



Chattooga Quarterly

Winter / Spring Equinox◆◆◆ 2010



A PASTORAL SCENE ON CHATTOOGA RIDGE ROAD SHIMMERS AFTER A LATE WINTER ICE STORM

photograph by Buzz Williams

Inside

Director's Page.....	2	Tinkle of Bell Teams Fade.....	9
The Perfect Storm.....	3	Watershed Update.....	11
The Story of "Forest Green".....	5	Members' Pages.....	13

Director's Page

Buzz Williams

I heard something on National Public Radio the other day that was shocking. A recent poll showed that the number of people who believe that global warming is a real problem is actually declining! The report went on to say that even though 98% of the world's scientists agree that climate change is the direct result of global warming linked to human activity, the public refuses to believe that this is the case.

Part of the problem is that the fossil fuel and chemical industries making big profits from manufacturing products that produce the green house gases causing global warming have a huge propaganda campaign geared towards disputing the facts. The report also pointed out that many people simply ignore the facts if it affects their lifestyle. In other words, people hear what they want to hear. I believe it also has to do with the fact that we just don't have many effective environmental protection advocates with the character and powers of persuasion to override the industry propaganda, and to motivate people to action in spite of the fact that it may require self sacrifice.

Remember when President Jimmy Carter appeared on television in the late 1970s, during the first big gas crisis, and asked people to practice conservation? He asked everyone to turn the thermostat down and put on a sweater. The predominant image of President Carter from this era was the footage of him collapsing from heat exhaustion during a 6 K road race. Talk about an image promotion stunt gone haywire. Nobody took him seriously after that.

How about our current environmental champion, Al Gore? You know, the guy who "invented" the internet, the one who could lose a personality contest with a store manikin. Granted his last appearance on Saturday Night Live was pretty good, but I'm afraid it is a bit too late for his image makeover. Let's face it, to the average person on the street, Al is a geek.

I have a better idea. Let's find a spokesperson that people would really trust. Hulk Hogan is our man! He's getting a little older; his pecs are starting to sag a little—but the man still commands respect! Besides, he probably needs the money. We could fire the executives at The Wilderness Society and the Sierra Club, take their salaries and bribe the Hulk to do a TV spot with Al. All Al would have to do would be to make a showing and

try to not look like a goober. Picture Al sitting in a chair (so he won't fall down). Hulk stands behind him, flanked by two big-busted ring girls. Hulk would say, "Errrrr! Listen to my little buddy Al! He knows what he's taking about! Go put on a wool sweater! If you don't, I'm coming after you with this ring chair!" Organic sheep farmers would make a fortune.

How about Dale Earnhardt Jr.? There is enough people-power in the Earnhardt Nation to win a presidential election. He needs the money too; he hasn't placed first in a race in years. Since he can't win a NASCAR Race, let's bribe him to quit and just live off the fat. At Dale Jr.'s press conference announcing his retirement he could say, "I am quitting because I just haven't been able to concentrate on my racing lately. I keep thinking about all the green house gases that we emit from these 500 horsepower race cars, and I just can't do it anymore!" Bingo, Earnhardt wins, and the red necks all trade in their gas-guzzling pick-ups for hybrids.



Recruiting the Hulk for a conservation spokesperson may not be a bad idea.

All kidding aside, the point is that it has been a long drought since we have seen a conservationist of the stature of a Teddy Roosevelt. Since then, the results have been the steady decline of environmental health at a global scale. Global warming, for example, is a dangerous and potentially catastrophic event that is of our own making. A vast majority of our scientist say this is true. All we need is good leadership to convince people that we need to act.

I believe great leaders will come and go as a result of motivation and opportunity. Roosevelt saw with his own eyes the devastation of our native forests, wildlife, rivers, soils and air as a result of corporate greed. Leopold saw the "fading green fire" in the eyes of a dying wolf. Carson saw our national symbol, the Bald Eagle, almost rendered extinct because of chemical pollution. These were the motivations of great leaders, but in each case these motivated people were given the opportunity to lead because of a ground swell of public support for their actions. That is why I believe the most powerful leadership lies in the collective strength of our local communities.

Our motto at the Chattooga Conservancy is **working for conservation at the community level**. However, recruiting the Hulk for a conservation spokesperson may not be a bad idea. That's only because Schwarzenegger and Jesse Ventura have already been taken.

The Perfect Storm

Christopher Flavin and Robert Engelman

Reprinted with permission of the Worldwatch Institute, from State of the World 2009, "Into A Warming World"

FIDDLING WHILE THE WORLD BURNS

Like a distant tsunami that is only a few meters high in the deep ocean but rises dramatically as it reaches shallow coastal waters, the great wave of climate change has snuck up on people—and is now beginning to break. Climate change was first identified as a potential danger by a Swedish chemist in the last nineteenth century, but it was not until the late 1980's that scientists had enough evidence to conclude that this transformation was under way and presented a clear threat to humanity.

An American scientist, James Hansen of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, put climate change squarely on the agenda of policymakers on 23 June 1988. On the hot summer day, Hansen told a U.S. Senate Committee he was 99 percent certain that the year's record temperatures were not the result of natural variation. Based on his research, Hansen had concluded that the rising heat was due to the growing concentration of carbon dioxide (CO₂) and other atmospheric pollutants. "It's time to stop waffling so much and say that the evidence is pretty strong that the greenhouse effect is here."

Hansen's words, joined with those of other scientists, echoed around the world. Within months government officials were beginning to consider steps to reduce greenhouse gas emissions, with much of the focus on the kind of international agreement that would be needed to tackle this most global of problems. In 1992 the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change was adopted by heads of state in Rio de Janeiro, and in 1997 the Kyoto Protocol, with its legally binding emissions limits for industrial countries, was negotiated.

As the 1990's came to an end the world appeared to be moving to tackle the largest and most complex problem humanity has ever faced. But fossil fuel interest mobilized a counterattack—pressuring governments and creating confusion about the science of climate change. Taking advantage of the inevitable uncertainties and caveats contained in leading climate assessments, a handful of climate skeptics—many of the PhDs with oil industry funding—managed to position climate change as a scientific debate rather than a grim reality.

The climate change skeptics had their greatest influence in the United States, putting it at loggerheads with the European Union, which since the early 1990s has been the strongest advocate of action on climate change. In November 2000, in the waning days of the Clinton administration, climate negotiators met in The Hague with the intention of finalizing details of the Kyoto Protocol—which in principle had been agreed to three years earlier. Two weeks of intense discussions concluded with an agonizing all-night session that ended in failure. Distrust and miscommunication between American and European negotiators were at the heart of this historic diplomatic failure—a failure that became more significant a short time later, when the U.S. Supreme Court decided that Al Gore would not be the next President of the United States.

