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CLARK FORK FREE PRESS

November 1982

A Student Action Center Publication

Volume 2, Number 2

Kootenai: will it become the River of the Damned?

by Ron Selden

One woman wrote to a local newspaper saying that the only Indian she had seen at the Kootenai Falls was one drinking beer in the parking lot. The Kootenai Tribes say that the falls area is central to their religious beliefs. For centuries, they say, Kootenai Falls has been a sacred vision-questing shrine to their tribes.

Northern Lights, Inc., a rural electric cooperative from Sandpoint, Idaho and six western Montana coops (Missoula, Lincoln, Ravalli, Flathead, Glacier, Vigilante) and the Flathead Irrigation Project view the falls as a sacred revenue collector and have proposed to build a hydroelectric dam at the site. The question of which power is more sacred — electricity or spirituality — will be decided by the government.

The Kootenai Falls, the last major free-flowing waterfall in the Columbia River system, are located near the Montana-Idaho border, near the town of Libby, Montana, where unemployment has hit over 30 percent during the past year. Jobs in this part of Montana are as scarce as the sun in January.

According to the tribes, construction of the project will directly and permanently violate their religious freedom as protected by the First Amendment of the Constitution and the Indian Religious Freedom Act.

The electrical companies, collectively calling themselves the Western Montana Electric Generating and Transmission Cooperative (G&T) are pushing hard for the dam but they may, in fact, be pushing ratepayers towards bankruptcy.

Regional energy studies and the B&T's own records show that the B&T bases its need for the project on inflated and unrealistic forecasts of future electricity demands. In 1978 when Northern Lights submitted its application to the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC), it justified the need for the project on two assumptions: 1) a 7.4 percent annual energy growth rate, and 2) a notice from the Bonneville Power Administration that it could no longer guarantee future energy supplies to the region's utilities.

Both assumptions are now incorrect. First, G&T consumers have simply not consumed the quantities of electricity that G&T forecasted that they would. For ex-



Kootenai falls

ample, G&T consumers' total consumption of electricity in 1981 was lower than in 1979. As a consequence, the G&T in February 1982 revised its estimates of future annual energy growth rates downward to the 7.5-3.44 percent range for the period 1983 to 1999. Yet even these revised annual growth rates are at least twice as high as the most recent regional forecast.

(In Washington state, inflated and inaccurate growth predictions in the past have resulted in the cancellation and mothballing of unneeded nuclear power plants. This has increased power bills; and, building an unnecessary dam would have a similar effect.)

Second, since the G&T filed its application with FERC, Congress has passed the Regional Power Act which retains the preference given to public utilities (rural coops), strengthens the ability of the BPA to meet regional energy needs, and establishes conservation as the dominant and most cost-effective method of supplying electricity for future needs.

ALTERNATIVES

Viable alternatives (separately or in various combinations) are readily available.

1) BPA Contracts — The G&T could contract with the BPA for all its present and future needs and receive, because of

its preference status, the lowest cost blended hydro/thermal electricity BPA has to offer.

2) Conservation — Through G&T initiated weatherization, insulation, structure design, load management, rate structure revision, or other methods, the G&T can reduce the need for the project. The BPA and the Rural Electrification Administration have conservation programs that are available to the B&T, but are not presently being used.

3) Colstrip 3 and 4 — Electricity from Colstrip 3 and 4 would cost about as much as electricity from Kootenai Falls. As long as Montanans must suffer the impacts of the Colstrip plants and transmission lines, Montana consumers might as well use Colstrip power rather than destroy Kootenai Falls while Colstrip power is exported to the West Coast.

4) Retrofit Existing Dams — Montana has a tremendous potential for electricity production from existing dams in the state. More than 20 applications have been filed with FERC to add hydroelectric generation from existing Montana dams.

5) Micro and Small Hydro — A proven, cost-effective alternative for western Montana is microhydro (less than 400 kw) of small-scale hydro (less than 1-2 megawatts). In the last 2-3 years, the FERC has received more than 50 applications for

micro or small-scale hydro plants within or adjacent to the G&T's service area.

Environmental Impact

Besides the cultural differences between Native Americans and power-hungry electricity coops, there are other factors in the proposal that warrant special attention.

The Kootenai River is a Class 1 trout fishing stream and one of Montana's top trout fishing rivers. The proposed dam would impound the 4.5 miles of river that currently supports the largest population of rainbow trout in the river. It also receives the heaviest angler use, approximately 6,000 angler days per year. Low water and sedimentation behind the dam would create habitat better suited to rough fish than to trout. Populations of squawfish, reidsided shiners, and suckers are expected to increase, while the rainbow trout population will likely decline.

The amount of water in the canyon below the Falls would be severely reduced by the dam, which could cut the flow to 750 cubic feet per second, essentially dewatering this .8 mile section of river. Considerable numbers of rainbow trout presently move downstream over the Falls. The dam would cause high mortality among these fish — 47 to 63 percent according to the final environmental impact statement — due to pressure changes inside the diversion tunnel and turbine fatalities. This would significantly damage trout fishing for many miles below Kootenai Falls.

"The proponents of the dam have taken a rather strange, 'James Wattian' approach to the issue."

The animal which perhaps brings the most delight to visitors to the Falls is the Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep. A herd numbering between 125 and 150 sheep is visible along the cliffs and flats above and below Kootenai Falls.

A dam on the Falls could reduce late winter-early spring range important to the sheep by flooding the grassy meadows on

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★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ Editorial ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

★★★★★★★ the dilemma of work ★★★★★★★

In those long hallways connecting the different laboratories were many bulletin boards. Besides the usual notices — company picnics, the announcements of vacant job positions, the simple first-aid procedures — were large, anti-espionage posters. Bright, bold warnings of spies who would stop at nothing for seemingly trivial data. Block-lettered exclamations told plainly that under specific sections of the espionage law, under no circumstance were employees allowed to speak to strangers about details of their work. There were warnings, too, that fellow employees could possibly be spies; unusual behavior was to be reported to engineering department heads.

I worked as a research and development technician for United Technologies Chemical Systems Division during 1979. Although UT-CSD is a free enterprise, the great bulk of its income comes from defense contracts.

Work done at UT-CSD was, and still is, pure and applied research dealing with military weapons, and weapon systems, and aero-space technologies.

Though naivety should not be an excuse, I really didn't know what I was working on when I started at UT-CSD. The lengthy security clearance forms that I filled out, along with the espionage warning posters, should have made me think more than I did about the work I was performing and to what end that work could lead. "Basic satellite research," was what my boss told me, and so I spent my first months at UT-CSD doing experiments to gather data about high-explosives: studying compositions that were to be used for solid propellant rockets.

I worked at UT-CSD for quite a while before I realized that the basic research I was helping with was not so basic. What the research teams I worked with were studying, it turned out, was not so much basic rocket research, but, rather, applied research dealing with fine details of Cruise, LANCE and D.R.E.D. missile design. Off shoots — the vast body of physical data collected — of the applied research was filed away and became the "basic research."

When I came to the understanding that I was helping with research that was leading ultimately to the design and construction of immensely lethal weapons, I quit. It wasn't as easy to do as I would like to say it was. It was damn difficult actually. It was difficult because I had no other income and had gotten used to a high salary, but mostly it was difficult because I knew that it would be unlikely if I ever found such an interesting job again. It was difficult quitting because it was going to be difficult afterwards.

