favor of visitor-oriented programs.

That's the conclusion of an audit by the Department of Interior's inspector general. Over the past eight years, 92 percent of the Park Service's operating budget funded concession areas, building maintenance, rangers and other visitor programs at the expense of natural resource management, which received 8 percent. Although the mandate of the National Park Service dictates that visitor accommodations are secondary to natural resource management, another story is told by tracking how money is spent.

Field inspectors who visited 33 parks and contacted officials at another 24 found that park lands suffer from neglect. Fourteen parks are in the West, including:

- Canyonlands National Park, Utah. Roughly 75 percent of the park's land is still recovering from the effects of past cattle grazing, which officially ended in 1983. Today, illegal grazing continues at the expense of park habitat, and, in the last seven years, park managers have only erected eight miles of protective fence. According to the audit, an additional \$50,000 would buy the 10 more miles of fencing needed to eliminate the threat. For



now, native plants are disappearing and topsoil continues to blow away.

- Crater Lake National Park, Oregon. Park officials failed for more than four decades to notice the steep decline of the native bull trout population in Sun Creek following the introduction of the brook trout. Finally, in 1989, they discovered that only 130 fish remained. The audit notes that studies have yet to be done on 10 more creeks where the pattern of the fish's decline may also appear.

Overall, inadequate resource monitoring is the biggest problem in the parks.

Officials charged with managing resources cannot do the job because most of the time they don't know what they are supposed to protect, auditors found. The Park Service estimates that by 2001 it will have established a sufficient monitoring system at a cost of \$172 million, but the audit authors are skeptical. They say this year's large reduction in the project's funding will delay its completion. Although the agency estimated it would spend \$4.4 million on the project in 1993, it now says it will spend just \$1.9 million.

The report says that although the Park Service has a backlog of 4,700 resource-protection projects costing more than \$477 million, it allocated only \$93 million in 1992 for the entire management program. Park officials acknowledge the need to increase funding by two-to-three times the current level to meet today's management needs. The report recommends that officials shift budget priorities and develop a plan to protect natural resources in all parks.

For a copy of *Protection of Natural Resources, National Park Service*, write to: Office of Inspector General, Headquarters Audits, report no. 92-1-1422, 1550 Wilson Blvd., Suite 401, Arlington, VA 22209, or call the U.S. Department of Interior (1-800/354-0996), 23 pages.

— Kristy Ratliff

HOTLINE

Opal Creek to remain wild

A conservation group in Oregon recently received a 3,000-acre gift of old-growth forest in the Cascade Range. The \$12.6 million donation, made by the Persis Corp. to the non-profit Friends of Opal Creek, is believed to be the largest private gift of conservation property in U.S. history, says Tim Hermack, president of the Opal Creek foundation. The land near Mill City in northwest Oregon is a lush area heated by frequent battles over the spotted owl and logging (HCN, 11/19/90). Since most of the property consists of unpatented mining claims, its new owners must maintain the claims through annual fees totaling \$56,000. But Friends of Opal Creek will control what happens on the land as long as they maintain the claims. Hermack says. A local logging family held the mining claims for generations, and one of its environmentally minded members, George Atiyeh, is an active protector of the area. His family sold to Persis 20 years ago when fees and maintenance costs grew too great, says Hermack. Atiyeh managed the property for Persis, the corporate owner of the *Honolulu Advertiser*, and fought the federal government's attempt to cut one of the largest old-growth stands left in the Cascades. The Opal Creek group plans to develop nature trails and public education programs on the property.

Birth control for wild horses

The Bureau of Land Management has talked about it, but now it's official. For the first time officials injected 132 mares with a contraceptive they hope will limit the size of Nevada's herds of wild horses. The two-year, \$400,000 experiment tests PZP, a vaccine made from pig ovaries which prevents sperm from fertilizing an egg. Nevada hosts 37,000 of the nation's estimated 50,000 wild horses, and officials hope the drug will reduce the \$15 million annual cost of having to remove excess horses from the range (HCN, 6/3/91).

BARBS



Adam Duick

Steak and eggs?

Researchers at Colorado State University successfully bred a calf containing a poultry gene. Scientists said this could lead to genetically engineered cows that grow faster and produce leaner meat.

BULLETIN BOARD

BIG PROFITS AT A BIG PRICE

A few wealthy corporations lease and abuse a disproportionate amount of public lands through grazing, according to a new study from the National Wildlife Federation. *Big Profits at a Big Price* analyzes the 20 biggest lease holders, documenting their assets and the size and condition of their allotments. The report says that in 1992 the top 20 of 18,000 permittees controlled nearly 10 percent of the available forage. In 1991, Dan Russell, operating under five different names, accumulated 5 million acres of public-land allotments, 90 percent of which were in unsatisfactory condition, the BLM reports. The agency rated 83 percent of the top 20 allotments unsatisfactory, but less than a quarter of the top 20 permittees had management programs in place. The BLM grazing program does not generate sufficient funds to cover the costs of regulating management programs, due in part to fees which are a quarter of the private landowner's rates. The BLM charged the J.R. Simplot Co. \$87,430 to lease nearly 1 million acres of public land in 1991, land which would bring nearly \$410,524 in leasing fees on the private market. Under pressure from public-land permittees, Congress rejected a reform program in 1992 which would have raised fees from \$1.92 to \$5.36 per Animal Unit Month (AUM). The \$5.36 amount is still lower than the average private rate, which was \$9.25 per AUM in 1991, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

For a copy of the 31-page report, contact National Wildlife Federation Publications, 1400 16th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

—Kristy Ratliff

WRITERS WANTED FOR PARK CITY

Organizers of the Writers at Work conference in Park City, Utah, are offering two \$1,500 first prizes and two \$500 second prizes to emerging writers. Applicants should send unpublished work of no more than 20 pages, including short stories, novel excerpts or up to six poetry submissions. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 15 and include a \$10 reading fee, two self-addressed, stamped envelopes, a cover letter stating the author's name, address, phone number and title of manuscript. The manuscript itself should not include the author's name. Winners will also receive tuition for the afternoon sessions of the 1993 Writers at Work Conference in Park City, Utah, June 20-25. The conference features nine workshops on everything from writing short stories to writing non-fiction, afternoon panel discussions, lectures and an opportunity to meet other writers, editors and agents. Send entries and questions to Writers at Work, P.O. Box 1146, Centerville, UT 84014-5146 or call 801/292-9285.

GHOST BEARS

Through a raging storm in Washington's North Cascade Mountains, professor Michael Grumbine led a group of students to peer across the Canadian-U.S. border. Marking the boundary was a 60-foot gash, a swath of cleared trees in the ecosystem's heart. Beginning with this account, *Ghost Bears* examines the interface of the human and natural worlds in the Greater North Cascades ecosystem. Outlining the foundations of conservation biology, which includes designing wildlife corridors and large ecosystem cores, Grumbine writes, "Think big, think connected, think whole." But the author also recognizes ecology's sometimes unfortunate connection with politics. Grumbine discusses legislative threats to biodiversity and the historic and current policies affecting the natural world. The "ghost bear," Grumbine's metaphor for endangered wildlife, roams the Cascades unseen and uncounted. The creature wanders far from the minds of foresters and developers, yet prowls the reader's imagination, a reminder that humans are part of nature. For those who dream of redefining human bonds with the wilds, Grumbine's work offers a timely invocation. Soon, he warns, this "modern apparition... may well be nothing more than a dweller in the shadowlands of memory."

Island Press, 1718 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 300, Washington, DC 20009 (202/232-7933), 280 pages. Cloth: \$25.