*The political will
for change
is building, thanks
to the strong base
in science and
widening public
awareness of
climate change
and its risks.*

In the months that followed, many remained optimistic: before his election, President George W. Bush had indicated his support for addressing the climate problem and working cooperatively with other countries. Two months later—under heavy pressure from Vice President Cheney and the oil industry—he executed an abrupt U-turn, rejecting the Kyoto Protocol outright and throwing negotiations into a tailspin. Europe, Canada, Japan and Russia were shocked into completing and ultimately ratifying the Kyoto Protocol in the following years, but time and political momentum had been lost. More significantly, the unilateral actions of the U.S. government deepened North-South fissures on climate change—a divide that has now become the largest obstacle to progress.

STORM CLOUDS GATHER

The tragedy of these two wasted decades is that during this period the world has moved from a situation in which roughly a billion people in industrial countries were driving the problem—the United States, for example, has 4.6 percent of the world's population but accounts for 20 percent of fossil-fuel CO₂ emissions—to today's reality in which the far larger populations of developing countries are on the verge of driving an even bigger problem.

Global emissions of carbon dioxide from fossil fuel combustion and cement production rose from 22.6 billion tons in 1990 to an estimated 31 billion tons in 2007—a staggering 37 percent increase. This is 85 million tons of carbon dioxide spilled into the atmosphere each day—or 13 kilograms on average per person. The annual increase in emissions shot from 1 percent a

The Perfect Storm

year in the 1990's to 3.5 percent a year from 2000 to 2007—with China accounting for most of the remarkable leap.

Between 1990 and 2008 U.S. emissions of carbon dioxide from fossil fuel combustion grew by 27 percent—but emissions in China rose 150 percent, from 2.3 billion to 5.9 billion tons. More suddenly and dramatically than experts had expected, China and other developing countries are entering the energy-intensive stages of economic development, and their factories, buildings, power plants, and cars are consuming vast amounts of fossil fuels. As recently as 2004, the International Energy Agency projected that it would be 2030 before China passed the United States in emissions. It now appears that the lines crossed in 2006.

Accelerating emissions are not the only factor driving increased concern. Tropical deforestation—estimated at 13 million hectares per year—is adding 6.5 billion tons of carbon dioxide to the atmosphere annually. The world's largest tropical forest, the Amazon, is disappearing at a faster pace as high agricultural prices encourage land clearing. More alarmingly, Earth's natural sinks—its oceans and biological systems—appear to be losing their ability to absorb a sizable fraction of those emissions. As a result, the increase in atmospheric CO₂ concentrations has accelerated to the fastest rate ever recorded.

Scientists are reticent by nature, and the overwhelming complexity and inevitable uncertainty of the climate problem have led them to produce equivocal and hard-to-interpret studies that have given considerable comfort to those who argue it is too early to act on climate change. In the past year, however, a few brave scientists have cast reticence aside. Speaking in Washington on the twentieth anniversary of his historic testimony, James Hansen had a sharp warning for policymakers: “If we don't begin to reduce greenhouse gas emissions in the next several years, and get on a very different course, then we are in trouble.... This is the last chance.”

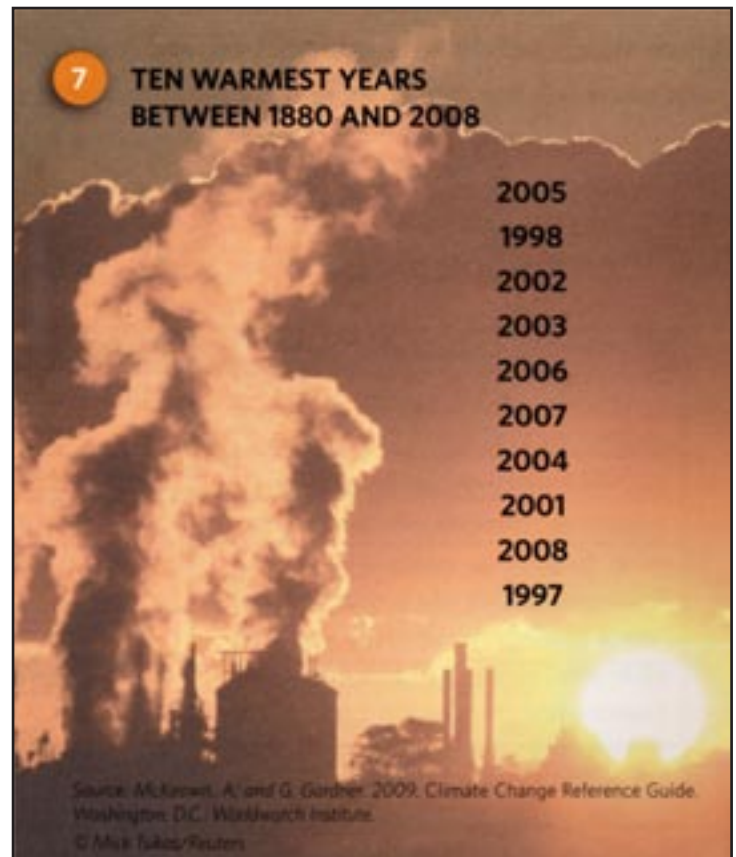
Climate scientists have discovered a particularly inconvenient truth: by the time definitive predictions of climate change are adopted by scientific consensus, the climate system may have reached a tipping point at which climate change begins to feed on itself—and becomes essentially irreversible for centuries into the future. The loss of Arctic ice, for example, will allow more sunlight to heat the Arctic Ocean, accelerating the buildup of heat and putting the vast Greenland ice sheet at risk. And there are early indications that the rapid rise in Arctic temperatures is thawing the tundra and thereby releasing additional amounts of CO₂ and methane.

These dramatic changes will affect the entire planet, but the world's poor will suffer first and suffer most. The latest climate models indicate particular vulnerability in the dry tropics, where the food supplies for hundreds of millions of people will be undermined by climate change. Hundreds of

millions more who live in the vast Asian mega-deltas will be at risk from rising sea levels and increased storm intensity. Health threats from malaria, cholera, and other diseases that are likely to flourish in a warmer world will add to the burdens facing the world's poor. The fact that many of the 1.4 billion people who now live in severe poverty already face serious ecological debts—in water, soil, and forests—will exacerbate the new problems presented by climate change.

When they were released in 2007, the latest findings of the intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change were taken as an urgent warning of the dangers ahead. But the torrent of scientific data to emerge since then has led some scientists to sharpen their advice. James Hansen and W.L. Hare of Germany's Potsdam Institute are among those who have concluded that to prevent “dangerous climate change”—the goal that governments have already agreed to—global emissions must begin declining within the decade and then fall to no more than half the current level—and possibly even to zero—by the middle of this century.

This is a tall order indeed. Some would call it impossible. But the resources, technologies, and human capacity for change are all in place. The missing ingredient is political will, and that is a renewable resource.



Source: *McKeown, A. & G. Garner, 2009, Climate Change Reference Guide, Washington, D.C. Worldwatch Institute*

The Story of “Forest Green”

Buzz Williams

The road builders and loggers arrived at 7:30 a.m. on the banks of the small creek where they had left off the day before, pushing a new road deep into the Sumter National Forest. What they saw—about forty feet up in a huge white pine tree just across the creek—stopped them in their tracks. A young man perched in a tree stand, with a bandana over his face and wearing sunglasses, stared down in silence as forest workers read the large white banner made from bed sheets stitched together hanging down beneath the tree stand. In big, multi-colored letters, the banner read: “No More Mismanagement, Save Stand Twelve.”

