



The Chattooga Quarterly

Fall



2003

\$6.66

Halloween Brew



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Director's Page

Buzz Williams

I have spent many sleepless nights wondering how we are going to deal with the relentless anti-environmental policies of this new administration. Let's face it, our worst nightmares have come true, what with big greedy corporations unleashed to exploit the environment, a resurrected "timber beast" poised to run wild again in the national forests, and with crippled, under funded watchdog agencies and nonprofits in total disarray and confusion standing idly by, we are up the creek. One need only gaze into the cold calculating eyes of the likes of Dick Cheney our shadowy V. P., or the "Darth Vader" Undersecretary of Agriculture, Mark Rey, a former timber industry lobbyist who now controls the Forest Service, to understand the challenge we face. I'm afraid it's time for some new tactics.

I have given the options some deep thought. Appeals won't work; the Bush administration has emasculated all the laws that allow us to participate in natural resource management and planning. Law suits won't work—the Bush administration is packing the courts. What's left?

Then it came to me, a gestalt from the environmental gods. We are going to have to get really radical. No, not the standard tree-sitting kind of direct action. John Ashcroft would have us nabbed in a flash and executed as terrorists. I am talking about something they will never suspect, a real out-of-left-field sneak attack! How about a *curse*.

I began my quest for a curse by consulting the most famous of all curses found in the literature of my library. After rejecting the poisoned apple from "Snow White" for being too mild for such formidable opponents, I settled on that masterwork of curses, the witch's brew of "MacBeth," as the perfect prototype.

Chills of delight went up my spine as I read the passage from "MacBeth," Act IV:

*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron. Thunder.
Enter the three Witches.*

*Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."*

*Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.*

*Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.*

*Fillet of fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.*

*Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire Burn and cauldron bubble.*

*Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blasphemed Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and tartar's lips,
Finger of a birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make a gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chawdron.*

*Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.*

*Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.*

Now, where to get all this stuff? I made a list of what and where to get the items for the curse (below), divided it up, and sent each member of the staff out to get their share of items.

Check List

Fenny snake (fillet) - Eric	Newt (eye) - Jasmine
Frog (toe) - Jasmine	Witch (mummy) - eBay
Bat (wool) - Eric	Turk (nose) - eBay
Dog (tongue) - Eric	Baboon (blood) - Eric
Adder (fork) - Eric	Lizard (leg) - Jasmine
Blind worm (stinger) - Eric	Tartar (sauce) - Buzz
Hooter's (wings) - Buzz	Jew (liver) - eBay
Toad (poison'd entrails) - Jasmine	Dragon (scale) - Fran
Goat (gallbladder) - Eric	Babe (finger) - eBay
Shark (maw and gulf) - S.C Coastal Conservation League	
Hemlock (water hemlock, <i>Conium maculatum</i>) - Buzz	
Wolf (tooth) - U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service	
Yew (slip) - Oregon Natural Resources Council	
Tiger (entrails) - U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service	
Cauldron, wood, matches and spoon.	

Director's Page

In no time I had all of the ingredients. Some of the stuff we got either as road kill or from the local slaughter house. The wolf's tooth and tiger parts came from a friend at the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Low and behold, the same species of water hemlock that grows on the Chattooga is very similar and just as deadly as the one that was used for poison in Shakespeare's time. We bartered with friends in other parts of the country for the shark maw and yew branches. But frankly, most of it came from eBay. Who would have thought that stuff like Turk's noses and witch mummies are fairly popular with the Gen-X crowd.

The cooking part was tough, but after a few hours the evil brew was looking good. The only really tricky part was dealing with the Rabun County cops that showed up unexpectedly that evening. They must have assumed they had discovered a backyard moonshine still. A finger rising slowly up from the bubbling gruel as in the movie *Deliverance*, right in the middle of being interrogated by the cops, might just provoke some hard-to-explain questions. So I quickly explained that it was for tomorrow's BBQ contest at Mountain City, and they left.