—Mark Dooley

EARTHY ART

Are your kids maxed out on Nintendo or bored with their Barbie duplex? Perhaps it's time to pick up a copy of *Ecoart! Earth Friendly Art and Craft Experiences for 3- to 9-year-olds*. Author Laurie Carlson creates over 100 projects using natural or reusable items such as twigs, T-shirts and old milk jugs. Mix old rose petals with flour, water and salt and create sweet-smelling beads. Or cut up a paper plate, glue on different kinds of seeds and pods, and create a seed wreath to hang in the kitchen. Carlson also includes creative "earth saver" ideas such as making cloth napkins and painting them with natural dyes. She accompanies all her creations with black and white drawings and easy-to-follow directions.

Williamson Publishing Co., Box 185, Charlotte, VT 05445. Paper: \$12.95, 157 pages.

—Arden Trewartha



OF WOLVES AND MYTH

Although "man's best friend," the dog, is a direct descendant of wolves, some humans still tend to portray and treat the still-wild animal as a four-footed devil. *The Wolf: Real or Imagined?*, a 30-minute film documentary, examines wolves through myth and folklore. Director Bruce Weide tracks the wolf with compelling images that show everything from Native American ceremonies to movie clips of werewolves. Native Americans respected the intelligence and strength of wolves and tried to imitate their skills as hunters, Weide says. The Crow Indians gave the wolf the role of teacher in their stories, and the Macaw Indians portrayed wolves as messengers in their initiation ceremonies. But most Europeans feared the wolf, portraying it as a rapacious beast in medieval paintings and tales such as *Little Red Riding Hood*. Weide says the wolf is strictly a creature of chance, sometimes killing the sick and weak, sometimes killing more than it can eat.

Montanans for Quality Television, 280 E. Front St., Missoula, MT 59807, (406/543-6333). \$24.95 plus \$1.75 shipping.

HOT PAPERS WANTED

Five years ago fire ripped through much of Yellowstone National Park, devastating forests but creating an ideal laboratory for wildland fire research. The National Park Service is now calling for papers on the ecological implications of fire for its second biennial scientific conference on the greater Yellowstone ecosystem. The conference takes place Sept. 19-21, 1993, at Mammoth Hot Springs in Yellowstone National Park, Wyo., and marks the fifth anniversary of the 1988 Yellowstone fires. On tap are reports about the more than 230 fire-related research projects that sprang up after the fire. For information about submitting papers write to Conference Program Committee, c/o Research Division, P.O. Box 168, Yellowstone National Park, WY 82190.

HIT THE TRAIL

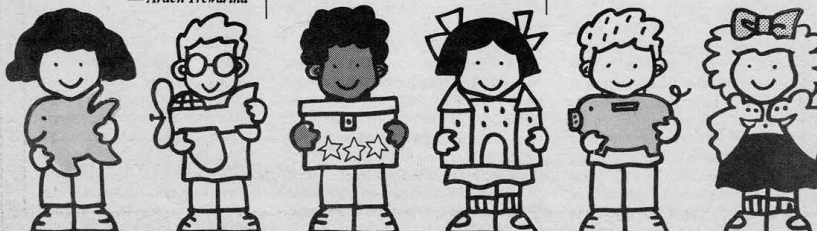
Looking for a job in paradise? The Colorado Trail Foundation needs volunteers this summer to spend a working week in the wilderness. Twenty-two trail crews are needed to relocate sections of the Colorado Trail that currently permit motorized access and to redesign steep trails. The 500-mile Colorado Trail passes through seven national forests and six wilderness areas, fords five major rivers and climbs eight mountain ranges. Week-long trail crews will be organized from mid-June through August. A \$25 registration fee covers the cost of food, equipment and experienced crew leadership. For more information, write Colorado Trail Foundation, Summer Crews 1993, 548 Pine Song Trail, Golden, CO 80401.

PROTECTION PLAN CROSSES BOUNDARIES

An international team of scientists has drafted a blueprint to protect a watershed rich in wildlife. The team proposes an "international conservation reserve," established by a treaty between Canada and the United States, to protect the upper Flathead River in Montana and British Columbia. The 1 million acre North Fork and Canadian Flathead drainage is home to four packs of wolves, one of the densest grizzly bear populations in the Rocky Mountains, wild bull trout and numerous other rare wildlife and plant species. The basin includes the western side of Glacier National Park and Canada's Waterton Lakes National Park, as well as state, provincial and Forest Service land. "If this plan is implemented, it would be one of the first large-scale applications of conservation biology in North America," says Rosalind Yanishevsky, Montana coordinator of the National Audubon Society's Adopt-A-Forest program. The science team, advisors to a group called the Flathead Transboundary Council, says current management by the state, Canadian and U.S. governments ignores the biological requirements of a healthy ecosystem. The Flathead Transboundary Council was founded last spring by scientists, retired Park Service rangers, conservation groups and Flathead residents in both countries. It can be reached at P.O. Box 1699, Columbia Falls, MT 59912.

TWO BADGERS BETTER THAN ONE

The Badger Chapter of the Glacier-Two Medicine Alliance, a Missoula, Mont.-based group dedicated to the preservation of Montana's Rocky Mountain Front, is doubling its efforts to protect these public lands. The Rocky Mountain Front spans some 400,000 acres, including Glacier National Park and the Bob Marshall, Scapegoat and Great Bear wilderness areas. To better deal with the area's size and ecological issues, the group is dividing into two separate organizations. The Badger Chapter has changed its name to the Badger-Two Medicine Alliance for Wilderness, and will continue to work as a university group fostering student awareness and involvement. The second group, the Rocky Mountain Front Advisory Council, is a new, non-profit group working to protect the Front's natural resources. The advisory council combines education and advocacy and also plans to publish a newsletter. For more information, write the Rocky Mountain Front Advisory Council, Box 8442, Missoula, MT 59807.



Loretta Trezzo Braren

Unclassifieds

HIGH COUNTRY NEWS classified ads cost 30 cents per word up to 50 words. Rates increase after that. Display ads 4 column inches or less are \$10/col. inch if camera-ready; \$15/col. inch if we make up. Larger display ads are \$30 or \$35/col. inch. We reserve the right to reject ads. Send ad with payment to: HCN, Box 1090, Paonia, CO 81428, or call 303/527-4898 for more information.

ENVIRONMENTAL ORGANIZER: North Olympic Peninsula trails advocacy organization seeks creative, energetic Executive Director. Excellent written/verbal communication skills, fund-raising, grant-writing and volunteer coordination experience essential. Familiarity with recreation/transportation issues and greenways preferred. Salary DOQ. Send letter of interest and résumé to Peninsula Trails Coalition, P.O. Box 414, Chimacum, WA 98325. (2x3p)

THE UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS, Redlands, Calif., will sponsor a conference titled "Revisiting the Frontier Thesis: Debating Change in the Modern West," on March 12 and 13. We hope to continue the debate initiated by Frederick Jackson Turner 100 years ago concerning the nature of land and resource use in the West, the impact of immigration and varying population density on the region, and the relationship between Western communities and political institutions. We will also emphasize the role of the arts as dynamic indicators of Western cultural values. For registration forms or additional information please contact: The Redlands History Department, 909/793-2121, ext. 4274. (2x3b)

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR for oldest river conservation organization in the Pacific Northwest. Requires solid fund-raising and management experience. Familiarity with regional river issues desired but not mandatory. Salary \$30-\$40,000 DOQ. For job description send SASE to: NWRC, 1731 Westlake Ave. North, Ste. 202, Seattle, WA 98109-3043, Attn: Personnel Committee. Closes March 31, 1993. EOE. (2x3b)

WOMAN, 28, LOOKING FOR POSITION ON RANCH/FARM — caretaking — or with outfitter. Have some experience — References available on request. For more information please write to: P.O. Box 1211, Dolores, CO 81323.

