

ISSUE NO. 14 \$2.00

BANKHEAD MONITOR



TAKING THE PULSE OF THE BANKHEAD NATIONAL FOREST



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OF POWER*

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Ever Growing

The Bankhead Monitor has grown phenomenally from its inception 3 years ago. Who are we? We are you. We are common citizens from all walks of life who have decided to stand up for what is right and for what is ours. The National Forests of Alabama are being destroyed through mismanagement. Industrial forestry is cutting down, poisoning and destroying our last native public lands in Alabama. The beauty of Bankhead is lamented by all who knew it only 25 years ago. It is our moral responsibility to "Just Say No!" No more. With that vision in my mind and my heart I have given up a 25 year career to devote all my time to the new organizing of the Monitor. We are going state-wide with chapters in other parts of the state where the local folks near the Tallagega etc. can watch their forest. We are raising money to bring in the top scientists in the nation to study the so-called Ecosystem Management of the Forest Service. We are producing an Old-growth Inventory of Bankhead since Forest Service has failed to do so. We are having 6 persons trained by the best Appeals experts in the country. The Bankhead Monitor staff will be four full-time staff as of August, 94. In addition, meet two more new staff members:

Lamar Marshall

Jerry Henry

You will notice a tremendous increase in the number of advertisers in this issue. This is the result of the Monitor's full-time Sales Staff. His name is Jerry W. Henry. He knows advertising inside and out. He has been a retailer, wholesaler, concert promoter, and has worked for corporations such as A.C. Nielson and Dunn and Bradstreet. He also was in the radio business and is currently a partner with an advertising agency. He has lived in Florida, Texas, and California. And also ladies, he's a bachelor. Recently he returned to Alabama only to find his home state is a tree farm. After seeing the Bankhead, he considers clearcutting in our national forest to be a travesty.

Larry Smith

The Monitor's new look is the work of Larry Smith. His skill at computer page layout and graphics is the product of almost 5 years of experience. Larry began his career at Calhoun State Community College where he worked as a lab assistant in the Art Department's graphics design lab. For the last three years he has freelanced as a layout and design specialist for a number of North Alabama businesses. He also works, during the school term, at the University of North Alabama in the Communications Department's Macintosh lab. A native of Moulton, Larry is concerned about the ongoing destruction of the Bankhead Forest. He is saddened that many of the beautiful places he grew up exploring have disappeared and wants to do his part to stop the clearcutting now, before it is too late.

(You can see what Larry and Jerry look like on page 33)

THE BANKHEAD MONITOR, INC.
A Nonprofit Educational Corporation
P.O. Box 117, Moulton, Alabama 35650

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Litigation: The Turtle Clan Of The Warrior Mountains Tribe.

Supporting: The EcoWarriors And Regular Subscribers And Readers.

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700 Members And 5000 Readers

ISSUE NO. 14 - July/August 1994

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ABOUT THE FRONT COVER

A place of power deep within the Bankhead forest. This is Bankhead country. Love it, or leave it alone.
Photographed by Charles Seifried, the photographer of the Bankhead.

Walking The Sipsey Wilderness: Part 11

One Visited Forest, Never Returned

By Jim Manasco



Some of the men that knew the forest in those days, felt that this type camping was too civilized and headed for the deep woods that were all but inaccessible. I have, in the past, had the privilege of going with those grand old men of the forest on a few of their fishing trips.

The manner in which they went camping would astonish today's campers. They appeared to be carrying nothing. As for food, the contents of a half-filled feed sack would be sufficient for six men for several days. It contained salt, lard, meal and coffee. One man carried the sack, another an ax, and the rest carried nothing that could be seen. When they reached their destination, they would set up camp under a bluff. Eating nothing but fish until as they put it, "got a bait of it,".

A little before dark someone would cut two sticks and a minnow seine would mysteriously appear. Going to the rapids, a biscuit would be placed underwater with a rock on top of it. The bread floating downstream would attract minnows which were then caught for bait. No boat was needed, they just rocked up a pool in the river and waded the lines out. During the night, the lines would be run several times and rebaited. There was never a shortage of fish. A man could stay forever if he could stand the diet. They normally stayed about five or six days.

Today canoes are seen regularly on the Sipsey River. In search of the wild, people will launch their boats and mustering all their strength, paddle as fast as they can through the wilderness. This is not the way the old timers did it.

River camping is old to the Sipsey. People have been doing it since horse and buggy days. Camping was different then, the woods were wilder and the people were in no hurry. Where the roads would allow, they camped under the bluffs near the river. It was family camping and a chance to visit with seldom seen friends.

There was one man that went to the Sipsey and stayed. He was a true hermit. There were two more, other than him, that I refer to as semi-hermits in that they did not completely break all ties with the human race.

The true hermit was called Goat Man. One of the other two was also called by that name and lived on the river below the Recreation Area in a house and many knew him. He was sociable and not wild like the other. As long as I can remember, the old mountain men talked of the hermit. It was some sort of a game with them to

track him and try to figure out what he had been doing. None of them had ever seen him and addressed him as the wildest thing in the woods.

In the late 1950s, I was spending a lot of time in the Riddles Fields area and became aware of his presence there. He seemed to have set up residence in that area in a secluded cove. I knew he was there and went to great lengths to avoid his territory because I felt it was his.

In 1961, I was spending some time just wandering around in that area when he suddenly appeared in a clearing. A sadder sight one could not imagine. His clothes were several layers thick and literally torn to shreds. His long hair and beard looked blond but I think it was dirt in gray. He looked at me and left in a straight line through the woods making no attempt to hide his trail.

I look back on that day and curse my own ignorance. He was making contact with me the only way he knew how and I did not have the gumption to realize it. After two years without seeing any sign of him, I followed the trail that he had wanted me to follow that day. It went straight to his camp. No one has seen any sign of him lately and I am sure he is dead. He was a complete success, he lived just as he wanted to without anyone telling him anything. He went to the Sipsey and remained there.

I met another semi-hermit on one of my lone ranger fishing trips in the forest once. I was catching spottail minnows on worms and using them for bass bait on green cane poles. I kept losing them because of the limber poles. I was being watched. Presently a young man came down and talked with me for a while. He was living in a cave hiding from the law. After a while, I told him I had to go and he said that I could not go without some fish. He went to a branch near by and flipped over a few rocks coming back with five salamanders. Taking a line and hook from his pocket, he dropped it over the side of the rock we were sitting on and pulled up five catfish as fast as he could bait the hook. He gave me the fish and



smilingly said that there was a cave under the rock that was always full of catfish. He said that he once swam in it and almost did not get out. I guess one fish hook can be mighty important when you are alone in the woods.

The river has not changed since those days, it is the people that have changed. There are as many fish in the river as ever and if you could slow down your shiny new canoe you may find them.

Warrior Mountains Trading Post

THE OFFICIAL SIPSEY WILDERNESS HEADQUARTERS

**FOREST MAPS &
INFORMATION ON
TRAILS**

T-SHIRTS

BANKHEAD VIDEOS

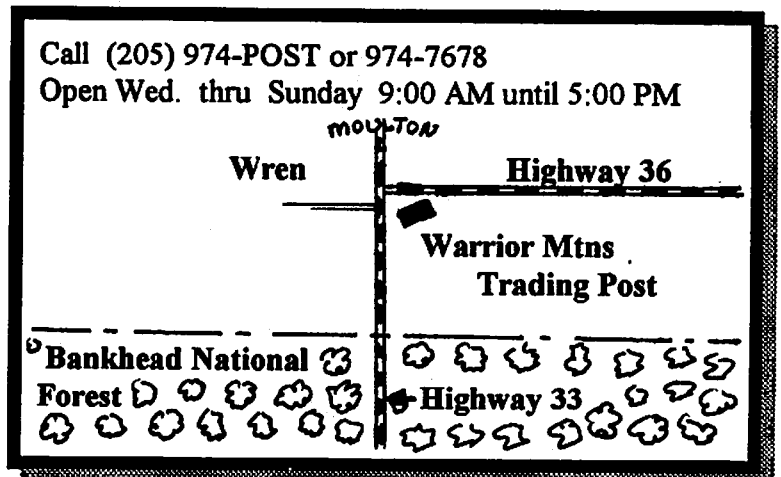
HERBAL MEDICINES

**NATIVE AMERICAN
CRAFTS -
DREAMCATCHERS -
JEWELRY - POTTERY -
BOOKS**



**US FOREST SERVICE
BROCHURES**

**EXHIBITS ON
CONSERVATION**



"Fighting For The Last Wild Places"

We at the Monitor would like to share with our readers the decisions that come out of the Bankhead District office. These decisions order clearcuts, poisons, and conversion from hardwoods to pine tree farms. They order the cutting down of our centuries old trees. We will publicize these notices. We proudly bring you our new column "Ranger Ramey Reports" - "I Have Decided".

RANGER RAMEY REPORTS:

"I HAVE DECIDED"

FY 94 SITE PREPARATION FOR PLANTING 5/24/94

I have decided to do site preparation on 1209 acres in preparation for the winter planting of 1994/1995 on the Bankhead National Forest. The method for treatment will be mechanical, using a roller drum chopper pulled by a crawler tractor, size D-7 or larger (or equivalent). The stands will be treated with either a single pass or a double pass followed by a prescribed burn after the chopped vegetation has cured.

From Summary:

This site preparation will open up the areas so that they can be physically planted with the number of trees necessary to meet stocking objectives as set forth in the Forest Land Management Plan

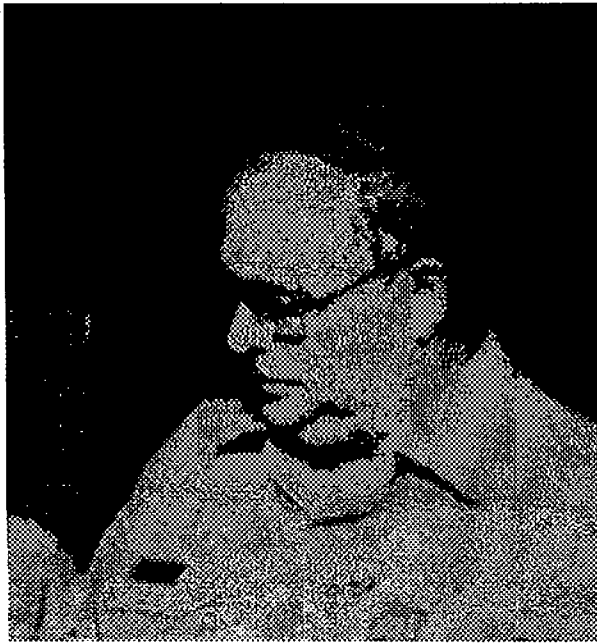
Mitigation Measures:

19. Only mowing, chopping, shearing, ripping, and scarifying are used on sustained slopes over 15%. No mechanical equipment is used on sustained slopes over 35%.

PLANTATION RELEASE PROJECT - DECISION NOTICE AND FINDING OF NO SIGNIFICANT IMPACT 5/31/94

I have decided to treat 29 of the stands as proposed in Alternative B of the EA. These stands would be treated with a directed foliar spray of triclopyr (trade name: Arsenal) during the summer. Two stands, Compartment 156, Stand 9 and Compartment 157, Stand 35, would be treated as proposed in Alternative C.

The 34 sites are scattered over the Bankhead District within Lawrence, Franklin and Winston Counties. Tract size ranges from 11 to 74 acres, and the sites total 1,525 acres.



District Ranger James Ramey

Alternative B:

3. Vegetation - Alternative B provides for a variety of vegetation while managing the stand for timber production. The herbicide would effect only the vegetation it touches. Triclopyr is a selective herbicide and Imazapyr is a broad spectrum herbicide.

4. Recreation - The browning of vegetation would also cause visual impacts along State Highways 33 and 195 and to Sipsey Fork users south of Winston County Road 60 (Cranal Road). Since herbicides are broken down rapidly, no adverse effect to human health or animal health is suspected.

Alternative C:

This alternative focuses on managing the stands for the pines that were planted on their respective spacing. Stands with the 8 by 8 ft. spacing would have all vegetation treated except crop trees treated. The wider spacings would have small untreated zones scattered throughout the stand. Vegetative diversity is greatly reduced on the stands, however, diversity would still exist throughout the rest of the forest. Loblolly pines would be the principle trees growing in the stands, with very few hardwoods.

PEOPLE OF THE FOREST

THE BAGWELLS OF BEECH CREEK

By Lamar Marshall

THESE
INHOLDERS ARE
AN ASSET IN THEIR
OWN RIGHT TO
THE BANKHEAD
NATIONAL FOREST.

Deep in the
Bankhead National
Forest lives a most
colorful and fascinat-
ing family.

Gene and Klieta
Bagwell, their son.....

The story begins
long ago. Gene was a
World War II veteran.

Gene was born in
Illinois in 1926. He
met Klieta in 1970.
Gene lived in Minne-
sota for several years.
He became friends
with the Santree
Indians, an eastern
branch of the Sioux
tribe. He began to hunt
with some of them. He
became known among
them as Mu-te-ja,
(which is pronounced
moon-tee-jock) means
Barking Deer.

Not long ago
Gene witnessed a
strange sight in the
Bankhead. A deer was
trotting in the forest
with a small dog at its side. The dog was not chasing
the deer. It seemed as though the two were comrades.
Could this be a sign for the Barking Deer?

“The lion shall lie down with the lamb.”

Across the hollow from their house is the old
homeplace where a Cherokee dwelt around 1875.



They believe that the
spirit of the Cherokee
still prowls the area and
has taken the role of a
Trickster. A trickster is a
mischievous spirit who
likes to play tricks on
mortals. The Trickster
turns their outside lights
on and off at times.

Gene tells of several
beeches on his property
that have arborglyphs or
tree carvings on them.

He watches for
fallen, hollow beeches
from which he cuts drum
bodies. Hides are
stretched over the open-
ings. These drums are
used in various ceremo-
nies in the forest.
Drummings are festive
occasions which are
popular with everyone.

Gene showed me a
Native American deer-
skin head and cape. The
Native Americans not
only wore such animal
skins in ceremony, but in
the hunt. Skilled hunters
could approach upwind
of grazing deer to within
bow and arrow range
while they were dis-
guised as a deer. Today,

this practice is illegal and would result in one being shot by
another hunter.

Gene operates a private machine shop on his 40 acre
farm. One is reminded that a hundred years ago he might
have been a blacksmith. Technology marches on.

Around 1990, the US Forest Service clearcut a section of Beech Creek canyon. The clearcut was made right up to the blufflines and to Beech Creek itself. I had driven through the canyon many times and appalled at the audacity of the Forest Service to destroy not only the beauty of the forest, but sensitive plants such as shade and moisture-requiring ferns whose habitat was desicated by clearcutting. Rare orchids in the past have been found within the area of the clearcut.

Silt from the clearcut washed into the Bagwells pasture.

Photographs clearly remind one of a lava flow from the hillsides.

It also has impacted Beech Creek which is the critical habitat of endangered mussels.

The people of the forest know the bitter truth that is hidden from the Fish and Wildlife Service.

During the last week of April, 1994, I stood in a pouring rain on Brushy Creek. A small stream coming off an adjoining mountain from clearcuts was brown with liquid mud. There was a distinct line of contrast where the sediment-laden water entered the pale-green waters of Brushy. If the rain had not been so heavy, I would have pulled the video from my pack and filmed it. I do plan to carry an umbrella in the future for documentation of violations of law and mismanagement in our public forests.

Gene and Klieta participate in the ceremonies of the Blue Clan of the Eschota Cherokee Indians who have many sacred sites located within the Bankhead National Forest.

Like the last remnants of the wolf and the mountain lion that frequent the deep recesses of one of Alabama's last wild places, people like the Bagwells live within flow of life in our public forests. The heritage of people such as these who respect the land are threatened by the strangling noose of industrial forestry that is destroying our native forests.

Our roadless areas are shrinking as new roads divide them up. Old-growth hardwood stands are replaced with pine plantations.

Technology is not all bad. Lightweight tents and micro-gear arm hikers against anything ole Mother Nature can dish out. Mountain bikes with super gears carry outdoor persons up and over high hills.

Gene took me into a tiny hideaway in his machine shop. There sat a beautiful, shiny Harley Davidson motorcycle. It was polished and ready to roll. I reckon that the lure to ride the wind never dies in the human spirit.



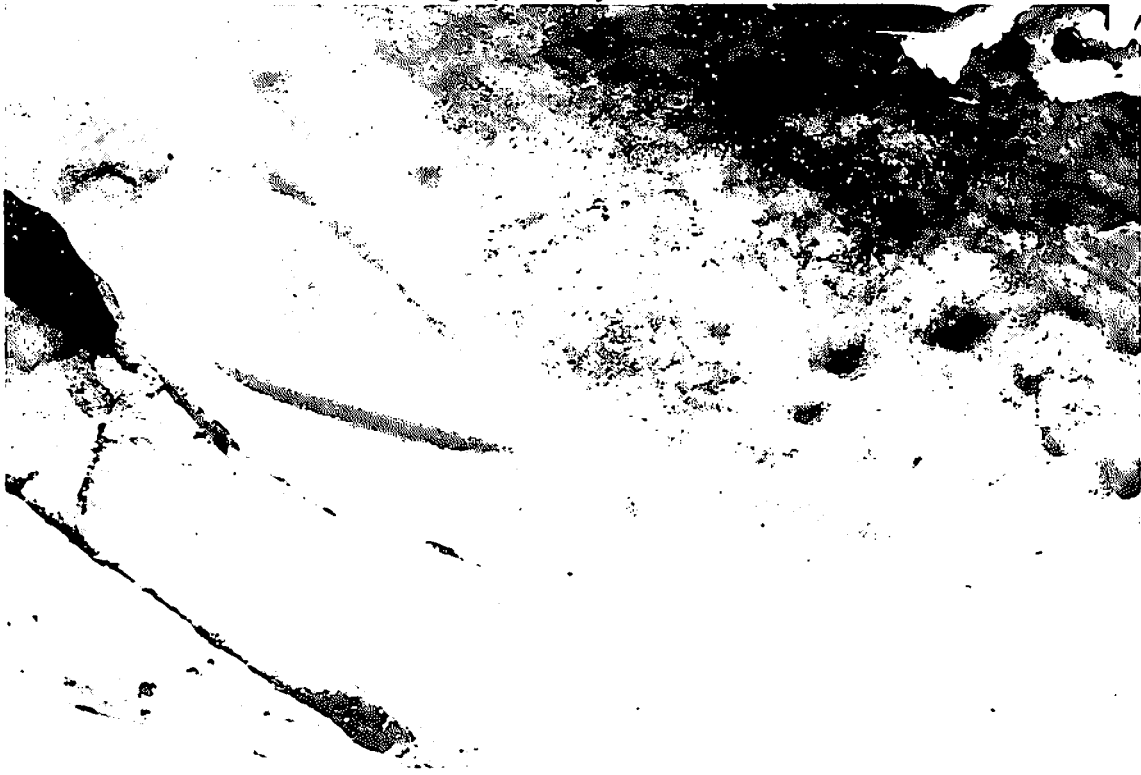
Barking Deer



ARBO RGLYPHS



Sun Burst, In Beech Tree On Hagood Creek (See Page 20)
Photographed By Robert Cox



Turkey Foot Petroglyph, 12 Inches Tall. In Bluff Shelter On Braziel
Creek Trail. *Photographed By Robert Cox*

Many Indian Trails Crossed Through Alabama

Part One: Ancient Trails Of Alabama

by Jim Manasco

Old Trails everywhere were established by animals. These game trails were later used by humans as foot trails that, with improvements, became the first roads. In the Eastern United States, the major trails were first worn deep by the hooves of the now extinct Eastern Wood Buffalo. The Great Buffalo Trail in the East followed what is now Interstate 65. The buffalo migrated this north-south trail in the spring and fall. With the first snows of winter they came south and as the grass greened in the spring they would journey north.