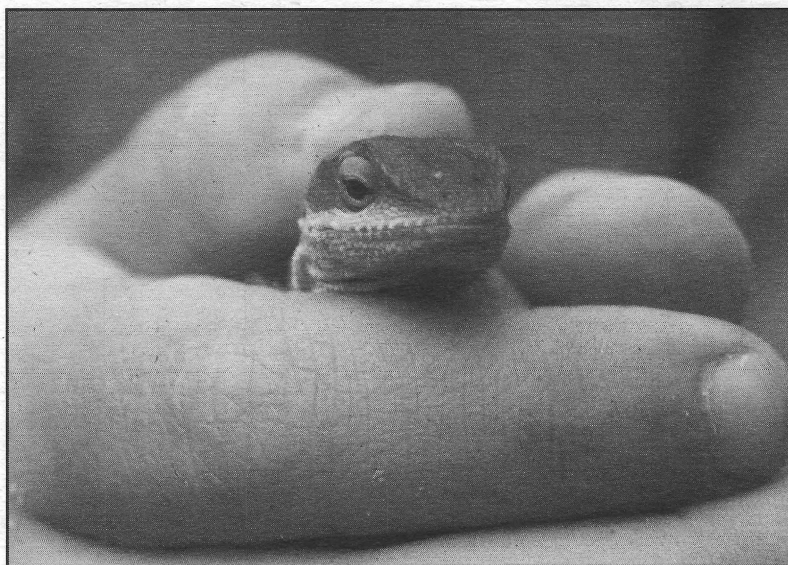
Once the baboon's blood was in and the foul brew was "firm and good," the question arose with the staff as to the method of delivery. "I have an idea," I said. "Let's try it out on the local Forest Service staff first, to see if it works." Having been a former Forest Service employee and having an intimate knowledge of the enemy, the method of delivery came immediately to mind. I explained that the commonly held notion that the noble "Forest Rangers," like the ones in the old "Lassie" TV series, still roaming the forest looking for lost kids and damsels in distress, was a relic of a past era.

"Listen guys," I said. "This will be cake. We'll wait for these pudgy little paper-pushers to take a coffee break during an open house or some such 'dog and pony show' meeting, and we'll slip the brew into the coffee pot. Maybe pour some over the top of all those stale donuts they always try to pawn off on us as refreshments, and bingo, those greedy greenies will think it's a new sugar treat and they'll snarf 'em down like starved hound dogs,"

Sure enough. In a few days a scoping notice came from the

local Forest Service office with a proposal to level a few hundred acres of national forest. It seems some land grant college professor had just come out with new evidence that because of a combination of bad forest practices from days gone by (pine plantations and fire suppression), that all the national forests in the Chattooga River watershed were all messed up, and he had determined that in order to regenerate a healthy forest we really needed to start all over from scratch. They informed us in the notice that this insignificant action was "categorically excluded" from public comment, but if we wanted to get educated by the professionals managing the national forest we could come on down to the district office and "view" the maps and so forth. Well this was our chance. They would be under the spell sooner than you could say "glazed donuts."

The plan worked like a charm (no pun intended). Those witless Forest Service Freddie's woofed those donuts down like a pig with a tape worm. We would have them under our spell in no time.



Gathering a lizard's leg for the cursed brew.

The next day, with curiosity getting the best of me, I couldn't help myself. I rode down to the district office and there they all were busy as usual working away behind their little computers planning away on more timber sales, road pavings, and herbicide projects.

Dejected, I went back to the Conservancy office to query the staff to figure out what went wrong.

"Let's all double check our list," I said impatiently. "Are you sure that you got all the stuff right on your list?" Everyone checked out clean. Then the staff turned the inquisition back to me.... "Fairly sure," I replied sheepishly, "but I never understood how they knew about tartar sauce and Hooter's wings in Shakespeare's day."

"That was Tartar's lips and howlet's wings, you idiot!" Eric howled.

Now, with the pain of complete failure and one hell of a mess to clean up, I guess it's back to the drawing board. Any ideas out there?

Arts & Crafts Sale



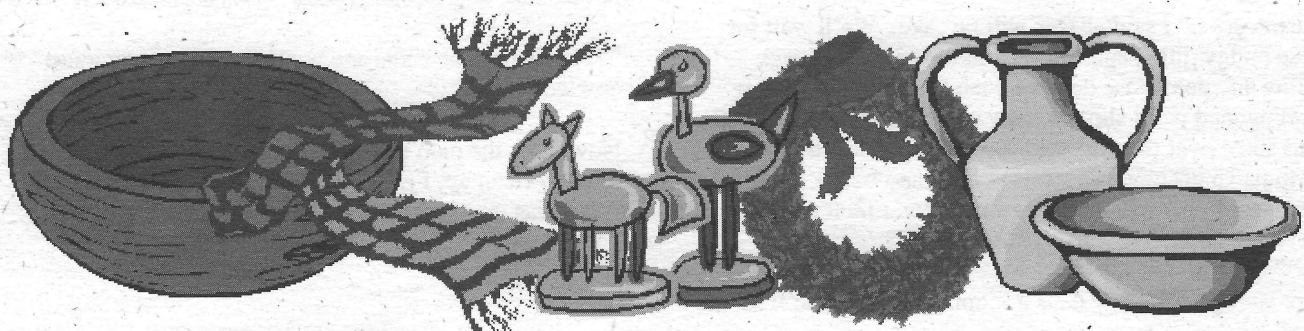
Community Conservation Center

corner of Warwoman & Pinnacle - 8/10 mile from 441 in Clayton

Food Shopping Fun!

Shop for the holidays &
support the Conservancy at the same time!

wood carving pottery photography glass
paintings baskets jewelry clothes
AND MORE HANDMADE TREASURES



Booger Dance

Eric Orr

Darkness blankets a chilly fall Southern Appalachian night in Big Cove, NC. Tucked away in a quiet hollow lies a small handmade house. It was built in a single day. Not because it was shoddily thrown together or because corners were cut. But because that's what good neighbors do for each other. They give freely. When cold is setting in and a family needs shelter, they all do their part.

Inside smoke hangs like spider webs. In the heart of the room, a fire burns low, beating back autumn frost, warming a stone hearth. Fire light illuminates the face of a tight-knit community. Most all the men, women, and children are here. They dance and socialize without restraint, awaiting the evening's festivities. There's a bench against one wall. Sitting on that bench, six men lead the affair. They're known as callers. Five of them play rattles made from gourds, and the head caller beats a Cherokee water drum. It's made of hollowed buckeye with a head of brain-tanned deer skin. The beater is carved from a good length of hickory, straight and strong as the chief himself. The drum is filled with water. It resonates soulfully like no other drum.

The callers play six songs and then, one by one, the boogers stomp into the room. There are seven, all sloppily dressed. Some wear tattered European clothes, and others have bed sheets and quilts draped over themselves. One of them carries a dead chicken on a string. All are wearing masks. Each mask is different, resembling either white men or Indians. One is a hollowed hornets' nest. The others are made from buckeye, basswood, and gourds. Some look silly and some scary. Paint and animal fur represent eyebrows and hair. A couple of the booger masks have long thin gourd necks for noses. Possum fur has been attached to the bases of the gourds. These are meant to look like penises.

After the boogers make their entrance, they move clumsily about, lurching at the spectators, groping for the women and girls, chasing them across the room. The girls giggle at being chased. A few of the boogers fall to the floor pretending to be stricken by convulsive seizures. Some of

them wear gourds between their legs, occasionally thrusting them towards the women and releasing the water held within. Soon the boogers settle down and take seats against the wall.

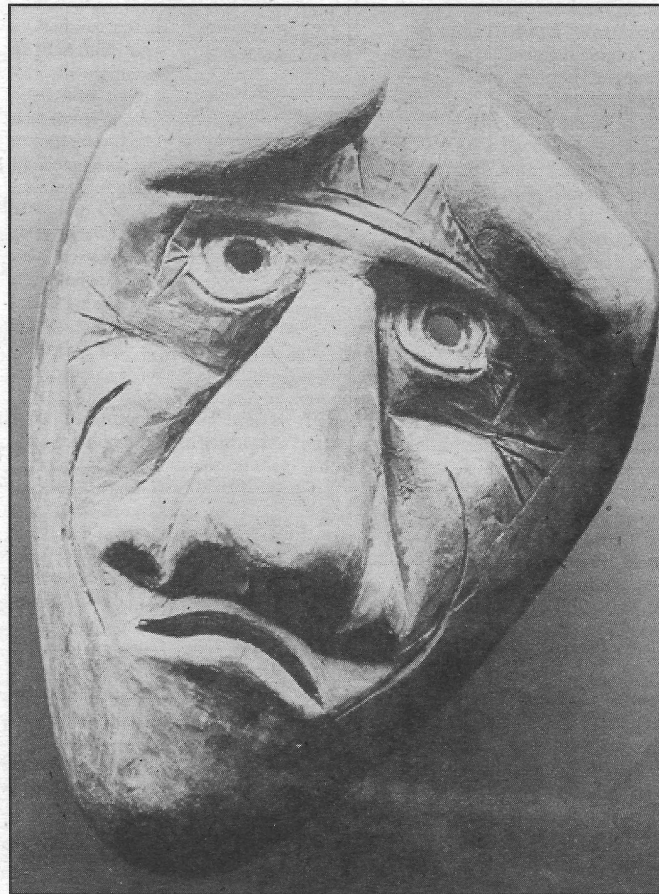
The host announces the arrival of the new guests and then converses quietly with the booger chief. He whispers a series of questions... "Who are you? Where are you from? Where are you going?" The host repeats the chief's replies for everyone to hear. The boogers have come from a land far away, and they are heading southward. The foreign chief whispers in the strictest of confidence that his dead chicken is 'a wild turkey. The audience jeers with laughter.

When asked what they want, the boogers all reply, "Girls!" Then they ask for a fight and the host responds, "We are a peaceful people and do not wish to fight you." So the boogers ask to dance, and they are granted permission.

Each is called by name and performs his own solo dance. There's Cow's Tail, Sooty Anus, Black Buttocks, Sweet Phallus, Penis, Rusty Anus, and Big Testicles. Most of the dances represent the boogers' names in some way. It's mostly just chaotic motion and groping. The clumsy display brings to mind a white man imitating an Indian dance. The dancers cough, growl, and frequently expel flatus.

The boogers finish their dances, and the host invites the booger chief to choose another dance. He indicates that he and his boogers would like the Eagle Dance. Now they take a break and run outside, probably stirring up

some unseen trouble. A few minutes pass and the boogers make their re-entry. The music makers sing a song and request tobacco. A pipe is lit and passed among them. After all of the callers have partaken, the pipe is retired. The host lays a deer skin before the eagle hunter in an act of reverence. The spectators take an opportunity to honor this man by offering gifts for his skill and medicine. He has spent several days alone in the wilderness, executing the rites necessary to take this special bird. Among the gifts are tobacco, a buckskin for moccasins, an iron knife, various pins, buttons, and other personal adornments.



Booger mask carved by Will West Long.

Booger Dance

The ensuing dance is the pinnacle of the evening's ceremony. The boogers take female partners, dancing side by side or face to face in sexual burlesque. They finish dancing, having completed their quest for women and vanish into the cold night to fulfill the last leg of their mission. The ceremony ends with a Friendship Dance.

There seems to be some controversy regarding the meaning of the Booger Dance. Frank Speck and Leonard Broom have given the most commonly known interpretation. Their informant, a Cherokee man named Will West Long, said the dance originated from the same source of all dances, indicating it existed in ancient times and has been passed down through generations. He said it's only used for fun now, but it was once a formal ceremony. It supposedly was given to the Cherokee people as tool to help them cope with the stresses of adversity. According to the Speck and Broom theory, the ceremony reduces the Cherokee enemy to something psychologically manageable. The offending boogers represented real threats to the Cherokee. Speck and Broom concluded that the masks symbolized Europeans and the diseases they brought. The white man happened to be the most imminent threat of that era, but in earlier times it may have been dangerous animals or enemy tribes. The dance eased threat through the use of humor and mockery. They also used it as a ceremony to eradicate foreign diseases.

Anthropologists Raymond D. Fogelson and Amelia B. Walker feel like Speck and Broom have oversimplified the meaning of the Booger Dance. They claim the masks are symbolic of tensions, emotions, or character traits. Many of the booger masks, they say, are painted and carved with wrinkles, and topped with gray hair. They are meant to resemble the wisdom of elderly Indians, while others represent the young man and his preoccupation with sex. The mask allows the dancer to experience a particular trait or quality. Some boogers portray the clumsy overindulgence of youth. Others might imitate the arduous gait of an old man. Through the Booger Dance, the young

man is wise and mature. The old man reclaims his youthful vitality. They both get a chance to explore the tension that exists between them. Each fears and envies the other's powers.