Not only people trained in the sciences, and those possessing technical aptitude, but many, many others as well are confronted with an ethical decision when it comes down to accepting a job. At what point does one draw the line and say, "No, I won't do that," and turn down, or quit, a job? The line might lie close to home — a sawyer who does not want to help clear-cut the mountain-side he has hunted since childhood; a construction worker who does not want to work on

damming a local river which will force some of his neighbors from their land; or the line might lie far from it — a chemist who does not want to develop a chemical weapon that could cause the death of many; or a technician who does not want to help design missiles that can fly thousands of miles.

When Dow Chemical was mass producing Napalm in 1968, demonstrations took place across the country urging for the halt of Napalm's production, and for a greater consciousness in regard to the horrors of Vietnam. Dow was quick to point out that Napalm, a very simple mixture of gasoline, polystyrene and benzene, could be produced by nearly anyone, that, in fact, if Dow stopped providing the U.S. Air Force with Napalm, the U.S. Air Force could easily make its own. Dow's philosophy, handed down by the company's president, was that producing Napalm — since it helped the efforts of the U.S. military in Vietnam — was patriotic, and especially so since Dow's president believed that Napalm was a "weapon that saved lives."

Only 20 of Dow's 35,000 employees were on the payroll for manufacturing Napalm, and those 20 workers must certainly have felt mixed feelings as protestors screamed across the country while they calmly operated the machinery that churned out thousands of gallons of the liquid horror. It must not have been easy, to have been one of Dow's 20 in 1968; how could one sleep well after seeing news photos of children, women, and men burnt dead by a concoction of one's self prepared? It must have been difficult, I guess, even with the conscience-clearing wisdom handed down from the president, it must have been very difficult to have been "patriotic," and to view the news photos of dead and maimed as "lives saved."

The workers' standard argument — the "Dow 20," and all others' who have found themselves at an ethical line — was, and still is, "If I don't do it someone else will." This is the saving argument, the one workers tell themselves again and again to help ward off guilt: the guilt that comes from wrecking even a small part of the world.

"If I don't do it someone else will." Would they?

Sad, sad, but all the Napalm that has ever been wanted has been made, all the clearcuts have been cut, all the dams built, all the missiles designed . . . and all the irrevocable damage that has been done has really been done by so very few. Yet, even though most workers work for crumbs, and feel engulfed by the system they work for, in reality it is the workers who carry the entire system — the workers who have all the power.

At United Technologies, a mega-scum that openly boasts of its colossusness in national magazine ads, declaring itself to be one of the largest corporations in America, I was told my value, told of my worth in the corporate system. For each scientist, each engineer, each technician, those who were actively involved in producing the life-blood of the giant, the sellable commodity — the technology — there were an even fifty other employees whose jobs entailed making sure that the exchange from science to money-in-the-cor-

porate-pocket went smoothly. I was told this to make me feel important and good. Fifty people's jobs depended on my ability to produce technology. My ability or "some one else's."

Fifty to one . . . Yet it didn't feel good at all . . .

At times, especially the lean times after quitting, when I had no job and no money, I felt that I should have kept my job. "If I'm not doing it, someone else is," I thought, and since no one had begged me not to quit surely someone had continued by part of "it."

We must live with ourselves though. Young, without ties it wasn't impossible for me to leave a job — but if I had been someone else? Someone like ever so many others who have to work to take care of ever so much more than just themselves?

This is the dilemma of work.

Sad, sad, but for nearly every job that is turned down, or quit, because of a worker's conscience, that same job is filled by another worker with less conscience: there is always someone who will do anything. Someone who will do it.

There is a solution to the dilemma. It's not at all an easy one, and it's a solution that demands nearly as much as it gives, yet it may be our greatest hope. If every worker who has ever turned down or quit a job had, instead, accepted or kept that job, wouldn't that particular worker be one with a greater awareness of right and wrong? I wonder . . . and I wish that I had the strength it would take to live a constant lie, if I did I know what I would do: go right to where I believe the system is the most heinously rotten, the most vile and wrong, and somehow I'd get myself into the heart and brain of it. Become part of it, and, from the inside, work, work, work on bringing down the Beast. If I had the strength . . .

S. Saroff

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the north side of the river or by changing them to riparian shrub zones which provide little forage for sheep.

Sheep are not the only animals which stand to lose from the construction of a dam at Kootenai Falls. Other big game animals inhabiting the area include mule deer, whitetailed deer, elk, moose, black bear and mountain lion. A variety of smaller mammals and birds, including the Harlequin duck, could suffer from the loss of riparian zone habitat if the dam is built.

Under the Montana Major Facility Siting Act the Board of Natural Resources and Conservation must certify public need for and environmental compatibility of proposed facilities before construction can be approved. The State Environmental Impact Statement is available upon request to the Department of Natural Resources and Conservation, 32 South Ewing, Helena, MT, 59620. The document identifies these major effects "a decline in high-quality fishery, decline of wildlife and habitat diversity, loss of recreational and aesthetic resources, loss of the last undeveloped waterfall on a major river in the Northwest, loss of historic and archaeological materials, loss of water oxygenation, loss of a sacred area and a safety hazard", which might result in fencing the canyon to eliminate public use.

The proponents of the dam have taken a rather strange, 'James Wattian' approach to the issue. In the October 1982 edition of *Rural Montana*, the official publication of Montana Associated Utilities Inc., an article on the Falls project says: ". . . The Bible passage (Genesis 1:26) states that, 'God has given man dominion over the earth'. Walter Bruggemann, Old Testament expert, interprets this as meaning that Man has been given the responsibility for maintenance, order and control of that which was created on this earth and to safeguard."

The article later states that: "We agree that business must respect the rights of all when designing projects that affect our natural surroundings; but we also feel strongly that the Creator provided us with the potential for progress to achieve this goal."

It seems odd that the utilities companies would resort to this type of propaganda to get public support for their project, but it is nothing new. The Secretary of the Interior has now been doing it for two years.

In 50 to 80 years, perhaps less, a dam at Kootenai Falls would no longer produce power due to siltation. There is no way to replace the Falls once they have been destroyed. The letters that people write — or do no write — will determine its fate. Please make an effort to become informed. There is no time for ignorance in Montana's future.

Express your views to the following people:

Gov. Ted Schwinden
Capitol Station
Helena, MT 59620

Sen. Max Baucus
1107 Dirksen Senate Office Bldg.
Wash., D.C. 20510

Sen. John Melcher
253 Russell Senate Office Bldg.
Wash., D.C. 20510

Rep. Pat Williams
1233 Longworth House Office Bldg.
Wash., D.C. 21515

For more information contact the Student Action Center or the Cabinet Resource Group, Box 451, Troy, MT 59935.

A Montana Visit

by Don Picaro

I have not heard from Bert in some time now.

I remember not too long ago I wrote to him and invited him for another visit to Montana. He replied in kind with an invitation for me to meet him in Pennsylvania where he promised "to poke my nose in the Poconos."

I'm not sure exactly how it all began. I merely offered my services as host and guide if Bert would make the journey to Big Sky Country after he mentioned that he was seeking a summer respite from the sweltering eastern city where he lived.