ASPEN CENTER FOR ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES needs Education Coordinator. Administer/teach environmental education for area schools and other duties associated with wildlife sanctuary. Qualifications: Educational background in natural sciences, environmental education, or related field; minimum four years experience teaching environmental education. Salary commensurate with experience. Benefits. Send résumé, three work references, two personal references (name/phone), and creative writing sample to: ACES Ed. Coordinator, Box 8777, Aspen, CO 81612-8777.

MEET NEW FRIENDS, West, Northwest, and nationwide. Outdoor Network, established bi-monthly newsletter, no forwarding fees, \$35/1 year, \$7/trial issue and information. OSH-HCN, Box 2031, McCall, ID 83638.

COLORADO BUSINESS FOR SALE. Health food store-frozen yogurt shop located in beautiful Trinidad, Colo., clean air capitol of the world! Long-established business offers turnkey operation. Sole proprietors since 1983, George and Kathy will provide up to one month's training for new owners. Business is located in prime shopping district, drawing a customer base from a 100-mile radius. Although well established, business offers great growth potential. Call 719/846-7577 days.

SECLUDED BACKCOUNTRY CABIN. Surrounded by waterfalls and forest, for rent by week. Sleeps six. Located between Ouray and Silverton. P.O. Box 798, Silverton, CO 81433, or 303/387-5823 for brochure and information. (3x3b)

BUILDING A HOME? Think poured adobe — workshops this spring. Write The Adobe Alternative, CVSR 2403, Moab, UT 84532.

NORTHERN PLAINS INDIAN TOURS — OFF THE BEATEN PATH offers two exclusive, nationally acclaimed opportunities to tour Plains Indian Reservations, led by Crow Tribal member and Montana State Senator Bill Yellowtail. One focuses on the Blackfeet, Piegan and Flathead tribes; another on the Wind River, Crow and Northern Cheyenne. Transcultural experiences are stressed during one-on-one meetings with tribal leaders, with particular emphasis on history, culture and present-day issues. Call or write OFF THE BEATEN PATH, 109 E. Main St., Bozeman, MT 59715 (800/445-2995). (2x3b)

THE SOUTHWEST CENTER FOR BIOLOGICAL DIVERSITY seeks experienced volunteers to appeal timber sales, grazing allotments and assist in the preparation of endangered species listing petitions in the Southwest. Individual should be aggressive and independent thinking. Call 602/246-4170 or write P.O. Box 39629, Phoenix, AZ 85069.

SALES MANAGER. Rapidly growing Boulder-based environmental building products company seeks sales leader. Strong background in building material sales and knowledge of relevant environmental issues required. \$25,000-\$35,000. Significant additional income potential. Cover letter and resume: P.O. Box 1049, Boulder, CO 80306.



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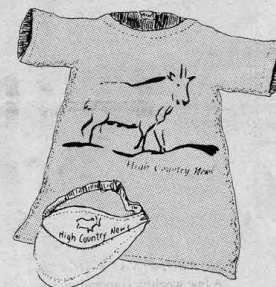
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ASK FOR TOMORROW AND YOU WILL FIND A GRAVE M

WILLIAM S.
ROME

Scoring in Heaven: Gravestones and Cemeteries in Sunbelt States. Photographs by Lucinda Warren Smith.

The title *Scoring in Heaven* comes from a bowling fan in McDonald, Tenn. The book itself Virginia Warren Smith recalls, with an impish Atlanta-area cemetery: "There, between bites discovered two curious floral displays — an arrangement made of styrofoam and tulle, and a plastic telegliding receiver and the epitaph 'Jesus called both.'" Those two photographs led to 13,000 of explored 677 cemeteries throughout the South. Two hundred images, many of them hand-colored, sorted into categories such as "Everyday," "phones, Clocks, Chairs and Wheels" and "Things that turn hilarious and heart-breaking, they give us a sense of American life, taking us into a place, as the author says, 'maybe the only place some people felt free to feel public.'"

Photographs, clockwise from lower left: Diapers in Tucson, Arizona; Twins, Elctra, Texas; Mother and Child, Yuma, Arizona; and Booze, Yuma, Arizona.

Scoring in Heaven is available from Aperture, Inc., New York, NY 10010. 176 pages. \$40, hardbound.



FOR ME
MORROW,
AND YOU
FIND ME
A MAN.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
ROMEO AND JULIET

Gravestones and Cemetery Art of the American West
Photographs by Lucinda Bunnen and Virginia

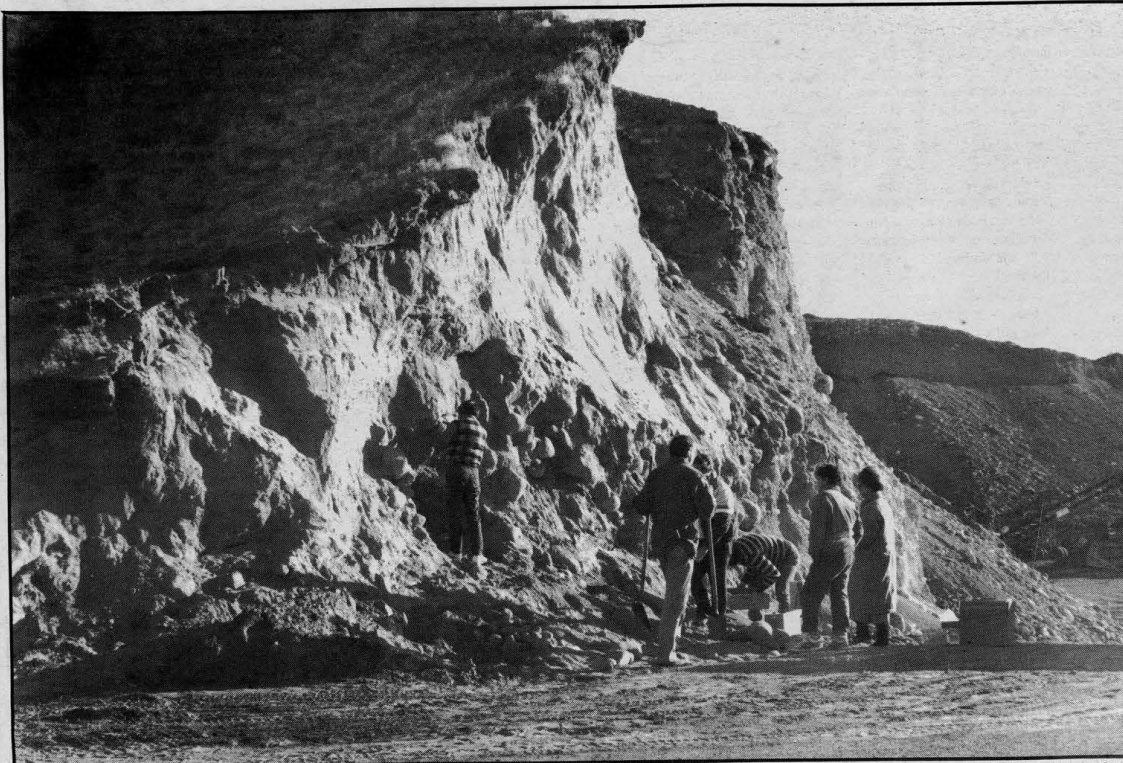
Heaven comes from the tombstone of a man in Tennessee. The book itself began by accident, recalls, with an impromptu picnic in an empty field. "There, between bites of tuna salad, we had floral displays — an empty picture frame with a daisy, and a plastic telephone with a daisy-epitaph 'Jesus called.' We photographed that. It led to 13,000 others, as the authors discovered throughout the South and Southwest. Many of them hand-colored, appear in this book. They are such as 'Everyday Iconography: Telephone and Wheels' and 'The Eternal Meal.' By breaking, they give us a unique glimpse into a place, as the authors say, that is where people felt free to make their deepest statement.

— Diane Sylvain

From lower left: Diapers and baby bottles in Electra, Texas; Mother, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Arizona; and Boot, Liberty, Texas.

Available from Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St., New York, N.Y. \$40, hardbound.





Idaho State Historical Society

Digging for "Buhla" in Idaho

A famous skeleton ...

continued from page 1

hands of the Shoshone-Bannock Tribe for the first time since its recovery, "Buhla," affectionately named by her rescuers, was returned to her native ground. Just where in the native ground



only the Shoshone-Bannock know, and it is unlikely any white man will ever find out.

"Burials are so hard to deal with in archaeology these days," says Green, who had angry archaeologists on one side threatening lawsuits if he allowed the reburial, and tribal members on the other questioning his authority — his spiritual authority — to salvage and study the remains.

"There are people who think this is absolutely the most unethical thing you can do as an archaeologist. They view

this as scientific evidence that's destroyed if it's reburied," says Green, who thinks the reburial issue has torn the archaeological profession apart. "But this isn't something Indians made up just to jerk around white archaeologists. They don't think it's right that their ancestors are stuck in boxes in museums, like scientific specimens."

Buhla is the kind of find archaeologists dream about. Her age and the completeness of her skeleton offered rich opportunities to understand not only the early settlement of the continent, but her genetic relationship to living people. With extensive notes and pictures, and casts of the artifacts found with her, some of that can still be done, but much of the mystery of life that Buhla holds is reburied with her.

"The science of physical anthropology has a lot left to explain about what it is to be human," says Jim Woods, an archaeologist and director of the Herrett Museum at the College of Southern Idaho, who helped salvage the remains. "But given the present-day climate, the reburial was probably necessary — the repayment of a long-standing political and social debt. There's a trend sweeping Native Americans because of past abuses. Repatriation of remains is one way to establish control over cultural material."

Grave protection acts, now on the books in nearly half the states, proliferated over the past decade as Native American tribes fought to preserve their cultural identities and protect their tribal heritage from developers, archaeologists, museologists and scientists. Even Idaho's unpredictably conservative legislature understood the fairness of treating

Indian graves as white graves have always been treated. But the law inevitably pits the rights of scientists against the rights of Indian tribes, and the battle isn't over yet.

"They're throwing away one of the two or three major finds in the New World," says Clement Meighan, Emeritus Professor of Anthropology at UCLA. Meighan chairs the American Committee for the Preservation of Archaeological Collections, whose 500 members around the country think unless tribes can demonstrate real affiliation with remains and artifacts, they are public property and should be preserved. Meighan doubts that Buhla was Shoshone or even related to Shoshone peoples and is outraged that a skeleton that would be protected under state law.

"One of the questions I love to ask people is whether they know where their ancestors from 500 years ago are buried," says Meighan. "Only the Queen of England knows for sure. We're talking about a skeleton that was around 5,000 years before the pyramids of Egypt were built. Repatriation is a loaded and improper term because it implies that you're giving something back to people who own it. They don't own it, and never did."

Meighan, whose group won a permanent court injunction in California that blocked the state's reburial of 870 Indian skeletons and 10,000 artifacts, looks forward to the day when higher courts will overturn repatriation and reburial acts. He thinks their basis in Native American religion violates the separation of church and state. The whole trend, as Meighan sees it, is a political blip — a giveaway by politi-

cians who can placate Indian tribes at little cost to themselves instead of dealing with the real issues, and the costly issues, like health care, education and jobs.

Janet Wolfley, tribal attorney for the Shoshone-Bannock, doubts Meighan and his group will succeed in proving the unconstitutionality of the grave protection laws. "People have tried to use the separation of church and state a lot against Indian tribes, and haven't found one case yet," says Wolfley. "It would be nice if they would just agree that certain cultural beliefs need to be protected that haven't been protected before and that the whole policy of digging up graves and using them finally needs to be stopped. It's time that science gives way to people's beliefs."

Although beliefs vary widely among and within different tribes, many Shoshone-Bannock believe that when a grave is disturbed in some way, the spirit doesn't have time to make the journey back into the spirit world. In the case of the Buhl woman, some of the tribe's religious leaders were concerned that she had been out of the earth for too long and that deaths had resulted.

"I thought the reburial should take place," says Wolfley, who resents the notion that science should in every instance outweigh the traditional concerns of a native people. "It was a significant ending to the whole process, and without it, there was a lot of concern in the community about what was going to happen."

"Up until about 10 years ago, archaeologists basically dealt with Indian artifacts as if Indians didn't exist — as if whatever that cultural group thought about it was totally unrelated," says Green. "We're trying to understand the past, in terms of what happened, how it happened and how things have changed."

"What's really interesting about American Indians is trying to understand what happened before European colonization of the Americas, because there's such a dramatic break in Indian history at that period. So Idaho archaeology is about Idaho Indians, but in another sense it's just basic comparative information on the human experience in the world. So archaeologists are saying, 'Wait a minute, this is everybody's past. Who

owns this past? This belongs to humanity, not to one particular tribe.'"

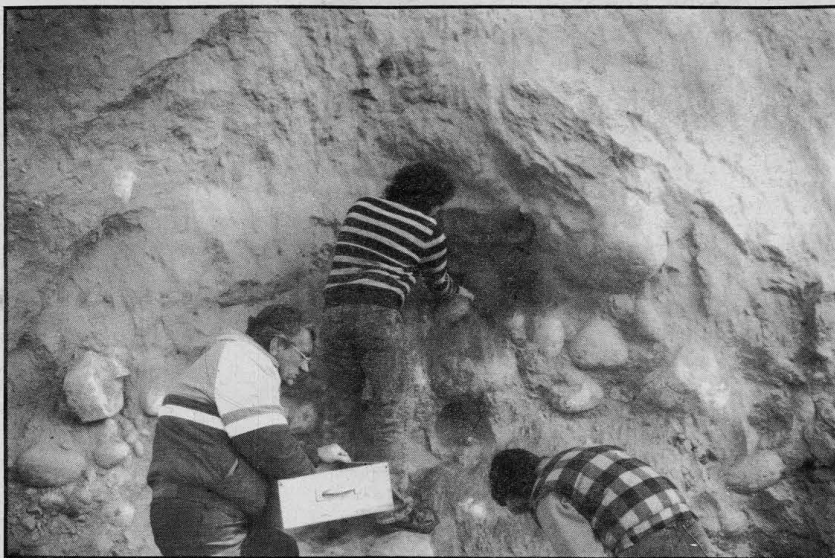
As an archaeologist first and foremost, Green shares the conviction that everyone owns the past. "But in the realistic political world, we have to somehow accommodate both views. Twenty-five states have passed laws that require the reburial of human remains. Society always controls what science can do, what you can experiment on, what you can study. Some of the tribes view it as consent. If you're going to do experiments on a deceased body, you have to get consent from the family. I'm sympathetic to that. Most tribes have been more than cooperative given what's happened to their burials and to them over the past 500 years."

The Northwest has more tribes living on their native territory than anywhere else in the country, which means Indians and archaeologists have some history together. Since the 1960s, University of Idaho archaeologists have worked closely with the Nez Perce to relocate graves, and in limited cases, the Shoshone-Bannock have even allowed archaeologists to excavate on the reservation.

"But archaeologists and Indians are really just getting to know each other," says Green, with a touch of irony in his voice. "If we'd already done 10 burials with the Shoshone-Bannock, if they had developed a pattern of trust with us over the years, and if we'd known from the beginning how old the burial was, we could have asked for more up front. But we didn't know how old it was or how important. And this was the first time they've had their wishes known, their wishes followed."