The first explorers from the colonies upon reaching the Great Barrens of Kentucky found the plains strewn with the bones of "dinosaurs." They had never seen an animal larger than a deer, and the bones of the elk and buffalo were very impressive. They would later learn that the grassy plains were not natural but were being burned by the Indians to aid in the migration of the buffalo.

Today the prairies and the savannahs of Alabama are no longer visible, but in the day of the first explorers they dominated the landscape. As the Indians in Alabama burned the savannahs only the fire resistant plants remained after the burning stopped. To retrace those savannahs of long ago in the Warrior Basin, you need only to chart the modern-day natural stands of longleaf pines.

The big question is, what became of the buffaloes? The early historians in Alabama stated that the most prized possession of the Indians in this area were their buffalo robes, but as DeSoto crossed our state in 1540, he saw no buffalo. However, his men did kill two of them during their expedition near Amory, Miss., which



would confirm that buffaloes could have been in Alabama.

The last record of buffalo in this area was recorded by a longhunter in Nashville in 1769 and the truth be known he, Casper Manasco, most likely killed it.

One can only assume that the Eastern Wood Buffalo became extinct from overhunting on the part of the Indians, as the buffalo population was in serious decline long before the arrival of the first white men.

Just as the buffalo moved north and south into Alabama, so did the people. The only difference between man and beast was where they crossed the Tennessee River. The buffalo trail that stretched across America looks like a rope with the ends frayed. The feeder trails from the plains around the Great Lakes come together to form a single strand that stretches south to Nashville, Tenn., where it once again branches out as it spreads over Alabama and Mississippi. From Nashville, it splits into two trails in order to avoid the shoals of the Tennessee River. The western trail is well known and crossed the river at the foot of the shoals: this

trail is known as the Natchez Trace. The eastern branch crossed the river at the head of the shoals and is known as the Mobile Trace.

It is a fact that a man could walk across the shoals without getting his feet wet, but the buffalo could not. In Davy Crockett's diary he states that every time they tried to cross the shoals a horse would get a hoof lodged in a crack in the rocks and no amount of toll could free it and they would have to unsaddle it and leave it. The buffaloes, being wiser than Crockett, would go to the head or foot of the shoals, where they could swim across.

The Indian names for the river crossings are unknown. When the government established the first postal roads in Alabama, the land was still in Indian control. To acquire the rights to use the Natchez Trace the government traded the toll ferry rights to the chief of the Chickasaws for safe passage. To this day, the crossing still bears the name of Chief Colbert. The same was true for the Mobile Trace through Cherokee country. By the same agreement, the toll rights at the head of the shoals was given to

John Brown (Drowning Bear). This crossing has not been used for many years and is known today as Jackson's crossing. However, nearby is the well known electrical facility that bears his name: Brown's Ferry Nuclear Power Plant.

BLACK WARRIOR TRACE

From the head of the shoals, the Black Warrior's Trace ran directly south over the Warrior Mountain and crossed the High Town Path in the Bankhead National Forest. It then followed the dividing ridge between the Sipsey River and the Mulberry Fork. After crossing the river it joined another trail from Huntsville and entered the Black Warrior's Town.

THE MOBILE TRACE

The Mobile Trace runs from the head of the mussel shoals on the Tennessee River westward to Mount Hope and then southward up the mountain. On the crest of the mountain, it joins the High Town Path and they both follow the dividing range southwest to Natural Bridge in Winston County. At Natural Bridge, the High Town Path ends and the Mobile Trace and the Road to the Chickasaw Nation join and run south to Eldridge in Walker County. From Eldridge, the Mobile Trace follows the dividing ridge south to the forks of the Warrior and Tombigbee Rivers.

At Eldridge, the road to the Chickasaw Nation runs east following U.S. 78 to the Warrior River. This trail crosses Lost Creek twice and then crosses the Warrior River just below the mouth of Blackwater Creek. From here it follows the ridge up the east side of the Warrior to the mouth of the Sipsey where it joins the Warrior Trace and the trail to the Chickasaw Old Fields (Huntsville).

"Fighting For The Last Wild Places"

INTERTRIBAL TRAILS

There are many more lesser trails that are between the Mobile Trace and the Warrior Trace. Names with which the reader can relate to are: Dog Town Road, Cheatham Road, Russellville Road, Old Tuscaloosa Road, as well as many others. Readers beware — there is not now nor has there ever been an Indian town in Alabama called Tuscaloosa!

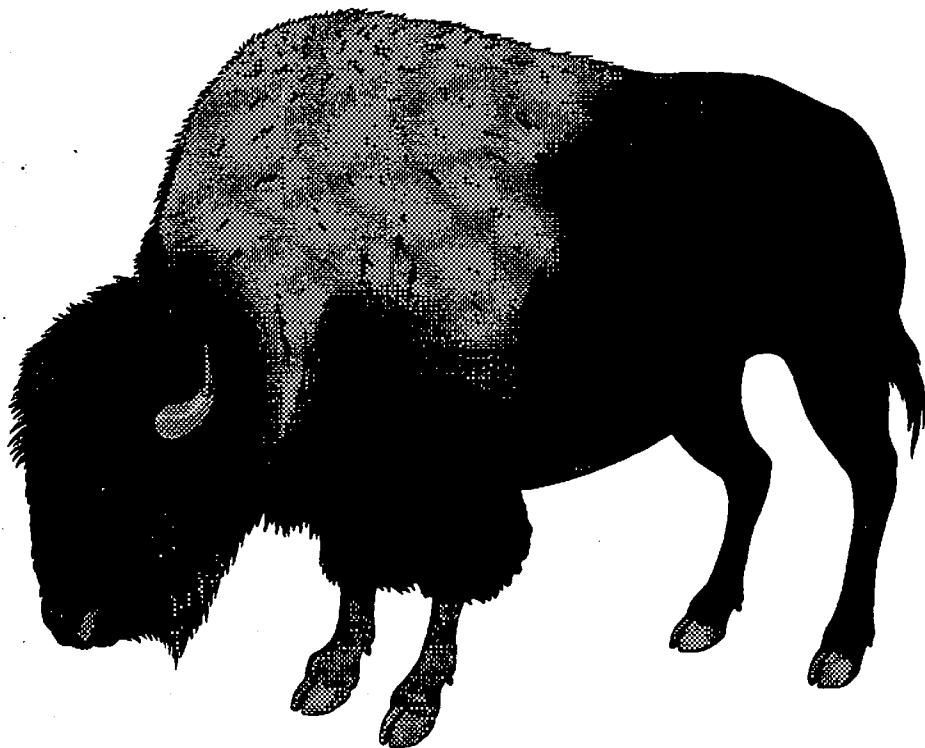
The Black Warrior Trace, The Mobile Trace, and the intertribal trails — along these trails we will take a trip in time as we follow the footsteps of the men who made history in the little town of Sipsey in east Walker County. We will follow the footprints of Desoto, Moscoso, Tuscaloosa, Tecumseh, Ocochemotla, Andrew Jackson, Davy Crockett, General Coffee, General Pitchlynn as well as Choctaw warriors, Cherokees, Uchees, Frenchmen and Spanish colonizers, and a host of others as the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls

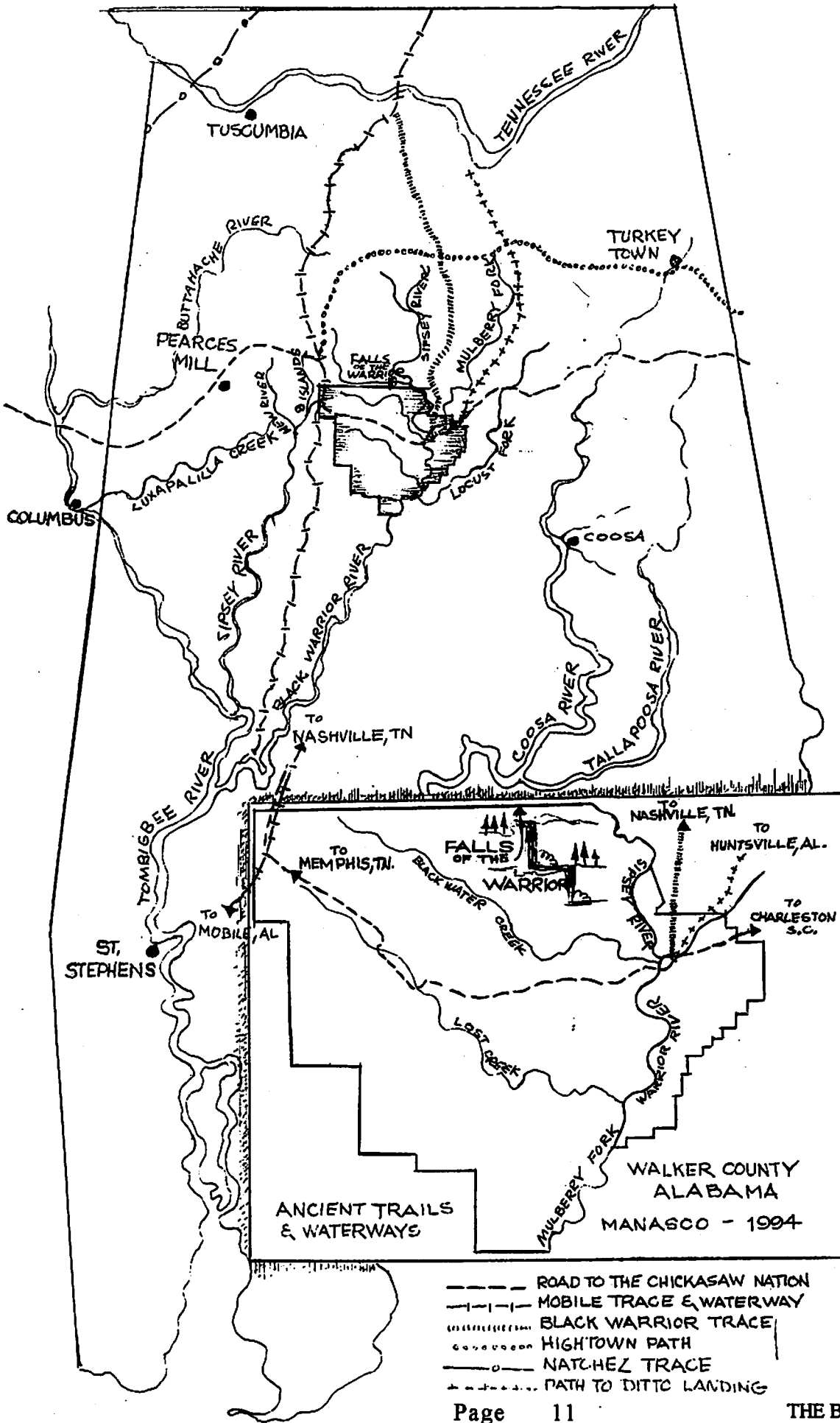
over the little town of Sipsey. In this little town, a chain of events would occur that changed the history of Alabama, America — indeed, the whole world.

Reprinted from the Daily Mountain Eagle, Jasper, Alabama

About The Author

Jim Manasco is a Bankhead artist and writer who has fought tirelessly to help preserve the 26,000 acres of the forest which are now protected as wilderness. He and his wife Ruth live in the forest on Clear Creek in a chesnut log cabin





ANCIENT TRAILS & WATERWAYS

WALKER COUNTY ALABAMA
MANASCO - 1994

- ROAD TO THE CHICKASAW NATION
- |-|-| MOBILE TRACE & WATERWAY
- BLACK WARRIOR TRACE
- HIGH TOWN PATH
- NATCHEZ TRACE
- |-|-| PATH TO DITTO LANDING

Nature Paid My Way



The Life Of Guy Sparks As Told To Lamar Marshall

Introduction by Lamar Marshall

I first met Guy Sparks after hearing about him and his famous "botanical

gardens" for quite some time. The Big Outside and all that exists naturally within it is my first love. Wild herbs such as ginseng, moccasin flowers and culvers root have long drawn me into wild places. While living in a town, I was educated on the mountain and the farm. My PaPa Marshall was a leathery-skinned farmer from the hills of north Georgia who was as red-brown as the soil on his clayey farm. He knew the seasons and God's green plants that were subject to them. He taught me to love the soil and the earth.

Guy Sparks is a man after mine own heart and a brother to all of those who have followed the trails and ways of the forest. His botanical gardens truly are a wonder. Never have I seen so many wildflowers of the deep wood in such a state of enhanced planthood. So large, so green and plush.

Guy Sparks will be the first to admit that he never got past the 4th grade in school due to hard times and obligation to grow up in an era where people were starving in a world depression.

But let me be the first to tell you that great naturalists and philosophers are not created by the education bought in the worlds scholarly institutions. Great naturalists and observers of life are spit out of a cauldron of life that is filled with the experiences of pain, hunger, anguish and joy, love. The wisdom that comes from surviving Great Depressions, great wars, and great poverty is more than

I climbed tall trees to get a leaf so I could take it home to my father. He would identify it. Once I had a name, I never forgot it.

education

What is more, men and women today are being educated into stupidity. Their values are being perverted by technocrats who would perish in one week if placed in a situation of survival such as your grandparents were.

"When I was 7 years old I discovered America and this world. I don't know nothing about sports and I didn't care about them then. I chased butterflys, plants and red oaks. I discovered nature and began to work with soil. I planted seeds and watched plants grow. I slipped off and planted seeds and watched plants grow. I began to pick wild things - wild salads, poke salad, sour dock, pepper-grass, wild lettuce, and venus looking glass.

I climbed tall trees to get a leaf so I could take it home to my father. He would identify it. Once I had a name, I never forgot it. I learned which plants were good to eat. I learned to hunt, fish and trap. Deer hunting didn't interest me. Squirrel hunting was my sport.

I began to get the idea of wild animals, quail, birds. I knew how to make a figure 4 trap with a cage. I cut sticks with a hatchet and wired them together.

Meat was meat. If it didn't sing, I carried it to the table.

The best meal I ever ate was when I was eight or nine. One evening the wind was blowing. I was hungry. I went to my bird trap by a field in the shade of some pines. I heard something going peep, peep, peep. My heart began to pound. I saw heads darting in and out of the cracks in the cage. I had my kill made. I pulled their heads off as they stuck them out. When I was dead sure there was not life left in the trap, I opened it and found 11 big, fat quail. I opened my shirt and I began to stuff them 'em in my bosom. I believe it was the best meal I ever ate in my 80 years.

I made nature work for me. I put two sisters through school. I took nature and nature alone. I knew the price of star root and pink root. We had plenty of it. I sold everything from pine needles to walnut leaves. I sold wild yam by the sack full.

They tell me this botanical garden could cost \$100,000. Boys, I'll tell you what's in it. Hard work and love!

I made nature pay my way. I've had a bushel of fun but it takes guts. I've walked 35 miles several times.

I've run mink lines for 40 to 50 years and averaged 50 mink a year. Blue Spring Bottom on the Tennessee River was a Garden of Eden. In 1938 and 39 I lived 49 nights in an 8x10 tent on a folding cot with a straw tick. I never saw a newspaper. I only saw a steam engine go by on tracks.

If I wanted fish, I caught pike and panfish. I could grapple but didn't have to. If I wanted squirrel I caught more in my steel traps than I could use. There was one meal a day on the trapline and it was supper.

I had a friend named Joe who started out the trapline with me. I did the trapping and he brought up water to the camp and chopped wood for a while. In the middle of the season he left for home. I had to stay on alone but I had company. I had owls. Before the season was out, Joe came back.

All that is over. We won't ever do no more like that again. The insecticides killed our fish.

I married at 42 years old. My wife was 17. We raised 4 boys.

As for my health, I kept wild ginseng in my pocket. When I first began I thought it wasn't doing any good. Eating ginseng is a long process. Finally, my arthritis left me. Take ginseng for about 6 or 8 months and things will start coming to you and you will be mentally smart.

I've lived here since 1933. I was young and determined to build this place.

When I first started my wild garden it was after the change that came about in my life. I found my self getting older. And also with a very young family to care for. My wife and I was struggling to farm and grow cotton and in spite of working hard we saw we was getting nowhere.

We could grow cotton but we had to hire part of it, gather, and taken our profit. We found ourselves with three small boy children, dragging to the cotton field. She suggested that she would go and get a job it I thought I could handle the home and the children and only farm on our own little farm. I reckon it would be one more undertaking. But knew I had better take her up on it. And I did.



I knew I was tied down and I would be staying close to home. I can't tell in words how bad it really was, but, after all, it was my idea, it was my plans and my responsibility and I felt I was man enough to do it. And that I did well. I was with my three children. At all times I saw that they had good care, even though working my small place in corn and truck farming. Though still there was a change in my life and that when I first realized that I would be giving up a lot of things that I had always done before. As



Guy Spark's garden, a product of 20 years of hard work, is truly a botanical wonder

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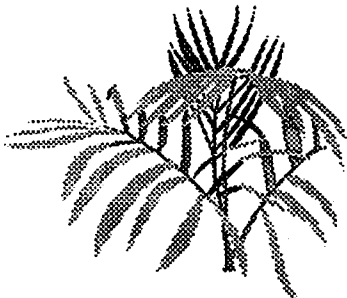
it turned out I think I was with my children for near 15 years years all told. For, in the meantime, we found out we was going to have another baby. That would be ten years from the first one to the last. Boy, did it ever set me back. I would be forced to start all over again. And I was 54 years old.

But, from the day the baby arrived, I wanted him more than anything in the whole world. I was more determined than ever. I forgot about every thing but my family and home and desired if I had any amusement, it had to be something here at home. First, I would give up hunting and fishing and a number of other things and since I knew I had a love for nature, and such love for plant life and will forever. And at that time I thought I knew all about things. Maybe I could start a hobby with wild plants that would amuse me. Give me contentment. Other than my family and home and my thoughts was my spot of wet land. And I knew I had the boys to help me. And I knew too that it was a bad time to bring up children with hippies and yuppies leading the way. They did help work but soon found out they had no interest in it at all. And then I found out that I only thought I knew about plants. In fact, I found out that I knew very little about a plant's life. But my love for them was there for sure. I want to confess that the first two years with my garden was a flop. There was no easy way to have a garden and I knew it would be hard work. But my love for God and nature drove me on. Money wise, I may have broke even, but accomplishment and consolation and the joy of giving and meeting people from all walks of life with the thought that I am helping others, thrilled me. And right now, I don't think that I could have had a better idea because my garden has brought out my every feeling about God's creation and the love that I've had for nature and the good earth under my feet.

