Volume 19

Number 7

October, 1994

Take Note!

Monday, 10/10/94

Fish, Wildlife & Parks Bldg. 490 N. Meridian Road, Kalispell Meeting: 7:30 pm - Program: 8:15 pm

October Program

Jim Jensen, who is the Executive Director of the Montana Environmental Information Council (MEIC), will give a presentation on "The Effort to Reform the 1872 Mining Law". He will also speak on the mining issues in Montana.

From the Lake County Leader:

Flathead Audubon's Lynn Kelly, who is a science teacher at Polson Middle School, meets Koani, the star of the Northern Rockies Ambassador Program from Missoula. With them is wildlife biologist Pat Tucker who, along with Bruce Weide, presented a special program on wolves to Polson students. (Photo by Glenn Timm)





National Audubon Society &
Turner Broadcasting present

The World of Audubon 10th Anniversary Special

Join hosts Lauren Hutton and Richard Dean Anderson on this remarkable adventure, featuring Audubon's most powerful and controversial films of the last decade.

> Premieres on TBS SuperStation Sunday, November 20, 1994 at 9:00PM (EST)

Encores: Monday, November 21 at 12:00AM (EST) Saturday, November 26 at 10:05AM (EST) Monday, November 28 at 2:35AM (EST)

BE SURE TO WATCH!

It's Sunflower Seed Time %

If you haven't done so already, you still have time to order your winter supply of sunflower seeds. See page 5 of the newsletter for an order form.

Keep your feathered friends happy and at the same time assist Flathead Audubon with its special programs! The Editor's Spotting Scope

Generally, "domain" is defined as land belonging to one person, but the dictionary also says that it is a "field or sphere of activity or influence."

Sitting at my desk at any given time I am able to gaze over my personal domain—the fenced backyard, with its apple trees, garden and bird feeders. Beyond the fence is a pond and nearly an acre of wetland, which I affectionately call The Swamp.

This domain provides me with great pleasure. It has birds flying in and out of the trees and visiting the feeders. Butterflies check out and give their approval to the flowers. Ducks court and hatch their young as winter gives way to spring and in the summer months, an Osprey family soars overhead, their plaintive song announcing the joys of soaring. In late summer and early fall, the Pileated Woodpecker announces his presence with beak and voice, and the Ravens add their squawks year-round to the Nature Symphony. The birds, along with the deer, squirrels, raccoons and bear that parade through the area make this domain a joy usually.

One morning I found a bird feeder absolutely demolished ... pounded into small bits. What would be so violent? The raccoons usually take the seed and leave; the squirrels aren't destructive at all in their thievery. And then I found incriminating evidence pointing to the night visitor: a bear.

This is bear country.
All of us in this neighborhood know it and live with it. Usually, the bears arrive in September and stay a few weeks, being a nuisance as they search for food, then go to where ever it is that they hibernate. But this was early summer; it was a dry summer with very little bear food at the higher elevations. We were in for it.

I became angry when another feeder

was destroyed. Dammit, I shouldn't have to quit feeding the birds just to keep the bear out of the yard. He should respect the fence rather than climb over it. This is my domain—his is on the other side of the fence. He was a cub and didn't know or care about the established rules (put forth by me, of course). I no longer thought he was cute and when he appeared, I pounded on an old kettle to send him high-tailing. Eventually, he and one other cub were trapped and hauled back to the wilds and I felt a small triumph.

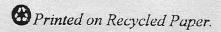
One hot afternoon I was standing under the apple tree and became aware of activity in the pond. Looking up I saw a bear cub swimming across the pond, cooling off in his own way. He ignored me and I enjoyed his swim as much as he did. He was back the next afternoon and it soon became a routine; he walked into the pond, swam around for awhile and then went into the swamp and was gone.

Why was this cub acceptable and the other one an ornery nuisance? Perhaps because he unknowingly respected my domain, my territory. All species, man (and woman) included, are protective of their territories. I fiercely defended mine with an old kettle and wooden spoon. If other uninvited species will stay outside the fence, there will be peace and harmony on both sides of the fence.

Sharon Bergman

* * * *

Did you know that the colorful kestrel (sparrow hawk) is the smallest of the native North American falcons? It has been called the "jet" of the bird world because of its long, narrow pointed wings, sleek shape and great speed.



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Welcome to those new among us —



Big Arm: Larry Osbuensen; Bigfork: Bob Borcherdt, Earl Erickson, Jolene Hays, Kathy Nelson, James Slack, J. