



Spring 2005

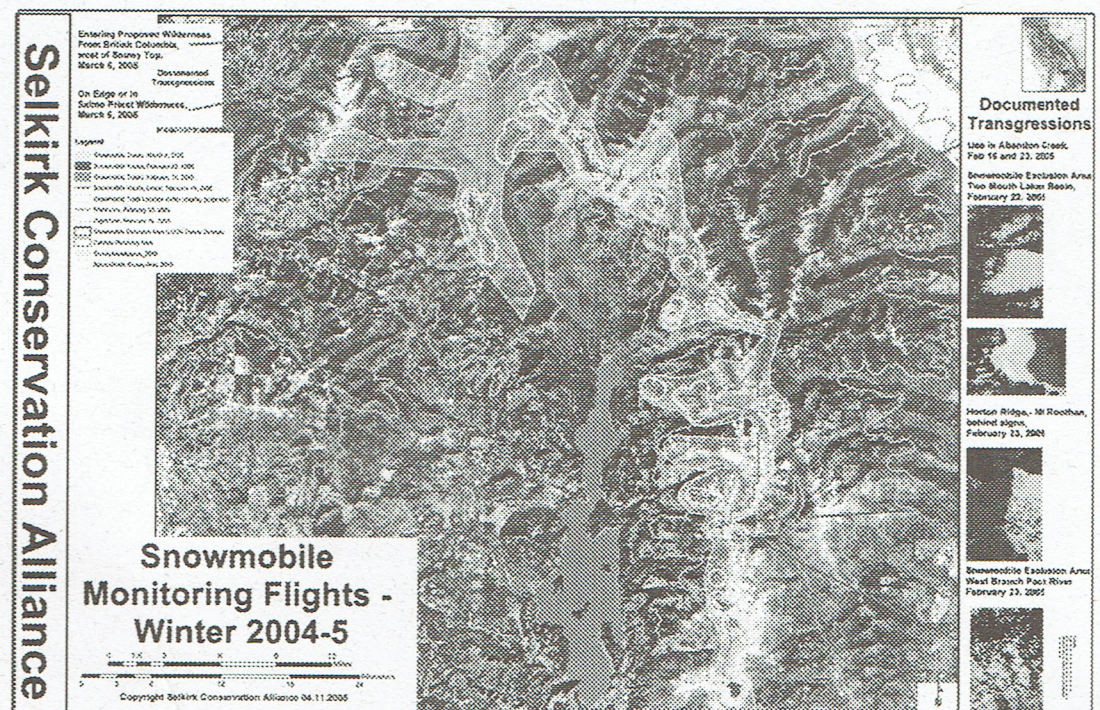
Newsletter of the Selkirk Conservation Alliance

During the winter of 2003-4 SCA initiated a snowmobile use monitoring program with generous support from LightHawk, volunteer pilots and later we were fortunate to have three monitoring flights. SCA initiated the response to reports of increased snowmobile use of the Selkirk High Country. This displaces mountain caribou from their winter habitats.

Hopefully these areas will be covered next year. Many high quality photos were taken of snowmobile use and wildlife tracks seen during the flights. Emphasis was on photographing high use areas, illegal transgressions and use in suitable caribou winter habitats. These photographs are available for viewing at the SCA office and on our website at:

Data collected from the flights includes photographs with GPS locations, drawing in areas of snowmobile use on a map, and flight line information. This information is compiled into a GIS (Geographic Information Systems database) for record keeping and use in litigation. Aerial photos are georeferenced (lined up with digital photographs) so the photo footprint can be used as documented anchorpoints. Using the georeferenced photos and use areas sketched on the maps, polygons were drawn

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SCA
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Executive Director's Message — Mark Sprengel

"Love implies anger. The man who is angered by nothing, cares about nothing."

Edward Abbey

*"There can be no transforming of darkness into light
and of apathy into movement without emotion." Carl Jung*

Most people do not join environmental groups because they find the scientific arguments compelling. They do not join because laws are being flouted or the economy is imperiled. They become involved because they feel a deep emotional resonance with the natural world. There is vast power here and we need to tap it because with each passing day we are witnessing the erosion of our freedoms, subversion of our laws, fouling of our air and water, destruction of our farms and forests and spiraling extinction of rare plants and animals. With frenzied anticipation, some now propose to drill into the very heart of our remaining wild places. They will, if we allow them to get away with it, ultimately destroy, or attach a price to, everything that is beautiful, wild, and free. Many of us can recount experiences in wild places that have shaped our lives. Some may border on epiphany. More often, they are little more than a series of brief vignettes... snapshots of moments and scenes that forever live in memory. These experiences often date from earliest childhood and can, for some, provide the impetus for a life's work. I grew up in southeast Michigan...a flat and seemingly featureless land not noted for scenic grandeur.



Moose Pond ■ Barbara MacNulty

of farms, fields, and woodlands. I spent my summers roaming the woods and fishing the small streams that slowly wound their way across the table-top landscape. Since it was the only place I knew, it was the place where I discovered the mystery and beauty in nature. Since "awesome" is not an adjective that has much utility in a southeast Michigan lexicon, I learned to dig deep and find inspiration in nuance. There was, of course, no "wilderness" but the local woods seemed wild enough at the time. Here, I spent countless hours exploring, building forts, blazing trails, or spending quiet winter days tending a campfire under a grove of huge white oaks. At the time, there was a little creek that wound through the pastures and woods in a sensuous series of gentle curves. Widely

I left 26 years ago and have only returned to visit a handful of times. Since this is one of those times, I am writing this message from my father's home in Canton, Michigan. At one time, Canton township led the nation in corn production. While I was growing up, it was a rural place

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spaced oaks interrupted hawthorn thickets and dense stands of sugar maple and hickory bordered the open fields. A grove of huge beech trees in a sunny meadow was a place of magic...a portal into other worlds. As I look out the window of my father's house...this place where I grew up...everything I knew and loved has been destroyed. The road in front of our house has been widened and paved. I remember when it was gravel and lined with massive elm trees. Sometimes hours would go by without a single car passing. Now, bumper-to-bumper traffic in a continuous 24 hour stream rushes over the spot where an enormous elm once shaded a tire swing on a rope. In this land of concrete, there are no safe places to walk. Here, the residents are forced to drive to access the shopping centers and ubiquitous chain stores that have metastasized across the face of the land...a cancer of commerce. The fields and pastures have been paved and the oaks, maples, hickories, and beech cut down to make way for endless rows of obscenely huge houses...each new development more grandiose and pretentious than the last. Monuments to self, their owners feel no shame. The creek where I spent hours watching minnows flash in the sunlight before darting back to the safety of grassy cut-banks has been channelized by excavating machines into a ruler-straight ditch so as not to flood the swell mansions when the spring rains come and sweep away the winter snow. Recently, to satisfy the frantic hordes of motorists, engineers have imprisoned the impertinent little creek in an underground culvert, never again to sparkle in the sunlight. No one can tell me that this is progress and that we can't stop it. A society that is predicated on the assumption that we can have infinite growth on a finite sphere is surely headed for disaster. Apologists for the growth paradigm, as ever in denial, will posit "Smart Growth" as the answer. "We can grow intelligently and still protect the environment" they will warble. This is nothing more than appeasement...a pathetic and intellectually dishonest attempt to mollify the Growth God that holds our society in an iron grip. You simply cannot have endless growth... endless construction of houses, malls, roads and golf courses... no matter how "smart"... and yet be serious about protecting wildlife habitat and wide-ranging wildlife, open landscapes, functional ecosystems, or spiritual refugia. Few seem to realize, or care, that freedom itself is imperiled in the rat-

warrens of an over-crowded world. A philosophy that sanctions the destruction of forests and streams; that depends on endless population growth, housing starts, and the insatiable pursuit of wealth is spiritually bankrupt and built on lies. It's time we pull back the curtain on the great imposter; the wizard who has been enticing us down the yellow brick road to a mythical utopia of endless growth. Intellectual argument alone will not suffice to stop the onslaught on nature. We must reach people at a visceral level... an emotional level. To spread the message that everything beautiful, mysterious, wild and free is now imperiled by mindless growth and the insane pursuit of material excess. As a society, we have to recognize that life can and must be more than an endless consumer odyssey and that growth in consciousness almost certainly precludes the infinite growth of man's footprint on the earth. ■



Local Student Wins Abelson Fellowship Award

Michelle Booth, a graduating senior at Priest River Lamanna High School, has won the first Abelson Fellowship Award of \$5,000. Established in 2005 by Mr. John Abelson, a long-term SCA member and one-time student at the high school, as a means to provide collegiate support to a deserving local student, this award will be furnished annually.

Three students competed in 2005 for the Award through research and reports focused on issues in the northern Idaho area. Projects included the relationship of yew trees and the decline of the mountain caribou, off-road vehicle impact problems and proposed solutions to such problems and the possible reintroduction of the west slope cut-throat trout.

*Congratulations, Michelle, and good luck
at Colorado State University!*

where there was snowmobile use. The flight path was input to GIS and displayed. The end result is a map displaying use areas.

The observers and pilots found snowmobiles just about everywhere in the surveyed caribou winter habitat (both early and late winter) with high use areas located in the



Trespass snowmobile tracks at Two Mouth Lakes

Horton Ridge, upper Soldier Creek and West Branch Pack River area, the Lookout Mountain area, Abandon Creek, the ridgeline from Joe Peak to Phoebe Tip and Trapper Peak, and on the Hughes Meadows wetland complex.

Dispersed use occurred near Chimney Rock, Two Mouth Lakes, Eddy Peak, the Lion's Head, upper West Fork Smith Creek (just outside of the Research Natural Area), and Hughes Ridge.

Most of caribou winter habitat is currently open to snowmobiling, possibly displacing caribou from the US portion of the recovery area. There are some areas currently closed to use including the Snowmobile Exclusion Area in upper Pack River, Research Natural Areas such as West Fork, the Upper Priest River Wild and Scenic Corridor and the Salmo Priest Wilderness Area. Trespass has been documented in the Snowmobile Exclusion Area in the West Branch Pack River, the Two Mouth Lakes area, and the Salmo Priest Wilderness Area.

Two groomed snowmobile routes were not groomed this year, the route to Abandon Creek and to Horton Ridge. The access trail to the Horton Ridge area, previously a groomed route, was re-signed by IDL and the USFS. Access to these areas is currently legal but discouraged. IDL requested that snowmobile user groups not use these areas. Unfortunately, some snowmobilers ignored these voluntary requests, or were not informed and SCA documented these "violations of trust." Whether the use was from user groups or from other snowmobilers, it is clear from our photographs that voluntary agreements and self policing among snowmobilers will not work.

Pilots and observers also documented many locations of animal tracks. Identifying tracks from the air is problematic. However, snowshoe hare and speculative wolverine tracks were documented. Tracks of other species are in the process of being mapped and several experts may be consulted to at least get an educated guess as to the identity of the track sets. Tracks are tentatively identified with extreme caution and skepticism. Most track sets will never be identified with certainty. This information will be incorporated into a GIS to help identify travel corridors. It would be interesting to develop a field guide to winter animal tracks from the air.

This is the second season of snowmobile monitoring conducted by SCA. From both the extent and intensity of use, it seems likely that animals such as caribou are being displaced from their high elevation winter habitats. Snowmobile use may be hindering suspected travel corridors. The map on the front page highlights areas

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where snowmobile tracks have been documented. The areas point to locations where there is illegal trespass or in the case of Abandon Creek and Horton Ridge, areas where snowmobile groups have been asked to stay out of, but continual use has occurred.

SCA has filed a 60 day Notice of Intent to Sue the USFWS for violations of the Endangered Species Act in relation to winter recreation effects to mountain caribou. We do not support any off road use by ATV's, or snowmobiles for any reason. ■



SCA Aerial Monitoring Program Team — From left to right: Paul Sieracki, SCA Project Coordinator; Dick Walker, LightHawk pilot; Lauren Rule, Advocates for the West Attorney; Mike Leahy, Defenders of Wildlife Staff Attorney

Fairy Slipper *calypso bulbosa*

Fairy Slipper (*calypso bulbosa*) is a delicate, fragrant, light purple orchid found in shady, mossy areas of the forest. Although it is widely distributed in lowland and montane areas, it is being exterminated rapidly due to picking, trampling and habitat loss.

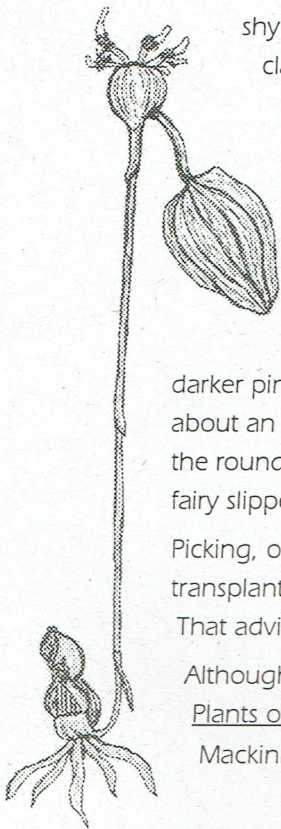
The namesake of the fairy slipper is the goddess Calypso of Homer's *Odyssey*. She was a beautiful and shy nymph living concealed in the woods on an isle that Odysseus became marooned on. She was claimed to be holding him captive, promising immortality. Although he sniveled about wanting to go home to his wife, Penelope, he seemed to not have a problem accepting the hospitality of, and jumping in the sack with our fair Calypso. But, I digress! Back to our subject.

The flower of the fairy slipper is solitary on an erect 6" purplish/brown stem that is sheathed with small scale-like leaves. The lower petal of the flower forms the slipper-like "lip" which is a light purple/pink with a base that is mottled and striped with a maroon coloration and has a clump of yellow "hairs." This lip is not as prominently slipper-like as those on either the white or yellow ladyslippers. The upper two petals and 3 sepals sitting erect above the lip are a darker pink/purple. They are narrow, lanceolate and generally somewhat twisted. The whole flower is about an inch long. The plant has a single, shiny, dark green, egg-shaped leaf at ground level. Below is the round or oval corm with delicate roots that are easily disturbed and destroyed. The spring blooming fairy slipper pales with age and then all parts above ground disintegrate.

Picking, or even lightly tugging on a fairy slipper often kills the plant. It is said to be virtually impossible to transplant because it lives in association with specific fungi. Enjoy this delicate beauty, but don't touch. That advice pretty much goes for any plant that you are not familiar with.

Although I used various references for this article, some good and easy guides to use for this area are *Plants of Southern British Columbia*: Parish/Coupe/Lloyd, and *Plants of the Rocky Mountains*: Kershaw/Mackinnon/Pojar, published by Lone Pine Publishers.

— written and illustrated by Meg Decker



Snags Are Full of Life

by John Stuart, SCA Board Member

A couple years back, while walking only an arm's reach from a large dead lodgepole pine, I instinctively jerked sideways as a panic-stricken CH-CH-CH-CH sound blurted from the tree. After retreating a few steps, I turned to see the head of an adult marten protruding from a 2 inch hole only 5 feet off the ground. It certainly made my day to hear this new (to me) wild animal sound, to watch its exuberant reaction and to have stumbled upon a marten nesting cavity. The marten, I am sure, was only happy when it saw me leaving the area.

Just last night, I was searching for a barred owl nest at dusk, when I walked around a 20 foot tall cottonwood snag. As I passed, I held onto the bark, scraping it a little and an owl popped right out of the top of the snag. The bird was probably irritated that it was forced to rise a half-hour earlier than usual. This was probably the male owl in its day-roost tree, so the female and the nest are still hidden from me. But the nest will probably be in a dead cottonwood as well, the most abundant trees with cavities in these swampy areas, the favorite haunts of barred owls.

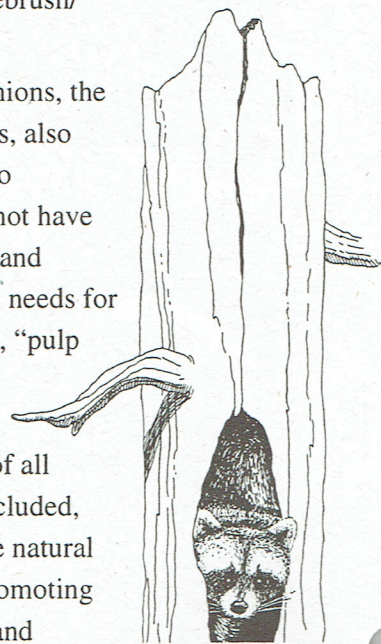
When one considers that all living systems constantly recycle their dying bodies, then it is a "Eureka" moment. *Of course*, dead trees are bound to be an important transition back to more live trees and the animals that are part of the forest! My philosophical bent leads me to call snags the Irony Trees. Though dead themselves, snags are full of life. When green, a tree promotes its own life and provides some food for creatures like small birds, and mice and insects can dine on the fallen seeds. But when dead, the tree is gradually transformed into a shelter and pantry for hundreds of species of the living. When the snag falls over, it continues to decompose, providing food and shelter for many different species that need to stay closer to the soil.

When you think about it, where else could the creatures of the forest find shelter, much of their food, and nesting and roosting areas? A city park of only green tree, and grass as ground cover has a very pastoral and pleasing appearance to us. This, no doubt, comes from our recognition that a tame landscape is compatible with safety and is protective

of domestic animals, cattle, sheep, and farm crops that have provided most of our food for 10,000 years. Though a grassy opening in a living forest may appear to our eyes as neat and clean, it is only a "run across quick" zone to most of the animals that might live there. The squirrels, martens, fishers, weasels, bobcats, owls, woodpeckers, salamanders, hares, grouse and many others, will look beyond the opening at the dead trees, litter strewn ground, large dead logs scattered around like pick-up sticks, smile and say to themselves; "Hallelujah, home sweet home, and may God bless this mess."

Keeping a place in our hearts for both the clean and the messy is like speaking two languages. They both have their proper place and context. (Our adolescent children would like to use this argument concerning their rooms, I would bet). I can easily enjoy sitting in a lawn chair with an iced tea on our little postage stamp piece of lawn. It is a nice place to relax and read the paper. But to feel totally immersed in a variety of living sounds, sights and smells, I go for a walk or hunting in the woods or go fishing on the lake, or explore the mountaintops or the sagebrush/grasslands.

Our traveling companions, the plants, birds, and animals, also desperately need for us to appreciate their need to not have the world all cleaned up and "safe." Perceived human needs for domesticated agriculture, "pulp plantations," golf and football should never be confused with the need of all living things, humans included, for visible disarray in the natural world. Protecting and promoting retention of large snags and downed logs in our local forests is



an important job for all those who love the wild things. We also know that streams require lots of logs laying all a-jumble and cross-wise in the water to make for good fish habitat.

The flicker digs a nest cavity in a dead tree. A little later, a flying squirrel or a saw-whet owl or a long-tailed weasel may use the same hole for nesting or shelter. The root-rot fungus that killed the tree may grow some tasty mushrooms for me to eat. When the tree falls over, it can promote the lives of countless insects and spiders, which can be eaten by mice, birds or garter snakes which can in turn be eaten by weasels, hawks, marten and on up the food chain.