I started my garden about 20 or 21 years ago. I built this garden. It is the product of 20 years work. I hauled in topsoil and built it. There is an ancient beaver pond in the garden. If you want your plants to be attractive, bunch them. They tell me this botanical garden could cost \$100,000. Boys, I'll tell you what's in it. Hard work and love!



The Bankhead Monitor is proud to announce that Guy Spark's wisdom and refreshing humor will soon be available as a book, published by BMP and entitled *Telling It Like It Was*. Mr. Spark's marvelous story is a timeless tribute to the "generation of Alabamians who were born at the turn of the century and knew many natural wonders of the state prior to TVA and Industrial Forestry." Don't miss this entertaining and informative look at nature and the South through the eyes of a man who lived the natural wonders of the forest before change and progress brought on the process of destruction.



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WILDERNESS BOUNDARY DESTROYED AT PARKER RIDGE

- See Page 18 -



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National Forest News

"Keeping You Informed On Issues That Matter"

Farmer's Are Switching Back To The Old Way

Innovative farmers today are switching from conventional tillage to conservation tillage in Alabama and the rest of the nation. Instead of plowing fields, today's farmers are planting like the Native Americans did in the 1600s. When the Indians planted crops, they used crude tools to dig a hole to place a maize seed. Beginning 20 years ago, farmers again began using crude tools by today's standards to emulate this way of breaking the soil. Farming without plowing is called conservation tillage.

In Alabama, interest in this form of tillage began as early as 1982 when the Soil Conservation Service (SCS), Extension agents, supervisors of soil and water conservation districts, innovative farmers, and representatives of seed and chemical companies held meetings and

demonstrations and conducted tours throughout Alabama. These activities served to draw attention to conservation tillage and provide information to interested farmers. This method became popular in Alabama, but then interest decreased when a major drop in the acreage planted to soybeans and wheat occurred.

In the 1980s, Alabama farmers mastered growing corn and soybeans by conservation tillage; however, only a few thousand acres of peanuts and cotton were grown by the method.

The conservation provisions in the 1985 Farm Bill has hastened the acceptance of conservation tillage in the past few years. Farmers have found that conservation tillage both helps provide the residue to help them comply with the highly erodible land provisions and also reduces the costs of labor and machinery which contribute to the cost-effective-

ness of the practice.

In an interview for AFC Farming News, Ernest Todd, SCS state Conservationist said, "Conservation tillage's ecological superiority over conventional tillage farming leaves little room for dispute. The residue of the previous crop on the soil's surface helps hold the valuable soil and fertilizer in place, ensuring that the land is protected from erosion and that any runoff from the field will be clear."

Information for this article came from "A Revolution is taking place in farming" in the April 1994 issue of AFC Farming News.

RESEARCH BEGINS IN THE BANKHEAD

The unique Bankhead Forest will increasingly be used for scientific forest research. One such project originated in the Southern Appalachian Highlands

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Ecoregion Task Force in 1993. The Bankhead Monitor is a member of this Task Force. The survey is called the Appalachian Forest Action Project. The field manual includes suggestions made by the staff of the U.S. Forest Service.

The Alabama Conservancy and the Bankhead Monitor will cooperate to perform a study of forest health in the southern end of the Mixed Mesophytic forest.

This is a region containing America's most diverse hardwood forest which stretches along the Appalachian Plateau for southern Pennsylvania to northern Alabama.

Ken Wills, a biologist employed by the Conservancy will lead a team of citizen scientists in surveying tree mortality in the Lawrence County portion of the Bankhead. Ken attended a workshop in West Virginia where he was instructed in surveying forest health pertinent to this project.

Several top US forest ecologists have reason to believe that air pollution may be causing premature death in many of the common tree species of our region.

This study was designed to determine if tree mortality has become greater than when other studies were done in the past.

At least thirty two study plots representing all forest types of this region will be established across the Bankhead in Lawrence County. The US Forest Service will receive a request to formally designate the plots as "Research Natural Areas" in order to insure that the study sites will be protected in the future.

Other projects slated for the Bankhead include a complete inventory and maps of all old-growth and roadless areas in the forest.

Inventories of botanical areas and sensitive plants of the Bankhead are beginning this year also.

DRIVE TO OPEN NORTHWEST ROAD IN PROGRESS

Petitions are circulating through Winston and Lawrence Counties which will ask Congressman Tom Bevill and Senator Howell Heflin to reopen the Northwest Road through the Sipsey Wilderness. The road is the most scenic in Bankhead. It was the closest access point to Bee Branch and the Champion Poplar tree.

Arguments for both keeping it closed and for opening it have been going on for years. Proponents for keeping the road closed contend that too much traffic in Bee Branch was trampling the plants and compacting the soil around the Big Tree which could kill it. The open road would split the wilderness into two parts of around 13,000 acres each.

The noise from vehicles and trash from drive-in visitors are cited as negative factors.

Those who want the road open argue that older persons, very young persons and handicapped persons cannot make the 12 mile round trip walk to see the Champion Poplar. They also point out that the Northwest Road is the most beautiful drive in the Bankhead.

The visitation to the Sipsey Wilderness has leaped in the last few years. To meet the demand for Wilderness, which is a precious commodity today, it is clear that the Sipsey is overdue for an expansion.

RECREATION AT LAST FOREST SUPERVISOR PICKS TRAILS PLAN

John Yancy, the US Forest Service Supervisor for the state of Alabama has chosen the preferred alternative for the construction of a new trail system in the Bankhead National Forest. This project will be funded by the \$700,000 appropriated by Tom Bevill.

The Forest Service proposal would allow for reconstruction and/or relocation of 23 miles of existing hiking trails as needed and to provide up to 40 miles of additional hiking trail. New trails constructed within the Black Warrior Wildlife Management Area will be linked to Sipsey Wilderness trails.

The new trails will be located in such a manner that they can be expanded into a forest-wide system as funding becomes available. The current proposal would start a trail at the Capsey Creek bridge (FS Road 266), follow Capsey downstream to Brushy, go upstream past Soogahoagdee Falls, up the East Fork of Beech Creek. The trail would cross Wilderness Parkway (Hwy 33) near the Central Firetower and Black Warrior Work Center. It would follow Horse Creek to Borden Creek, up Braziel Creek and hit Thompson Creek above the present trailhead.

Up to 25 miles of motorized trails would be developed between Poplar Log Cove and Leola Road (FS 249). Noise from the motorized vehicles will be regulated. The vehicles must be 40" or less in width.

The plan calls for the relocation and reconstruction of 25 miles of horse trails. The trails will be converted to a non-motorized trail for bicycle, horse or hiking use. All horse and bicycle development will be on the east side of Hwy 33.

THE THREE GREATEST LIES

The check is in the mail

I'll still respect you in the morning

**I'm from the government,
and I'm here to help you**

US Forest Service DESTROYS RIM OF PARKER CANYON

Sipsey Wilderness Under Fire!

by Lamar Marshall

Not since the chainsaw massacre of Indian Tomb Hollow has the US Forest Service perpetrated such a blatant outrage as the destruction of the west side of Parker Canyon in the Sipsey Wilderness.

Parker Falls was probably the most beautiful and remote canyon in the Sipsey Wilderness.

Many people accessed the canyon and falls from the west side of the wilderness about 1.7 miles north of the junction of Kinlock Road and Cranal Road.

The falls are located where the Winston/Lawrence Co. line crosses Parker Branch. Unfortunately, this line is also the Wilderness boundary in this area.

It was about 3/4 of a mile cross country to Parker Falls from Kinlock Road.

We informed the US Forest Service of the importance of preserving this ridge above the falls and a buffer strip along the Wilderness border. The Forest Service hates and resents Wilderness. This perverted attitude has led to the destruction of many treasures on our public lands.

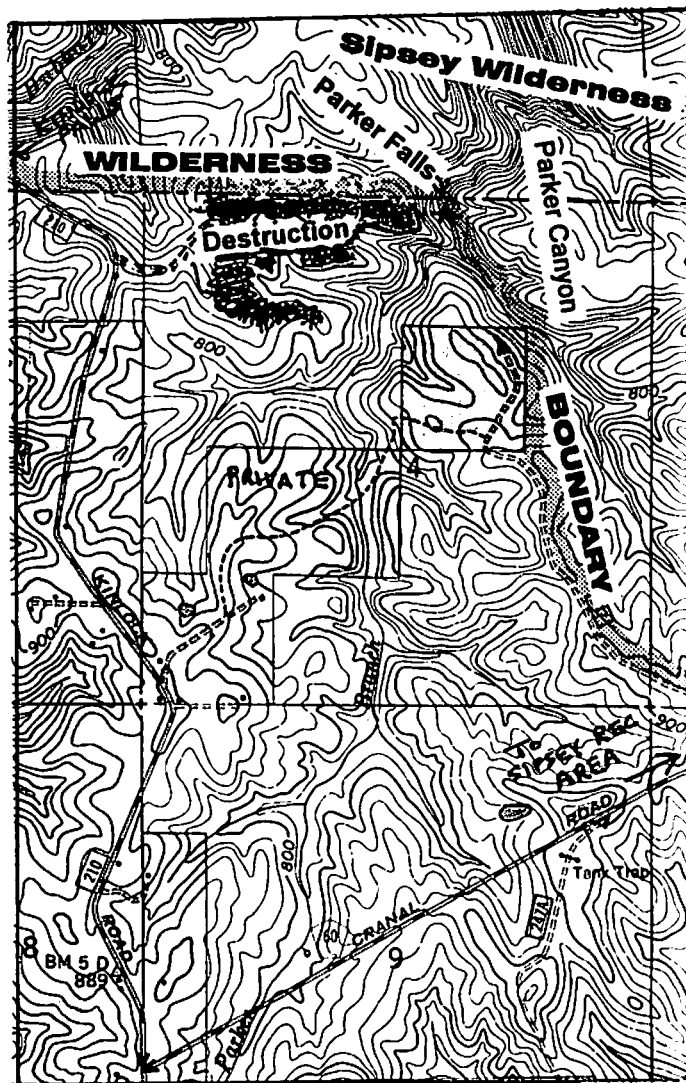
One avid Parker fan said it most plainly: " I can never camp at Parker Falls again. The feeling of wilderness is gone. The trees on the bluff are gone. The light is different. They ruined it."

As for me, I feel sick. I feel like my sister has been violated by a rapist and set free.

The Forest Service even denies that the ridges are clearcut. They call it a seedtree cut. It is a seedtree clearcut. I urge everyone to go experience this destruction of your National Forest.

Then call District Ranger James Ramey in Double Springs at (205) 489-5111 and tell him how much you appreciate this atrocity. Call your congressman and tell him to stop this madness.

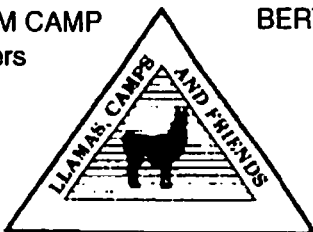
Remember, stumps don't lie!



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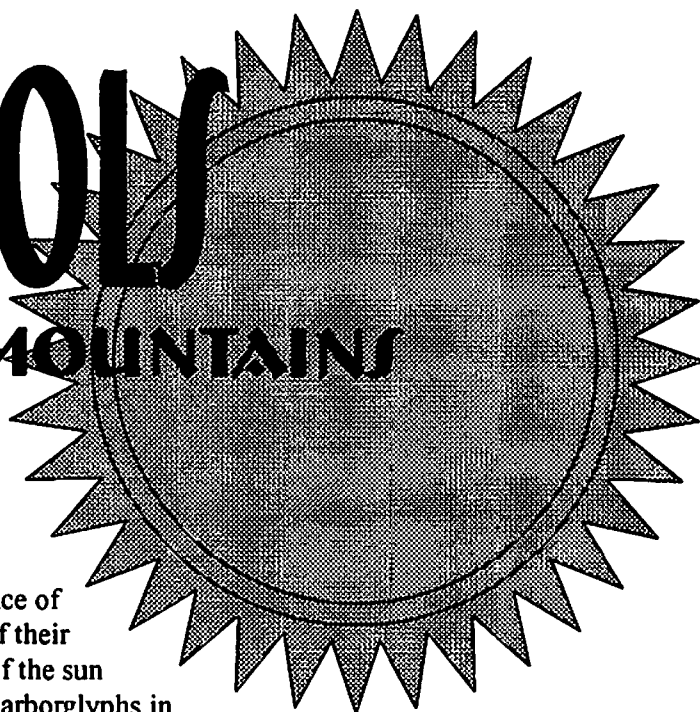


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BUSINESS AS USUAL!***



SUN SYMBOLS OF THE WARRIOR MOUNTAINS

by
Rickey Butch Walker



Copper sun disks have been found in association with prehistoric Indian burials dating back to the Mississippian Period. Before the time DeSoto traveled the southeast in 1540, Mississippian chiefs were adorned with copper disks having lines radiating out from a central point. These rays represented the brightness of the sun and importance of the light and warmth to the ancient people and their crops. Much of the planning for the planting season was associated with the lunar cycles. A number of days from the spring equinox was for planting the various crops which sustained the lives of the Southeastern Indians during the winter months.

Today in the Warrior Mountains of Bankhead Forest still visible in rock drawings (petroglyphs) and drawings in beech trees (arborglyphs), loom the mystic sun bursts, sun disks or sun circles. Probably the Mississippian descendants of a race trodden

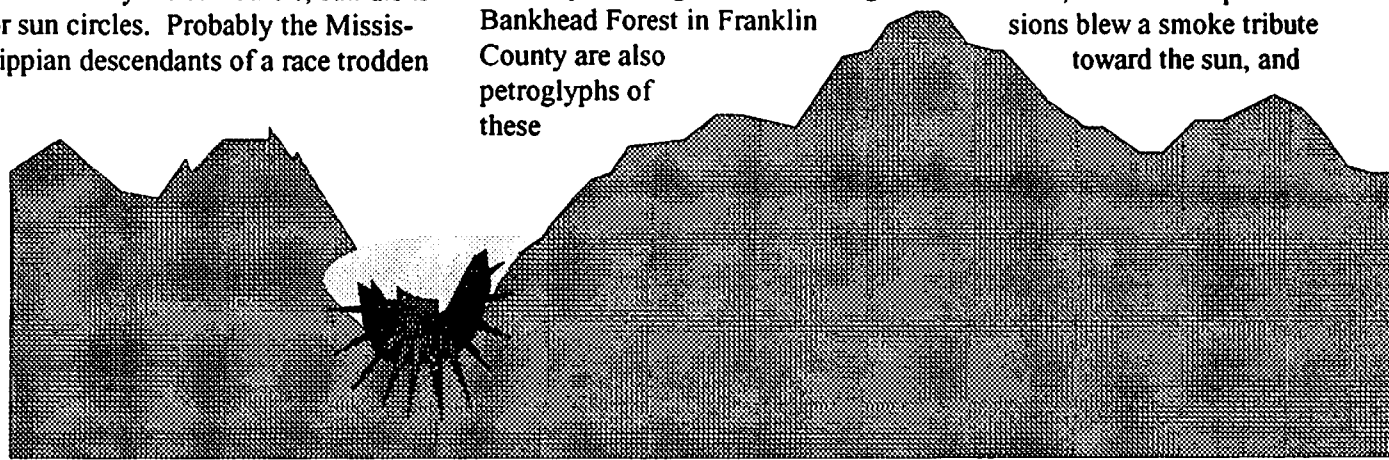
under foot remembered the importance of the ancient ways of their ancestors. Some of the sun symbols, found as arborglyphs in Bankhead's beech trees, signify the importance to the Indian culture of the sun to the pioneer day descendants of the first Warrior Mountains inhabitants.

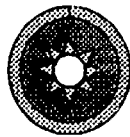
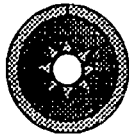
Several photographs have been taken of the ancient sunburst, sun disk, or sun circle drawings found on the American beech in Bankhead Forest. Some of the drawings even though miles apart are very similar in their characteristics. Two such sun symbol arborglyphs are found on Hubbard Creek and Braziel Creek. Also found on Capsey Creek, just inside Winston County, under the Kinlock Rock Shelter in Lawrence County, and under the Trapp Rock Shelter just along the western edge of Bankhead Forest in Franklin County are also petroglyphs of these

mystic sun symbols.

In 1775, James Adair writes in his book, History of the American Indians, "The Chickasaw name of the supreme deity as 'Loak-Ishto-hoollo-Aba'... which appears to signify 'the great holy fire above,' and indicates his connection with the sun. Adair adds that he 'resides as they think above the clouds, and on earth also with unpolluted people. He is with them the sole author of warmth, light, and of all animal and vegetable life.'

During 1773-1774, William Bartram in his writing, Observations on the Creek and Cherokee Indians, stated, "the Indians at treaties, councils, and other important occasions blew a smoke tribute toward the sun, and





looked at it in reverence.” As evidence from early historic writings, the Southeastern Indians believed the sun was one of the most important objects affecting their lives.

Without question, one only has to review historical records and the look upon these mysterious drawings to recognize the symbolic sunbursts, sun circles, or sun disks which were carved into the trees and rocks of Bankhead Forest. Prior to the Europeans arrival, sun symbols of bursts, disks, and rayed circles were drawn to indicate the significance of the sun to our Warrior Mountains’ Indian ancestors. Today, in the mountains of Lawrence County one can still find representations of sun as made by these first Americans.

About The Author

Rickey Butch Walker lives at the edge of the Bankhead Forest in Moulton, Alabama. His job as coordinator for the Lawrence County Indian Education Program keeps him in constant touch with issues related to the Forest and Alabama's Native American population. He is a regular columnist for The Moulton Advertiser and the author of a number of books about the history and natural beauty of the Bankhead area.

A Worker Outlines A Sun Disk On Hubbard Creek, Not Too Far Away From The Beech Tree Sun Disk Shown On Page 6. *Photographed By Robert Cox.*

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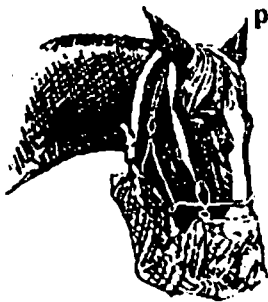
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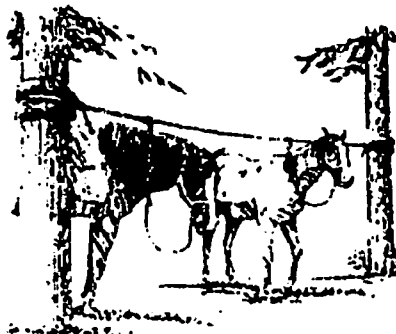


Tree-Saver Straps

Used with highlines, these make a big difference in keeping your stock from girdling trees.