Still, some masks clearly resemble whites, blacks, Asians, and others. Fogelson and Walker assert that the Cherokee audience gets a glimpse of another culture through the dance. The culture they see is one they don't understand; a culture built on ethics and morals completely foreign to the Cherokee. A group of strangers barges into a home demanding women and war. They are disrespectful and offensive, and they leave only after making fools of themselves.

All we can do is speculate on the origin and meaning of the Booger Dance. The Cherokee are a people of mystery. Most of their history has been recorded only in their minds, passed down verbally from father to son, mother to daughter.

But I'm holding fast to the Speck and Broom theory. I have absolutely no legitimate evidence other than what they've published. I just *like* that story. It makes perfect sense to me. It demonstrates the strength of a small community. What better way to dispel a demon than to laugh in its face? It may do no other good than to offer comic relief. Our political demons certainly can't be slain by mockery, any more than the white man could be driven off by the Booger Dance, but it sure

sounds like fun. And I can't help but dream about a modern Booger Dance...

Boogers crash the party. The masks are mostly the same. Except one. It's not unlike a monkey's face. Instead of a dead chicken, this booger carries a dated assault rifle, capable of offing a man a couple hundred yards away. In the strictest of confidence he quietly confides, "This is a nuclear warhead, capable of leveling an entire nation." The audience jeers with laughter. When asked what the boogers want, they all cry, "Oil!" Folks, can we be just a little more discrete when we pick our boogers?



Booger mask adorned with a carved rattlesnake, made by Sim Jessan.

The Legend of Mary Jeff

Carol Greenberger

With Halloween approaching, I began to think about ghost stories I have heard over the years. I wondered if there were any local ghost stories, tales involving the watershed area. So, on a Saturday morning when I happened to be in Clayton, I decided to stop in at the historical society, to see what information they might have on hand about local hauntings.

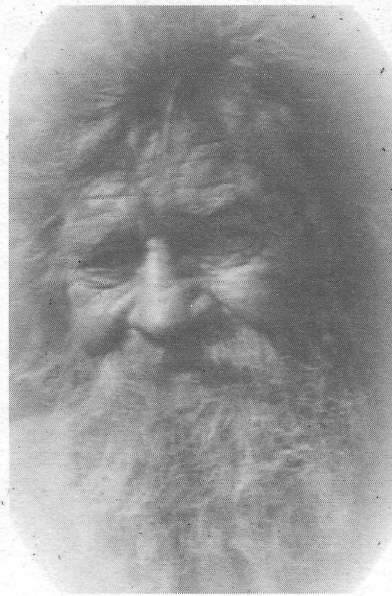
As I opened the door of the old house where the historical society has its office, a voice boomed out from the back room, "Come on in, whoever it is. I'll be right out." The sun was shining brightly through the windows in the back nearly blinding me, and I could barely make out the figure that came through the door in the glare. I squinted and saw that he was an elderly man, with white hair and a bushy beard. "Hello there. My name is William Clark. What can I do for you, young lady?" I told him what my mission was and he said, "Well, as a matter of fact, ghosts are a specialty of mine. Come sit down and I'll tell you about one I know of that's hanging around this area."

The story he told me about is the legend of Mary Jeff. On the trail to Big Bend Falls, on the Chattooga River, there are the remains of an old log cabin. Only a few timbers, mostly hidden by overgrown grass and wildflowers, are still there. Many years ago a woman named Mary Jeff and her small child appeared on the river and moved into the cabin. No one knew where Mary had come from and she and her child kept to themselves. Rumors were that she had a lover from Columbia who would come to visit from time to time.

The legend tells that Mary Jeff was beautiful and possessed magical powers. Once a distant neighbor's young son was desperately ill and his family feared he would not survive. Mary Jeff suddenly appeared at their home and gave the child medicine that cured him. People in the area became curious about Mary Jeff after hearing that story, and a group of women decided to call on her to learn more about their mysterious neighbor. When they approached the cabin they could hear her beautiful voice, singing a haunting, mournful song. When the women opened the door to Mary's cabin the song abruptly stopped and a bird flew past them, out the open door and up the river. No one else was in the cabin. Mary Jeff was never seen again.

William leaned back in his chair and pulled out a corn cob pipe. "I know I can't light up in here, but telling stories just isn't the same if my pipe isn't in my hand. Is that the sort of stuff you want to know about?" I nodded and he went on.

"Mary Jeff lived and died at that cabin," William said. "That lover from Columbia was a married man and she had his child. When Mary's child got real sick, that man was home with his wife and legitimate children. Mary couldn't get help in time and her child died. She was so heartbroken she drowned herself in the river. That was Mary Jeff's ghost that came and saved the neighbor's boy. Saved that child like she wished someone had saved hers. It's just so sad. To this day if you're real still when you're near that cabin you can hear Mary singing."



Some folks say that there's no such thing as ghosts...

William slowly got up from his seat and said, "I hope that helps you with your story, young lady. Some folks say that there's no such thing as ghosts, but I tell you sure as you're looking at me, they exist. Most times there's been some tragedy and those poor souls just can't rest. Some of them never will." With that last remark William slowly headed to the back room and I figured that was his way of telling me we were done. So I gathered up my notes and left.

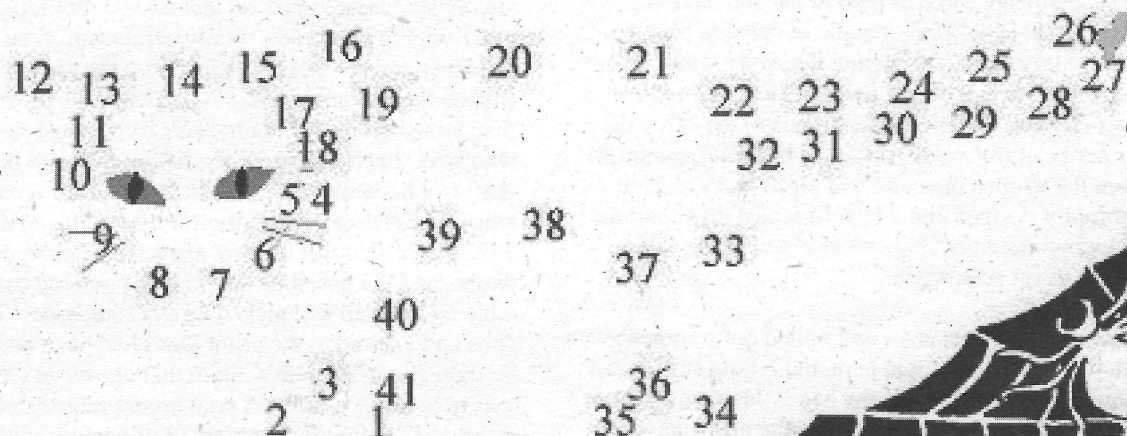
Monday morning I was in the Conservancy office and realized that I had left my sunglasses at the historical society when I'd been there on Saturday, so I ran over to get them. Two women were at a table working, sorting through some old photographs. They introduced themselves as Martha and Joan and asked if they could help me. "Well," I said, "I was here on

Saturday and spent some time with Mr. William Clark, talking about local ghost stories. I wanted to thank him for spending so much time helping me and pick up my sunglasses that I left here." Martha and Joan looked at each other and then at me. "We're not open on Saturdays," said Martha. "And there's no one working here named William Clark." "Well, I was here with him on Saturday," I said. "I took two pages of notes on the story he told me. And there are my sunglasses, over on that table." We looked at each other for a few minutes, totally perplexed. Joan stood up suddenly and pulled out a book from the bookcase. She flipped through it for a minute and said, "I knew I had heard that name before. William Clark is the name of the man who built this house in 1927. After he retired he started writing a book about local history. He was seventy eight when he fell down the stairs from the attic and died in 1976." The three of us were speechless, trying to understand the possibilities. I slowly walked over to the table by the wall and picked up my sunglasses. Martha, Joan and I stared at the proof that I had been there. I thought about William's claim that ghosts do exist, "sure as you're looking at me". A cool breeze blew through the room and brought the faint smell of tobacco with it.