The pulpwood advertisement that proclaims that it is using wood that would otherwise be “wasted” on the forest floor does not know how wrong it is. When did the natural world ever “waste” anything? ■

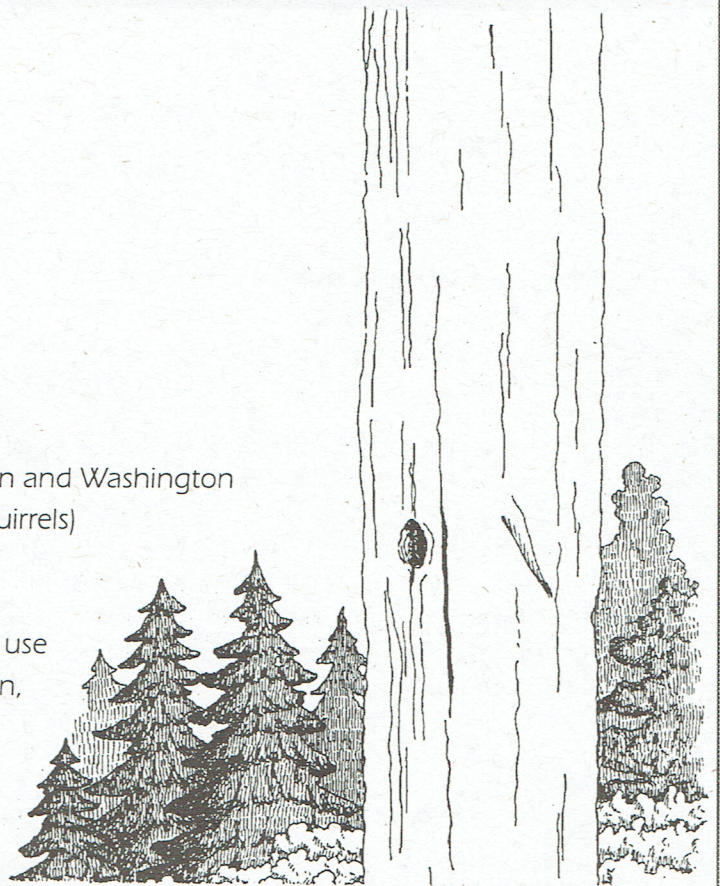
To be continued. Next issue, we will consider the contradictions in maintaining dead wood in the forest and the newest fad in forestry, protecting the forest from fire through logging.

Snags provide cavity homes for many kinds of wildlife —

- 9 birds of prey
- 11 kinds of woodpeckers
- 7 kinds of ducks
- 20+ kinds of songbirds
- 8 kinds of bats
- 15+ small mammals (squirrels, mice, weasels, opossum, rats)
- 4 kinds of furbearers
- 7+ kinds of amphibians and reptiles
- many kinds of plants and invertebrates

Snags are used for —

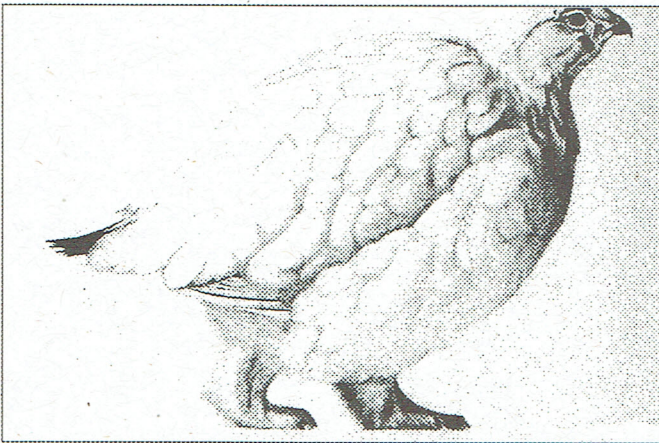
- protection from weather (many groups)
- communications
 - singing (song birds)
 - drumming (woodpeckers)
 - calling (squirrels, jays, birds of prey)
 - sight recognition posts (many groups)
- resting (many groups)
- roosting (birds of prey, turkey, bandtail pigeon)
- food storage (small mammals and birds)
- exterior nesting (birds of prey, brown creepers)
- hunting perches (birds of prey, flycatchers) in Oregon and Washington
- interior (cavity) nesting (song bird, woodpeckers, squirrels)
- 74+ species use snags for reproduction
- 44+ species use snags for feeding
- 187+ species (birds, mammals, amphibians, reptiles) use dead and down logs for cover, feeding, reproduction, and/or other survival needs



Dear SCA Folks —

Forty-three years ago, the Hughes Meadow/Hughes Ridge area was a mess. The previous summer, a clear cut was made on part of the ridge facing the meadow. It was a massive scar. I looked at it every day that summer and for seven weeks the next summer also. My home and workplace was the Hughes Ridge Lookout. Several years later, my brother spent a summer in the area too. His work was blister rust control. So for ten weeks, he pulled ribbies off that slash area. During that time or soon thereafter, apparently justified by a spruce beetle infestation, a large logging project was completed on the west-facing part of the ridge north of the lookout. By the time my brother and I returned to the ridge as members of the Priest Lake Hotshot fire crew in 1969, the hillsides around that picturesque meadow were ripped open. The devastation was symbolic of the attitudes and policies of the time.