Then, all hell broke loose. The man who had purchased the timber sale, in compartment 48 of the Andrew Pickens Ranger District, grabbed his chain saw and charged across the creek. With a mad pull on the crank cord the saw growled to life, and after a few rapid revs of the engine, he felled a small tree that grew in his way. Then he ripped into the big tree in which the protestor perched.

The young man clung to the trunk of the tree in fear as the logger yelled to him, “Son, do you believe in God? ‘Cause you’re about to meet him!”

Again he ripped into the bowl of the tree, fully intent on bringing it down, man and all. The “tree sitter” could feel the vibrations from the saw as he gripped the tree and yelled for his life. Then, a miraculous thing happened.

A Forest Service timber sales administrator rushed to the base of the tree, forcefully pulled on the logger’s shoulder and yelled, “NO!” The act was enough to bring the man back to his senses, and he slowly pulled the saw away and hit the stop switch. It was a close call, but soon order was restored.

The Forest Service is a para-military agency designed to respond quickly to situations such as wildfires, accident or injury in remote locations, search and rescue, and other emergencies. It has a chain of command and trained personnel capable of organizing and implementing an “incident command system” for rapid, effective control of certain situations. In this case, the emergency was an angry mob of loggers and road builders in a stand-off with determined protestors, one of whom sat high in a tree, effectively shutting down the whole operation.

Federal law enforcement officers were immediately called to the scene of the protest. The district ranger strategized via telephone with the forest supervisor in Columbia, South Carolina, and the order was given to set up an “incident command operation.” The area around the tree was secured to control the other protestors who were beginning to emerge from the surrounding forest, intent on yelling support to the mysterious man in the big white pine tree.

I was a Forest Service employee at the time, working as a “river ranger” on the Chattooga River within the Andrew Pickens District of the Sumter National Forest, where the incident occurred. The radio in my truck crackled with frantic chatter that morning as I drove out of the Grapevine Campground on the Chauga River, while making the usual rounds. I had been expecting this, because I knew all about the man in the tree and in fact, had been a part of the plot.

There were many people who played a role in the now legendary “Forest Green” episode. Here is how it happened from my perspective, as one who supported the heroic young man who played the key role in a decisive victory in the overall battle to change national forest management policy during the 1980-90s, when the Forest Service had become an out-of-control agency as a patsy to the “timber beast” industry.

I had worked as a river guide on the Chattooga River since the mid-1970s, but in 1987, I was hired by the Forest Service as a “river ranger” on the Chattooga River. The Forest Service was well aware of my

negative opinion of their heavy-handed timber program, but as my boss put it, “Don’t worry, we hired you because of your knowledge of the river.” He had assured me that there was room for differences of opinion within the agency and besides, it didn’t matter; I was in the “recreation shop,” not timber management.

All that soon proved not to be the case. The Forest Service began to change its tune toward my outspoken criticism of their forest management policies, especially after I helped organize a chapter of the Association of Forest Service Employees for Environmental Ethics (AFSEEE) on the Andrew Pickens District. The AFSEEE organization originated in the Pacific Northwest, where even Forest Service employees were fed up with a timber program based on clear-cutting huge, old growth



“Forest Green,” sitting in a tree stand above a banner stating “No More Mis-Management, Save Stand Twelve!”

The Story of “Forest Green”

forests. There, “environmentalists” were desperate to stop the Forest Service from cutting down the enormous Douglas Firs that were a vital part of the Northwestern old growth forest ecosystem, that had dwindled to only 4% of its original size. The Spotted Owl, which depended on these massive trees for its existence, had become the national symbol of the fight between the loggers and sawmill owners and environmentalists in the Pacific Northwest. The battle had become so intense that “tree sitters,” who scaled the big trees to stop timber harvesting, were fairly common.

Here in Region 8 where we were, the Forest Service was known for its disdain of so-called “tree huggers.” It should not be a surprising, then, that our small group of dissidents within the agency were not well-liked by the Forest Service’s “old guard,” and as founder of the chapter, I was well known within the agency as a “traitor”—some even told me so personally.

So by the time “Forest Green,” as they were now calling the man in the tree, made his stand, I had been busted down to the lowest ranks on the district. At that point my main job was cleaning toilets, and patrolling in the Chattooga watershed with the Forest Service’s law enforcement officers. I worked often with the level 4 law enforcement officers on the Andrew Pickens District, and also the Tallulah District of the Chattahoochee National Forest, during search and rescue operations, and riding “shotgun” on night patrols around the Chattooga River watershed.



A group of protesters arrived by chartered bus from Greenville, SC, to support Forest Green and the effort to save stand 12 from clear-cutting.

When I got back to the Andrew Pickens District Office about midmorning of the day Forest Green climbed the tree, I encountered Dennis Whitehead, the district law enforcement officer (LEO) coming in, looking somewhat bedraggled from an intense morning in the field coordinating the “Forest Green” incident.

“Well, at least one suspect is accounted for,” Dennis quipped with a knowing glance my way. “Come on in and let’s talk,” he said as he disappeared into his office. I followed him in and closed the door.

Dennis, who was a good friend, and who had always been

sympathetic to my outspoken position on Forest Service reform, plopped down in his chair behind his desk, leaned back, and said, “I expected it was either you or Bruce Hare up in that tree.”

Hare was a local activist with a forest protection group called South Carolina Forest Watch and, like me, was passionate about the reforming the Forest Service. Bruce’s passion for the Chattooga River watershed, and especially concerning the decision to clear-cut compartment 48, where he often hunted deer, had raised the ire of the local loggers, some of whom he had grown up with in Long Creek. In fact, he had been roughed up by a couple of loggers at a local restaurant not long before Forest Green ascended the big white pine. Bruce would have been a likely suspect.

“No, it’s not Bruce. I’ll tell you that much. That wouldn’t be hard to find out anyway,” I said, sliding the chair back, which I hoped would signal that the interrogation was about to end.

Dennis continued his interrogation. “I know you know who it is up in that tree,” he said, knowing full well that if I did, I wouldn’t tell him anything. I also knew that in spite of the fact that we were friends, he was going to do everything he could to enforce the law, and in this case, the law had been broken. I had to be very careful, because Dennis was a damn good lawman. I could expect no quarter.

“When you get to Woodall Shoals to check compliance, you had better just keep on going past where all the action is,” he said matter-of-factly, but with an authoritarian tone. “The forest supervisor is taking this thing pretty seriously. We are bringing in LEOs from seven states in Region 8,” Dennis announced as he shuffled through some papers, never even looking up.

“Yeah, well, I would expect the forest supervisor would get pretty excited about this one,” I said, turning to make my exit.