Highline

A highline is one of the easiest, lightweight ways to keep your stock in camp. It is easier to put up with a tree saver strap. The highline prevents stock from trampling roots and chewing bark.



Hitching Rails

If you must tie stock to a hitching rail or dead pole, tie a four-to-six inch round pole between two trees. Place padding or wooden shims under the lash ropes to protect the bark. Use rope or twine instead of nails or wire.

Supplemental Feed?

Don't get caught unprepared when you find your favorite grassy meadow is dry or overgrazed. Plan to take supplemental feed and get your stock used to it at home.

Safe Drinking Water

For short trips, carry enough water for the area you're in. Or, check into water filtering devices for longer trips.

Hints For Smooth Trails

- Please stay on trails. Cutting across switches tramples plants and creates parallel paths which erode severely.
- Although it's tricky, keep your stock from skirting shallow puddles, small rocks, and bushes. This helps prevent the creation of wide, deteriorating trails.
- At rest stops, tie your stock off the trail. This is courteous to other trail users and helps reduce wear and tear on the trail. Before you move on, scatter the manure.

Stock

- Your animals are important, if they wandered off you'd have a heavy load on your shoulders.
- Keep pack animals at least 200 feet from streams, lake shores, trails, and camping areas. This helps keep water clean, protects the soil and plants, and keeps trails and campsites clear of loose stock. Rotate stock to prevent overgrazing and reduce trampling.
- Wandering horse? Hobbles work for some animals, but others can move fast while wearing them. Get your stock used to them before going into the back country.



LOJAH OF THE TURTLE CLAN

Trip to Black Warrior's Town

Illustrations by J. Barrett Moore

by Lamar Marshall

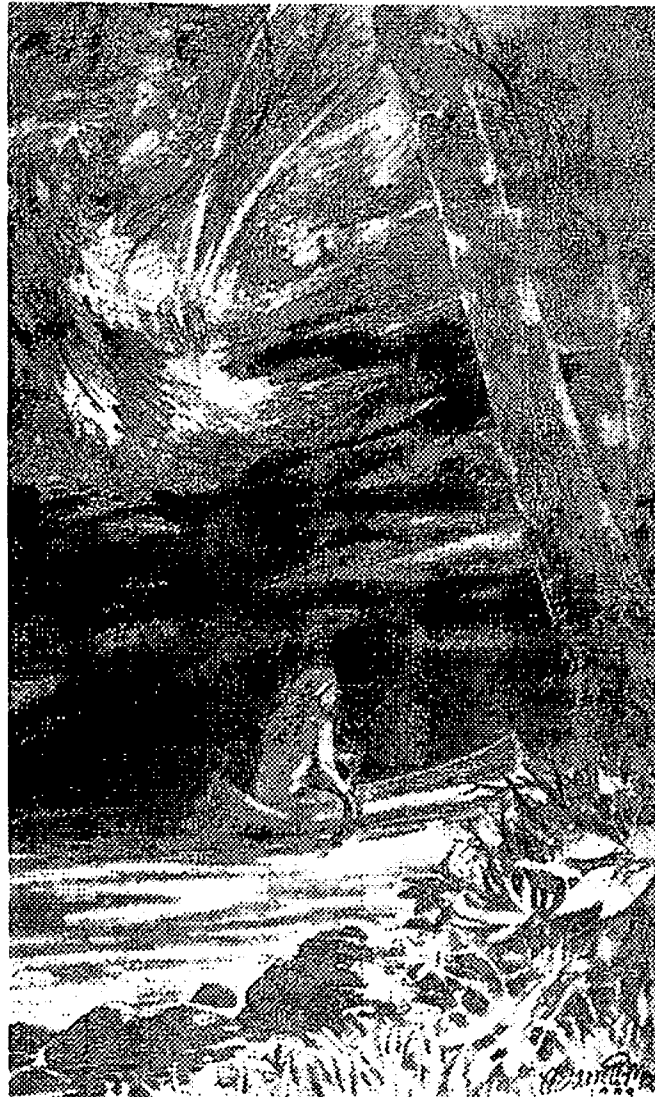
A dull grating sound broke the stillness as Lojah shoved his dugout canoe over a few rocks in the Sipsey River and grabbed what we call today the gunwale. Already loaded, the man and his wooden vessel were ready for a trek that would take them far downstream to Warrior Old Town at the confluence of the Mulberry and Sipsey forks of the Black Warrior River. This ancient site had been inhabited for hundreds if not thousands of years and would later be called Black Warrior's Town. It would be burned to the ground 400 years later by Andy Jackson's army in the Creek war of 1813 and 1814. It was then that the power of the Creek nation was to be broken forever.

Lojah stepped into his craft as he slid out into the silver highway that would carry him the 50 miles to his destination. Fifty miles in the 16th century in this particular spot on mother earth was a long way indeed.

The Sipsey River was typical of most rivers in north Alabama - deep and shallow pools for a stretch, then a rapid or series of rapids where the river dropped in elevation as it moved toward the Gulf of Mexico. The domain of Lojah was a 200 square mile area located 50

twisted river miles upstream from Warrior Old Town.

The dugout canoe picked up speed as Lojah's sinewy arms dug into the clear waters. Rock bass darted in schools to escape the dark



shadow of the wooden cylinder that invaded their pool.

Beyond the shelf of hemlocks and poplars, bluffs rose up toward the sky on both sides of the stream.

Squirrels scurried along hardwood tops, leaping from one tree to another. Deer were abundant and a few elk still frequented the mountain canyons. Predators lurked among the rocks. But the deadliest predator of all was the bronzed figure that sat stoically in a fire-charred, chipped out log that was moving surprisingly fast down stream to the south.

Hunting as defined by modern man was a completely different concept as practiced by the Native Americans. To the people of the forest and plain, the natural world was animated by spirits. They believed that the animals and trees as well as inanimate rocks were charged with spirit. They believed that nature was the handiwork of the Great Spirit Creator. Therefore, all of the natural world was sacred. Nothing was created to be wasted or killed for wanton pleasure.

Animals were respected as friends. Everything was invested with spiritual power. The old hunter-gatherers did not see such distinction as man the divine and animals the base.

This was the world of Lojah. Nothing in the forest around him was regarded as food or utensil and nothing else. When he took the fish, he did not laud the act as an achievement of his cunning and skill. The fish was voluntarily placed in his hand through the compassion and good

will of the fish itself or the Great Spirit that ruled the universe.

There was a reverence and respect in all that was associated with the harvest of food. When a deer fell before the fletched shaft of the hunter, he reverently thanked the animal for giving his life for the sustenance of the human. Almost all parts of each harvested animal was used. That which was not, was placed into the river to be reformed and used by nature in another way.

The journey downstream was three suns. It could be made in two, but Lojah took his time to see all that could be seen along the way.

His ears were attuned to the sounds of the river. He could read the rapids by their sound. He could know where the hidden boulder lay just beneath the surface of the water by the pillow formed above it. He knew the difference between the plop of a sunning turtle diving off of a log and the sound of a snake dropping into the water.

As the hours passed, the river gradually became wider and deeper. The many rocks that stood like square granite carvings of ancient Greece created a maze of little water paths. Lojah stopped paddling many times to let the canoe drift among the stone. One night he camped on a white beach of sand. He lay against his canoe and watched stars.

On the third day Lojah came to the landmark that he knew would signal his arrival at the village. He had been here many times over the years. He was born in the nearby town that lay on the northmost fringe of the Muskogee frontier. The Sipsey merged unnoticeably with the Mulberry Fork of the Warrior. He turned his dugout downstream and headed across to the east bank. Not far off he could see the Old Town Creek emptying into the Warrior. Already,

he could hear the cry of children sounding the alarm that a stranger was approaching. The sound of human voices seemed strange. It had been several years since he had visited the outside world. The dugout slid up on a shallow bar of gravel that served as a major port for this town. He stepped out and drug the hollowed carcass of the Tulip poplar far up on the bar where the currents couldn't steal it away.

The Mulberry Fork brought trade and travel from the northeast. The Sipsey originated in the southern drainage of the Tennessee divide from the northwest. The country between Warrior Old Town and the northern Bankhead was rough and ragged wilderness. Rolling hills were separated by the etchings of canyons.

"Ee-say!" that is, hello, came the greeting from a familiar young warrior as he walked down the hill to greet Lojah. His appearance would frighten modern folk. His body was painted red with an iron ore mixed with bear grease. It was the color of blood and had magical powers attributed to it by the ancient races. The man was followed by a dozen children and barking dogs. Lojah returned the greeting and put his arm on the back of the other man.. They began to talk as they made their way up the hillside. The town was situated on a ridge opposite a great horseshoe bend in the Warrior River. It spread out for a mile along a ridge that was bordered on the north by Old Town Creek.

Family lodges were simple dome-shaped huts that were shingled with large slabs of poplar bark. Gray and simple. Most native people slept outside during the warmer weather. In the dead of winter, up to 20 people slept in the bark lodges. A fire was kept going in the center of the lodge. The smoke exited up through a hole

*"He would take the boy
back into the wilderness
and train him in the way of
the warrior. He would
teach him the traditions of
the once mighty Turtle
Clan. "*

in the center of the roof. Bamboo mats and several kinds of hide blankets were lain around the fire and everyone lay with their feet pointed to the fire. The bodies appeared as human spokes radiating out from the fire.

Small gardens of corn and pumpkins separated the homes. The corn would be strange to us of today. The cobs were as small as human fingers. The kernals were colored red and blue.

Cooking was done in two manners. Open fires were the most common cook-stoves.. Underground ovens that held 1 or 2 bushels of foodstuffs were used for baking. Red coals were placed into the bottom of the pit that was wider at the bottom than the top. Then, rocks were lain over the coals and clay pots were set inside. The opening was covered and time did the work.

All of the described was going on as Lojah walked through his old home place. Many small columns of smoke spiraled up into the sky above the ridge. The air was filled with the aromatic smell of hickory.

The main road the led away from the river toward the square ground. It was here that the ceremonies so important to Muskogee life were held. Berry and Arbor, Green Corn,

Little Green Corn and Harvest divided each year into quarters. One shed stood on the edge of the square at the east, west, north and south sides.

The young warrior was Lojah's nephew. Lojah could see the gladness in the heart of the man even though the warrior concealed many of his emotions in times like this. Lojah was considered a man of great knowledge and wisdom among the Muskogee - almost a shaman. It was an honor when the near hermit came back into civilization.

Alabama was a great frontier in those days. There were no state lines to divide the natural world. The divisions as seen by the old peoples were watersheds. The rivers and streams were the highways and life giving waters. The ridges that divided the slopes of one stream from another were natural boundaries. The Black Warrior watershed stretched from modern day Demopolis northward to the High Town Path or Tennessee Divide. It was 50 miles wide on the north, 30 miles wide at the south end and 130 miles north to south. To the east lay the Cahaba basin, to the south and west the Big Tom or Tombigbee basin. None was so wild and ragged as the Appalachian gorges of the northern Warrior - the home of Lojah.

"Since you were last here your sister's grandson is without parents. They died in a time of sickness. It is your decision as to who he shall live with. Perhaps you can take him with you." "I don't know", said Lojah, "He would have no other children for friends." "It is time to teach him the ways of a man."

"Take him and teach him. He is 13 years old. Teach him to be wise in the ways of the wilderness and to be strong with the strength of the wild. Teach him the ways of Ya-huh, the wolf, and of Kuh-wah-kee, the panther. We need warriors and teachers. No one is more wise than you."

Lojah remembered the days when he was young. His father was always there to teach him and to guide him. The boy needed someone who would train him in the ways of the ancestors.

Besides, as the years passed by Lojah was becoming lonely for human companionship.

He would take the boy back into the wilderness and train him in the Way of the Warrior. He would teach him the traditions of the once mighty Turtle Clan. He would teach him to find his way in the myriad of dark, hemlock canyons of what we call today the Bankhead National Forest. The very forest that in the 1990's is being destroyed by the alien forces of Industrial Forestry.

The forest to which Lojah would take Co-wah-coochie, Wildcat, was in its pinnacle of glory. Not just one species of wolf dwelt there but three. There was the black wolf, the red wolf, and the timber wolf. There was the Carolina Parakeet, a parrot that lived in the rookeries in hollow trees of the mature forests. There was the Passenger Pigeon and the Ivory-billed Woodpecker. All these animals and birds that brought such beauty and life to the forest now are gone.

But when Wildcat and Lojah set out up the river into the northern parts of the Warrior Mountains all of these pieces of the great Web of Life were intact.



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DISPERSED RECREATION

THE BANKHEAD MONITOR - ALSO KNOWN AS SMOKIE'S HELPER IS HELPING THE U.S. FOREST SERVICE TO SPREAD OUT PUBLIC USE.

By Lamar Marshall

The Forest Service has a program called Dispersed Recreation. And so do we. People want to explore all of their forest. This is good as this will take pressure off the Wilderness and take you, the explorer, into areas that you have only dreamed about. About 116,000 acres of Bankhead are classified General Forest. This is currently being cut and converted into an industrial tree farm.

This series will systematically bring you a unique set of "User Maps" designed to provide you with all the information you need to go to new places in the forest.

They will also be valuable to you since you can fill in notes. You can record where bluffs and shelters, campsites, giant trees, clearcut and, waterfalls are.

Maps will be published back to back so you can cut one page from the Monitor and have two maps.

Put your map into a gallon ziplock with a black ball point pen. You're ready to go explore your public lands.

When you go into these primeval canyons, walk carefully. Do not remove plants and watch your step. Do not cut on any live trees. Do not carve initials or dates.

It is against the law to disturb or remove any archaeological artifact.

These canyons must be preserved.

They must be preserved not only for the unbelievable beauty, but for the biological diversity of life.

That is, all the billions of tiny to big living things that live in this forest.

UNOFFICIAL TRAILS - The Bankhead Monitor is mapping out all of the unofficial trails of the forest. These will include old grown up logging roads, deer trails or other places that can be used by bushwhackers (cross-country hikers, hunters and explorers).

Get away from the crowds. Seek out the solitude. Find your own private waterfall.

Many places in the forest are almost impossible to walk across. Barriers range from natural to man-made.

Laurel thickets, bluffs and rivers are some of the common natural barriers you will encounter.

Clearcuts of different ages which translate to briar patches and tangles of young growth and young dense pine thicket monocultures are an example of man-made barriers.

Laurel thickets are best avoided by going around them. Bluffs likewise.

Clearcuts can be usually passed if you will drop into the nearest hollow or creek drainage. Young pine hells can sometimes be crossed if you have a good machete.

I would like to see some of these animal breeders cross a beaver and a pine beetle. Introduction into the Bankhead would do wonders in helping restore the original forest.

Not For Casual Hikers - This type of cross country recreation requires some basic skills that not everyone has. These prerequisites are considered to be necessary:

PHYSICAL CONDITION - The Bankhead geography is rough. It is hilly and rough. Folks with heart conditions should not get off alone or overexert themselves. It's easy to get overheated in the summertime.

Make sure your're in shape equal to the task. If you intend to walk 5 miles across Bankhead, be in shape for 10 miles on flat trails.

BE PREPARED - Carry a daypack or fanny pack on day trips. Carry a canteen of water or a water filter. Map and compass are necessary. Carry firemaking materials, plastic or rain gear and a first aid kit.

All the gadgets in the world are no good if you do not know how to use them. So, knowledge is part of being prepared and knowledge is not expertise unless honed by experience.

A good small knife is better for most uses than a large one.

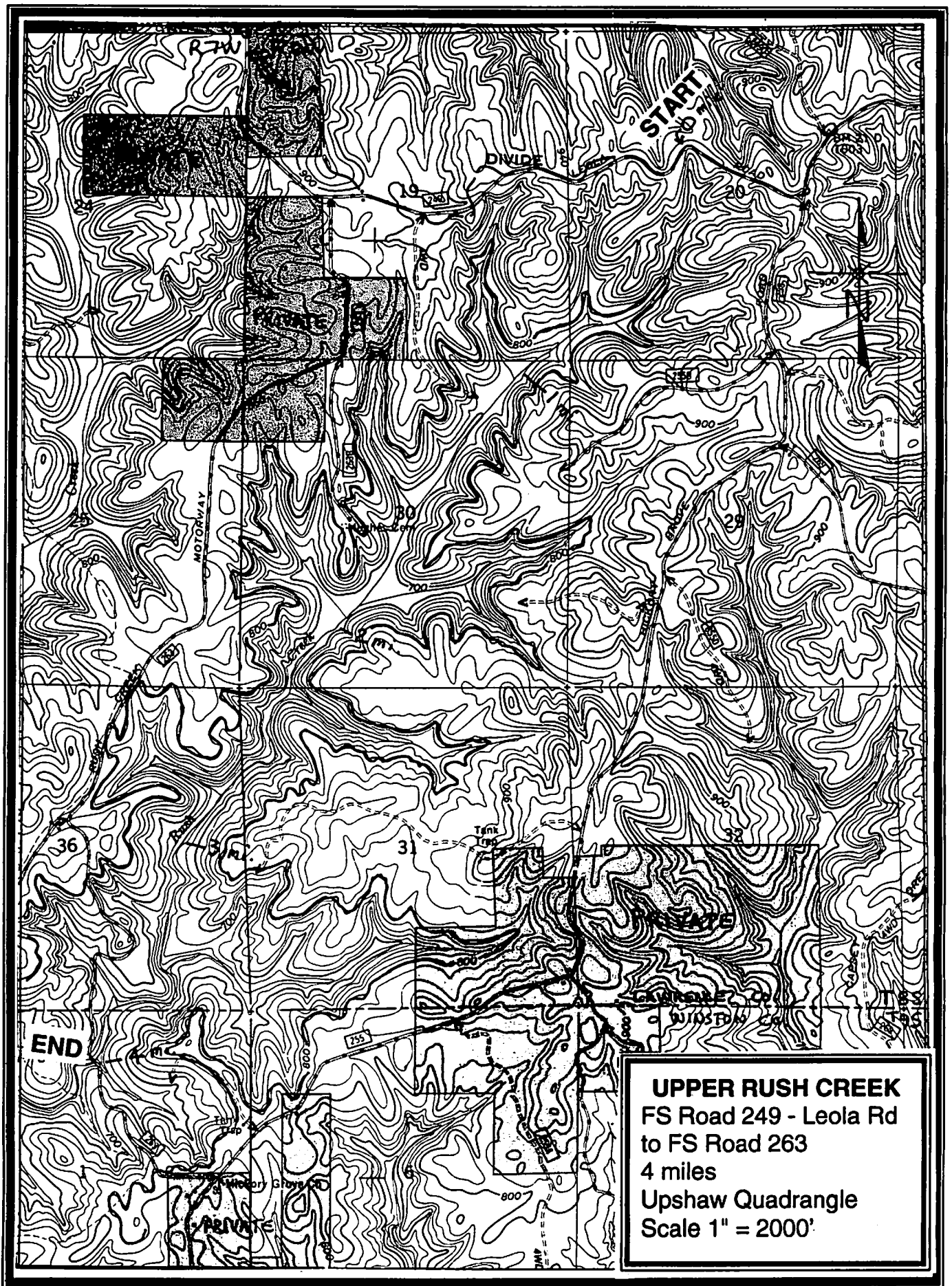
Leave an itinerary with someone who will know if you do not come home.