At the time of his visit I had a temporary job delivering cadavers to their designated mortuaries. I had a regular route that covered all of the hospitals in town.

The vehicle was an LTD station wagon with that simulated wood grain side paneling so popular on family-sized cars. Electric windows, too, you know, the works.

My arrival at the airport coincided with my friend's exit from the terminal. As he stood there hailing a cab I jumped the curb and brought the car to a halt a few inches short of his Chuck Taylor tennis shoes.

"Welcome to Montana!" I said as I picked up his backpack and tossed it in the back atop the casket.

I explained the nature of my job and how there had been an unexpected turn of events in Intensive Care just before I headed to pick him up.

Bert made a discreet comment concerning the aroma of our fellow pilgrim, "Egads, but that stiff reeks!"

However I assured him that it was only the foul air and he was relieved.

He became emphatic about fishing when he saw the Clark Fork River and I had no other choice than to pull over and watch while he assembled a cheap pole began casting into the roiling backswells.

I tried to explain that he was wasting his time, that sometimes it took hours of patient angling within the city limits to land any fish, much less a trout.

Meanwhile my friend was cleaning out a 14 inch rainbow on some smooth stones and handing me a camera.

"Say cheese," I said.

I snapped the photo as he seemed to snarl, "Glacier." "So where's this Glacier I been hearing so much about?"

"Not far from here."

"Well let's hit it, bud, daylight's burning!"

I took him to my house first and returned with my fly rod, Fleuger reel and hand-tied flies to pull my own stippled beauty from the river.

On my seventh cast, my seventh fly snagged on an overhanging cottonwood and while I was hanging from the upper limbs a game warden arrived and after a brief chat he cited me for not having a license, then cheerfully relieved me of my fly rod.

As I walked toward my house it dawned on me that this encounter would require heretofore untapped inner resources if I were to emerge from this with my worldview intact.

.....

We spent about a half hour debating the propriety of bringing the corpse with us but in the end we agreed that it would be an act of hospitality and our new friend didn't disagree.

We propped the casket against the side of the house and took turns snapping photos. Luckily, Bert had a good camera so

we were able to get a photo of all three of us to begin his chronicle of our odyssey.

We stopped frequently along the way to take pictures and send postcards. We sent a few from the corpse who we had nicknamed Woody, informing friends and officials that he had decided to take a brief leave of absence but he would be home before Easter.

Bert seemed to be enjoying himself thoroughly until we reached Kalispell and I explained that we should leave the car and hitchhike the remaining 30 miles.

He suggested a motel with color TV but that was vetoed and we made it to the Flathead River where I regaled my friend with tales of Grizzlies and numerous human interactions with the massive bears.

He must have been fascinated because he kept throwing huge logs on the fire. Even when I tired and nodded off to sleep he sat there fanning and blowing on the fire.

I was glad to see a nice fire when I woke although I thought it odd to see Bert shivering beside the blaze.

We were lucky to get a ride in one of the old red motor coaches that ferry tourists to Logan Pass. Its driver was on his way to St. Mary Lodge and he decided to practice his guide talk on us as we climbed the Going-To-The-Sun Road.

I noticed that Bert's eyes seemed to be sensitive to altitude because by the time we had passed The Weeping Wall they were visibly bulging as he stared down at the valley far below.

"The last I saw of him before town was the sight of his purple lips moving rapidly to form syntax out of incoherent and murderous doggerel . . . Peals of thunder and the roar of the current swallowed those."

The guide suddenly veered toward the guardrail and audible above the shrieks of my friends and the brakes I heard, "Here we are folks, Poison Point — one drop and you're dead."

He had been working on it for a week, he explained, but his timing still wasn't quite right. He was still experimenting with hitchhikers. Bert nodded as he shivered, gripping the dashboard with both hands.

The guide dropped us off on Logan Pass and we began walking toward the visitor center when Bert spotted something and stopped.

"Hey, What's that white stuff?"

"Snow."

"Right. But it's July!"

I guess I had not thought to mention that Bermuda shorts and a Cuban guayabara shirt might not be proper attire for Logan Pass. Just then a fierce field of gray swirled in from the direction of Siyeh and Piegan pass and we soon became inundated in a white-out ice storm.

Despite the breathtaking scenery still to be seen, Bert suggested that we get down off the pass with all due speed and I agreed when I noticed that he was shivering again, and that his calves were tinged a disturbing shade of turquoise.

He wasn't too excited about my choice of a campsite that evening, either. He did bring to my attention a few furballs and some bones not far from the tent but by then I already had most of the tent stakes in and it was almost dark. I told him not to become hysterical and I reminded him



that the few people who had been done in by Grizzlies were never from Montana. He reminded by that he was not from Montana.

The logic of his point seemed irrefutable but I was too tired to argue and soon commenced snoring.

In the morning I found him curled up

"Home?" he asked, trying to conceal his joy.

"Yellowstone, bud. Let's go!"

I backed out of the parking lot, spewing radon daughter dust into the air with all four tires.

Bert concentrated on some back issues of *The Incredible Hulk* comic books so when we passed through the gate to the park by West Yellowstone the attendant had to interrupt him to hand over a few pamphlets on bears.

He looked at me like a puppy that had just been hit by a car.

"More bears?"

"Don't worry," I reassured him, "the odds are a lot better here. We got the car this time."

"Yeah, well we also got that formaldehyde sandwich in the back, too."

"Now is not the time to let our tempers flare, Bert. We must maintain dignity. I think that Woody has been the perfect guest so far."

The argument continued through the park, past percolating trenches and pools of sulfurous mud, malodorous steam beds, bubbling parcels of the earth in seeming upheaval. By the time that we reached Mammoth Hot Springs Bert had become sullen and silent and I asked him the cause of this as we walked on the boardwalk amidst the oozing mud and multi-colored terraces that ushered hot water over the desolate slope.

He told me that it reminded him of a chemical dump a couple of miles from his apartment. He was feeling a sentimental wave of homesickness.

"But Bert, this is natural, it's organic for Chrissakes!"

When we stopped at the river below the springs I told him that he needed to soak his head. He replied that I needed a surgical operation to put an idea in my head and he seemed upset until I pointed out that I had meant to go swimming in hot springs.

"Oh," he said. A small stream nearby was steaming and he began to shiver when he looked into it.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

in the corner of the nearby concrete bathroom. It seems that some "thing" had been snorting around the tent in the night until my snoring apparently frightened it away. I checked around and found a few tracks.

"Gee. What do you know," I exclaimed. "It was a bear!"

I turned around but Bert and his backpack were gone. Instead a Park ranger stood there. After citing me for camping illegally in an area which had been closed because of Grizzly sightings, he urged me to have a nice day.

After an extensive search I found Bert unconscious in a Kalispell bar and I carefully loaded him into the car. I decided that a nice counterpoint to Glacier would be a trip to Yellowstone Park.

So I didn't wake my guest until we reached Butte.

I drove him to the observation deck of the Berkeley Pit and showed him how the richest hill on earth was now the biggest hole east of Nagasaki.

My eastern friend marveled at how much progress had been made in the relatively brief period of Montana's history.

"Are you sure that's not the Grand Canyon?"

"Sure. You can't drive a truck in the Grand Canyon."

He mentioned that he was charmed by the view but he was curious as to what was next on the itinerary.

I stood there as cryptic as Mephistopheles and pointed toward the East.

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“Waste not ...”

by Jeannine Edelblut

Missoula transports hundreds of tons of garbage to the landfill every day. The majority of this waste could be recycled, saving energy, resources and land.

Ninety percent of our household waste can be recycled. This includes newspapers (such as this one) aluminum cans and foil, cardboard boxes, glass bottles and containers, used oil, office papers, food and yard wastes. Food and yard wastes can be recycled by composting to produce fertilizer and mulch.

Local recycling centers are: Montana Recycling, located at 806 W. Spruce; Five Valleys Recycling, located at 3010 Reserve St.; and, Pacific Hide and Fur, located at 2828 Palmer.

Reusing containers saves more money and materials than recycling. Paper bags and egg cartons can be taken to Miller's 4-Stop, the Good Food Store, Freddy's Feed and Read, or Potomac Natural Foods. Plastic bags can be washed and reused.

tion. The special interests here are usually a matter of the profit motive since many corporate entities profit from waste. Moreover, the very structure of our economic system depends upon a ridiculously wasteful form of growth. For instance, in Montana the timber industry might resist

“We look forward to the day when a Campus Recycling Committee is no more necessary than a campus Floor Sweeping Committee.”

large-scale recycling efforts since the reduced demand for wood would mean a loss of profit. As the economic argument goes: decreased profit means decreased production, meaning less jobs. Those who argue thusly rarely admit that those lost



We can do much to renounce waste by recycling on an individual level, but our recycling power is limited.

The restraints that keep us from reaching our recycling potential are many. In Missoula no recycling center, nor the city, offers any pick-up service. Many materials are not recyclable: paper products which are chemically coated, and plastic products, are non-recyclable. In places like Montana the shipping costs to processing centers is not cost effective enough for private recycling companies. Hence, we cannot recycle steel cans (of the vegetable and fruit type).

Another hindrance to our waste curbing power lies in the general absence of recycled materials on the common consumer market. Most retail and wholesale stores do not usually stock materials made of recycled materials, even though suppliers for such materials, especially in paper products, can be found. This hindrance leads us to the larger obstacle which lies at the root of the problem: basic ignorance.

People are ignorant of the need for curbing waste, and of the ways in which waste can be eliminated. Furthermore, if the relevant information is made available people often ignore it due to laziness, and apathy.

Special interests present a snag to recycling movements which deserves atten-

tion. The special interests here are usually a matter of the profit motive since many corporate entities profit from waste. Moreover, the very structure of our economic system depends upon a ridiculously wasteful form of growth. For instance, in Montana the timber industry might resist

jobs could be rechanneled into large scale recycling operations. The reluctance to recognize the workability of this route derives from an unwillingness on the part of the private and public sector to pay the short term costs of conversion, despite the long term social, economic, and environmental benefits.

Waste fuels inflation in the long run. The short-sighted vision of our disposable society is a waste, 'profit now, pay later' one. Recycling, regardless of its short-term costs, is the only redemption from the long-term day of reckoning which we face if we continue without reform.

The experience of the Campus Recycling Committee represents an example of the difficulties involved in instituting community recycling. However, the Campus Recycling Committee has made some rudimentary progress. Many receptacles, maintained by Friends to Youth, have been placed on campus, and the U.C. administration and staff are beginning to recycle the newspapers left in the U.C. Yet the large amounts of garbage that the university produces daily (over 3 tons per day) still ends up in the landfill.

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Letters

Who's stealing the Crown Jewels now?

Located in the heart of the Swan Range, just east of Kalispell, is a lovely area which goes by the name of the Jewel Basin Hiking Area. It was set aside in 1970, contains 25 lakes, 35 miles of trails, and is an extremely popular place for all types of recreationalists. This is not a place where only hard-core environmentalists and other "freaks" get to. You don't have to be "rich and healthy" to make it into the basin. It's accessible.

Families go on Sundays together with their small children and they make it to the top of Mt. Aeneas, perhaps the first mountain they ever achieve. Skiing there is a peaceful, winter joy, most especially when the valley is socked in with clouds and you can get above them into the sun.

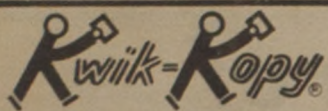
However, as of September 24th, the Flathead National Forest has announced that applicants would be offered oil and gas leases covering most of the 15,349 acre basin. Regional Forester, Tom Coston, approved this recommendation to allow "directional drilling" for minerals beneath the basin. This means that surface occupancy of the basin will not be allowed and any drill rigs must be set up just outside the basin so that drilling would take place diagonally in order to extract minerals from underneath it. Exploratory seismic activity restrictions were less clear. The word "probable" was used in a Sept. 26th article appearing in the *Kalispell Daily Inter Lake* when explaining time restrictions on seismic testing during the summer's peak hiking season or during winter when grizzlies den in the area. "Probable" restrictions are not enough to protect such a valuable and aesthetic resource as Jewel Basin.

Complications on the leasing include the opinion of a local petroleum engineer who has stated that rock formations along the Swan Crest are so folded, warped and faulted that even a straight drill hole would be extremely difficult to achieve, much less directional drilling on an angle. This is pertinent because the courts have questioned the right to restrict oil and gas leasing. It has not been established as to whether the government has the right to lease while putting on stipulations that make exploitation of the minerals virtually impossible. Settlement of this question could conceivably leave Jewel Basin, and other areas like it, open to further jeopardy.

The forest service maintains that the pristine nature and wildlife habitat values of this basin can be preserved along side oil and gas development. Their tone is one of an agency who thinks that they are going a great service towards preservation of the area by putting so many restrictions on the leases. What happened, one wonders, to the option of not leasing Jewel Basin at all? What happened to consideration of public input specific to this area? The answer is: they didn't happen.

Once again, like a shoot-out at the not-so-ok corral, we harrassed citizens find we've been shot at from another direction. We find that nothing is sacred; nothing is worth allowing to remain untouched. We set something aside twelve years ago and now it's up for grabs again. Where is the Psychological Impact Statement?

Alice F. Blood
(Mrs. Lex Blood)
Board Member, Flathead Chapter
Montana Wilderness Assoc.



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Montana Wilderness convention to be held in Missoula

by Hank Fischer

This year's Montana Wilderness Association convention, which will be held in Missoula at the Village Red Lion Motor Inn on Dec. 3 and 4, will kick off the organization's 25th year, and promises to be a very special meeting.

A major new administrative shift — the hiring of a full-time, professional Conservation Director — will be announced at the meeting, and a special fund-raising drive will be initiated. This year's convention theme is a tribute to "Pioneer Conservationists," in recognition of the conservationist tradition the wilderness association has helped build in Montana over the last quarter-century.

This year's convention will emphasize audience participation, as members and our guests will be encouraged to ask questions of the speakers we bring in. If you've always had a burning question about grizzly management, bear experts Dr. John Craighead and Dr. Charles Jonkel will be part of a panel that discusses the future of the big bears; if you've puzzled over the way the Montana media covers environmental issues, we'll have Ed Coghlan of MTN, Bert Lindler with the *Great Falls Tribune* and Jyl Hoyt with KUFM radio being questioned by some prominent media observers; and finally, if you're concerned about forest planning, we'll have Regional Forester Tom Coston and several forest supervisors in the spotlight answering questions about Montana forest plans that have been released this year.