It was, after all, the same forest supervisor in Columbia who had locked horns with a group of river guides over the Forest Service’s proposal to build “bleachers” at Bull Sluice in 1980. Then, I had been a member of the Friends of the Chattooga, who organized the fight to halt the ill-fated proposal. We had beaten the forest supervisor, hands down. We stopped the project by

The Story of “Forest Green”

proving to his superiors that he had been way out of compliance with the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act in proposing to rearrange the huge boulders at Bull Sluice, to form a retaining wall that would serve as a viewing deck for spectators watching boaters run the big rapid. This section of the Chattooga River at Bull Sluice had been deemed “wild” by congress when the Chattooga was classified as a Wild and Scenic River in 1974, which strictly prohibited alteration of the river and its immediate surroundings. If he ever found out that I was a part of putting Forest Green in that tree stand, my days as a ranger were over.

On a Wednesday night, the day before federal officers found Forest Green perched in the big white pine, a young raft guide knocked on my cabin door. I knew what he wanted as soon as I opened the door. The young raft guide standing there was Hunter Sams, a fellow we all knew as an intelligent, athletic guy with a good sense of humor, and one who also cared deeply about protecting our native forest in the Southern Blue Ridge Mountains. Hunter was part of a group—mostly SC Forest Watch members and a few raft guides—who had tried to stop the Forest Service from clear-cutting a large stand of timber on Long Creek near the Chattooga River, but to no avail.



Forest Green concealed his identity from the media by wearing sunglasses and a bandana while in the tree stand.

At one time, nearby, there had been a big stand of mature native forest in the old Long Creek Roadless Area. But the Forest Service cut these trees and built many roads into this area, so by the time they reached compartment 48, the ensuing fight was more of a matter of principle. Stand 12, though impressive, wasn't really that old. It was, however, a recovering native forest that was still largely roadless and had not yet been converted into a pine plantation.

The real galvanizing issue against the Forest Service's plan to cut compartment 48 was that it was clearly illegal. The forest watch group had presented evidence that the environmental assessment conducted on compartment 48 stated clearly that constructing a new road to carry out the timber operation was “not economically or ecologically feasible.” So everyone was very frustrated with the arrogance and intransigent attitude of the Forest Service. Hunter Sams was one of those people who had decided it was time for real action, even if that meant civil disobedient non-violent protest.

The truth is, at that point we had almost given up. A group of us including Hunter Sams had hiked in to visit the forest on

Long Creek before it was cut down. What we saw gave us new hope. There was a wide swath of red earth where the new road was being pushed into the forest. It stopped at a small creek, and just on the other side—right square in the middle of where the new road would be constructed—was a massive white pine about 3 feet thick and 100 feet tall.

We all stood there looking at the huge tree, and I believe the idea must have hit us all at once. The big tree would have to be cut the next morning, before any work could be continued. It was a long shot, but we decided to have a meeting to discuss the options of renewing the fight. The meeting broke up with no plan, but a lot of thoughtful people going their own way to ponder what to do. One thing was clear, though: who ever climbed up in the big white pine or anybody who helped him would be breaking the law.

“Come on in, Hunter,” I offered, swinging the door open. “Have a seat,” I said, sitting down in a chair by the fireplace.

Hunter sat on the futon in the middle of the room. “I want to climb up in a tree and stop this timber sale” he said, looking as if he would burst before he got it out.

Now reality was beginning to take hold. While it was true that we all had been swept away with the idea of a bold plan to stop the timber sale, I hadn't really expected anyone to step forward and actually volunteer to climb up in the big white pine tree. But now here he was, a real person looking me in the eye and saying that he was ready to go. My first thought was that this young, impressionable kid was about to do something very dangerous and illegal, without understanding the consequences. I assumed that was the reason he was talking to me. I was a Forest Service employee and on record as believing that this situation called for non-violent protest due to the fact that it was clearly illegal.

“Okay, Hunter, I feel obligated to tell you how tough this is going to be,” I said, leaning forward in my seat, intent on making sure he knew exactly what he was getting into.

Hunter sat listening with an expression that revealed trepidation held in check by a preponderance of resolve, as if he were challenging me to talk him out of the idea. And so for the next 45 minutes, that was exactly what I tried to do.

“Listen, Hunter, you have no idea how hard this whole thing is going to be to pull off. Think about this: we will have to construct the tree stand, haul it up into the tree, pack your food

The Story of “Forest Green”

supplies and water and get you up in the tree, and we have about 12 hours to get it all done. They will probably just fell all the timber all around you, and continue moving right ahead. We can't even be sure that it will work,” I told him. “Besides, those loggers and law dogs are rough ol' boys. There is no telling what will happen. This isn't the Pacific Northwest. You may get hurt, but going to jail is a sure thing,” I continued.

The young man sat there, hardly saying a word. But after the mention of getting hurt and going to jail, his eyes showed that he had begun to falter. I didn't know whether to feel good or bad about what I had said. Something in me wanted him to go for it. Finally, Hunter stood up and said, “Now I don't know what to do.”

“You better give it all some serious thought,” I said, as he gave me a glance like a lost puppy and walked out the door. I sat there feeling like a jerk. I knew he was still just outside the door, because I would have heard the boards squeak if he had walked toward the steps down into the front yard.

It hadn't been 30 seconds when I heard the latch lift with a pull of the string that allowed entry from the outside. Hunter pushed the door open and calmly said, “I still want to do it.”

“Okay.” I said, “If you're crazy enough to do it, I'm going to help you all I can.”

We went out the door and around to the side yard, where I had some scrap wood. “I can make a tree stand out of that piece of plywood, and attach it to a frame of two by fours to give it some strength. A triangular piece underneath can rest against the tree, with knee braces for support. I don't know how we will get the damn thing up there and secure it, but we'll figure that out later. You go get packed. Gather up at least 6 days supply of food and water, and whatever gear you need to stay warm. And you will need something to crap in. But, remember, you will be living on a four by eight sheet of plywood for maybe a week. Get your climbing gear and rig a harness so you won't roll off in your sleep. Meet me at 6 o'clock in the old orchard, going in the back way,” I said in a stream of thought.

Hunter took off to get ready, and I stood looking at the lumber, wondering how we were going to make a tree stand and get it

up in a tree by nightfall. Then it dawned on me—we need help. I went inside the cabin and called a couple of dependable raft guide buddies, and asked them to meet us as planned to install the tree stand. Then I called the forest watch group leaders to explain what was going to happen, and asked them to solicit volunteers for a support group.

I managed to construct the tree stand in about an hour, the whole time brainstorming about how to get it up into the tree. A tree-climbing harness and boot spikes were needed. I knew the Forest Service had tree-climbing gear, upstairs at the district's work center. It was after working hours, so I drove to the district office and around behind the work center, confident that no one was there.



A wide swath of red earth from the new road being pushed into the forest led to the small creek where Forest Green made his stand.