Although I have not been in the Hughes area since the mid-nineties, by then, the forest had repaired itself to a degree. The road to the timber sale high on the ridge had been closed years before. The clear cut near the lookout, like many others, was full of deciduous growth, unfortunately there weren't many of the desired conifers. No doubt there were plenty of deer and elk since there was plenty of browse. It was about the, I suppose, that the grizzlies were re-introduced. In fact, on my last visit to the Upper Lake, a forest service employee asked if I was headed toward the Meadows and said that a griz had taken up residence there.



Ptarmigan ■ Rebecca Gordon

As I read of the proposed Forest Service project in the Hughes Meadow in *SightLines*, several thoughts come to mind. Hasn't this area suffered enough? Improvement of the road and the parking place will provide access that hasn't been so easy since the logging days. Trail maintenance hasn't been a priority in that country for decades, why now? Since the decision was made to introduce the big bears, it seems counter productive to promote increased activity that will again threaten them.

The cookhouse at the meadow had to have cast iron shutters to keep the black bears out. I can imagine what damage a grizzly would create getting at a camper's food. Additionally, Hughes Meadow is not the only beautiful mountain meadow in the Priest Lake Country. There are others more accessible to car tourists. The

proposal to make the trailhead at the junction of the main road and the Hughes Fork Road makes sense. It does not totally restrict human visitation but it does stem an overflow that threatens all life there, not just the big bears. It is obvious that the howl of snowmobiles would be invasive to all humans and animals but those riding them. There is little reason to increase that access either.

As a person who spent the majority of his time in that country when it was most abused, I support your efforts to preserve the natural reclamation that has taken place. To maintain that small corner as a haven for human, plant and animal life is a wise idea. In 1962, on my first visits to the Priest Lake area one could find peace and serenity anywhere the chain saws weren't running. Now, day and night, winter and summer, human presence is everywhere. Hughes Meadow/Hughes Ridge has already been misused. It ought to be left to heal even more. Joel Harding; Wenatchee, WA

March 16, 2005

Dear SCA,

Just wanted to send you a quick note along with our annual membership dues to express our deep respect and appreciation for the work you do. It is truly a noble cause these days working to stem the tide of exploitation and development in our few remaining wild places and to give a voice to the voiceless, namely the plants and animals who live there and the future generations of people that will want some wilderness to explore.

Today, we are very likely experiencing the mountain caribou's last stand as they make a sad attempt to live among hordes of snowmobiles, loggers and ATVs who view the caribou as a hindrance to recreation and commerce and would rather see them gone. This is yet another sad chapter in our residence on this planet. It seems that only a handful of people know anything about the mountain caribou or care that a unique subspecies is going extinct.

For this reason alone, any and all effort to improve peoples' attitudes and values, government laws and regulations and corporate responsibility toward conservation is time well spent. Future generations will be grateful to have wild places where one can experience their connection to nature and have the opportunity to see animals in their natural environment without the whine of an engine, the buzz of power lines or no trespassing signs from the new housing development. Thank you for your contribution.

Respectfully yours, Chris Park, John Edwards and the Misty Mountain crew and family; Sandpoint, ID

Spare Me, Please!! by Dr. Brian L. Horejsi, Wildlife Scientist

The Christian Science Monitor recently ran a piece by Todd Wilkinson **Drilling Where Antelope Play**. As I read through it, the history of 40 years of failure by government agency “professionals” to protect public resources, agency and political subversion of democracy, and professional ethical meltdown flashed before me. There it all was, again, just as I have seen it five, ten, fifteen and twenty years ago.

Agency professionals, activists, and citizens have consistently failed, and apparently continue to fail to this day, to grasp the simple concept of resource and public land exploitation; You trade your wealth to me so I can be a “winner.”

The guy making \$60,000 a year considers himself a winner; the coffee shop owner that has 20 customers a day instead of 10 considers himself a winner; the governor who can tout 40 miles of new blacktop considers himself a winner; the biologist that has a two year industry funded project considers herself the winner, and the woman whose house doubled in value calls herself a winner. This is what entrepreneurs, the energy industry, Dick Cheney, land “developers” – you know the ones, the regulatory and tax subsidized “doers” in our society — call a win-win situation. Those close to the fire feel the warmth, those in the second tier are wowed by the glow, and the majority on the outside of the circle are left wishing and wondering what happened to the political, ecological and physical landscape around them. After all, it’s their “house” that’s being ripped down to keep the winners warm!

I see rote use of the words and terms and insinuations that have failed society and the natural world across North America for near half a century; “balance demands with protection,” is a favorite. 95% exploited by the oil and gas industry, 5% protected, and its balance. “We can have both without sacrificing one for the other”; that’s not what history tells us, and there is no scientific evidence to support that kind of naive ideology. To be frank, what one person thinks is no substitute for the mountain of evidence and history we have at our disposal. Where industrial footprints fall, clear air and clear water, quiet, and native

wildlife, fish and plants are in retreat. The land hurts, and with it so do we. And so will your children.