And there's more. A convention highlight is what should be a very hot debate on the privatization of the wilderness, featuring two intelligent and highly capable speakers with markedly different points of view. The debaters will be Bern Shanks, who works for the State of Cali-

fornia's Resource Agency, and John Baden, director of the Center for Political Economy and Natural Resources at Montana State University.

In addition, noted national conservation writer Mike Frome — whose work has appeared in nearly every major national environmental publication — will present his views on wilderness preservation in the 80's. Dan Kemmis, the minority leader of the Montana House of Representatives last year, will be the keynote speaker for the Convention.

Finally, we've scheduled some very special entertainment for both Friday and Saturday nights. On Friday, we're featuring the Montana Logging and Ballet Co., a musical group that specializes in political satire. This highly professional group recently played before sell-out crowds in Washington, D.C., and has been asked to tour with presidential hopeful Walter Mondale. They are very good and very funny. Friday night will also feature the special Montana Wilderness Association auction, and we have many exceptional items this year, including art prints, special trips and unique hand-made items. Come prepared to buy your Christmas presents.

On Saturday night, at our banquet we will talk about the new direction of the Montana Wilderness Association. We'll finish the convention with a dance featuring the nationally-acclaimed Big Sky Mudflaps. In the past year, the Mud Flaps have been on the Today show, have played to big crowds in the East, but on Saturday night they'll give a special benefit performance for the Montana Wilderness Association. Their music, which appeals to people of all ages, is a crowd-pleasing collection of swing music from the 40's and the jazz of the 80's. They're guaranteed to please.



Helter Smelter: A Brief Corporate History

by Ron Selden

American Smelting and Refining Company has been actively involved with Montana's mineral resources since the turn of the century. Their smelter in East Helena is well-known — mostly for its noxious odors and its ominous smokestack.

ASARCO's environmental record in Montana has generally been good, according to the Department of State Lands, but the company has drawn distinct battle lines with conservation groups.

In 1980, the Kootenai National Forest issued a four-year mineral exploration permit at the Chicago Peak area of the Cabinet Mountains Wilderness near Libby. This action was allowed under the 1872 Mining Act and the Wilderness Act of 1964.

Three environmental groups — Defenders of Wildlife, the Sierra Club and the Western Sanders County Involved Citizens — brought suit against the Forest Service. The groups tried to show that the agency had violated the federal Endangered Species Act and the National Environmental Policy Act by failing to prove that grizzly bears in the Cabinets would not be adversely affected by the project.

The courts ruled that the Forest Service had legally carried out its responsibility.

It is likely that ASARCO will seek to develop a mining operation in the Cabinet Wilderness but it is unlikely that any development would occur in the near future due to the depressed mineral market.

ASARCO, however, is very active only a few miles from the wilderness area at its Mr. Vernon silver and copper mine near Troy. Complaints of leaking tailing ponds, unauthorized construction of "toe ponds", possible contamination of nearby Stanley Creek and "fugitive dust" blowing from tailing ponds have prompted the state Reclamation Division to investigate.

Inspectors and biologists have also been checking reports of turbidity, increased flows and dead fish. ASARCO has no state permit to discharge waste water from its tailing ponds.

The current investigation is hampered by the fact that these complaints haven't been documented by state authorities because there has been no official observation of the reported illegalities. The state

has said, however, that enforcement action probably will be taken.

In early October, District Court Judge Gordon R. Bennett ruled that Montana's environment has a "heightened importance" and that the state must protect it. He noted that the state Constitution lists a "clean and healthful environment" as an inalienable right.

In a suit filed in 1979, the Montana Wilderness Association and the Cabinet Resource Group said that the state had ignored possible groundwater contamination, damage to wildlife winter range, and threats to grizzly bear habitat in issuing the mine's permit. To this Judge Bennett wrote that "... It is not sufficient for the agency to note the presence of environmental factors while denying authority to do anything about them."

And thus the arguments go on.

ASARCO has not been an unknown to the environmental-law arena. In other states, the company has run afoul of many an antipollution law, and they seem to make strenuous efforts to avoid restrictions whenever possible.

El Paso, Texas, was once described as having the worst pollution in the United States because of the lead-filled dust coming from ASARCO's smelters there. The company was sued for \$1 million by the city of El Paso and the state of Texas before signing a consent agreement that pledges them to a massive environmental control program. They have also received delays and variances from air pollution standards in other parts of Texas and in Washington state and have contested air quality laws in Arizona. In Montana, they have received repeated warnings about emission controls at their East Helena smelter.

The chance that they may set precedent if they attempt to establish a large-production mine within the Cabinet wilderness has conservation groups worried, especially in these times of decreased environmental commitment from the Reagan administration.

Whatever happens with ASARCO's proceedings, conservationists need to carefully monitor the situation.

For more information, please contact: Cabinet Resource Group, Box 451, Troy, MT 59935, or the Montana Wilderness Association, P.O. Box 635, Helena, MT 59624.

S.A.C. Notes

The Student Action Center is expanding its role in environmental affairs. We have information on issues ranging from corporate accountability to endangered species. If you have an environmental concern, we may be able to help you help yourself.

Volunteers and ideas needed for the "New Federalism and the Environment" environmental fair to be held Dec. 2nd and 3rd. Please stop by the S.A.C. office or the Wilderness Institute.

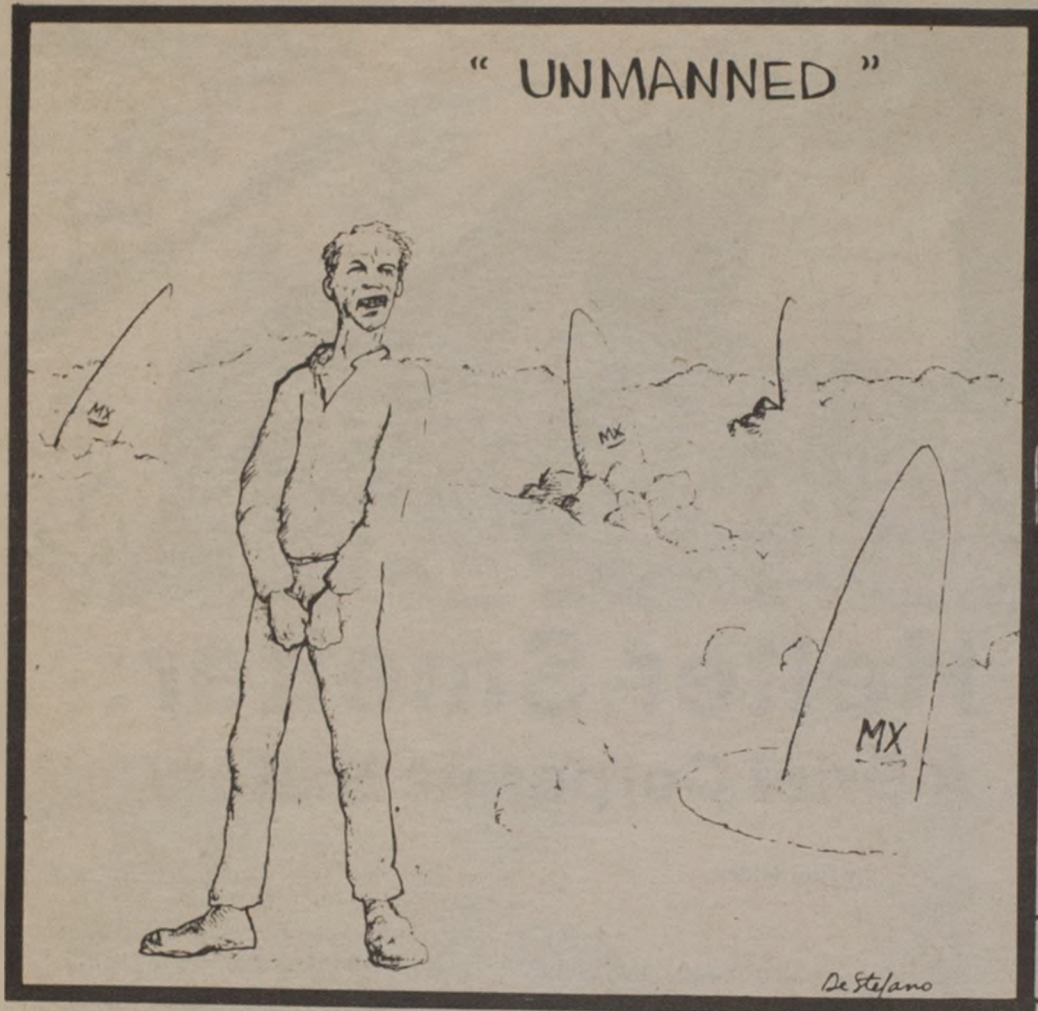
The comment period for the proposed backcountry management of Grand Canyon nat'l park is open until Dec. 1st, 1982.