I unlocked the door and shot up the stairs. The tree climbers were in a box at the top of the steps. I bent down to examine the contents of the box when something further across the attic floor caught my eye. It was the head of the big Smokey the Bear suit that was used for special appearances by the Forest Service mascot on Arbor Day or a Fourth of July parade, or any other occasion befitting an opportunity for some poor Forest Service technician unfortunate enough to get the assignment, to wave and hand out comic books featuring the heroism of Smokey and laced with Forest Service

propaganda. The thought popped into my head that it would be outrageously comical if tomorrow morning Smokey the Bear himself became traitor of all traitors and, sick from years of handing out Forest Service lies about how good it was to “stamp out” all wildfires and to “mimic nature” by clear-cutting old growth forests, simply went off the deep end and climbed a tree in protest. Time constraints as they were, I still couldn't help but to give pause to the idea of borrowing the Smokey suit along with the tree-climbers, but then let go of the idea, grabbed the tree-climbers, and sprinted down the stairs and into the truck.

I met Hunter and 2 other raft guides at the appointed time in the old orchard on the back side of compartment 48. We lugged the tree stand, and all of the gear for hauling it up into the tree, down through the woods to the big white pine, where the road builders had stopped work. The group sat watching stoically as I strapped on the tree-climbing belt and spikes.

The Story of “Forest Green”

I jammed the first spike into the tree and stepped up to take another step. The tree was so big that the belt held me in tight to the tree, making it hard to swing the belt up the back of the tree between steps. Already winded and straining to jam in the spikes deep enough to hold my weight, about 15 feet up I ran into the first whorl of limbs. I took the pruning saw that hung from my belt and cut the limbs flush, and then climbed another 2 feet to the next whorl of dead limbs and repeated the process. At about 30 feet up, I was totally exhausted and climbed down to rest.

I lay on the ground gasping for breath; then, again started up the tree. Finally, I reached a place in the tree at about 40 or 50 feet up, where the limbs were big and strong and perfectly horizontal—a perfect place to anchor the stand. I dropped a line to the ground and the crew attached slings, carabineers and pulleys, which I hauled up and used to rig a system to pull the tree stand into the tree. Once it was anchored and strapped to the tree, I climbed down.

Now it was time to finalize our plan. Hunter stood quietly listening. The expression on his face reflected his resolve and determination. We all knew we had crossed the Rubicon.

The plan was simple. Hunter would go home to pack his gear and the supplies needed for a 5 or 6 day stay, and try to get some sleep. Everyone else would join others that were by now making the banner at a friend’s house not too far from the site, on Damascus Church Road. Hunter would pick his support crew, who would arrive at the big tree before dawn to assist with hauling gear into the tree and hanging the banner; then, they would retreat into the woods to watch the action as the timber crew arrived the following morning. One in the group would try to get a set of walkie-talkies to use for staying in touch with Hunter. I would smuggle the tree-climbers back to the work center, compile a statement to give to the media, and make phone calls to solicit support from allies. My role also would be to serve as a “double agent,” going to work as usual the next day, and to monitor things from the inside.

The next morning, all went well with the exception that radios were unable to be secured, so Hunter would have to rely on people yelling messages to him from the ridge behind the big tree. By dawn, Hunter was stationed in the tree, the banner had been unfurled beneath the tree stand, and supporters were concealed in the woods nearby. Around 7:30 a.m., a bulldozer crept over the hill on the new roadbed and came to a stop. Then it backed out of sight, back over the hill. The timber crew appeared in minutes, and the saga of Forest Green swung into high gear.

*To be concluded in the next issue
of the Chattooga Quarterly.*

Tinkle of Bell Teams Fade

*John Parris
from Roaming the Mountains, reprinted by permission
of the Asheville Citizen-Times Publishing Company*

HIGHLANDS, NORTH CAROLINA, 1955

The days of riding the shake-guts and the tinkle of bell teams have faded into the limbo of an epic pageant of wheels. Gone are the lurching gig, the antiquated shay, and the spring wagon. The hitching rack and the boot scraper have been destroyed.

The trucker has replaced the romantic wagoner with his six-horse team, and the livery stable has gone the way of the old stagecoach inn. Homespun and calico have bowed out to satin and silk. Gee and haw, the nigh side and the off side, these were familiar terms until thirty years ago, but now almost incomprehensible. There are those who remember the freight horses, with brass-studded collar housings and tinkling bells, and still around are a few old-timers who held the reins when hacks, surreys, buggies and wagons provided the only transportation for folks here in the mountains.

The six Potts brothers remember, and well they should, for they nursed many a horse-drawn vehicle up and down the mountains between Highlands and the South Carolina and Georgia market towns. Their father started the business in 1895, and for almost twenty years, the boys hauled everything from tourists to silver dollars.

The Potts livery service was one of the most famous in all the mountains. It was known for its fast horses and fast service. Stables were operated here, and at the South Carolina towns of Walhalla and Seneca.

“When we had stables in South Carolina,” recalled Charlie Potts, who is now postmaster here, “we even pitted out stagecoaches against the trains, and outrun ‘em, too. We had a stagecoach on the run between Walhalla and Seneca that used four to six horses, and they were fast steppers. Kentucky-bred and fast, running fast. It was our boast that we could get folks from Walhalla to Seneca faster than the train. And we did. Made the nine-mile run in thirty minutes. Got so folks would ride the stagecoach instead of the train.”

During the summer when freight hauling and tourist travel was the heaviest, the Potts kept between fifty and sixty wagon, carriage and saddle horses. They cut the number down to twenty in winter. They bought their saddle horses in Tennessee and Kentucky in the spring, used them during the summer, and took them in the fall to South Carolina where they sold them to planters.

“The roads were pretty bad in those days,” said Charlie Potts. “Actually you couldn’t hardly call them roads. They were rough and got mighty muddy and sticky when it rained. I

Tinkle of Bell Teams Fade

used to do mostly freight hauling, though I worked hacks and carriages and stagecoaches. In hauling freight from Walhalla, it used to take me three days to make the round trip, a distance of sixty-four miles there and back. Naturally, you could make it quicker in a carriage, a day to go and a day to come. Our passengers found it pretty rough riding sometimes. They got shaken up a bit, but we always managed to bring them up here and take them back. I don't remember of a horse ever failing to come through."

Before 1907, all visitors to Highlands had to go either to Walhalla or Lake Toxaway, the nearest railway points, and come the rest of the way in a horse-drawn vehicle. But in 1907, the Tallulah Falls Railroad extended its lines to Dillard, Georgia, which is about half the distance it was to Walhalla. So the Potts brothers brought most of the visitors up from that point, the Dillard-Highlands run requiring only about five hours.

For these runs, they used five types of passenger vehicles: buggies, two-seated surreys, three-seated hacks, three-seated surreys, and four-seated hacks. "All of them had fringed tops and curtains that could be pulled down or up," said Charlie Potts. "They had steel-wire wheels and brakes. Trunks and other baggage and supplies were brought in by wagon from Walhalla, Dillard or Lake Toxaway."

The Potts brothers also had a mail route. They picked up the mail at Russell's Wayside Inn, which was halfway between Walhalla and Highlands. They carried both mail and passengers by way of Grimshawes in Whiteside Cove.

"The post office at Grimshawes was named for an Englishman by that name who also kept boarders during the summer," Potts said. "Once he fussed with the feller bringing the mail and passengers from Walhalla to Russell's, claiming that he was purposely being slow so folks headed for Grimshawes would have to spend the night at Russell's. The feller on that end of the run was named Houtchins, and Grimshawes told him if he didn't get the folks through in one day he was going to route them by Sapphire. That caused old man Russell to pipe up and say he didn't care if he routed them by hell-fire."