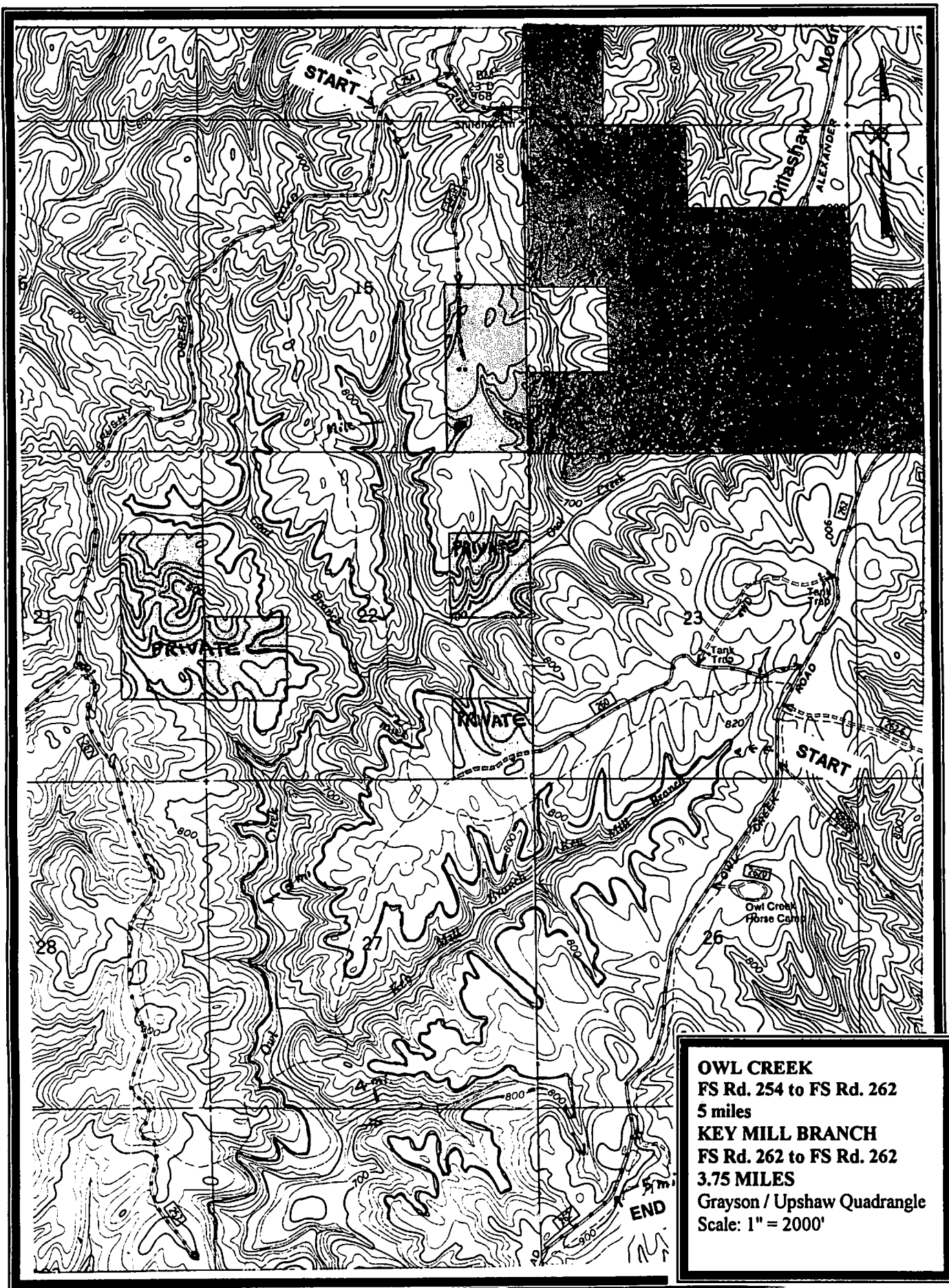
DON'T DO STUPID THINGS - Many accidents happen in the Bankhead. People are killed most frequently by falling off bluffs.

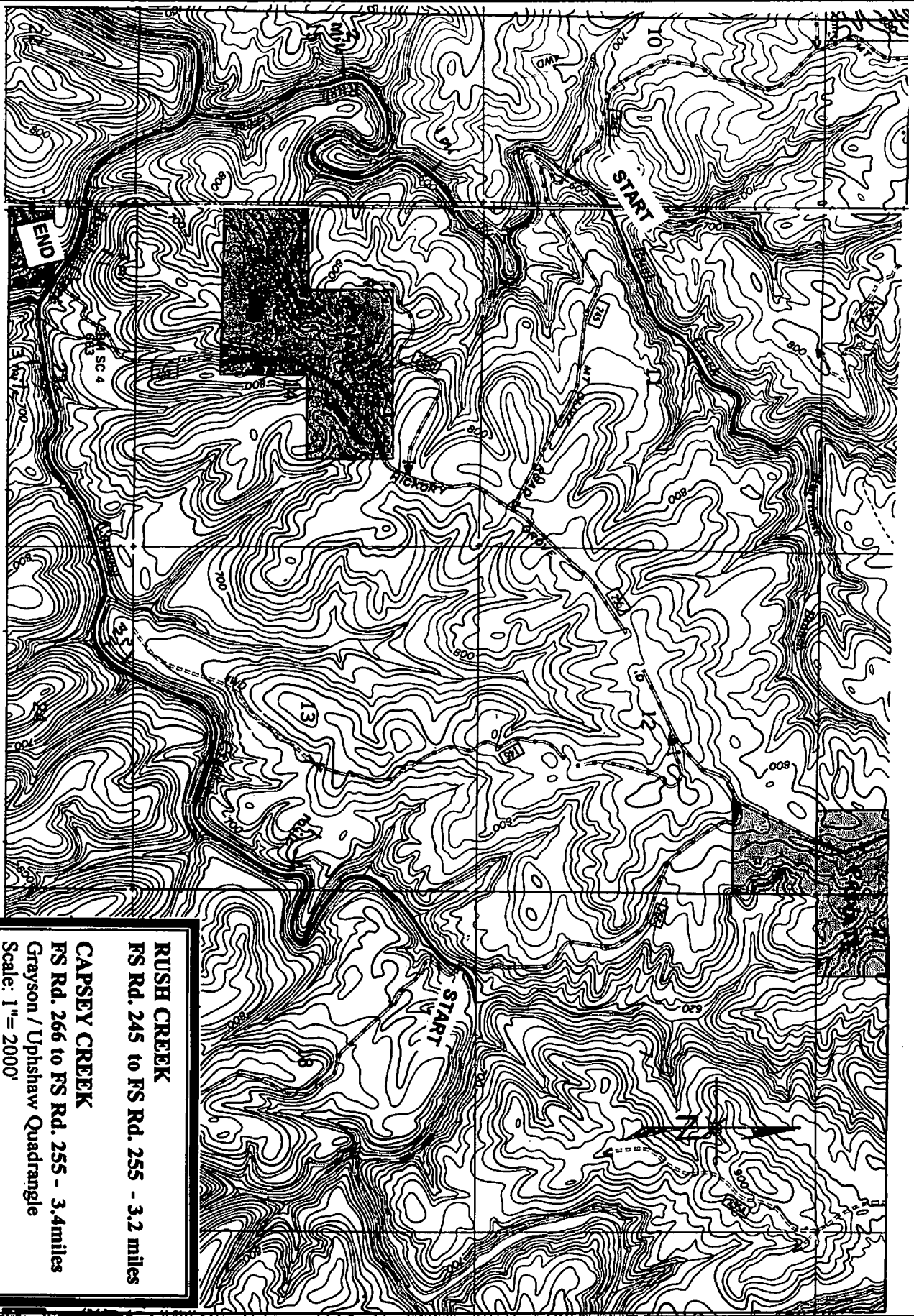
Stay away from ledges. Don't try to shinny down trees to get down bluffs.

Do not get into a flooded stream. Water is deadly and powerful after a rain. It is easy to get pinned in tree limbs, sucked under rocks or to get caught in hydraulics.

Most rocks and rock bottoms in and around streams are slick as motor oil. The Cherokee had a word for slipping on rocks - "bustemassy."







RUSH CREEK
FS Rd. 245 to FS Rd. 255 - 3.2 miles

CAPSEY CREEK
FS Rd. 266 to FS Rd. 255 - 3.4 miles

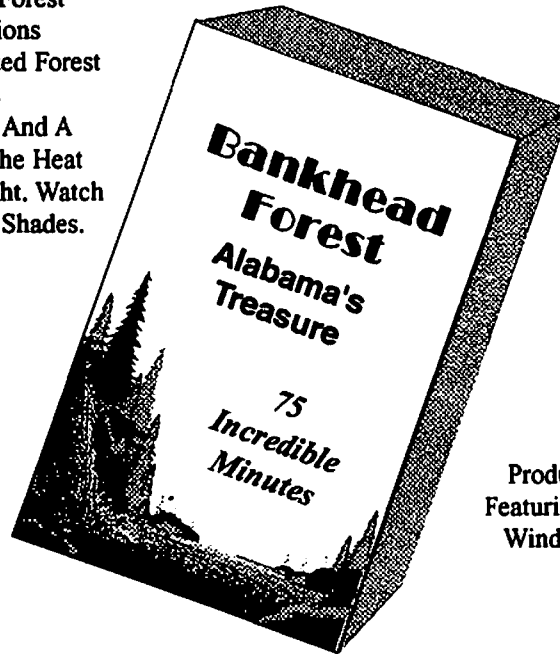
Grayson / Uphshaw Quadrangle
Scale: 1" = 2000'

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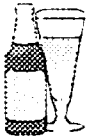
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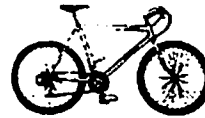
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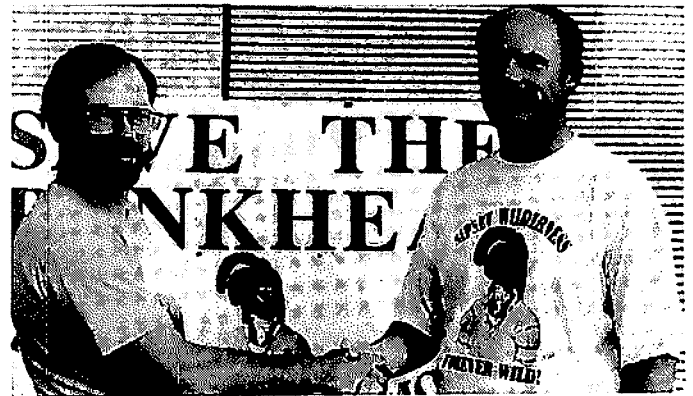


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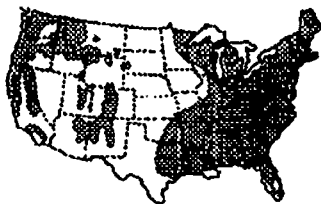
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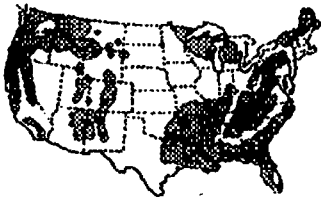
Lamar Greet New Staff Members



Lamar Marshall welcomes two of the Bankhead Monitor's new staff members. Jerry Henry (left) is the new Advertising Sales Manager, and Larry Smith is responsible for the Monitor's graphics and page layout



Virgin Forests 1620



Virgin Forests 1850



Virgin Forests 1989

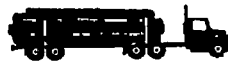
The information is presented courtesy of the National Forest Council. The maps are from Wilderness Magazine, The Wilderness Society

THE INDICTMENT

In the time it takes to read this paragraph, several acres of irreplaceable virgin forest will be cut. And not much remains, as shown at the left. Called ancient, native, virgin, primeval, or old growth, these are the original, untouched forests that existed when the first settlers arrived in North America. And only five percent is left.

The national forests are on public lands. Every American shares the responsibility of preserving them. However, under administrations committed to the commercial exploitation of all public natural resources, the US Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management have become major suppliers to the timber industry. The rate of destruction is difficult to imagine, but picture a line of log trucks 20,000 miles long. That's how much timber leaves just the Northwestern forests each year.

To make matters worse, the forests are being liquidated at the taxpayers' expense.



This practice must stop!



See the Citizen's Action Guide on page 48 to find out what you can do right now to stop the madness!

Charles T. Burton, M.D.

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Biodiversity SECTION

"The Southeast cannot afford to lose its natural forest communities of plants and animals." — Mary Burks

Bluejays

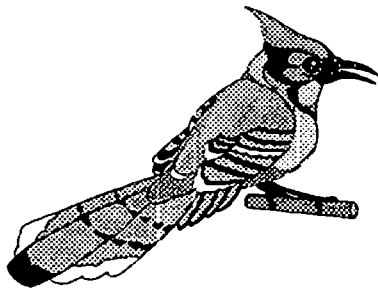
By Terry Johnson

Page 35

In Defense Of Wilderness

By Mary Burks

Page 36



Bluejays

By Terry Johnson

As we laboriously piece together our knowledge of the plants and animals we share our world with, an intricately complex and fascinating mural is taking form. Already this montage has begun to illustrate that the lives of seemingly totally unrelated species are actually very closely entwined. Let's take a close look at the strange bond that links blue jays, white oaks and white-tailed deer together, and I think you will see what I mean.

There seems to be no middle ground when it comes to blue jays. Folks either love them or hate them. Backyard bird watchers, for example, often describe blue jays as greedy, cocky, belligerent robbers and a few other things that are best left unprinted.

Hunters, in particular, seem to have great disdain for this showy, crested blue bird. In their minds, blue jays seem to have an uncanny knack of alerting the denizens of the woods of a hunter's presence at the most inopportune time. A typical hard luck story was related to me a couple of years ago by a hunting companion. It seems that he was slowly making his way through the woods when he spotted a 10 point buck feeding beneath a white oak tree.

Realizing he didn't have a clear shot, my friend tried to move a few steps to his left. No sooner had he taken two steps, when the woodland's silence was pierced with the raucous,

loud "jay, jay, jay" calling of a blue jay that had spotted the orange-clad interloper. The buck bolted, leaving my buddy with nothing more than a mental image of the biggest buck he had ever encountered in the woods. He found little consolation in my explanation that the buck may have been there due to the efforts of a blue jay that lived in that area decades before. Let me explain.

Deer prefer white oak acorns above all others. However, each year, as more and more hardwood stand containing white oak trees are felled for firewood or to make way for pine trees, subdivisions, highways and shopping malls, mature white oaks are becoming increasingly difficult to find. Here is where the blue jay comes in.

Each fall, a bevy of wild creatures including blue jays, deer, turkey, quail and chipmunks compete for the year's bounty of acorns. Acorns are so important to the jays that they will search up to five miles for good acorn producing trees. Some species, such as squirrels and blue jays, actually store far more acorns than they can consume at that time of the year. Carrying as many as five or six a small acorns at a time, a blue jay prefers to cache its acorns in disturbed areas such as clear cuts. Just to give you some idea how many acorns are carried off, wildlife biologists in Virginia found that 50 blue jays collected and buried an astounding 150,000 acorns from just 11 trees within a month's time.

While the jay has an uncanny ability to return to


the exact spot where it buried the seeds months before, all are never eaten. Consequently, each spring new white oaks sprout from acorns "planted" by blue jays the previous fall.

You are probably asking, "Don't squirrels eat large numbers of white oak acorns in the fall, they bury very few.. Wildlife biologists believe this is linked to the amounts of tannic acid found in white, red and black oak acorns. Squirrels can suffer very serious side effects if they eat acorns containing high concentrations of tannic acid.

If you have ever tasted one, you know that white oak acorns possess little tannic acid. Red and black oak acorns, on the other hand, are high in tannic acid. Consequently, while squirrels eat white oak acorns when available, they bury red and black oak acorns for later use in the winter when the tannic acid levels found in the stored acorns have diminished.

Who would have thought that a nongame species like the blue jay might be so important to game species such as turkeys, quail and deer? It is obvious that we must stop thinking and managing specifically for game or nongame. We must begin managing what is left of our precious wildlife habitat for all species. If we don't, who knows what will be lost.

Reprinted from Wild Georgia
Terry Johnson is Program Director of Ga.
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In Defense Of Wilderness

By Mary Burks

A forest of unparalleled beauty and diversity was once our natural heritage in the Southeast. Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, North and South Carolina occupy an extraordinary region ranging from the seas to the highlands. Our native trees run from the subtropical Sabal palms of the offshore islands to the boreal spruces and firs of the Appalachian peaks.

Along our Atlantic and Gulf coasts once reigned the great live oaks veiled in Spanish moss. In the swamps and bottomlands with their multitudinous life towered cypress and tupelo gums. Deep within our valleys, canyons, and coves flourished maple and beech, buckeye, and birch, and their great company of spring wildflowers. The uplands produced the oak-chestnut climax forest, now replaced by oak-hickory.

The South has been distinguished the world over for its native broad-leaf evergreens — its magnolias, bays, rhodendrons and hollies — and for its multiplicity of other evergreens — the long leaf pines of the coast, the hemlocks of the hills and gorges, the balsams of the high mountains.

No other region can boast such a variety of forest types, crowned by the great Eastern deciduous forest which Rutherford Platt has called, “a luminous, youthful, supple forest new-born out of the Ice Age. In the nobility and quality of its trees, in the number of species of trees, bushes, vines and flowers; in the purity of lakes and streams, in the abundance and color of its birds and fish, and in the personalities of its animals, no other forest that ever grew on earth could be compared with it.”

The Historical Exploitation of the “First Forest”

Such was our natural forest heritage. In the past 300 years it has been disfigured and destroyed with unbelievable speed and rapacity. Logging, strip mining, clearing for agriculture, for industrial, commercial and residential development, for channelization, flooding by dams — all have done their share to eliminate our native forests. Today many southerners fear our diverse woodlands are in danger of disappearing forever. Clearcutting and pine monoc-

In the Bankhead National Forest in 1969 and 1970 they said so by putting out hundreds of placards reading, “Join the Forest Service and help stamp out wildlife”

ulture are the new timbering techniques by which forest “managers” ultimately plan to convert 198 million acres of forest in 12 Southeastern states to tree plantations. They propose to produce the majority of the total wood product demands of this nation by the year 2000 — or more than twice as much as this region is producing today.