A copy of the alternatives is available in the S.A.C. office or can be obtained from:
NATL' PARK SERVICE
GRAND CANYON NATL' PARK
Grand Canyon, Ariz. 86023

S.A.C. is always looking for volunteers to help out with any of the many projects that are currently going on. If you are interested in helping ALL of us out, please stop by the S.A.C. office, which is located on the ground floor of the U.C., room 105.

And, of course, as always, contributions for this biquarterly paper are welcomed from anyone.

Views of Joy DeStefano



cont. from page 3

He pointed to a heap of bleached bones nestled on the bottom of the stream.

"What are those?"

"Oh, bones. It happens every once in a while. It's probably a dog or maybe even a small child. Or even a bigger animal. At times they fall or jump into the water. Just scalds them alive, I guess."

Whether or not he figured that I meant to go swimming in there I don't know but he went to the car and locked the door.

He glared at me through the windshield as if I had perhaps reverted to some primordial state, not a primitive man but something farther removed, a sloth maybe or even a slug slowly inching itself up from the smegma of the swamp primeval.

On the way home Bert was offering to personally cremate Woody and then throw the ashes in my face. Tension was running high when we returned to the Garden City and finally delivered our friend for planting. In the darkness we left a note attached to him that read: "Woody had my permission to miss his burial for a couple days, signed The Ultimate Spiritual Poobah."

It might not answer all of the questions they might have but it did sound authoritative.

The next morning I proposed one final excursion before my friend's departure and, realizing that is was the swan song, he agreed to float the Clark Fork River on innertubes. He felt confident with less than a day to go.

So we set off in the morning with two tractor tire tubes and dropped them in the river below the Milltown Dam. As an aside I mentioned the arsenic in the sediment behind the structure.

"Oh really?" He remained unperturbed.

"It used to be a lot worse."

"No doubt."

"The whole river, in fact, was dead less than a century ago. Arsenic and copper sulfate. Killed everything."

"Is that a fact. Hmmm."

He was finally relaxed, impervious, determined to enjoy a casual float down a lazy Montana river.

Then, he heard the distant rumble of water crashing over rocks and rebar.

"What's THAT?" he asked, visibly shivering again. Marbled gray clouds were moving in quickly from the Bitterroots and thunder echoed in Lolo.

"Rapids."

"Rapids?"

"You mean I didn't mention those?"

Bert was shouting deliriously as he opened a jackknife and gouged at my tube with shameful enthusiasm.

I quickly untied his tube from mine and the current carried him ahead of me out of reach and, before long, out of sight.

The last I saw of him before town was the sight of his purple lips moving rapidly to form syntax out of the incoherent and murderous doggerel that his mouth was shouting. Peals of thunder and the roar of the current soon swallowed those.

After two hours in a sauna my friend spoke to me again.

I tried to assure him that I had no forewarning of a hailstorm and I had to float through it myself. He tried to convince me that dents on his head were from hailstones the size of kumquats and they were possibly permanent.

Although I was no expert on phrenology, I had my suspicions.

On the eve of his departure, Bert sat quietly in a bar as we knocked down a few beers and listened to a musician playing a six-string guitar to a sparse audience. He informed the crowd that his songs were original and we had no reason to doubt that, especially after we heard a couple and agreed that no one would be

crazy enough to claim their composition if they weren't.

His first song, "I Smelt Her In The Smelter" was an acidic ditty dealing with love, industrial servitude and polymer combat helmets. His second tune, "You Got Over Me Before I Got Off Of You" was a short version of a song off an album he had recently released entitled My Base Hits. It left many in the audience less than satisfied although personally I found it to be a tragic delineation of pain and loss, if lacking in rhythm and flawed by a basic absence of percussion.

Then he embarked upon a spirited paegeyric to Montana entitled "Butt Shoot 'Em At The Border" which lyrically advocated deporting anyone without native credentials that could be notarized to include three generations.

Bert snapped to attention and shouted out something that sounded like "Jingle Bells" which I thought was odd since it was still July and plus I have never heard "Jingle Bells" played on a six-string guitar.

"Jingoist!" he shouted again, "Xenophobic!"

"Whoa, thar, fella, now let's not get carried away."

I proceeded to defend the logic of the ballad's point but despite a sad tale of historical exploitation, repeated shabby deals and an assortment of various sleazy endeavors I found myself soon embroiled in a Mexican standoff. I had drank enough alcohol to begin quoting people.

"Eastward I go only by force; but westward I go free."

"Thoreau never made it any farther west than Amherst."

"The West is the best!"

"Geography won't insure your pedigree."

"The East is the least!"

"Look, my friend, it does not matter where you live. What matters is how you live."

I meant to continue that argument but I chose that moment to step into the bathroom to readjust my persona and when I returned Bert was gone.

The barmaid told me that the police had come quietly and removed him for questioning, she said, about the disappearance of a corpse the week before.

I resigned myself to the fact that I would have to get him out of that mess too but I decided to postpone it at least until after a few more sets.

Looking back now on his visit, there is much more I should have showed my friend.

Colstrip, for example. Or soon I could show him the voltage lines that will extend from there in Colstrip across Montana to Washington state.

Of Montana's many big time splendours my friend only viewed a few and hopefully some day he will return so I can give him a more well-rounded picture of where we now stand. If, by then, much of it is still standing.

I guess if you are reading this, Bert, it is my apology to you.

If you care to allow me to make it up we could begin with another float. I promise that this time we will have a six-man raft, not just an innertube and we will avoid those rapids east of town altogether by floating west, through the scenic and idyllic Alberton Gorge.