Potts said during the years they ran the livery service, they

hauled into Highlands everything except feeds, which were raised here. "All the groceries and hardware that the town had to have we hauled," he said. "We even hauled in money for the merchants and for the bank. It was mostly silver. We never did seem to have enough on hand for transactions, and still don't. We would take an empty cotton-seed hull box, put the sack of money in it and then cover it with hulls. No, nobody ever tried to hold us up. We never lost a cent in all the years we hauled silver into the town. I guess we were pretty lucky."

Potts began driving a team when he was six and made a career out of it for some fifteen years. His is sixty-one now. "We got our wagons and hacks and buggies from different sources," he said. "R.H. Brown at Cashiers made wagons from Jim Palmer



The failure of the Blue Ridge Railroad project left visitors to the Chattooga watershed dependent on horse-drawn vehicles for an extended time.

in Franklin. Then we had Studabakers and Nissens. The carriages came from the Rock Hill, South Carolina, Buggy Company and were called Rock Hill Buggies. We used two horses to a buggy because one couldn't pull all day over the rough roads. Beck and Bill were the best team of wagon mules we ever had. I reckon the best horse we ever had was one named Nellie, a beautiful bay from Kentucky. And Mollie, another bay, was one of the meanest, most cantankerous horses that ever lived.

Anybody who drove Mollie had to keep his eye on her and keep a strong hand on the reins."

While spring and summer were busy months for the livery service, there was the job of hauling freight right on through the winter. Maneuvering a big wagon drawn by skittish horses or mules over the snowy, often slushy and icy mountain roads, was a task that kept the driver busy all the way. Contrary to popular belief, mountain teamsters walked more than they rode.

Freighting demanded strong wagons, sturdy harness and stout horses. The team was the center of interest always. Wagons were made only to be pulled, and harness was only harness, but the horse was a living thing. Strangely enough, wagoners had no trouble getting up hills, but the trouble was getting down with a heavy load. A feller could wear out a set of tires if he had to lock his wheels.

Yes, the days of riding the shake-gut and the tinkle of bell teams are gone, but there are a few left like Charlie Potts who can remember how it was and the feel of the reins in their hands.

Watershed Update

ANDREW PICKENS RANGER DISTRICT

The Andrew Pickens (AP) Ranger District of the Sumter National Forest is embroiled in two contentious issues that, according to the Sumter National Forest's recent "schedule of proposed actions," are due for decisions quite soon, tentatively in April. These concern managing recreation uses on the upper Chattooga, also known to some as the upper Chattooga "boating ban" issue, and the proposal to radically alter and develop the historic Russell House area as a tourist destination site. Please check the Chattooga Conservancy's website www.chattoogariver.org for breaking news on these issues, or call the Chattooga Conservancy office. Below is an update on two additional controversial projects on the AP District.

PINE PLANTATION CONVERSION: The AP District recently issued for public comment a "scoping notice" describing a massive proposed project to remove non-native loblolly pine stands, and to replace them with "native pine and hardwood ecosystems." On the face of it this may sound okay, BUT many problematic issues emerge upon further examination of the proposal. Here are some details: herbicide application on 3,264 acres; logging of about 6,000 acres within the next 5 years; 12 newly-constructed roads totaling 8.2 miles of brand new "system" roads; and, re-constructing another 59.2 miles of roads. It is also disclosed that "shortleaf pine seedlings would be the major species planted, on a 12 ft. by 12 ft. spacing" in reforestation activities. Simply put: this would not be restoring an "ecosystem," it's just more pine plantations! One can only conclude that industrial scale timber management practices are poised to return to the Andrew Pickens Ranger District—unless citizens get involved, as they have before.

Eliminating the non-native loblolly pine plantations is a good idea, but replacing them with another pine monoculture largely devoid of native biological diversity—as would occur by planting shortleaf pines on a close, 12 X 12 spacing—is not. Add to that multiple thousands of acres of herbicide treatments and its potential impacts on water quality and wildlife, plus all the new roads in a national forest whose present road density is already excessive for many species of wildlife, and it's clear that this project needs some significant changes!

The Chattooga Conservancy recommends these basic changes:

- Employ landscape planning science, that is based on soil type, slope, and aspect, to predict the potential native vegetation on each loblolly stand site;

- Where road access already exists, employ restoration forestry techniques that will ensure the regeneration of a true native forest, which was indicated by the Forest Service's "Chattooga Watershed Ecosystem Management Demonstration Project" of the mid-1990s to be composed of predominantly hardwood species;

- Do not build more new system roads for access, but instead manage these sites either by "cut-and-leave" treatments or by "benign neglect," both of which would promote the regeneration of a native forest type

- Employ cost-benefit analyses that will disclose the anticipated expenses of eliminating the loblolly plantations as well as any further forestry treatments.

Please submit your comments on this major proposal to the Andrew Pickens District. The deadline for comments is April 7, 2010. The scoping notice is available on the Sumter National Forest's website, at this link: www.fs.fed.us/r8/fms/sumter/resources/projects.current. Comments may be sent several ways: by mail to AP Ranger District, via email and fax, and by telephone. Contact the Chattooga Conservancy for more information.

SECTION II BAMBOO GROVE: Many a float trip on Section 2 of the Chattooga has pulled ashore to enjoy the extraordinary old growth bamboo patch on the river's South Carolina side, in the Sumter National Forest. Visitors to the historic Russell House area also would seek out this special place to enjoy the quiet and shadowy interior created by the oversized bamboo canes. Unfortunately, the bamboo was recently destroyed on orders from the Andrew Pickens Ranger District.

Why? A couple years ago, the Andrew Pickens District announced a new program to eliminate invasive non-native plants such as kudzu, privet, honeysuckle, autumn olive and others. The Chattooga Conservancy applauded this effort, even working with the Forest Service on a demonstration project where we helped plant native species at the Section 2 put-in on Highway 28. In addition, the Chattooga Conservancy specifically requested that the small, unusual old growth bamboo patch on Section 2 be exempt from this program, due to its extraordinary characteristics, the low likelihood of its spreading, and its public enjoyment values. For the record, this request was renewed in 2009, and we also asked to be notified of any pending action here. But with no notice, and to the surprise and fury of many, this landmark was leveled in late October 2009.

STEOKA CREEK WATERSHED 319(h) PROJECT APPROVED

The Chattooga Conservancy has been working in cooperation with the City of Clayton to gain final approval of the "Clayton/Rabun County Watershed Project," that addresses reducing "non-point source" water pollution in the Stekoa Creek Watershed in Rabun County, Georgia. This project was tentatively selected by the Georgia Department of Natural Resources in late 2008 as a candidate to receive Section 319(h)

Watershed Update

grant funding from the Environmental Protection Agency; however, the grant requires matching funds, a provision that nearly extinguished the project. The City of Clayton finally secured the match through the valuation of the land donated for the future Stekoa Creek Park (see Watershed Update, *Chattooga Quarterly* Spring/Summer Solstice 2009). The city asked the Chattooga Conservancy to compose the project's work plan, and in February 2010 this work plan was approved!