Since 1607 when Captain John Smith built the region’s first sawmill in Virginia, the primeval forests of the South have been systematically

exploited. In the 1800s, the robber barons of the timber industry routinely practiced clear cut and clear out. According to the Southern Forest Resources Council, this “First Forest” produced a trillion board feet of lumber and by 1909 “was approaching extinction.”

Stewardship of the “Second Forest”

The South now entered a new period. The plight of the land, denuded and eroded, stimulated the establishment of National Forests. The first National Forest in Alabama was established in 1913. U.S. Foresters went out to teach erosion control, fire prevention, reforestation, and, above all, selective cutting.

Ideally, trees were grown in uneven-aged stands and developed large dense crowns with stout boles and great wind resistance. Damage from insects and disease were minimized by diversity; long rotations were practiced, and cuts limited to what could be removed annually in perpetuity.

Under this benign influence the southern forests demonstrated their truly unbelievable powers of regeneration. In 1947 Col. W.B. Greeley, former Chief of the U.S. Forest Service, said, “I know of no parallel in world history of a forest recovery so rapid.”

This “Second Forest” was often both bountiful and beautiful. It served the recreation needs of millions of Americans, provided adequate habitat for wildlife, generally protected watersheds, and still produced timber, pulpwood, plywood, veneer and chemical byproducts.

The insights of this period into the deeper meanings of forestry were

expressed by Mr. Wilbur DeVall, head of the Forestry Department at Auburn University, in his book Forest Trees of Alabama published in 1949. This quotation from the Preface sounds as though it were written by a present day conservationist.

"No other single object serves man as well and in as many ways as his friend, the tree. Our forests are manufacturing plants and storehouses of wealth. Our chemists and manufacturers obtain wide varieties of beneficial products from our woodlands, but there are other forest values far greater than these. (Emphasis added)

... Forests control climatic conditions, modifying our hot and cold weather. They control surface water run-off as well as underground water passage. Many an Alabama farmer has seen his spring run dry after his timber is cut...Forests are the natural habitat of our wildlife."



The Proposed Creation of a "Third Forest"

By the mid-1960s, however, a new and voracious demand had arisen in the Southeast. Enormous tracts of land had been acquired by timber, pulp and paper interests which were moving from other parts of the nation to this region with its long growing season and heavy rainfall. The attraction was our Southern pines which require a relatively low quality soil, prefer dry sites and grow with extreme rapidity — making possible a 15-year rotation for pulp wood.

Today the avowed aim of these

new agri-silviculturists is to produce a completely new and different "Third Forest." They propose to create this forest by managing not only their own lands, but all national forest lands and non-industrial private lands, as well, for the production of trees by monoculture. One of the prime lures inducing this new management technique is the South's so-called "hardwood culls" with an estimated volume of 24 billion board feet, all to be used for pulpwood — an amount 50 times this region's total hardwood

pulp production in 1968 and all to be obtained by clear cutting existing woodlands and putting them back in pine.

The Problem Defined

So much for history. I was invited today to voice objections to clearcutting and monoculture from the environmental viewpoint, as well as to interpret public reactions and to discuss the role of the citizen as a user of the forests of both today and tomorrow.

To insure understanding, let me define clearcutting as a removal of

trees and other vegetation from a tract of land. The means may be bulldozing and mechanical soil manipulation; poisoning with herbicides by infection or aerial spraying; burning, or a combination of any or all of these. In any case, the forest is effaced and the land largely directed to clearcuts of 25 or more acres, although much smaller clearings on steep slopes or other unsuitable sites are highly destructive. I consider clearcutting to be useful only as a tool, not as the basic management system. In the

Southeast this forestry practice is almost always a preparation for pine monoculture, although recent developments indicate that hardwood monoculture of rapid-growing species may be just around the corner.

Dr. Eugene Odum, one of the nation's foremost ecologists, says: "Man must, of course, convert some of his landscape to his more direct use, but what is dangerous is the wholesale replacement of a diversity of vegetation

with one kind of tree or crop. Such 'machine monoculture' ... produces a situation that is extremely vulnerable to disease and climatic stress. We should have learned in the South, after our experience with the boll weevil and cotton, which was planted on all kinds of land not suited to it. Diversity is not only a protection against a wipe-out that would bring an economic disaster, like the boll weevil, but also avoids excessive pollution from powerful chemicals, fertilizers and pesticides, that are necessary to maintain huge machine monocultures."

My personal experience with

clearcutting and pine monoculture has been largely on U.S. public lands in Alabama. With the indulgence of the other four states represented here, I would like to use Alabama as an example which I feel is applicable to the whole Southeastern region where we share a forest heritage of great similarity.

The national forests in Alabama are under extreme pressure to practice clearcutting, even-aged management and pine monoculture for the benefit of the industries which buy the taxpayer's timber. Since these industries want the national forests to duplicate their own management

life habitat, and recreation. We shall see how clearcutting, even-aged management and pine monoculture, serve these goals.

How Does the Public View the Managed Forest?

At their invitation I have spent literally thousands of hours speaking to thousands of people. The demand for forest recreation is growing at the rate of 8 to 12 percent each year, and many Alabamians are deeply disturbed by what they see in their forests. They instinctively know that they are losing something priceless — the unmanaged natural forest. In its place they are getting trees grown as crops on cleared land.

They find these new "forests" ugly, subject to erosion, filled with brambles in youthful stages and green deserts at maturity. They don't like what they see. In the Bankhead National Forest in 1969 and 1970 they said so by putting out hundreds of placards reading, "Join the Forest Service and help stamp out wildlife," "Wildlife can't eat just pine cones," and many more.

My own point of view as an environmentalist is different from that of the average citizen, but no less concerned. Like the average citizen I

don't find clearcuts pleasant places, but my objections run much deeper.

Why Must Public Land Increase Production and Allowable Cuts?

Industry is demanding the right to cut more timber on the National Forests and to have it grown in the way most convenient for harvesting with heavy equipment in large blocs by a few workers.

The U.S. National Forests contain only 19 percent of the nation's commercial forest land. Yet former Forest Service Chief Edward P. Cliff said, in January 1971, that the national forests were producing 15.9 billion board feet of timber annually, or a quarter of the U.S. supply. The Department of Agriculture is now seeking to increase timber yields and allowable cuts in our public forests by 60 percent, making 19 percent of the nation's forest lands produce 40 percent of the nation's lumber. The taxpayer is told that his land must be forced into overproduction to meet the "demand." What he is not told is that this demand is from the world market. In 1968 4.1 billion board feet of logs and lumber were exported, mostly to Japan.

It is significant that the timber industry in 1968 had the highest profit of any U.S. industry, according to the Federal Trade Commission. This statement is borne out by the Georgia-Pacific Company's quarterly financial report which states:

"We are pleased to report new all-time quarterly records were established for sales and cash flow during the first three months of 1972 with earnings the second highest ever produced, topped only by the all-time record set in the first quarter of 1969."

Yet Georgia-Pacific says we cannot afford wilderness in our national forests, because we must increase production.

In the South, private lands are also to be forced into maximum production of cellulose under the Third Forest concept. Small land

Alabama's animal life is outstanding. There are around 250 species of fish living in Alabama's freshwater streams, more than in any other area of comparable size in the United States.

techniques, I feel that my observations are also relevant to private lands as well.

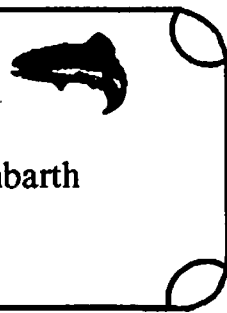
National Forests, under the Multiple Use and Sustained Yield Act of 1962, are supposed to be managed for four equal values: watershed protection, timber production, wild-

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owners are to be coaxed, coerced and even subsidized with public money, under the Rural Environmental Assistance Program, which will pay up to 80 percent of the costs of converting unmanaged hardwood forests and cattle ranges to fiber farms. Clearcutting will be the means of attaining this conversion.

In Forest Soils and Forest Growth Professor S.A. Wilde of the University of Wisconsin says, "with very few exceptions clearcutting leads to a general deterioration of soil fertility, a fact...well known to American foresters and soil specialists." Why should the South's land pay such a terrible price to supply the world market for the nation's most profitable industry? One forester, while discussing clearcutting, even-aged manage-

ment and monoculture during a recent meeting in Alabama, expressed the reason very candidly. "Even-aged management is cheaper. It's done for the 'green stuff'."

An interesting sidelight is thrown on these frenzied demands for more and more timber, especially from public lands, by the "revelation...contained in a July 15, 1972 compendium of papers for the (joint economic) committee, entitled The Economics of Federal Subsidy Programs. A section on the federal tax subsidy of the timber industry, authored by Kmil M. Sunley, Jr., an economist with the Office of Tax Analysis of the Treasury Department, shows that capital gains from timber cut on federal land are a significant factor in the \$130 million to \$140 million tax subsidy enjoyed annually by the timber industry.

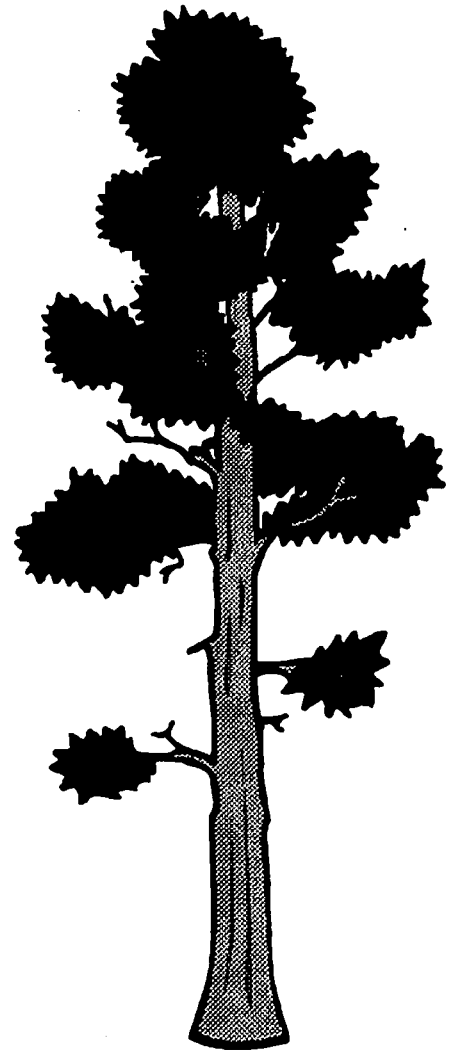
"...So long as the timber contract with the Forest Service has been in effect for at least six months, capital gains benefits are available to the purchaser, who does nothing until he has owned the timber or held the right to cut the timber for the six month period necessary to qualify for capital gains treatment," Sunley reported.

"...There is no compelling evidence that the timber tax subsidy is effective in increasing the

supplies of timber or in encouraging conservation,' Sunley said, 'extending the timber subsidy,' he added, 'may encourage the cutting of new timber rather than the recycling of paper and other wood products.'"


Impediments to Recycling Waste Paper

The spectra of national hardship wrought by lack of housing and insufficient paper products is always summoned to justify clearcutting and monoculture. Is this bogey real? One answer can be found in the failure of the pulp and paper industry to encourage recycling. Last year the United States produced 180 million tons of refuse.



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Over half of this solid waste was paper and paper products. An incredible 85 percent of this garbage was abandoned in open dumps. The air, water and land were polluted by the remaining eight percent which was burned and the seven percent which was dumped into the water or buried in "sanitary" landfills.

Costs of solid waste disposal average \$4.5 billion a year. They could be cut in half by recycling our waste paper. According to the Council of New York Law Associates the energy used in the manufacture of an equivalent amount of paper from waste materials is half that required for the process when using pulp.

Despite these facts only 19 percent of the nation's waste paper products were recycled last year as opposed to 35 percent during the 1940s. Why? Because the price of salvaged paper is tied to the price of raw wood pulp. Clearcutting and monoculture have lowered the costs of pulp production until today the salvager receives only 50 cents per 100 pounds of scrap paper instead of the \$1.30 he got 30 years ago.

Our federal laws deliberately favor the exploiters of our resources rather than the recoverers. Producers of virgin pulp are entitled to depletion allowances, capital gains and other tax advantages not allowed salvagers. Worse yet, there is a freight rate differential in favor of pulp producers and discriminating against shippers of waste paper. At our present rate of increase we will be producing 230 million tons of waste by 1980. Even redoubling our present use of recycled paper will only allow the industry to stay even. Marcal Paper Company, a recycler, states, "It's going to be recycle or deforest."

Even our current low percentage of recycling saved 200 million trees last year by reusing paper. When you

consider that one acre of healthy trees consumes 12 tons of carbon dioxide and gives off four tons of fresh oxygen a year, and that scientists calculate the net cooling effect of one healthy tree is equivalent to 10 room-sized air conditioning machines, the significance of these saved trees to the city dweller is apparent. Temperatures under a tall canopy of mature trees are commonly as much as 20 degrees lower than readings taken in the open at the same general time and place. By recycling 50 percent of our present waste paper we could save enough trees to make a forest covering Alabama, Mississippi, North and South Carolina.

Meanwhile the South's forests will bear the brunt of forced productivity with scant regard paid to soil fertility, aesthetics, recreation,

Man, and every other creature on earth, is ultimately dependent upon the plants, which in turn are dependent upon the seven or eight inches of top soil which make their growth possible. It takes 2,000 to 7,000 years to produce this life giving layer of humus.

wildlife or watershed protection. Therefore, the observations of timber management made by The Alabama Conservancy in the Bankhead National Forest have relevance and importance for the whole region.

The Wilderness Proposal

Three years ago the Alabama Conservancy began a search for any remaining natural areas in Alabama

which might contain virgin forest. Our hunt inevitably ended in the Bankhead National Forest where the only significant remnant of Alabama's natural heritage still remains. There the Conservancy requested that 11,000 acres be set aside in the National Wilderness Preservation System after the Forest Service stated that it planned to clearcut and convert this forest to pine except in the inaccessible gorges and the 1,240 acres around Bee Branch. Since 1969 we have unswervingly sought statutory protection as the only means to save this rare and fragile area from death by clearcutting.

The canyons of the proposed Wilderness are not self-sufficient. They obtain their water from slope wash and subsurface seepage from the divides above. Clearcutting the uplands would flood the gorges in wet seasons and desiccate them during drought. Plants and animals dependent on moisture would perish. I saw just such destruction in the cliff above Borden Creek on which a colony of rare ferns was dying in a place where they formerly flourished. A trip to the top revealed an extensive root-bladed clearcut which was drying out the canyon rocks below.

Forest Service Soil Study

In 1970 the Forest Service made a soil study in the proposed wilderness and found the cliff slopes and stream bottoms of the Sipsey Fork and its tributaries "represent the ultimate in hardwood sites to be found in Alabama, and in fact, there are few areas in the country where the potential productivity of quality hardwoods match this management unit." The Soil Study also found that 65 percent of the wilderness study area, or 7,000 acres, was "poorly suited" to "hazardous" for intensive

forestry management, that is clearcutting. It was also hazardous for road building due to erosion danger. That left only 4,000 upland acres which might be withdrawn from timber production to protect the canyons, yet some members of the forest industry still oppose saving even such small areas from clearcutting and conversion to pine.

This July, during hearings before the Senate Subcommittee on Environment, Soil Conservation and Forestry, the representative of the American Pulpwood Association testified that he felt Eastern Wild Areas should "be restricted primarily to swampy, very rocky sites or to steep mountainous terrain." At a foresters' meeting in Alabama in September a representative of Champion Paper Company said much the same, "Put environmentalists and wildlife on low quality sites."

The Wilderness Feasibility Study Findings

The Wilderness Committee of the Alabama Conservancy, of which I am chairman, conducted a feasibility study during 1970 to which data are still being added. Nine field reports were made by specialists in their fields covering animals, plants, geology, speleology and history. Audubon members were on many of the investigative teams and contributed significantly to the total effort, including the observations of birds.

In essence what do our studies show to be wrong with clearcutting? It destroys the diversity of the natural forest, and diversity is the means by which all life has survived on this planet. A natural forest is a highly complex community with hundreds of species of plants each occupying its own niche and each providing niches for many kinds of animals.

Botanically, Alabama and the four other states participating here today are among the richest states in the nation. Alabama has approximately 2,500 recognized forms of trees, shrubs, wildflowers and other vascular plants. Clearcutting wipes out native species not found elsewhere or abundant only here. Rare plants living at the limits of their survival area are driven out. Clearcutting to the extent advocated by the Third Forest could eradicate even common species. The Bankhead National Forest is a microcosm of Southeastern plant diversity because three physiographic provinces meet within it. Many of the wilderness plants are among our rare and endangered species.

Alabama's Animals

Alabama's animal life is outstanding. There are around 250 species of fish living in Alabama's freshwater streams, more than in any other area of comparable size in the United States. Many of these fish have been driven out of our major rivers by pollution, siltation, damming and ditching. Now they are found only in such rivers as the Sipsey and its tributaries, which serve as a refuge for rare fish and several endemic

species discovered by the feasibility study. Clearcutting endangers these fish by hastening run off, lessening seepage, disrupting springs, increasing the fluctuation of stream levels and causing erosion and siltation.

About 372 species of birds have been recorded in Alabama — 200 to 250 in the inland counties, of which about half are woodland birds. In the Bankhead there are 80 species of woodland birds, of which 48 must have hardwoods to survive. Because birds are so mobile, the ecological health of the Sipsey Wilderness may affect populations of birds several thousand miles away, which depend on the Bankhead National Forest during migration or for winter habitat.

Clearcutting claims to improve habitat for game animals, but wildlife is not simply deer, turkey, bob-white and squirrels. It is all the interdependent life in a forest from the unseen



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bacteria and fungi busy converting the dead litter to life giving humus through the millipedes, spiders insects, worms, lizards, salamanders and snakes on up the chain of life to the game fish and animals. It is only at the peril of losing everything that we place too much emphasis "on the dominant species with little feeling for the equally important, if less exploitable, members of the forest ecosystem," according to Dr. Arnold Bolle, Dean of the School of Forestry at the University of Montana.

The Invisible Members of the Ecosystem

The most important animals in the forest ecosystem are invisible. Clearcutting can destroy these smallest members of the food chain, the base on which the whole pyramid of life is dependent. Jean Dorst, Curator of the French National Museum of Natural History in Paris, writes:

"Physical evaporation is much greater on bare soil, three times higher in open country than in the forest....The sun's rays, by warming the earth, cause destruction of the minute organisms which cannot withstand either rise in temperature or radiation. But these organisms are fundamental elements in the formation of humus and constitute an important part of the soil. Measurements made in England show that on 2,471 acres of land there were 140 tons of humus containing 2.2 tons of insects, worms, algae, fungi and bacteria, essential in the transformation of organic matter.