Editor's note: Don Picaro, a long time Missoula transient, is the little-known author of many witty sayings. Although this story is his debut into print, much of his best work is currently displayed on the rest-room walls of the Greyhound Bus terminal and the Oxford Cafe.

Don submitted this story, his first major work, to the CFFP in exchange for 37 cents, which he requested so he could buy his dog a can of Alpo.

can this really be climbing?

CLIMBING?

by I.B. Falling

Tucked away in the heart of the Karakorum Himalaya lies the greatest mountaineering problem of all time: Peak 19,238 ft., the 87th highest peak in the world. Never before has the summit of this magnificent tower felt the tread of human feet although there have been several ill-fated attempts by world-class alpinists. All sides of the mountain are barred by sections of rotten rock and overhanging ice which are constantly swept by massive avalanches. This winter there will be yet another attempt by a select international group of supremely conditioned athletes who will employ some revolutionary equipment and logistical tactics.

The climbing team consists of four men and a woman who will attempt a route on the North face. In the coming months, they will be training in some of the most rugged mountain ranges in North America (including the Adirondacks and the Poconos) under the sponsorship of the American Alpine Club.

The expedition will be lead by a 42 year old premier British alpinist named Lord Calvin Crumbwill who has made numerous noteworthy ascents in the Alps such as the west flank of the Eiger and the South face of Aiguille du Midi via the aerial tram. Crumbwill is an avid beekeeper and stamp collector who speaks six languages fluently including Vulgarity, Profanity, and Obscenity. His oratory mastery and effective methods of discipline are what won him the self-appointed leadership position.

A thirty four year old Italian named Attilio Fava Tissi has been chosen as "tool pusher of expedition drilling operations." Tissi has also climbed extensively in the Alps and is widely known for his knack of innovating the most unique climbing equipment out of junk. Tissi is employed as a drill technician for Maestri Compressor Bolts, Inc. of Milan, Italy, a firm which has donated a pneumatic bolt drill and gas powered compressor outfit to the expedition. Attilio has an unfortunate reputation of logging airtime on some of his previous climbs, and will therefore spend most of his time unroped so as not to endanger the rest of the team. However, he will be carrying an expensive Swiss altimeter, with a rate of descent alarm, as well as his own parachute. His overall technical and mechanical expertise should prove to be an invaluable asset to the expedition.



"climbing the walls" in preparation
for the climb of Peak 19,283

Cherry Chair Climber, a twenty year old Canadian wheatfield queen, will organize base camp operations and serve as Recreation Director, helping the climbers to relax between seiges on the North face. She is an excellent cook and will be maintaining constant radio contact with the climbers during the ascent. Cherry loves animals and will be the chief caretaker of the small herd of llamas that will be used to haul equipment and supplies on the approach march. It is also believed that her presence will discourage vandals from ravaging base camp, a problem that a Japanese party faced on their 1978 attempt.

The expedition physician and spiritual director will be twenty eight year old Dr.

Julio Alimantado from Jamaica. The doctor has climbed 5000 meter volcanoes in several third world countries and is considered the most experienced snow slogger in the party. The Rastafarian's medical provisions include a book of levitation rites to aid the climbers past difficult sections of rotten rock or brittle ice. He will also carry a Karma Repair Kit (see The Pill Versus the Springhill Mine Disaster, by Richard Brautigan), which includes

several gram rations of red-haired ganja, the ever-essential kaya for eye, to boost the morale of the team during the moments of doubt about the ethics of bolting and levitating. It is believed that, without a rasta doctor on the expedition, the chances of success would be greatly diminished. His services could turn out to be the key to the summit.

The "fifth" member of most previous expeditions to Peak 19,283 has traditionally been a case of Jack Daniels. However, after much discussion and disagreement, it was finally decided that an additional climber should be chosen as the

"The 'fifth' member of most previous expeditions to peak 19,283 has traditionally been a case of Jack Daniels."

"fifth." Selected was a twenty six year old technical building and monument climber from the United States named Warrington Hull who is a member in good standing of the New York Skyscraper Club (see Playboy Magazine, August, 1974). His previous ascents include the West Portal of the Lincoln memorial and the South face of the Washington Monument which are described from an interesting point of view in National Park Security Forces Bulletin number 69-22 entitled "Monument Climbers: Vandals or Madmen?" More recently, he made the first ascent of the treacherous west face to the U.N. Building (see New York Plice Blotter, June 6, 1982). Hull was chosen largely because he is in excellent shape having just spent three months climbing the walls in his jail cell, and because of his extensive background in the use of pneumatic drill guns like the one to be used on this expedition.

PUTTING THE HAY UP

Sometimes the tractor coughs, stops, then down and under,
With wrenches and hot, oily dirt I go and sweat.
Sometimes the color red tells of evening, the mountain's
Shade, the dust settling behind my shadow.
"Long enough, long enough," the color says.

He smiles — the man I work for — as he
Watches me trudging across his field.
He waves from the barn. Old hat. Old shirt. Old arm.

Sometimes we drink cold beer, tell stories, tell enough.
A son, eleven years gone, never heard of again.
"He could be anywhere. Don't know," looking
Through the window, counting regrets like
Windrows of hay to be baled and stacked.
Neat piles, the mountains as ragged teeth behind

I look out the same window. My regrets are there too:
Leaving home, a girl with grey eyes
They go on into the red of the instant until
The color leaves and it is night

— Sam Sprof

Drawing is at 5 p.m., Dec. 24, 1982
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Taking mountaintops on two tires — quietly

by Kurt Kleiner

In the past ten years there has been a dramatic rebirth of interest in the old fat tire clunker bicycle. The new version of the old paper boy's bike combines the advantages of sophisticated gearing equipment and the lightweight durability of alloy wheels and frames with other parts from motorcycles and BMX bicycles. The end result of much innovation and experimentation is a nearly indestructible machine which will go just about anywhere.

The new wave sport of "mountain biking" originated in Marin County, California, when a group of enthusiastic and highly competitive young cyclists began taking truckloads of old one speed balloon tire clunkers to the top of a mountain west of Fairfax and riding them down the steep fireroads at breakneck speeds. As the so-called "mountain gang" made faster and more treacherous descents, it became obvious that their machines would require revisions in design and construction to accommodate such brutal treatment. In the years that followed, there evolved a new breed of bicycle more durable and versatile than any the world has seen.

The first innovation was born in response to a problem the Marin cyclists noticed at the bottom of one particularly steep fireroad. Their coaster brakes had overheated to the point where all the grease had evaporated, requiring the wheels to be repacked with grease after each downhill run. The mountain gang discovered that a front motorcycle-style drum brake and later, sets of brazed on cantilever brakes, were more reliable and abuse resistant than either their old coaster brakes or caliper brakes which are common on road bikes.

In a recent Outside Magazine article,

called "Built to Take it," Charles Kelly claims that, with the advent of front drum brakes, the mountain gangsters were performing such stunts as riding under a single pipe gate (with two inches of clearance above the handlebars) at speeds in excess of 40 mph in order to make a forty foot jump off a sharp crest!

Later innovations included the application of tubular BMX forks and motorcycle handlebars, the assembly of complex gearing systems, and the construction of lightweight frames from straight chrome molybdenum tubing.

"... the mountain gangsters were performing such stunts as riding under a single pipe gate at speeds in excess of 40 mph in order to make a forty foot jump ..."