A brief history of the beleaguered Stekoa Creek is useful to see why the Clayton/Rabun County Watershed Project was selected for 319(h) grant funding. Stekoa Creek is a major tributary to the Chattooga River, and is widely acknowledged as the greatest source of pollution in Chattooga. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency and the Georgia Department of Natural Resources have classified Stekoa Creek and several of its major tributaries as "impaired [polluted] waterways" under Section 303(d) of the federal Clean Water Act. A "Total Maximum Daily Load Implementation Plan" (TMDL Plan) was commissioned by the State of Georgia in 2003, and aimed at restoring Stekoa Creek to its designated use as a primary trout stream. But the TMDL Plan was not implemented to stem the flow of sedimentation and fecal coliform into Stekoa Creek, and the state subsequently revisited the original TMDL Plan, releasing a "Tier 2 TMDL Plan" in September 2007—but still no progress has occurred in improving Stekoa Creek's water quality.

Now, enter the Clayton/Rabun County Watershed Project, which is designed to finally begin implementing Stekoa Creek's TMDL Plan. This project contains five main components that will demonstrate the needed measures for reducing fecal coliform and sediment pollution in Stekoa Creek. Specifically, they are:

- ***Stekoa Creek Stream Bank and Buffer Zone***

Restoration, which will abate the ongoing non-point erosion and sedimentation problems within the stream's 50-foot buffer zone on a 2.9-acre site by correcting areas of eroding stream banks, and restoring native vegetation in the 50-foot buffer zone to act as a sediment filter along Stekoa Creek. This project site is the future location of the Stekoa Creek Park.

- ***Rural Septic System Database***, that will organize the Rabun County Health Department's list of septic tanks geographically (by watershed and sub-watershed). Then, this data is to be portrayed in visual form via Geographic Information Systems, overlaid with the Stekoa Creek flood plain and the flood plains of its major impaired tributaries. This should provide information about the current septic tank population, and help to identify failing septic tanks contributing to fecal coliform pollution in the Stekoa Creek watershed.

- ***Rural Septic System Rehabilitation***: Funding will be provided to financially needy households for rehabilitating

failing septic systems located in flood plain areas of the Stekoa Creek watershed.

- ***Agricultural Best Management Practices***

Demonstration: The objective is to recruit at least one property owner within the Stekoa Creek watershed flood plain who is agreeable to implementing a demonstration project that will install agricultural best management practices such as restricting livestock access to the creek, and providing alternative watering systems.

- ***Water Quality Data Collection and Analysis***: Water samples will be collected in the Stekoa Creek watershed in adherence with a State Quality Assurance Plan, to identify hot spot areas of fecal coliform pollution suspected to be attributable to failing septic systems, and to demonstrate the effectiveness of septic system rehabilitation and implementing agricultural best management practices in reducing non-point source fecal coliform pollution in the Stekoa Creek watershed.

The Clayton/Rabun County Watershed Project will begin to scratch the surface of much of what's needed on a larger scale, to clean up Stekoa Creek. The project will be ongoing for the next 3 years. Visit the Chattooga Conservancy's website www.chattoogariver.org to read the work plan in its entirety.

CHATTOOGA RIVER RANGER DISTRICT

The Chattooga River Ranger District plans to address "illegal ATV user-created trails," as per a scoping letter dated 1/29/2010. The project will include numerous areas across the district, and adjacent to the Chattooga River. The Chattooga Conservancy applauds this effort, and has specifically requested that the illegal ATV trails into "8-Ball Rapid" and into the confluence of Stekoa Creek and the Chattooga River be closed, and that associated erosion and sedimentation issues be addressed by the project.

UPCOMING BIRD WATCHING EXPEDITION

Join expert birder Jack Johnston on the Chattooga Conservancy's annual bird watching expedition. Jack will lead a short hike into the woods to identify Neotropical migratory birds arriving in the Chattooga watershed from their over-wintering homes. Jack will be sharing his wealth of knowledge about bird songs and distinctive markings to identify the birds heard and/or seen on the outing.

The outing is planned for a Saturday morning in late April or early May. The group will meet at the Ingles parking lot in Clayton, GA, at 8 a.m. sharp. ***The date for the birding expedition will be publicized on the Chattooga Conservancy's website, and by way of community announcements*** throughout the Chattooga River watershed area.

Members' Pages

THANK YOU VERY MUCH to everyone who recently renewed their membership, joined as a new member, or contributed gifts, services, and memorial donations to the Chattooga Conservancy. **YOUR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS WILL HELP US CONTINUE TO WORK ON ALL OF THE IMPORTANT CONSERVATION ISSUES FACING THE CHATTOOGA RIVER WATERSHED AREA.**

Thank you for contributing
at or above the
ADVOCATE level:

Dave & Marcia Barstow
Hank & Susan Belew
Anita & Barney Brannen
Richard Cain
Mark Carter

In Memory Of

Fred Nolting

Betty Nolting

Diane Casey-Landry
Jim & Dorothy Corey
Sally & Hank Herrmann
W. Ennis & Dru James
Dr. Graydon Kingsland
Henry & Barbara Klausman

In Memory Of

Joe Belew

Diane Casey-Landry

Tommy & Collin Lines
Stephen & Chanda Morrison,
Moresun Custom Woodworking
& Designs
Scott McCoy

Ann & Richard Metzgar
Lillian Moore
Bill & Esther Noel & family
Betty Nolting
Hugh Partin
Susan Posey & William Jacobs
Van & Cynthia Price
Rapid Lube of Anderson
Speed & Beth Rogers
Donald Sanders
Pauline Stevenson & Richard
Melvin
Walter Stults
Mark & Evanne Thies
Jody Tinsley & April Childress
Kate Wempe & Andy Hinton
Rob West & Lucy Venable

Thank you for contributing
at or above the
SPONSOR level:

Lillian E. Smith Foundation
Charlie & Kathy Breithaupt
Bronwen Dickey & Sean
Sondej
Linda Dixon
Martha & John Ezzard
Mike Jones
Michael Myers
Craig & Teresa Pendergrast
Scott & Bailey Pendergrast
John & Emily Smith
Lorilei Swanson & Mike
Wechter

In Memory Of

Henry Belew

Howard Prater
Vickie and George Prater

Thank you for contributing
at or above the
GROUP level:

Ens & Outs
Sunrift Adventures
Stuart & Glen Alston
Barbara & William Anderson Jr.