"Finally, as a result of the clearing and tilling of forest habitats, local climates tend to become dry. All these factors, often combined, cause accelerated erosion and transform

fertile soils into unproductive lands."

This fate has already overtaken the lands around the Mediterranean which have become arid or even deserts. Their forests have not regenerated in the thousands of years since they were overexploited by the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Romans and Europeans of the Middle Ages. A similar fate awaits our warm Southland if its deciduous forests are replaced by pines. "Pines may always be considered dry forest types," according to Dr. B. W. Wells, noted botanist of North Carolina State College. "But dry forest conditions may be readily created in moist forest areas by the simple expedient of destroying the deciduous trees by cutting or burning."

The Spessart Forest

One of the most famous examples of such forest degradation is recounted by Aldo Leopold, the father of wilderness preservation and a forester himself. In Germany the most magnificent oaks in the world grow on the south slope of Spessart Mountain. The north slope, which should be better, bears an indifferent stand of Scotch pine. Both are part of the same state forest managed with scrupulous care for two centuries. But the leaves beneath the oaks rot almost as soon as they fall, while the dry duff beneath the pines decays much more slowly. research disclosed that the south slope was preserved during the Middle Ages as a deer forest; the north was put to pasture, plowed and at last replanted to pines. During this period of abuse the number of species of the microscopic flora and fauna of the soil was greatly reduced. Two centuries of conservation have not sufficed to restore these losses. In our own

West, forestry experts call the clearcutting in the Bitterroot National Forest of Montana "timber mining" because the trees are not coming back. The tale of the Spessart should tell us what is going to become of our own Southern Deciduous forests if we continue to harvest by clearcutting and replace with pine.

Life is a Product of the Soil

Environmental Foresters believe that continuous cutting of trees without allowing nature to restore the soil through enrichment by rotting of fallen leaves and trees will eventually create land unable to sustain forest growth. In its bulletin on Littleleaf Disease of Pine the U.S. Forest Service states, "Soil rehabilitation is another possible long-time approach toward control of littleleaf. This soil improvement can best be achieved by employing silvicultural practices designed to increase the proportion of soil building species such as dogwood, hickory, yellow-poplar, re-bud and red-cedar, since littleleaf seldom develops in stands on superior forest soils." The tacit admission here, long recognized by ecologists, is the fact that pines are inferior producers of soil, but deciduous trees insure fine soil.

Man, and every other creature on earth, is ultimately dependent upon the plants, which in turn are dependent upon the seven or eight inches of top soil which make their growth possible. It takes 2,000 to 7,000 years to produce this life giving layer of humus. The deciduous forest with its undergrowth is the best defender of the soil because it has a complex plant cover, which retains rain water. One square yard of moss weighing 2.2 pounds can retain 11 pounds of

water after a heavy rain. In Ohio studies showed that 174,000 years would be needed to remove seven to eight inches of humus by run off from a forest — but only 15 years to remove it from an ordinary corn field. Clearcutting and monoculture converts forests to fields — of trees.

Survival Demands Genetic Diversity

Another deeply disturbing aspect of pine monoculture is the search for “super trees” which produce great volumes of wood at a rapid rate of increase. The ideal agri-forestry tree looks like a telephone pole with a feather duster tied to the top. The current search for “genetically superior” trees is very similar to the research which led to the “green revolution.” The resultant enormous spread of cereal crops of a single genetic strain threatens the whole world food supply. Dr. Jack R. Harlan, professor of plant genetics at the University of Illinois, has pointed out the dangers in the mounting use of single varieties planted to millions of acres. Ever larger dosages of toxic chemicals and artificial fertilizers are required to keep these crops producing. Meanwhile the inexhaustible variations of mixed strains are lost forever as they are destroyed and replaced in the fields.

Tree geneticists admit that the race for the fastest growing trees is not without dangers. Dr. Bruce J. Zobel states that the object of intensive tree farming is production of maximum amounts of desired timber in the shortest time for the greatest economic return. The main product ultimately desired is cellulose. He admits that “the most serious damage is caused by insects. Control of insects is difficult at best,” and “managing of seed orchards has turned up pests that were formerly unknown or were regarded as being fairly harmless.” The current epidemic infestation of pine beetles in 32 Alabama counties should cause foresters to have sober second thoughts about providing diseases and pest a banquet table of thousands upon thousands of acres of even-aged pine plantations, made up of a few “genetically improved” strains which have lost their wild adaptability.

Wilderness Preserves the Gene Pools

One of the most important reasons for establishing wilderness or unmanaged forest is to save the gene pools of plants and animals which are often unrecognized or ignored by the commercial exploiters. Wilderness saves the flora and fauna which we do not yet have the knowl-

edge to understand or the wisdom to appreciate. These gene pools may carry the inheritance which we must have in the future to breed survival values back into our soils, plants and animals.

The Southeast cannot afford to lose its natural forest communities of plants and animals. We cannot afford to erode away our top soil, silt up our streams, or degrade natural areas needed for outdoor recreation. The future of Southern forests is veiled. But no Southerner can fail to ask whether the oldest and most diverse flora in this hemisphere is not of immense importance to the future of humanity. Converting the great Southern forests to fiber farms may well speed the end of our civilization.



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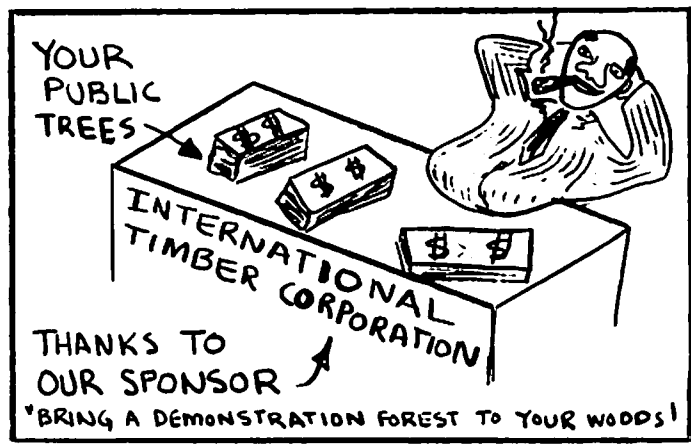
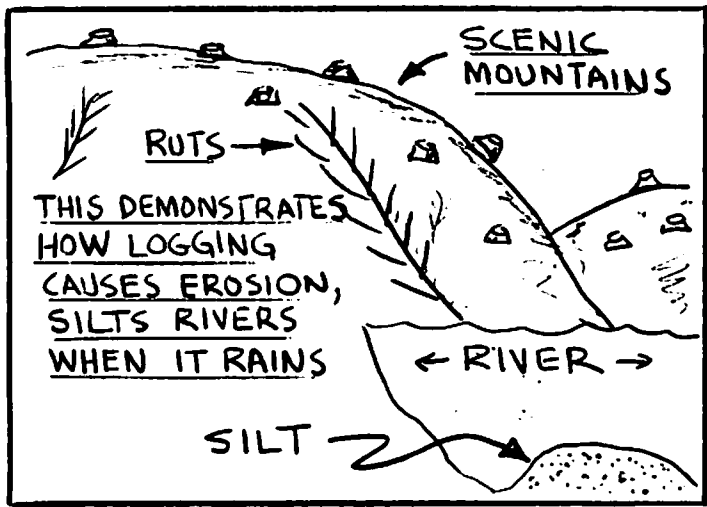
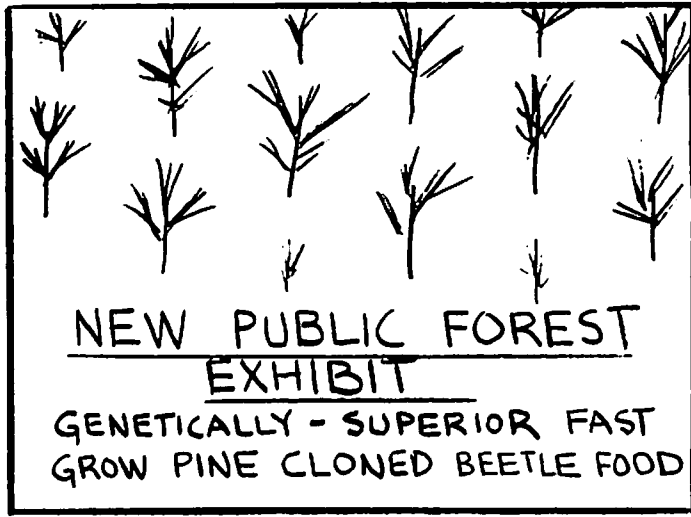
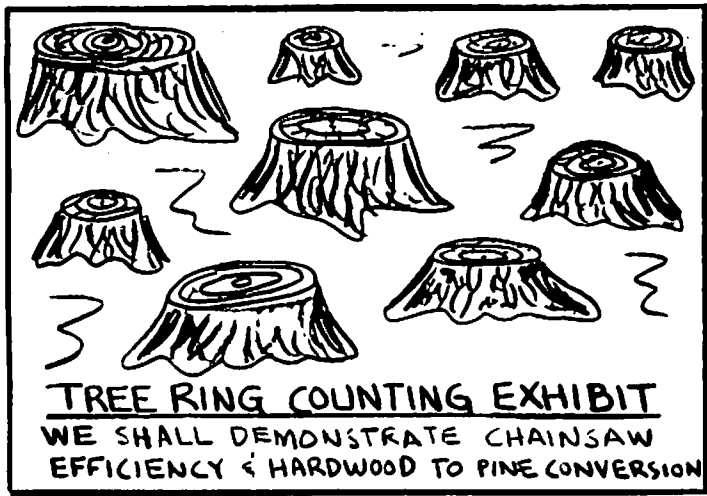
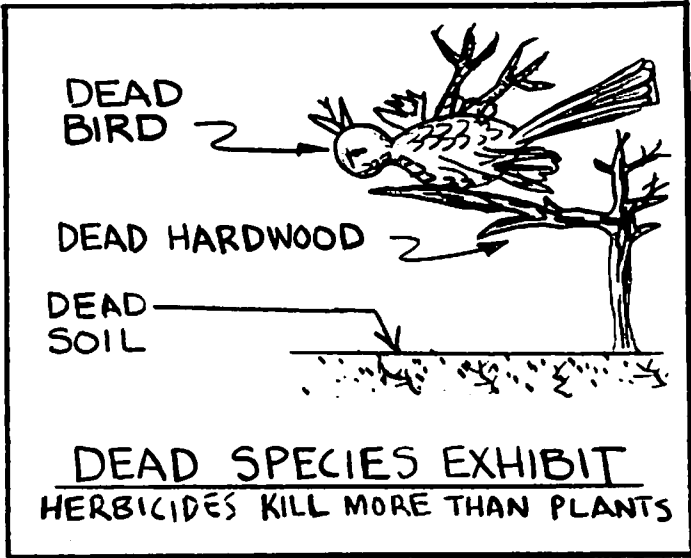
OFFICIAL GUIDE TO Demonstration Forests



By Lamar Marshall r.f.
(residing forester)

The Alabama Forestry Commission and their Planning Committees are on a crusade to cut down our natural public forests and convert them into Industrial Tree Farms using silvacultural - that is, clearcutting, poisoning, burning and conversion.

So, when they carve out their neat little Corporate Tree Farm from the ancient Alabama Forests, carry your children to your brand spanking new Artificial Tree Zoo and use this guide.



Fly Fishing In Bankhead

By John Eisenbarth

To some people, fly fishing conjures up images of a pristine mountain trout stream in some far away western state. To others, it is catching bass or bream from a farm pond. However, for a growing amount of people, the rivers and streams of Bankhead are a fisherman's paradise.

The tributaries to Smith Lake hold a fair amount of bass. These spotted bass are well suited to stream life and can be found holding in areas of the stream right above or below the drops and shoals. The deeper pools also hold fish but don't overlook the shallow areas; you might be surprised to see just how big a fish can prowl in a few inches of water.

Getting to these streams is a lot harder for us than it is the fish, and some hiking, canoeing, and wading is necessary. But the rewards of a peaceful day of fishing, without the sounds of skidoos and powerboats is worth whatever effort is made to get there.

The clear water found in these forest streams makes for ideal fly fishing. Most times, you are looking at the fish you are trying to catch. A well-placed hand tied crawfish or damsel fly nymph will almost always peak the interest of most stream dwelling bass.

What you do with the fish you catch is up to you. Most fly fishermen use barbless hooks and release, unharmed, all the fish they catch. Carry a camera to catch on film the fish you catch. I sleep better at night knowing the big one is still swimming free instead of collecting frost in a freezer or dust on a wall somewhere.

Smith Lake does more than supply fish to swim upstream; the cold waters of its depth supply the tail race below the dam with clear, clean water that is cold enough to support rainbow trout.

For the last 20 years, the US Fish and Wildlife Service has stocked the tail race with rainbow trout. This end of the Sipsey fork is not as secluded and natural as the beginnings in Bankhead, but the water is clear and clean and offers plenty of fly fishing opportunities.

Alabama Power has supplied sirens on the dam to notify of generation and has a toll free number to give tentative generation schedules. The number is 1-800-LAKES11.

Alabama has much to offer the fly fisherman, and there is no need to travel to other states. You can catch very large salt water stripe or pan-size trout without leaving the area around Bankhead Forest.

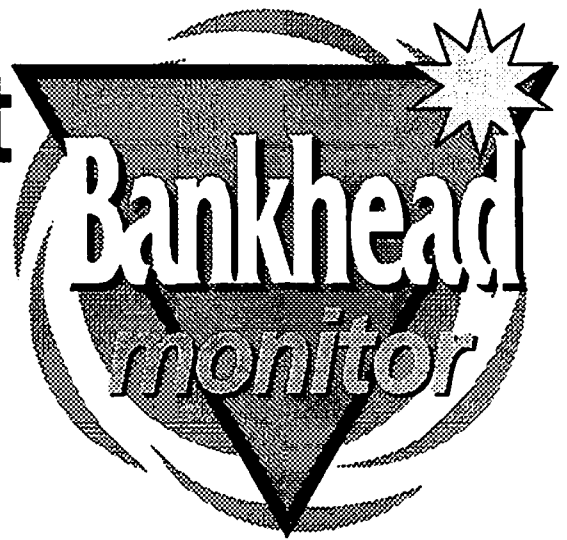
The Bankhead is the beginning of life for all the waters and inhabitants of the forest. Special care needs to be observed when you are using this special place; so much relies on its good health. Enjoy and leave only foot prints.

The author is a well known fishing guide who specializes in small streams in North Alabama.



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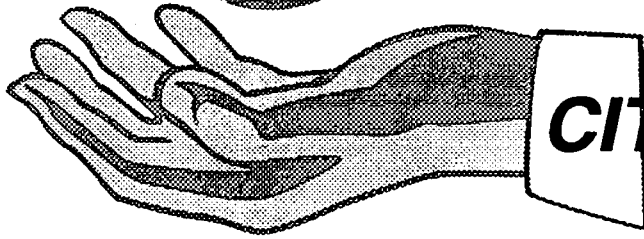
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Woodcraft and Indian Lore

MOCAS A FORGOTTEN ART

By Lamar Marshall

"The more you wear moccas, the more you will." A.B. Farnham - long gone oldtimer

Everybody owns or has at least once owned a pair of Indian moccasins. At least you thought you had the same thing the Indians wore. I seriously doubt that 99% of you have ever owned a true replica of old style moccasins or knew how to walk in them if you did.

The knowledge lost in the last 300 years was immense and only now being rediscovered by those individuals and schools such as the Society of Primitive Technology.

Did you know that the strongest strings and thongs in existence in the late 1800's were made of eel skins? The leather of cats was prized for tough gloves.

Today it is hard to get good moccasin material. Moosehide is considered to be one of the best hides to use.

The following is written by Horace Kephart, and old time outdoorsman. It was published in a book called *Camping and Woodcraft*. "In dry weather, on ground that is not too steep or stony, give me the velvety and pliant, pussy-footed moccasin, of real moose-hide, smoke-tanned so it will dry soft if I do get wet. I will see more that is worth seeing in the woods than anybody who wears shoes."

If your feet are too tender, at first, for moccasins, add insoles of good thick felt, or birch bark or the dried inner bark of red cedar. After a few days the feet will toughen, the tendons will learn to so their proper

work without crutches, and you will be able to travel farther, faster, more noiselessly, and with less exertion, than in any kind of boots or shoes. This, too, in rough country. I have often gone tenderfooted from a year's office work and have traveled in moccasins for weeks, over flinty Ozark hills, through canebrakes, through cypress swamps where the sharp little immature knees are hidden under the needles, over unballasted railroad tracks at night, and in other rough places, and enjoyed nothing more than the lightness and ease of my footwear.

After one's feet have become accustomed to this most rational of all covering they have become almost like hands, feeling their way, and avoiding obstacles as though gifted with a special sense. They can bend freely. One can climb in moccasins as in nothing else. So long as they are dry, he can cross narrow logs like a cat, and pass in safety along treacherous slopes where thick-soled shoes might bring him swiftly to grief. Moccasined feet feel the dry sticks underneath, and glide softly over the telltales without cracking them. They

do not stick fast in mud. One can swim with them as if he were bare-foot. It is rarely indeed that one hears of a man spraining his ankle when wearing the Indian footgear.

Moccasins should be of moosehide, or better still, of caribou. Elk-hide is the next choice. Deerskin is too thin, hard on the feet for that reason, and soon wears out. The hide should be Indian-tanned, that is to say, not tanned with bark or chemicals, in which case (unless made of caribou-hide) they would shrink and dry hard after a wetting, but made of the raw hide, its fibers thoroughly broken up by a plentiful expenditure of elbow-grease, the skin softened by rubbing into it the brains of the animal, and then smoked, so that it will dry without shrinking and can be made as pliable as before by a little rubbing in the hands....

Ordinary moccasins, tanned by the above process (which properly is not tanning at all), are only pleasant to wear in dry weather.