Whether the grave protection acts will hold, multiply or continue to create havoc, no one knows. Whether they are a kind of affirmative action for the dead — making up for gross abuses and injustices inflicted by whites on the native population — or a permanent addition to American law and thought, no one knows. But Buhla is still dead and buried, happily searching out kindred spirits, whoever they may be. ■

Samantha Silva is a free-lance writer and economic development consultant in Boise, Idaho.



Idaho State Historical Society

Archaeologists work to unearth the remains of a 10,000-year-old woman

LETTERS

WHY PICK ON NEW AGERS?

Dear HCN,

I was a little surprised to read the article titled "New Agers Flock to Chaco" (Nov. 30, 1992). From a European perspective and from having lived in Colorado for several years, it appears that tolerance is not one of the strengths of America although, fortunately, many people there try to be so. I am not a new ager but I do not understand why leaving crystals or other harmless artifacts in a site such as Chaco or holding chanting or drumming ceremonies can so be disturbing.

There is no doubt that new agers can get on people's nerves and that they do appear over the top. But as long as they respect and recognize the value of Chaco as a historical place, charged with the experience of an ancient people (much like other archaeological sites in the world), there should be no problem

in accepting them.

It is easy to understand the Pueblo Indians' concern in the light of the history of the United States. Indians laugh at new agers today as they did at hippies in the '60s, and in general at anyone scavenging on their culture and attempting to steal parts of it to make it their own.

But could not they sometime recognize that people, regardless of color, race or background, are human beings and as such may long to connect with dimensions (spiritual or otherwise) which other cultures, like theirs, may offer. Can this be only wishful thinking?

Adeline Montel
Aberdeenshire, Scotland

COMPENSATION WORKS BOTH WAYS

Dear HCN:

In reference to your recent article on the "taking" issue (HCN, 2/8/93): It

seems to me that the same logic stated in Amendment V "... nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation" should also apply to public lands.

Since U.S. taxpayers are owners of public lands, shouldn't just compensation be paid by private users, such as mining, timber and grazing interests? If this same logic was applied by the courts and the public land-management agencies, maybe a lot of the conflicts that we see now would be eliminated.

Myron Eckberg
Lakewood, Colorado

WE'RE LOSING OUT TO THE FUN-SEEKERS

Dear HCN,

Lou Dawson, who wrote in complaining about Kraig Klungness' article on ORVs (HCN, 11/30/92), misses one major and unfortunate truth about our

time. He wants us to be "trying to get backcountry users to work together," and to "get on with solutions that work." This sounds very calm and democratic: we'll all sit down and work out our differences. But what he's missing is that tomorrow, or next year, there'll be some new technology, some new way of assaulting the world in the name of fun (the personal hovercraft and personal helicopter are probably next), and we'll all be sitting down again with a new generation of fun-seekers, trying to accommodate them somehow.

The truth of our time is that we are on a downhill slide with regard to what we call the "environment," and we seem to have precious little in the way of restraint. Mr. Klungness drew firm lines, took a stand. Instead of calling that "negative," we should honor it for what it was: a defense of the earth.

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Logan, Utah

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McCall, Idaho, is known for its extraordinarily long winters. Snow starts falling as early as October and stays on the ground until June. That means cabin fever is liable to strike the town's 5,000 residents.

To fight back, local people in 1965 began the first McCall Winter Carnival, a three-day event. It has since grown to a full 10 days and includes outhouse races, torchlight parades, fireworks and horse-drawn sleigh rides. But the big attraction remains the giant snow and ice sculptures scattered throughout the town.

Photographs by
Kathleen Marie Menkel/Crystal Images



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OPINION

by Ed Marston

In mid-February, the agricultural committees of the Colorado Legislature called several professors onto their carpet. The legislators wanted to know why the professors had organized a meeting to advise the incoming Clinton administration on Western water.

The hearing was the child of water attorney Greg Hobbs and two of his colleagues. Hobbs lawyers for the Northern Colorado Water Conservancy District, which each year moves big chunks of the Colorado River through the Continental Divide and onto Colorado's Front Range (and which just had a favorable history written about it by a professor at Colorado State University — something Hobbs sees no reason to have the Legislature investigate).

In his letter to the ag committees, Hobbs said the "University of Colorado's role in hosting and producing the 100-day agenda for the Clinton administration will be construed as reflective of Colorado policy and thinking."

The report's second page states: This product of the Long's Peak Working Group on national water policy "is strongly and unanimously endorsed by the participants named below, but may not necessarily reflect the views of their employers."

But that disclaimer didn't matter because the hearing wasn't about a possible misunderstanding of the report by Clinton. The hearing was about intimidating the University of Colorado and the Natural Resource Law Center professors — people such as Charles Wilkinson, David Getches and Lawrence MacDonnell.

This hearing was simply another chapter in a long, sad history of how every Western state treats its academic institutions. The legislatures — at the bidding of dam builders, ranchers, miners, oil companies, loggers and row-crop agriculture — keep the land-grant colleges and state universities in line on natural resource questions by threatening to cut their budgets. The tactic has worked nearly everywhere. Most of the West's universities and land grants are so cowed, or so trained, that they are nearly useless when it comes to helping solve today's natural resource questions.

I write "nearly" useless because some helpful natural resource work comes out of these places. But most research at land grants such as Utah State University, or the University of Wyoming, or Montana State University, or the University of Arizona is of the narrowest kind, useful to industries but not to the public. It has to do with the economics of cable logging, or the best supplement to feed a cow, or what fauna thrive in stock watering tanks, or how closely spaced logging roads need to be to minimize economic costs.

The state universities operate under general charters and aren't expected to do research about natural resources, as the land grants must. Because the universities do not have range science departments, or schools of mining or forestry, they get less attention from the legislatures and may be freer to serve the West.

That may be how the University of Colorado's law school and its Natural Resources Law Center became almost unique in the West. Other land grants and state universities have a few professors and researchers doing helpful work about the region. But only the Natural Resource Law Center consistently holds meetings and seminars and publishes papers and books that are both helpful and provocative. So it makes perfect sense that the Colorado Legislature, in these dying days of the old orthodoxies, would take out after the center.

Academic freedom is an abstract concept, but its suppression has had very real and tragic consequences for the region. Examples abound.

Twenty years ago, when William Martin, then professor of agricultural economics at the University of Arizona, discovered that the Central Arizona Project would economically devastate Arizona farmers, he was attacked by the press, colleagues and legislators.

For whatever reason, Martin chose to leave Arizona and has just retired from Illinois State University. Unfortunately, Arizona's rejection of Martin and his work didn't help the CAP. The farmers and the project itself are now going under, and Arizona's water beggars are attempting to figure out how they can dig yet

more billions out of the U.S. Treasury.

Or consider the research done by Frank and Deborah Popper on the depopulation and failing natural resource economies on the Great Plains. The Poppers invented the Buffalo Commons metaphor to dramatize their discovery that on much of the High Plains, population has reverted to pre-1890s levels. In reaction to this work, High Plains residents have treated the Poppers the way Arizona treated Martin. The Poppers are often reminded that they come from Rutgers University, which is New Jersey's land grant, and told: "Worry about your paved-over, blighted state."

People on the High Plains resent the fact that a researcher from New Jersey is telling them about their region. What they should really resent is the fact that the High Plains land grants and state universities were scooped by people from the East. The High Plains legislatures should call their college presidents on their carpet and ask:

"Why did it take professors from New Jersey to discover that the High Plains is hemorrhaging people, and that five attempts to settle our region have failed? What was your faculty doing all this time?"

For another example, ask yourself who discovered and publicized the fact that wildlife refuges in all the

Council and its senior attorney, Johanna Wald, who have shaped federal policy over the last two decades. When Wald, 20 years ago, went looking for information on public-land grazing, she recalls, she was unable to find a single range science professor who would even talk to her. "Everything is fine," they told her. Things were so fine that now public-land ranching, for lack of reform, is in crisis.