Halloween Puzzles



**Connect the numbers
1 - 41 to find a Halloween friend**



Watershed Update

SECRET INTERNAL MEMO LEAKED FROM FOREST SERVICE

Stamped "NOT RELEASABLE," briefing papers about major logging in the Southern Appalachians have been leaked from the Forest Service's leadership team. The secret memo recommends that local District Rangers be given the power to designate national forest lands solely for producing "tree crops." Areas for wildlife habitat, recreation, watershed health, and old growth trees would be excluded under this plan. This move would reverse years of planning and citizen involvement, and be a major change from the Southeast's recently released draft national forest management plans. These plans were unveiled for public scrutiny and comment this past spring, and gave lip service—at least—to emphasizing values such as clean water, recreation opportunities, ecosystem health, wildlife areas, and old-growth forests. Managing for tree crops would nix this! Watch for the final, revised national forest plans that shall determine future management of public lands in the Chattooga River watershed; they're due out in the spring of 2004.

STEKOA CREEK STILL STINKS!

Rabun County and the City of Dillard, Georgia have retained an engineering firm to perform a "watershed

assessment" of eleven streams in the area. The majority of these streams empty into the Chattooga River, and so far the assessment has captured current data about water pollutants including fecal coliform, sedimentation, and phosphorus. Outstanding are the excessive fecal coliform readings for Stekoa Creek, a major tributary to the Chattooga River's "section IV." Stekoa continues to be a pox on the Chattooga's water quality, consistently flowing into the Wild & Scenic River with muddy, smelly waters laced with fecal coliform.

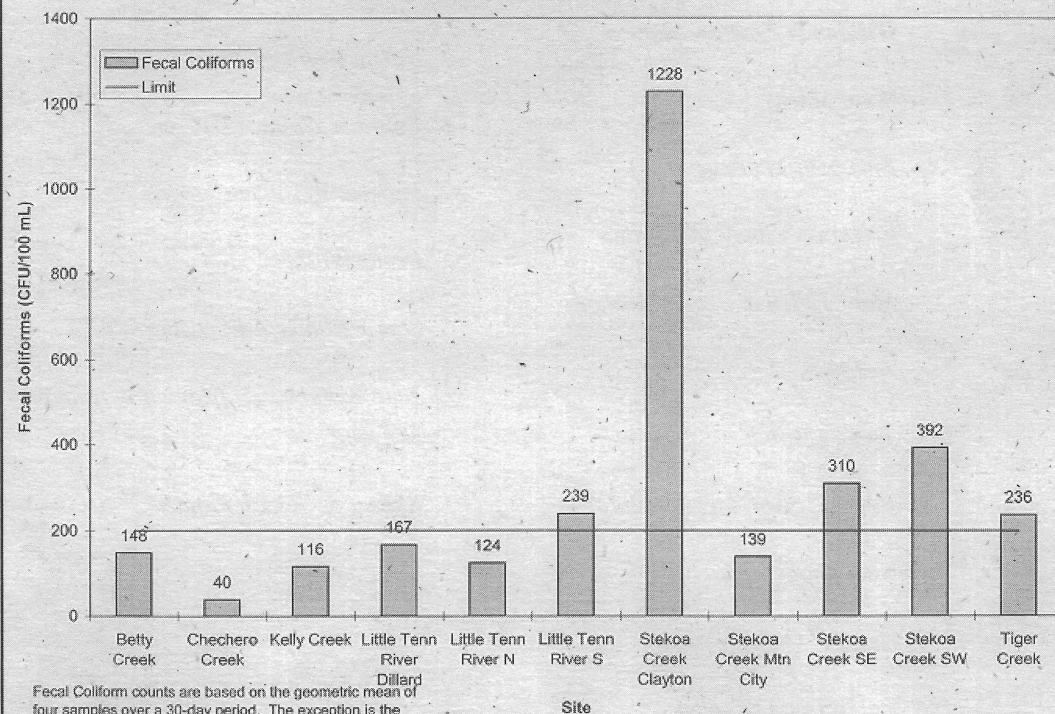
Meanwhile, the Georgia Environmental Protection Division (EPD) has required the city of Clayton to conduct a comprehensive sewer system evaluation survey. The city would like to expand its current sewage treatment plant from 800,000 gallons to one million gallons per day. This sewage plant releases its effluent into the beleaguered Stekoa Creek. However, the EPD will not approve the expansion until the city patches up its leaking sewer system, which is also contributing to the high fecal coliform count in Stekoa Creek.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR HEMLOCK WOOLLY ADELGID SURVEY