About the only components that did not undergo major revisions in the late seventies were the 26 inch balloon tires. There are several advantages of having fat tires for off-road cycling. Like the oversize tires on four wheel drive trucks, a clunker tire maintains greater floatation on soft muddy surfaces and also provides the bike and the rider with a cushioning effect when riding over rocks and logs.

Though many clunker enthusiasts prefer assembling their own machines with the parts from other bikes, there are now a number of custom built and even mass produced models on the market. Charles Kelly, Gary Fisher, and Tom Ritchey, who were among the first off-road cyclists in Marin County, currently

build and market the exclusive "Mountain Bike" which retails for over \$1300. Another well known clunker which is mass produced in Japan and distributed in the U.S. by Specialized Bicycle Imports, is the Stumpjumper. There are two models of Stumpjumper currently available for under \$800. Marketing trends clearly show that these new machines are not merely another crazy fad emerging from the mind of some Californian to slip quickly into obscurity. It is predicted that some thirty of forty new models will be on the international market by this spring from such well known manufacturers as Fuji and Miyata.

The explosion in the popularity of off-road cycling can be partly attributed to the realization of its potential as an aesthetic means of travelling in the backcountry. Mountain bikes are quiet and have no more impact on the environment than a hiker on foot. A cyclist can cover reasonable terrain at three or four times the speed of walking, and can carry heavy loads such as climbing hardware or a winter's supply of venison out of the backcountry with relative ease.

With the increase in the use of bicycles in the backcountry, however, there also arises management problems stemming from the fact that many kinds of recreationists, with a variety of attitudes, goals, and expectations, simultaneously compete for the same physical and social-psychological space in the course of their activities. In a recent essay called "Off-Road Bicycling: Its Impacts and Impact Mitigations," Tony Brown, a UM senior in Recreation, addresses this problem by pointing out the potential for conflict between the mountain bikers hikers, and horseback riders using the same area.



over streams . . .

. . . and mountain sides

These potential conflicts, which may range from mere disturbances to actual physical collisions, would ultimately result in the displacement of some recreation activities and the eventual enforcement of regulations by managing agencies such as trail closures or restrictions. Tony feels that it is the responsibility of each off-road cyclist to act in a safe, courteous, and responsible manner. However, as in the case of snowmobilers and motorcyclists, the day may eventually come when mountain bikers are completely banned from certain areas.

Western Montana is laced by hundreds of miles of old logging roads and trails through the hills. So if you are looking for a new and exhilarating outdoor activity that will keep you healthy and keep your adrenalin pumped and flowing, this may be just the thrill you've been looking for. So get on your wheels, go climb a mountain and take the ride of your life. There is nothing quite comparable to mountain biking.

Pesticides: a pesty problem

by Lisa Fleischer

Save the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, and Rodenticide Act (FIFRA).

During the upcoming "lame duck" session of Congress, beginning November 29th, Senators will vote on industry-inspired amendments to the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide Act which have already been approved by the Agriculture Committee. The amended H.R. 5203 would: 1) Place Federal restrictions on States' authority to design pesticide standards, 2) permit regulations barring public access to and discussions of health and environmental information on chemical products, and 3) deny citizens access to federal courts for violations of the statute while industry's access is retained.

Pesticides are toxic substances deliberately introduced into the environment. Despite early warnings from scientists like Rachel Carson, production and sales of pesticides in the United States have increased almost every year since 1957. Today, 1,200 chemical pesticides are marketed as 30,000 American brands.

Aerial application, and transport in groundwater, have spread pesticides throughout the land. They are deposited in the soil where they many persist for decades. Naturally, pesticides soon find their way into the food web, turning up everywhere from oranges to breast milk.

Most pesticides are not selective. Therefore, they kill the predators of their intended targets as well as other useful species such as the earthworm. In addition, pests develop resistances to the chemicals. Consequent failures are usually

counteracted by more frequent applications or use of more deadly compounds.

People who understand ecology realize that other solutions do exist. Thus, the idea of integrated pest management — using biological, mechanical and/or chemical control methods — has come into being. It is important for these alternatives to be studied, particularly since there are so many unanswered questions about pesticides. Data indicates that some pesticides are mutagenic (causing mutations), carcinogenic (causing cancer), and teratogenic (causing birth defects). Toxicity of pesticide solvents must also be considered, as should the interactions of various compounds with each other.

For Montanans, pesticides have created a "foul fall" rather than a "silent spring". The recent deaths and contamination of fowl due to endrin has lead the State Department of Health to declare some game birds unsafe for human consumption.

Endrin has been used in eastern Montana for 27 years to control cutworms on small grains. It is degradable, but low level residues in soil are persistent for years. Furthermore, endrin has been shown to concentrate in aquatic systems up to 1600 times.

According to the Environmental Management Division of the Department of Agriculture, endrin is extremely toxic. It is known to cause chromosomal abnormalities and birth defects. It has been implicated as a causative agent in behavioral modification, changes in carbohydrate

metabolism; blood, liver, kidney, and adrenal malfunction, and as a possible carcinogen.

The Department of Agriculture is working on an Environmental Impact Statement regarding proposed endrin rules. This was delayed by a search for other less toxic chemicals to be substituted for endrin. Due to lack of funds, schemes for integrated pest management have not been studied.

Our feathered friends have also been contaminated by a known carcinogen, heptachlor, which was found in concentrations 100 times above the Environmental Protection Agency's tolerance level. Heptachlor has been used in Montana to protect grain seeds from Wire Worms. Its use was banned by the EPA as of September 1, 1982, but, existing stocks are exempt.

Compound 1080 was employed in Montana to poison bait for coyote eradication. It was banned in 1972 through an executive order disallowing poisons on all public lands. President Reagan rescinded the order in January, 1982. 1080 has been used to kill Columbian ground squirrels in western Montana under an exemption of the EPA prohibition on its use as a pre-icide. Incidents of nontarget mortality have been reported.

In 1980 a group of women in the Swan Valley sued the State of Montana, claiming that roadside spraying of the herbicide 2,4-D had been responsible for a 33% miscarriage rate in the valley. Also, in that year, the herbicide 2,4,5-T was banned in

parts of Idaho and Oregon after an EPA study showed high miscarriage and illness rates in chemical exposed areas. These two herbicides were combined to form the notorious Agent Orange, a defoliant used in Vietnam.

2,4-D is manufactured in Great Falls. Residents of the area report dead trees around the factory. A potato farmer in Lake County proved that his crop was destroyed by 2,4-D.

Animal experiments have shown that 2,4-D produces chromosomal damage, developmental malformations, growth retardation, and, possibly, tumors. The acute effects of human exposure to 2,4-D include headache, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, impaired senses, sore throat and burning chest. Residual disease, such as chronic respiratory impairment, menstrual problems, and memory loss may last for years.

The EPA and the Montana Department of Agriculture register pesticides for use after considering data on their chemistry, environmental fate, toxicity, and efficacy. This information is available to the public. If the Senate Agriculture Committee is successful, this may no longer be true.

Weakening the FIFRA can be prevented. The House of Representatives has already passed amendments to the act which protect the rights of citizens. Please, write to your Senators urging rejection of the amendments to FIFRA.

For more information contact: National Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides, 530 7th St., S.E. Washington, D.C. 20003