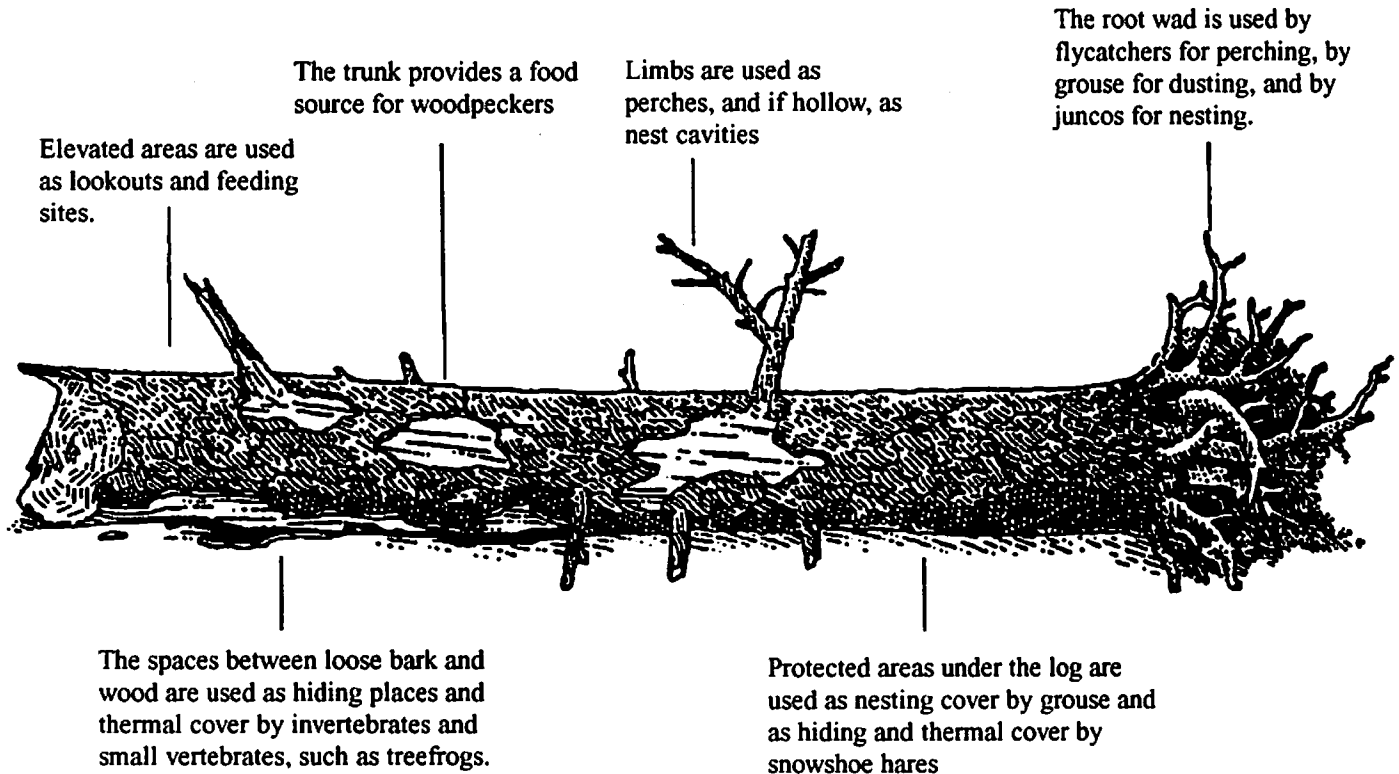
In a mountainous region that is heavily timbered, moccasins are too slippery for use after the leaves fall."



Cherokee moccasins made from deerskin and sewn with deer sinew using a bone needle

HOW SALVAGE SYSTEMATICALLY DEPLETES THE FOREST ECOSYSTEM

ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE ATTRIBUTES OF THE ANCIENT FOREST ECOSYSTEMS IS THEIR ABILITY TO STORE CARBON IN THE FORM OF SNAGS AND DOWNED LOGS ON THE FOREST FLOOR. ALSO CALLED COARSE WOODY DEBRIS (CWD), OR LARGE WOODY DEBRIS (LWD) BY SCIENTISTS, THIS MATERIAL CAN BUILD UP OVER TIME, PROVIDING HABITAT FOR MANY SPECIES AND ULTIMATELY BUILDING FOREST SOILS. IN TROPICAL AND SEMITROPICAL ENVIRONMENTS CWD WOULD QUICKLY ROT AND DISAPPEAR. IN CLIMATE WITH COOL WINTER CONDITIONS AND DRY SUMMER CONDITIONS, CWD PERSISTS. IN SOME CASES, CWD CAN PERSIST IN THE FOREST ENVIRONMENT FOR CENTURIES. CWD PLAYS AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN THE RIPARIAN, OR STREAMSIDE, ZONE WHERE IT BECOMES A HABITAT FOR AQUATIC INVERTEBRATES AND THE FISH THAT FEED UPON THEM. CLEARCUTTING AND SALVAGE LOGGING SYSTEMATICALLY ELIMINATE CWD, A CRITICAL ELEMENT OF THE FOREST ECOSYSTEM.



Condensed from material published by The Northcoast Environmental Center For The Western Ancient Forest Campaign, September, 1992

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Tuning Up Your Horse for the Summer



By Dr. Charles Borden

Getting your horse ready for summer riding when you have not been riding regularly during the winter requires special precautions and preparations. Most serious problems are avoidable because we cause them due to our failure to do what we should or conversely doing something that we should not.

For beginners, if your horse has not been wormed in the past six weeks then do so now and start on a regular six week program recommended by your vet. If you have not vaccinated in the past three months, then get your vet to vaccinate for Rhino, influenza, tetanus, plus eastern and western encephalomyelitis.

Hoof care is often neglected during the off season, so call your farrier and get on new shoes. Do not try to save money by stretching out time between shoeings. Get new shoes every six weeks and save time, money and your horses' feet. Clean and check shoes before every ride and preferably daily. It's very easy for a stone to wedge between the shoe and frog producing a stone bruise and or abscess and lameness. Shoes are easily bent when caught on roots and other obstacles or when stepped on as the horse stomps to ward off flies.

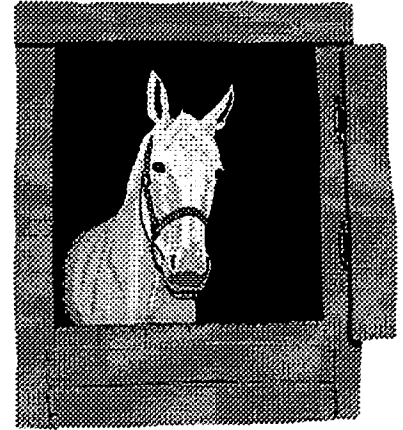
Before you saddle up, oil and clean up your tack. Stiff, dirty, worn or improperly fitted tack can rub your horse raw or break and create a life-threatening situation. Don't gamble with your life, check thoroughly. Dry rotted leather breaks easily. Nylon is safer.

Avoid the temptation to over ride. Don't be swept up in the enthusiasm of the moment and go out with your friends on a fast or long ride on the first beautiful weekend you have free. Start out on a slow and easy conditioning program by riding at a walk for two or three miles every other day for a couple of weeks. Slowly and gradually increase distance to five miles or more and slow trotting as your horse adapts.

Every summer I hear of numerous cases of horses being ridden until they fall. Almost without fail this occurs in an unconditioned horse over ridden in hot weather to the point of severe dehydration and heat exhaustion.

Serious electrolyte loss can easily occur during a five or 10 mile ride. Allow your horse to drink freely and frequently. If it's hot, give a dose of oral electrolytes before you start and another when you return if on a 10 mile ride or take electrolytes with you if riding farther and give small amounts ever 10 or 15 miles. For ease of administration, mix with apple sauce and place on the back of the tongue with a large syringe with the tip cut off and the hole enlarged.

Enjoy your rides this summer and be safe. Take special care of these wonderful animals that give us all such thrilling pleasure.



1994 Bankhead Challenge Series

4th Moonlight Madness 30/60 July 23 and 24th Alabama 25/55/100 Oct. 8

Sanction by AERC, SERA, GERA, MERA

Awards: Top 5... Division...Best Conditioned...Completion for each ride.

Entry Fees: \$40 Limited Distance, \$70 55 and 60 miler, \$105 100 miler

Trail: Designated horse trails and permitted trails consist of old logging roads, animal trails, and newly established trails. Some areas are rocky and hilly. Pads are suggested. Water is available along the trail.

Campsite and Directions: Owl Creek Horse Camp is located east of Alabama Route 33 in the Bankhead National Forest.

The camp is approx. 3 miles on the left. The route will be flagged. Water will be available for horses, but there is no potable water. Please spread hay and manure before you depart camp.

Vet: Dr. Randy Davis will be Head Vet assisted by Dr. Brad Harris and/or Dr. Dewayne Barnett. Vet-in will be Friday afternoon about 4 p.m. Current coggins required. AERC rules will apply and veterinary decisions are final.

Meals: Rider meals on Saturday afternoon for the Moonlight Madness. Rider meal on Friday night for the Alabama Ride.

Extra meals may be purchased at registration and vet-in.

Entry includes membership in the Bankhead Trail Riders Association. \$15 discount entries postmarked two weeks prior to ride date. Half returns for cancellation. Junior riders half price. \$15 additional fee for non-AERC members. Membership forms available at registration.

For more information, contact Ride Manager Carmen Blalock (205) 734-8668 or Trail Master Roger Blalock (205) 734-1200

Proceeds Benefit Equine Trails And Horse Camp Development!!!

OLD GROWTH STAND FOUND IN INDIAN TOMB HOLLOW



Ken Wills of the Alabama Conservancy stands among about 5 acres of oldgrowth hardwoods in Indian Tomb Hollow. These trees join a US Forest Service clearcut. These trees include sugar maples, poplars, ash, beech, and oaks. Recently, the Bankhead Monitor began an Oldgrowth Inventory which will also map "potential" oldgrowth which are those trees 80 to 100 years old.



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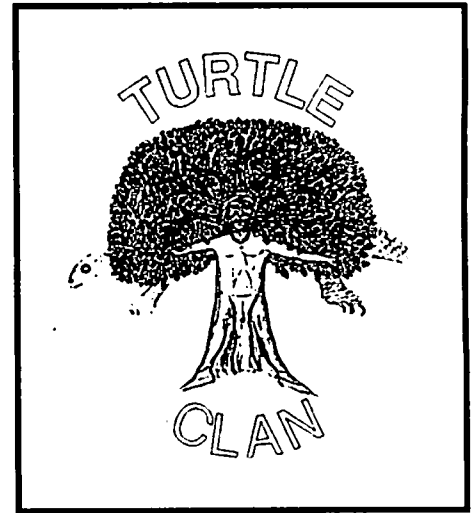
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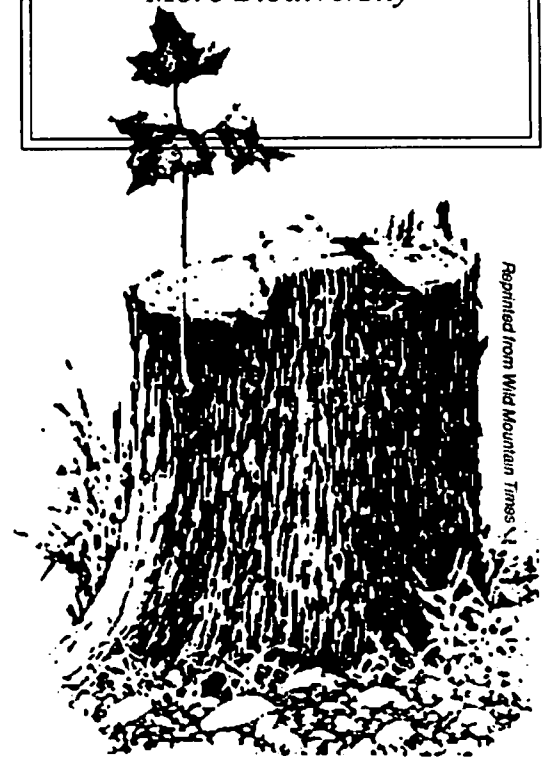
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(Above)

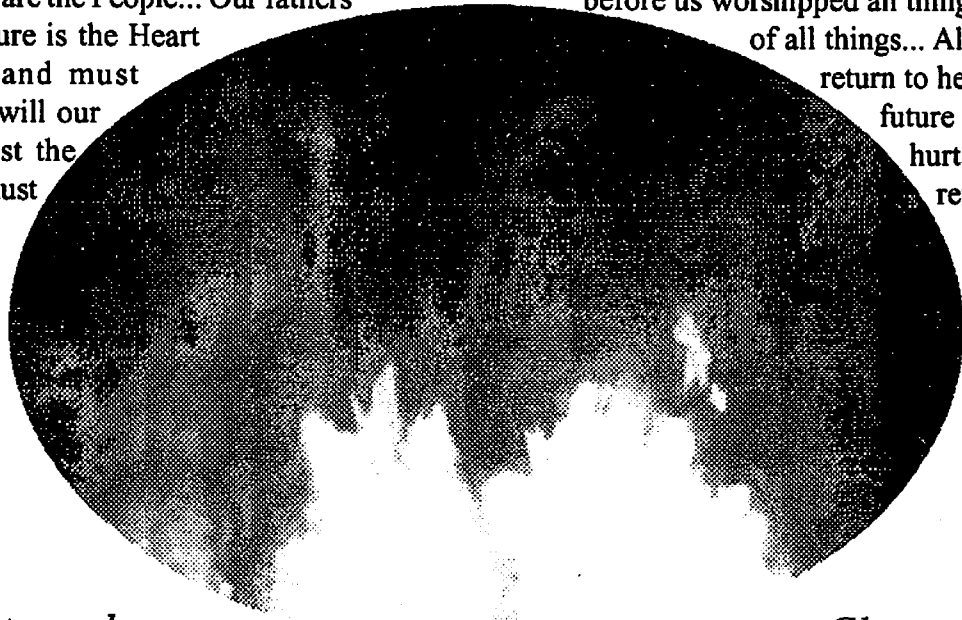
The American Chestnut was once one of the largest and most abundant trees in the Southern Appalachian forests. It fell prey to an introduced fungus disease in the first half of this century.

Reprinted from Wild Mountain Times

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

by: Gilbert Edwards

Have we lost our way?... We must return again to the call of nature... This call is muted with the hurts around us.... Destruction of the good and bad... We must return, not as aliens, but as the Keepers of all things that are a part of us... Some are forever gone.... Others are crying out in despair... Just as our Ancersors kept the faith with all things Great and Small..... so must we be the guardians of the Sun, the Moon and the Stars... It is because of them, and our respect for their powers that we must raise our voices to be heard... We are not just the Red Man, we are the People... Our fathers before us worshipped all things of Nature... This is good, for Nature is the Heart of all things... All of us spring from Mother Earth and must return to her bosom... If we poison Her, so will our future be poisoned... She will rebel against the the losers... We must return... She hurts and we will be return...



*The forest speaks,
The prairie speaks,
In wind-murmurs
through the high oak,
Through the short grass.*

*Glory to the four cardinal
points
To the East, to the South,
To the West, to the North,
To the circle of incense-
smoke
that joins them in breath;*

EARTH

KEEPER

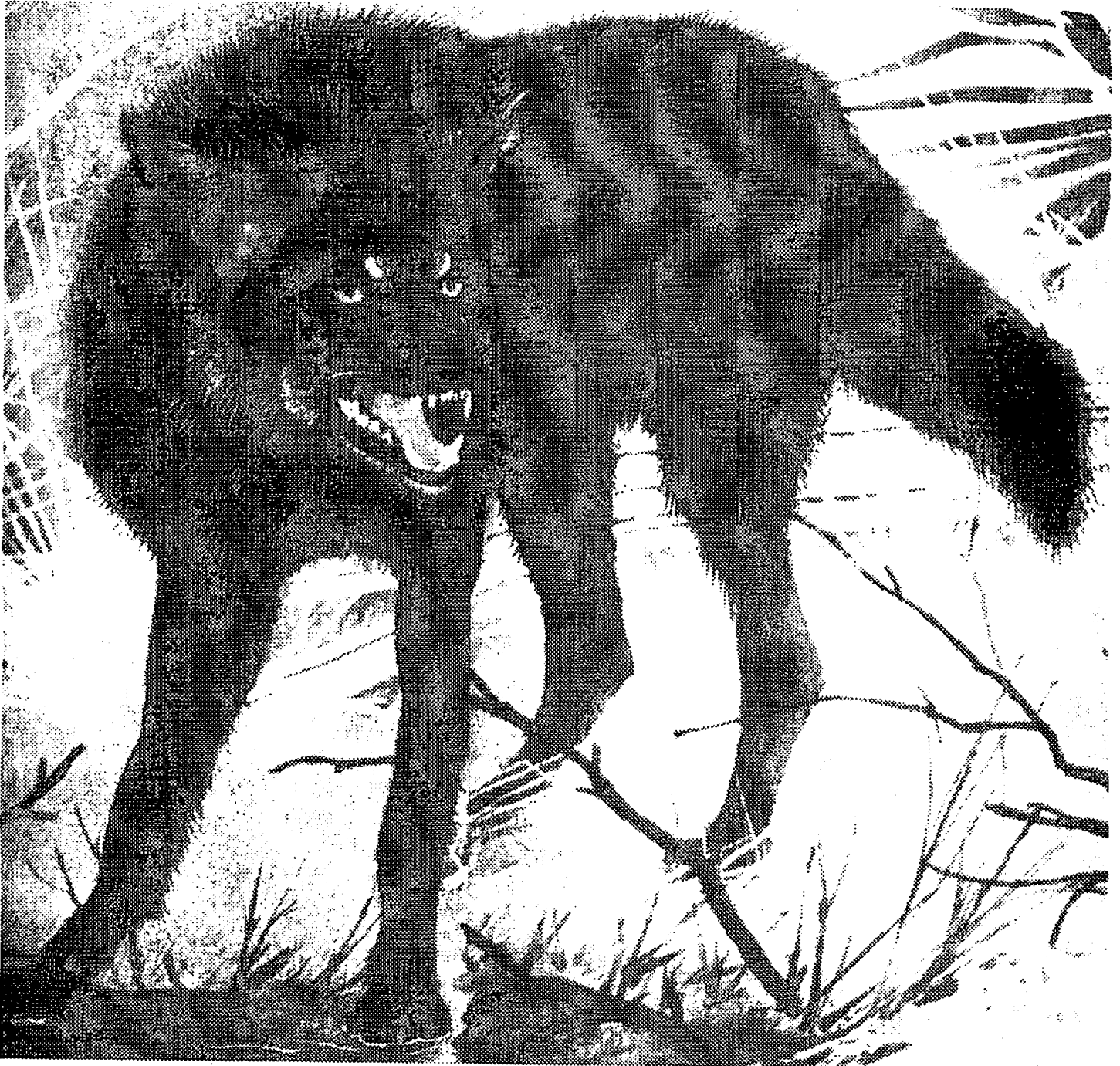
by: Howard F. Stein

*Glory to the Earth of
walking feet,
To the sky of leaping
asperations,
And to the corn seed
That joins them in
fertility.*

*We are
The keeper of the circle;
We are
The keeper of the fire;
We are
The keeper of the earth.*

FLORIDA BLACK WOLF

Once there were three wolf species that roamed the timeless canyons of Bankhead National Forest. The Timber Wolf, the Red Wolf and the Florida Black Wolf. It was common in Alabama in the eighteenth century where it roamed in small packs in mountainous areas. It was pure black and was a true swamp and forest dweller. It grew to a maximum of 5 feet in length and had a broader muzzle and longer ears than the Grey Wolf of Timber Wolf. The scientific name is *Canis rufus floridanus*. The last Black Wolf was killed in 1917.




From a painting by Maurice Wilson. Information from Vanished Species by David Day.



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