The tipping point has long since passed us by; it’s a common fault of activists, politicians, and developers, to dismiss the science of decline and extinction, and to put the “tipping” point on today’s calendar, or maybe its not till next month? After all, if it hasn’t happened yet, why change. Business as usual.

Arrogance reigns supreme in today’s agency and industry attitudes. Each replay of industrialization is touted as though it were the first, each one becomes “the center of the world.” Apparently, the wheel is new to these people. But not a biologist or politician displays that same audacity or tenacity when it comes to acknowledging that our system of environmental legislation and protected landscapes was built in the 1960’s -1980’s and is not capable of dealing with a full frontal industrialized attack on democracy, legislation, science, and public lands. Biologists have never been in a greater state of retreat, and they appear to collectively lack the fortitude to aggressively promote protection of the landscape and ecological integrity. There was a time, perhaps the 1960’s, when wildlife and land management professionals were not the caboose being dragged along behind the runaway train of corporate and industrial exploitation. Now the elastic band that attaches the caboose to the train’s tail is stretched beyond function, the caboose merely along for the ride. No longer can it prevent ecological train wrecks, or pretend to guide the train. Its lustre and usefulness have faded. Perhaps no expression of the totality of that collapse, and the disrespect and detachment in which it now manifests itself, exceeds the notion that the agencies won’t know if they’ve “succeeded” for another 40 to 60 years.

Spare me, please, the plaintive cries of naturalists and biologists, who for 50 years have worked on the “inside” and guarded their “working relationship” with government, continuously placing their insider status above and in front of the public interest, including the protection of public lands and wildlife. Their message, delivered typically behind closed doors, was that their view was and is more

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important than the public's view. After all, "we're in the same box with you, aren't we?" was the implicit message. Now, after decades of compliance and collaboration, we see the results of their capitulation. Massive destruction of the public lands, public assets, and the public interest, over 1500 endangered and threatened species and populations. 10,000 wells in one county, and finally they've "voiced their concern"?

Wildlife researchers are not doing much better. Isn't it amazing that there is always money to "monitor" degradation and fragmentation as industrialization and mechanization of public land proceeds. By those who have seen this rerun, it's called paralyzing the democratic process. It's a neat industry and political trick to impute "concern" and commitment, provided of course, they get to "win." The public gives up its voice, and its resources, and industry gets to convert public wealth to private gain. That's called win-win in industry and political parlance. Wildlife researchers, both public and private, with hundreds of thousands of dollars dumped on their desk by a suddenly "progressive industry," see themselves as amongst the winners. It's almost, and I stress almost, human nature to take when handed to; the only opportunities to eliminate or moderate this kind of co-option are provided by strong legal and democratic tools in the hands of a determined and informed public.

It's rather remarkable to see an industry spokesperson

concede that there is almost always a cost to exploitation. That level of honesty exceeds most of what we hear from government biologists and agency managers, at least on the public record. From the latter, and their supporters, we get "the jury is still out." A truly remarkable lack of insight and fortitude. I agree on this point, however; the "companies" are not the bad guys even though they rape and pillage, after all they do it with agency permits and approval. It's the adaptive management strategy in agencies that allows them to erode the law, treat the public with impunity, ignore conservation science, override NEPA, and create an atmosphere that permits, nay, may in fact encourage, the ethical and professional meltdown of key staff that meets the definition of "the bad guys." "Play the cards we were dealt" works exceptionally well for agencies and for industry. Stacking the deck, making sure the public's cards are missing, shuffling from the bottom of the deck, and pulling cards from up their sleeve, is "the way we do things" in the agency world. All the companies do is exploit a crooked game.

I'll bet every one of those biologists and rig hands will be there in 40 years to lament the tattered landscape, say "we shouldn't have," and tell stories about the old days when you could go fishing or hunting or just marvel at a big country teeming with wildlife. Now, "them were the good old days," right? ■

Ongoing Litigation

• SCA Files Legal Action Against US Forest Service to Protect Woodland Caribou

On April 19th, SCA, joined by four other groups, filed a formal Notice of Intent to sue the US Forest Service for violations of the Endangered Species Act regarding the endangered woodland caribou. Represented by attorneys from Advocates for the West in Boise, Idaho and Defenders of Wildlife in Washington DC, the Notice was sent to Secretary of the Department of Agriculture Ann Veneman and US Forest Service Chief Dale Bosworth. SCA's two year aerial monitoring program data was instrumental in bringing this action.

• SCA Files Notice of Intent to Sue US Fish & Wildlife Service to Protect Woodland Caribou

On March 25th, SCA and four other groups, filed a NOI to sue the US Fish & Wildlife Service for violations of the Endangered Species Act regarding the endangered woodland caribou. The NOI was sent to Department of Interior Secretary Gale Norton and USF&WS Field Supervisor Susan Martin.