On the ground, Allan Savory and his Holistic Resource Management Institute have affected more ranchers and environmentalists than all range departments put together. When it comes to national parks, Alston Chase, author of *Playing God in Yellowstone*, the Greater Yellowstone Coalition, the Grand Canyon Trust, and other groups have had far more impact than the land grants.

Nor is there any sign that these institutions are changing. Land management agencies such as the Forest Service and BLM know they need to shift out of 19th century practices and values. They have introduced programs such as Change on the Range and ecosystem management that are part public relations and part an attempt to adapt. But the land grants don't even bother to pretend they're interested in change.

In fact, the publicly funded research institutions seem to be fleeing their responsibility to the region. In 1987, when the Superconducting Super Collider was up for grabs, the West's universities each spent money and time pursuing it. More recently, Utah went nuts over nuclear fusion in a jar. The state universities have time for these games even as the West's true source of wealth and way of life — the land and streams and natural resources — slip away.

Some responsibility lies with the public and media. We have paid much attention to land management agencies. But because the land-grant colleges and state universities do not manage land or resources, they have been ignored.

The neglect has been a mistake. Now that the West's natural resource activities — ranching, logging, water management and soon mining — are in political gridlock, we can see the need for good science and policy to break the impasses. But the needed science and policy are not there, and won't be there until the region's publicly funded institutions are free to begin reforming themselves.

"Reform" does not mean the land grants and universities would become branches of the Sierra Club or Greenpeace. We have enough advocacy organizations. What we need is institutions that can freely pursue new approaches to natural resources, and reform of old approaches. For example, how much better off would we all be — the public and the ranchers — if range science faculties had spent the last several decades being concerned about the land and streams instead of acting as cheerleaders for an industry?

In fact, we have an example of the power of free academic inquiry. It is provided by Western history, where people such as Patricia Nelson Limerick have helped us to see the region from a new perspective. The vitality of Western history, compared with the moribund status of mining and forestry, shows that free inquiry is good for the West and for academe.

There is a larger point to be made. Today, a person can sell a ranchhouse in Southern California and buy a ranch here. As we are experiencing, this economic imbalance makes the region vulnerable to uncontrollable change, as people with spare change from elsewhere easily buy huge stakes in the West.

A ranch-for-a-ranchhouse equation isn't due to the perfidy of big city residents. It is due to the West not being free. The West does not respect and encourage the free flow of information and ideas. It fights change to the death. It is a place where the representatives of doomed economies and failed myths hold on to power any way they can. Their tactics are holding the region down, economically and ecologically.

The "modern" West, in its backwardness and hostility to change on the land, resembles nothing so much as the South in the decades before the 1960s civil rights movement. The only question is: are we living in 1930 or 1959? ■

Ed Marston is publisher of *High Country News*.

High Country News — March 8, 1993 — 13

Don't look for free inquiry at the West's land-grant colleges

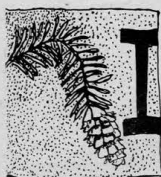


Western states are contaminated by irrigation runoff from federal irrigation projects. Was it one of the California land grants — Davis, let's say, with its Kesterson refuge? Or Nevada State University, with its poisoned Stillwater wildlife management area? No. The work was done by reporters at the *Sacramento Bee*, who travelled the West taking water samples, sending them to labs for analysis, and putting the results together to show the nation that irrigation runoff contained heavy metals that were damaging wildlife.

The West, then, is a region whose journalists do better natural resource science than its scientists. The irony is that the reporters relied in part on detailed scientific work done at the land grants on heavy metals over the last several decades. But the politics of the West is such that no researcher felt free to inform the public of the implications of heavy metal contamination.

Newspapers are not the only institutions moving into the vacuum created by the inability or refusal of land grants and state universities to carry out their missions. The West is also home to an increasing number of natural-resource entrepreneurs. One might expect one of the mining schools — perhaps the Colorado School of Mines — to be a source of energy policy ideas for the region. But Mines is a creature of industry, incapable of and resistant to innovation. So new ideas on energy come from Amory Lovins and his Rocky Mountain Institute, or the Environmental Defense Fund.

On grazing, it is the Natural Resources Defense



I grew up in two lumber towns. The first died, with no fanfare, no parades of logging trucks, and no spotted owl controversy. The second was recently catapulted into a changed world. Each reflects part of the Greek tragedy of the Western lumber industry.

My first home was Hilt, Calif., named after John Hilt, who built a sawmill near the California-Oregon line. In 1883, a railroad was built directly through the future townsite, and the surrounding forest was chopped into a checkerboard ownership pattern. Some of the alternate sections were purchased by John Hilt's successors. When my grandparents arrived in 1929, the place was a thriving company town. "The Company" was Fruit Growers Supply Company, a subsidiary of Sunkist, which had decided years before that it was cheaper to build fruit boxes from its own lumber. For almost 50 years afterwards, the Hilt operation was serious about only one type of lumber: *Pinus lambertiana*, the mighty sugar pine.

Sugar pine does not grow in pure stands, but is scattered among the ponderosa pines and Douglas-firs of the Klamath-Siskiyou Mountains. The loggers did not limit themselves to sugar pine, of course. The entire town of Hilt, its houses, sidewalks, garages, store, and school, were all built of local woods. Everyone in town burned wood for heat. Culverts were hammered together from incense cedar in the company's carpenter shop.

The company practice of high-grading its forests meant that when the post-World War II building boom began, a lot of trees were left. In 1954, the company built a new dry kiln and planing mill; lumber prices were up, and Hilt was ready. Fruit Growers became the third largest lumber producer in California in the 1950s. At the same time, the box factory began a phase-out, as sturdy cardboard boxes took over the fruit container market. My grandfather retired as foreman, and the remaining workers were moved to other plant operations.

My grandparents moved away in 1961. Their house on Front Street stood empty for a while. I went there sometimes, to crawl far up into the cherry tree in the back yard and meditate upon the changes rushing upon us all. Change was happening too fast for me. The interstate between California and Oregon was completed. Some of my schoolmates left: their parents

How two logging towns were lost

Like crazed backyard mechanics we took apart our ecosystem and threw away the pieces

by M.K. Gefion

purchasing houses in Ashland or Yreka, and commuting to work.

For myself, I could not imagine a better place to live than Hilt. The mill whistles that measured our lives; the unpaved streets where we rode our bicycles with impunity; the board sidewalks which yielded up stray coins (we fished them out with gum on a stick); the fields and streamlets where pop bottles and frogs awaited the enterprising searcher; these were our worlds. So long as we respected certain boundaries, our parents didn't worry about us. "I never knew a child who didn't like Hilt," a younger contemporary said once, and to this day the intimate geography of that small valley on the state line is branded onto my mind and heart as no other place can be. Even the ripe smell of the millpond was pleasant to me. It was part of the peace of summer evenings, when nighthawks wheeled and swooped, and the long-gone sun backlit the far, jagged horizon.

The vacant houses and missing families were tangible, but behind them lurked larger changes. Fruit Growers was running out of timber. The company began to bid on national forest sales, but the price was often higher than it could pay. By 1972, the Hilt operation didn't have enough timber left to keep the mill running. Next year, the company shut down, and began to sell or demolish most of the town.

Although I saw Hilt only infrequently by then, it was a relief when the razing was complete, sparing just a few structures. The community church, the firehouse and two or three houses stayed. Some townsites land was rented out, and alfalfa grew on the Little League diamond. The tall black locust trees on our former lawn went down with the house, but a dozen suckers grew, and remain.

Was this the sustainable

reality of Hilt, and all else an illusion? If so, its passing brought regret and nostalgia, but no public outcry, no suggestion that the body politic should keep it going. The company honored its pension commitments. The office workers kept their jobs, in some form. Fruit Growers still owns forest land, sells some timber and maintains an office in Hilt. It is, ironically, operating on a deliberate sustained yield basis for the first time in its history.