In Memory Of

Kathryn Guzzi

Kathryn and George Dorn

Richard & Elizabeth Bruce
Wallace Bruce
Michael & Brenda Colbert
John & Ruth Dean
Brian & Michelle Deem
Michael & Janet DeLoach
Sean Everett & Carol
Greenberger
Joe Ferguson
Scott & Megan Gorder

Members' Pages

THANK YOU

contributors to the
"PICKIN' FOR THE PARK"
STEKOA CREEK PARK EVENT
 Danny & Carol Anglin
 Apple Blossom Flower Shoppe
 Brad Barrett
 Bear Creek Coffee
 Beck Funeral Home
 Belew Heat & Air
 Belew Heaven Pottery
 Blake Gardner Art
 Blue Ridge Music
 Butler Galleries
 Cakes & Crumbs
 Cannon's Dept. Store
 Cannon's Furniture
 Clayton Café
 Clayton Flower Bed
 Clayton Paint & Flooring
 Clayton Pharmacy
 Clayton Veterinary Hospital
 Crawford Art Gallery
 Crestview Store
 FAITH, Inc.
 Foxfire Boys
 Foxfire Fund, Inc.
 Goats on the Roof
 Gagliano Originals
 Grapes & Beans
 J&R Feed & Seed
 Jean Buckridge
 Jo Salon
 Dale Oliver
 John Oliver & Carmel Ridge
 Long Creek General Store
 Main Street Station
 Mane Event
 Mindful Expressions, Inc.
 Mountain Hoodoo
 Nantahala Outdoor Center
 Old Clayton Inn
 Paulette Carpenter
 Peking Gourmet
 Peter McIntosh Photography
 Prater's Main Street Books
 Radio Shack
 Rabun ABC Package Store
 Rabun Chapter of Trout Unlimited
 Reeves Hardware
 Savannah Street Café
 Shiner's Restaurant
 Silver Dollar Music Hall
 Dick Surlis
 Terry Rivers
 Tiger Food Mart
 Timpson Creek Gallery
 Rob West & Lucy Venable

*Charles & Jacqueline
 Groover
 Jana & Gary Hill
 Roger & Jean Johnson
 David Land
 Norma Langley
 Freda & Johnny
 McFarlane
 Pam & Johnny Rowland
 Andrea & Bill Timpone
 Anne Ulinski
 Micky & Tom Ward
 Suzanne Williams
 Anna & Edgar Zelaya*

**Thank you
 for contributing**

at or above the

INDIVIDUAL level:

*Glen Adams
 Scott & Sandra Anderson
 Dr. David & Jane Apple
 Frank Bachelder
 Johnny & Rhonda Bailey
 Ms. Carroll Garren Beele
 Thomas Beisel
 The Belk Company
 Deborah Berlin
 Rick & Sydney Brown
 Jennie & Martin Burrell
 Ben Cash
 Samuel & Mary Cathey
 Ken & Louella Cleveland
 Robert & Jane Foster
 Dick & Gillian Heywood
 Patricia Gilsdorf & David
 Peteet*

*Gene Goodwyn
 Ralph Griffin
 Jim & Manning Holmes
 Charles & Bonnie Jenkins
 Frederick Kreiner
 Rebekah & George Krivsky
 Gail Lamb, MD
 Sallie Lanier
 Ron Leslie
 Marshall Mahone
 April McEwen
 Jo Myers
 Jan & Mary Phillips
 Amy Ray
 Debbie Richardson
 Thomas Robertson
 Ron Robeson
 Karin Schaller
 Louis Schweizer
 Sue Sheehan
 Robert Sheldon
 Donald Spude
 Marge & Bob Striggow
 Nancy Ventura
 Sue Willis
 M. Lynn & Kay Wylie
 Jeff & Jodie Zahner*

THANK YOU

recent contributors to the
**STEKOA CREEK
 WATER MONITORING PROJECT**
 Kim Bodiford
 John Bodiford
 Bill Coburn
 Georgia Council of Trout Unlimited
 Rabun County Chapter of
 Trout Unlimited
 Micky Ward
 Tom Ward

Chattooga Conservancy

The Chattooga Conservancy is a 501(c)(3)
non-profit organization

Staff

Executive Director
Buzz Williams

Program Coordinator
Nicole Hayler

Administrative Assistant
Lisa McAdams

Board of Directors

Hank Belew
Andy Hinton
Karen McCracken
Jonathan Roberts
Don Sanders
John Woodward

Newsletter

Editors & Production
Chattooga Conservancy staff

Printing
Gap Graphics

Webmaster
Keith Jones

JOIN AND HELP PROTECT THE CHATTOOGA RIVER WATERSHED

*MEMBERSHIP DONATIONS MAKE IT POSSIBLE
FOR THE CHATTOOGA CONSERVANCY'S WORK TO PROTECT,
PROMOTE & RESTORE THE CHATTOOGA RIVER WATERSHED*

Your membership contribution will also provide a subscription to the *CHATTOOGA QUARTERLY*

Membership

Winter / Spring Equinox 2010

Renewal

Name _____

Address _____

Email _____

Telephone number _____

Please indicate if you would like to receive email notices of the online newsletter instead of a paper copy. We do not sell email lists, and will keep all information confidential.

send to:

Chattooga Conservancy
8 Sequoia Hills Lane
Clayton, GA 30525

THANK YOU!

Individual: \$30

Sponsor: \$75

Group: \$50

Advocate: \$100

Donation: \$ _____

YOUR CONTRIBUTION IS GREATLY APPRECIATED

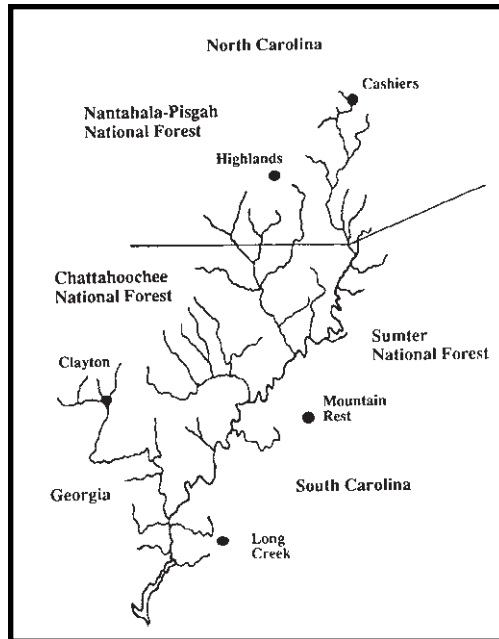
Chattooga Conservancy

8 Sequoia Hills Lane
Clayton, Georgia 30525

tel. (706) 782-6097 fax (706) 782-6098 info@chattoogariver.org WWW.CHATTOOGARIVER.ORG

Mission:

To protect, promote and restore the natural ecological integrity of the Chattooga River watershed ecosystems; to ensure the viability of native species in harmony with the need for a healthy human environment; and, to educate and empower communities to practice good stewardship on public and private lands.



Goals:

Monitor the U.S. Forest Service's management of public forest lands in the watershed, and work cooperatively to develop a sound ecosystem initiative for the watershed

Promote public choice based on credible scientific information

Protect remaining old growth and roadless areas

Promote public land acquisition by the Forest Service in the watershed

Promote sustainable communities

Promote conservation by honoring cultural heritage

Educate the public

Chattooga Conservancy
8 Sequoia Hills Lane
Clayton, GA 30525

Non-Profit Organization
Bulk Rate Permit #33
Clayton, GA

Address Service Requested



*printed on recycled paper
100% post-consumer waste*