• SCA Files Suit to Protect Selkirk Grizzly Bears

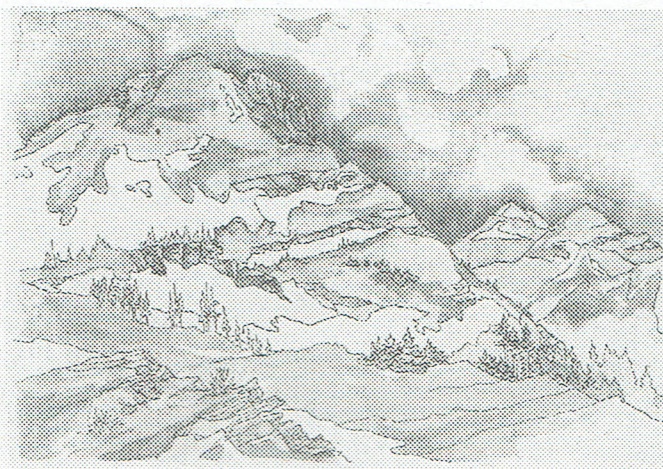
On March 31st, SCA and 3 other groups filed suit in Federal District Court in Missoula, Montana against the US Forest Service and US Fish & Wildlife Service. Represented by attorneys from Earth Justice Legal Defense in Bozeman, Montana, we are challenging the biological legitimacy of the Selkirk and Cabinet/Yaak road access standards for grizzly bears.

In Memoriam to Bill White

The many friends of Bill White will be saddened to learn of his unexpected death this last May.

Bill was a board member of the Selkirk Conservation Alliance from the early 90s. He was a gifted writer and photographer and many of his pictures have appeared in SightLines over the years. Those of you who have attended the annual Celebasin meetings will also know Bill as our historian, our knowledgeable political expert and, along with his wife Nancy, a dedicated hiker and fisherman. He spent time as a young man working in the woods north of Priest River, and this is where he returned with Nancy to live when he retired. Bill had many talents and used them generously in his lifelong commitment to conservation, but we will probably remember him most for his cheerful, friendly, savvy but amused way of engaging with life here in his chosen home place.

He will be greatly missed.



watercolor by Kate Drum

Join the SCA

*Support the Selkirk Conservation Alliance
by becoming a Member!*

Our newsletter, funded entirely by member contributions, keeps you informed of natural resources issues within the Inland Northwest, and offers regular updates on the efforts of the SCA to promote environmental excellence. Now is the time to give to the environment that sustains us all.

Make a contribution and keep *SightLines* coming regularly. Dues and donations are tax-deductible.

Enroll me as a member of the SCA. Enclosed are my dues.

	Individual	Family
Regular	<input type="checkbox"/> \$30	<input type="checkbox"/> \$35
Limited Income (living lightly)	<input type="checkbox"/> \$15	<input type="checkbox"/> \$20

To help more, I'm enclosing an additional contribution:

☐ \$10 ☐ \$25 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$100 ☐ \$500 ☐ other _____

TSHIRTS & MUGS \$15 each + \$3 shipping/handling

☐ SCA mug ☐ SCA t-shirt

Name(s) _____

Winter address (dates) ____/____/____ to : ____/____/____

phone: _____

Summer address (dates) ____/____/____ to : ____/____/____

phone: _____

Email address: _____

**Mail to: SELKIRK CONSERVATION ALLIANCE
PO BOX 1809 PRIEST RIVER, IDAHO 83856**

SCA WISH LIST

- Power point projector
- Digital camera with telephoto
- GPS
- High-speed copier

Ongoing SCA Projects & Events

IDAHO PANHANDLE NATIONAL FORESTS

Bonniers Ferry Ranger District

1. Myrtle HFRA
2. Cow Creek/Grass Creek Allotments
3. Mission Brush TS
4. Eastport HFRA

Priest Lake Ranger District

1. Hughes Meadows Cabin Project
2. 57 Bearpaws CE
3. Outlet Bay CE
4. High Bridge CE
5. Lakeview-Reeder
6. Chips Ahoy TS
7. Kalispell TS

Sandpoint Ranger District

1. Rising Cougar
2. South Grouse
3. Pack River Trail Rehab
4. Silver Button Mine

COLVILLE NATIONAL FOREST

Newport/Sullivan Lake Ranger Districts

1. Geophysical
2. ATV Route Designation

IDAHO DEPARTMENT OF LANDS

Priest Lake State Forest

1. ESA Litigation "on hold"
(contingent upon negotiations)
2. Timber Stand Phototyping Project

OTHER PROJECTS

Priest Lake Breakwater — FOIA Filed

SCA Aerial Monitoring Program — ongoing

IPNF Forest Plan Revision Meetings — ongoing

Lower West Branch Priest River TMDL — ongoing

Go into the wilderness and show us what you see! *SightLines* is always looking for artwork. Submissions may be sent as an attachment via email (TIF or EPS) or through the regular mail. If submitting hard copy, artwork should be black & white and no larger than 8 1/2 x 14. Send copies (no original work, please) as they will not be returned to you. Please deliver to: 4drums@surf1.ws or K. Drum, 4441 Baker Lake, Newport WA 99156.

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