The Chattooga Conservancy is updating our Geographic Information Systems (GIS) map of Hemlock Woolly

Adelgid (HWA) infestations in the Chattooga River watershed. This fall, we ask for volunteers to step forward! Help is needed to collect current data about HWA infestations, which are likely spreading south through the watershed. The GIS map will identify the best areas for releasing the beneficial *Pseudoscymnus tsugae* beetle. This predator beetle feeds exclusively on the adelgid, and large numbers of it will be raised at Clemson University for release in the spring. Please help us scour the forest for new HWA infestations. To volunteer, contact the Chattooga Conservancy at 706-782-6097 and crwc@rabun.net

CRWSA/Dillard Watershed Assessment
Fecal Coliforms for Summer 2003



High fecal coliform counts have been documented in Stekoa Creek, a major tributary to the Chattooga River.

Member's Page

MANY THANKS to all who recently renewed their membership, or joined the Chattooga Conservancy. Your generous contributions will help us continue to work on all of the important conservation issues facing the watershed.

Nanette Alexander

Altria Group, Inc.

Frank Bachelder

Quentin Bass

Tom Buckridge

Alvin Burrell

Jack Candler

Jeanne Calle & Rick Letz

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Michael & Brenda Colbert

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Renewal ☐

MEMBERSHIP

Fall 2003

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Individual: \$15 ☐ Group: \$30 ☐

Donation: _____ ☐ Sponsor: \$50 ☐

Join and help protect the Chattooga River watershed

Your contribution is greatly appreciated!
Donations will be used to support the Conservancy's work, and guarantee you delivery of the *Chattooga Quarterly*. We're a non-profit organization, and all contributions are tax-deductible.

THANK YOU!

Send to:

*Chattooga Conservancy, Inc.
2368 Pinnacle Dr.
Clayton, Georgia 30525*

Chattooga Conservancy

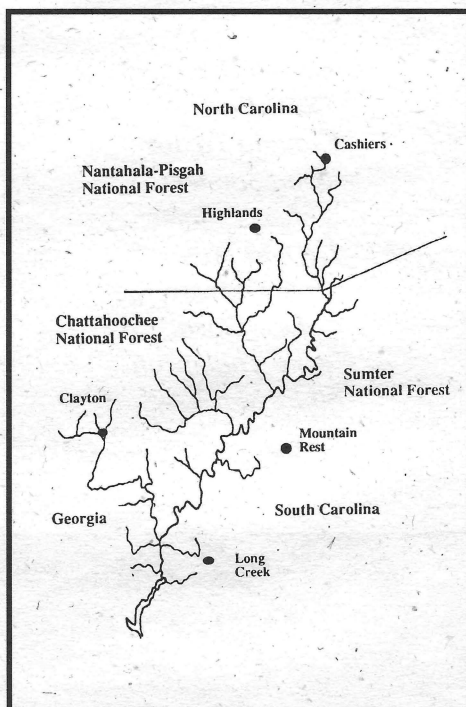
2368 Pinnacle Drive
Clayton, Georgia 30525

(706) 782-6097 tel. (706) 782-6098 fax crwc@rabun.net Email www.chattoogariver.org

Purpose: To protect, promote and restore the natural ecological integrity of the Chattooga River watershed ecosystem; 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.

Made Possible By:

Members and Volunteers
Turner Foundation
Patagonia, Inc.
Frances A. Close
The Sapelo Foundation
Appalachian Forest Resource Center
Environmental Systems Research Institute



Goals:

- Monitor the U.S. Forest Service's management of public forest lands in the watershed
- Educate the public
- Promote public choice based on credible scientific information
- Promote public land acquisition by the Forest Service within the watershed
- Protect remaining old growth and roadless areas
- Work cooperatively with the Forest Service to develop a sound ecosystem initiative for the watershed

Chattooga Conservancy
2368 Pinnacle Drive
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Non-Profit Organization
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