Elsewhere, the old-growth controversy was a decade away. The Forest Service was selling its quota, and there were other towns where mills ran three shifts and had plenty of timber.



Happy Camp, Ore., for instance, where four mills ran day and night. Roads were fierce with screaming jake brakes and huge grills in rear-view

mirrors. Saturday nights were good for at least two street brawls as loggers staggered from bar to bar. Just as Hilt was fading, Happy Camp was booming. In 1962, my eyes saw it as raw, uncultured and unfinished-looking, the way it probably looked in 1852, when the boom commodity was gold.

Despite its look of impermanence, Happy Camp was far older than Hilt. It was isolated, and although only 75 miles away, it might have been in another country. The winding highway that followed the Klamath River into a darkly forested canyon was long, and my brother always got carsick on it. But where Indian Creek flowed into the river, the country opened up a little, and long before the first white miners stormed in, a large village of Karuks settled there. Then in 1851, a group of miners built some log shacks and stayed the winter. There has been an "American" community there ever since. By the mid-1850s, the early prospectors had moved on, leaving the country to well-financed mining companies.

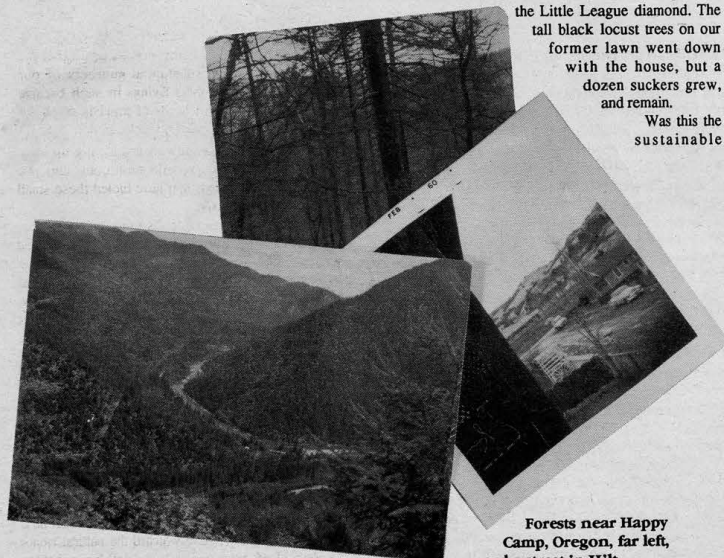
Digging great ditches to carry water from far up the creeks, miners rigged hoses and blasted terraces out of the mountainsides.

One of these became Happy Camp's airport. Small sawmills mushroomed in the wake of each mine. On the heels of the miners came storekeepers and homesteaders, husbanding the precious meadows near the river to raise hay, fruit and vegetables. In the niches of mines and ranches, the Karuks salvaged remnants of their culture, adopting the implements of white men that seemed useful to them. Small and remote, the town was a place apart during the 90 years or so between boom times.

My mother remembered bits of this world. During the Depression, one of her uncles eked out a living on a mining claim up Indian Creek. Visiting him was a three-day adventure that started on the endless unpaved road. There were no big sawmills in Happy Camp. No large logging companies worked in the vast forests. Yet several hundred people lived there.

Some were miners, a trade taken up with the Depression. Some were subsistence ranchers who worked for wages when they could. Livestock, hay and enormous gardens supplemented their meager cash income. The Forest Service employed a ranger and some temporary help. There were teachers, mail carriers and state and county road department employees. Their paychecks were spent in local stores. Rents and taxes were low, to an extent many of their descendants would find unimaginable. Happy Camp's people did not need the outside world. Consumerism was limited to what Evans Mercantile stocked and what the mail order catalogs described.

Life changed when large-scale logging and milling arrived in the early 1950s. Roads were improved and extended, and suddenly there was full employment, at least in the summer. Hordes of newcomers created an insatiable market for rentals. The old residents still hunted, fished and picked blackberries, but now they bought frozen foods and went to Medford to buy clothes. New cars and pickups arrived. The old ranches began to be purchased as fishing retreats by southern Californians, as their owners fled to town and the wage economy. Locally grown hay all but disappeared as bales arrived on trucks from Scott



Forests near Happy Camp, Oregon, far left, and a street in Hilt, California, in 1960



The landscape around Happy Camp in Oregon, far left, and snapshots from the author's early days in Hilt, California

Valley, 40 miles away. Behind the old barns, their roofs rotting and falling in, dump rakes and mowers rusted in the engulfing blackberry vines.

Good wages and cheap gasoline allowed prosperity to be defined as new house trailer on a quarter-acre terrace carved into a 40-percent slope with a D-8 Cat. Gradually, wooden appendages grew around the trailer — a porch, a woodshed — until the original metal box virtually vanished from sight. Three or four kids played in the dirt banks behind the trailer. Those kids were my classmates and their younger siblings.

Those children were a shock to me. Compared to Hilt kids, they were loud, profane and rough. They hooted when I naively admitted that my father now worked for the Forest Service. "Piss-fir Willie!" they shrieked delightedly. But I loved their free, go-to-hell attitude, so refreshing after the status-conscious snobishness of children in Hilt, where everyone knew who your father's boss was.

The kids knew that by the time they got out of high school, there would be a job waiting for them in the woods or the mills. They knew this because their elders told them so. They saw that their parents were more prosperous than their grandparents. They could look out over ridge after ridge of unbroken, unroaded old-growth timber.

The Forest Service assured them that the forest was being managed for something called "sustained yield." Yet these children, grown into thirty-something adults with their own children preparing to enter the labor market (we marry young in Happy Camp), have recently learned, from the lips of the Klamath National Forest supervisor herself, that the annual cut for the forest must and will be revised downward. Drastically downward, to half of what we children of the 1960s were assured it would always be.

News like that affects not only the several hundred primary wage earners employed in logging and milling, but also those who work in supporting services and businesses. Perhaps the unthinkable could really happen. Perhaps the world of car payments and cable TV and take-out pizza is an ephemeral one that cannot be sustained.

The newspaper headlines blame the spotted owl and the environmentalists, and a myth persists that there is still plenty of timber, if only "they" would let the Forest Service do its job of feeding the mills. Yet, if every stick of old-growth timber on the Happy Camp Ranger District not in a designated wilderness area were laid out in timber sales this year, how long would it last?



On a wall in someone's cubbyhole in the Happy Camp Ranger District office, there was (before the devastating 1987 forest fires) an aerial photograph of the entire Happy Camp Ranger District. On it, the huge scar of the Indian Ridge Burn was visible. This 12,000-acre fire occurred in 1966. Large areas of it are now brush fields, having resisted all efforts at reforestation. Also visible are the big clearcuts from the 1960s, some of them replanted six or seven times, and still not regenerated sufficiently to meet Forest Service standards.

This aerial montage, remember, did not show the scars of the 1987 fires, so large they were no longer called "fires," but "complexes." It did not show the salvage logging that took place after the fires were out. When I think about that photographic map, I find it impossible to listen with a straight face to anyone who tells me that enough old-growth remains on this district to support a cut of 55 million board-feet a year in perpetuity, or indeed for more than a decade at the outside.

Yet this was the annual cut in the 1960s.

It is instructive to consider that same aerial view of the district from the point of view of one of the original rationales for the creation of the Forest Service: the protection of watersheds. Compare that view with other aerial photos of watersheds taken before the great Christmas Flood of 1964, and then notice the many hundreds of miles of logging roads, and the thousands of clearcuts that post-date that event. What will the next big flood be like, with so much more ground exposed to the rains, subject to runoff?

Despite its rhetoric about providing for the stability of local communities, the Forest Service has never been able to guarantee that local mills will be the beneficiaries of a particular timber sale. Timber from the Happy Camp area has been milled as far away as Roseburg, Ore. With only one large mill still in Happy Camp, and with that mill's products having to travel a minimum of 70 highway miles to reach even the means of access to a market, the difference between profit and

loss can be very small indeed. Transportation costs alone are formidable when a mill is 70 miles from a railhead. This mill is owned by a large corporation with headquarters in Chicago. Its executives do not know Happy Camp, except, perhaps, as a pin on a map in someone's office.

What they do know is the bottom line. Someday, someone in the Chicago headquarters will peer at that pin and demand to know why the corporation runs a mill there. With no regrets, without a backward glance, that mill could close.

If the mill closes, will the town die, as Hilt died? If the logging stops, will a community cease to exist? Probably not. Geography favors a town at that spot. But it need not be a large one. Its size would depend on how well its residents adapted to changed conditions and how well they were able to make use of the area's true amenities and capabilities.

We who were in high school in Happy Camp in 1964, for instance, would never have dreamed that the day would come when substantial numbers of our neighbors would make their livings in such bizarre ways as shepherding raft-loads of tourists over the river's rapids, or selling small portable suction dredges to recreational miners, or growing and selling marijuana, or harvesting and selling wild mushrooms and yew bark. The perceived needs that have fueled these small industries did not yet exist.

We were unable to imagine a day when lumber would not be king in Happy Camp, so, like crazed junkyard mechanics, we proceeded to take our own ecosystem apart and toss out the pieces. We allowed ourselves to burn and bulldoze the inoffensive yew because it was not commercially valuable. We allowed the Forest Service, in the name of our future prosperity, to fell, burn and poison ancient groves of oaks and madrones. We allowed our options to be curtailed and forcibly channeled because we could conceive of no other reality than the one the Forest Service placed before us. We did not think.

We must think now. We must save all the parts and consider how they fit together, and we must not be hurried into sacrificing any of these parts on the altar of short-term gain. If we drive by an eroded field, we sneer at that farmer for not knowing that by losing his soil he is losing his farm. Yet we have watched the natural riches of our home bleed away and have said nothing, except to attack those who try to tell us that what is good for a large corporation is not necessarily good for us.

The writer lives in Idaho.

ESSAY

The rooted meet the transient at Taos Pueblo

by Henry Carey

Some years ago, I was called to Taos Pueblo near Taos, N.M., as a consultant to tribal elders and members of the war chief's staff concerning an outbreak of spruce budworm on the pueblo's forest.

We met early on a cold winter morning at the impersonal Bureau of Indian Affairs administration building. Outside, bonfires filled the air with the heavy incense of piñon. A round tribal member, with a blanket wound tire-like around his middle, cheerfully installed a Coleman stove on the table and started a huge pot of water. We drank steaming cups of instant iced tea, pre-sweetened and lemon flavored.

The meeting on the budworm "epidemic" had been called because the Forest Service was pressuring the war chief, an elected official responsible for managing the tribal forest, to allow spraying of the insecticide Carbaryl. The watershed that supplies the pueblo's drinking water had been sprayed the previous year. The tribe was concerned about possible toxic effects. As I sipped the mind-bending tea, other issues emerged.

The tribal forest, including a lake with significant spiritual importance, had been returned to the tribe in 1970, after a political struggle that spanned decades. To the tribe, ritual uses were foremost; extractive uses, forbidden.

Taos is respected as the most conservative and traditional of the pueblos. In the course of the day, I gathered that the tribal forest plays an important part in maintaining the pueblo's unique identity. The forest services as a cultural drag-anchor, slowing the pueblo's

drift towards mainstream American culture.

In the context of the forest's social and religious role, spraying Carbaryl was unacceptable. Nonetheless, we spent hours discussing the effects of Carbaryl and its alternatives. The Forest Service, supported by BIA foresters and a world view that perceived the infesta-

tion as catastrophic, had considerable clout.

I described the "no action" alternative, the possibility of allowing the infestation to run its course. I sketched on a blackboard the forest structure as it would change through time: decreasing numbers of seedlings and saplings, wolf trees with dead tops, forest composition tending towards the shade-tolerant firs. As my drawings took shape, I noticed that the tribal elders were uncharacteristically animated. Nodding and speaking in undertones, they agreed with my depiction of the changes in the forest.

I realized that, as the eldest members of the tribal community, they had witnessed not one, but several spruce budworm infestations in their lifetimes. They had experienced the changes in forest composition that I was projecting on the blackboard.

Words such as "catastrophic" or "epidemic" did not characterize this experience.

The tribal elders constituted the pueblo's governing body. On the other side of our meeting room stood the Forest Service, whose decision makers tend to be young, "smart" and extraordinarily transient. For these managers, the prospect of an insect infestation was truly frightening and required a powerful intervention.

The elders never needed to take a stand. With exquisite tact, they "managed" my services. They first requested that the BIA hire me as an expert consultant. As expected, the BIA responded that they had their own experts and my efforts were unnecessary. The pueblo retired to "study the options," delaying their decision and eliminating the possibility of spraying during that field season. By the following year, the infestation had run its course and spraying was unnecessary.

On leaving the council chambers, I experienced "Indian time." The day had evaporated, as if in a moment. The pueblo was alive in the late winter afternoon — women taking in laundry, children playing, families unloading firewood.

The war chief's secretary stopped me. "Are you going to Santa Fe?" he asked. "If you are, I would like you to do a favor for me. I would like you to stop at the Forest Service office and extend an invitation to the forest supervisor. I would like you to ask him to come up and share with me a glass of water from our river."

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LETTERS

ENVIRONMENTALISTS NEED THE TWO R'S

Dear HCN,

Your article on the different sides of the Glen Canyon Dam operations getting together with the help of a professional mediator made me wince (HCN, 11/30/92). I was involved in a similar attempt at mediation last year between the Salt Lake backcountry ski community and the local heli-ski operator. In this dispute over the reauthorization of the heli-ski permit, the Forest Service hired a professional mediator and called an initial meeting of all interested parties. Several hundred backcountry skiers showed up. Before the evening was over the backcountry group had passed a motion to the effect that the only people who could

serve on the negotiating team were those who agreed that the goal of the group was to get rid of the heli-ski operation. Thus, the message to the operator was "we will negotiate the terms of your destruction." The operator was understandably reluctant to mediate under these terms and the effort went nowhere. Now we have "heli-free Wasatch" hats and bumper stickers around town. Those of us who initially saw this process as a chance to reduce user conflicts in a constructive, good-faith way were embarrassed by the militancy of the crowd and have departed from the issue.

Two issues work strongly to kill environmental mediation attempts:

Representation. Environmental

groups, representing everybody and the earth, represent nobody. On one side of an issue you have an operator or an agency with decision-making rules and authority. For them, a deal is a deal. On the other side you have whoever shows up. Their ability to bind their colleagues is limited. In our heli-ski issue I went to a strategy meeting where one prominent environmentalist said, "Let's keep my organization away from this issue so that if we don't like the outcome we can sue." What if you do cut a deal with the Sierra Club? Do you think that will slow down Earth First!?

Reasonableness. In internal environmental politics, whoever is most radical wins. Compromise and good faith are out of place because, hey, this is the earth we're talking about. On a practical

level this means that whoever discusses a compromise risks his or her standing in the environmental community. Nobody is willing to "give a little" because they will be accused of selling out.

In our litigious, unpleasant world mediation seems like a good solution. But in Utah mediation helped create a full-fledged, organized antagonist to the heli-ski operator. My point is that the environmental community is almost inherently incapable of dealing with issues in a non-confrontational, non-litigious, good-faith manner. So good luck down there. My advice is to spend some time on the shape of the conference table.

Rob White
Salt Lake City, Utah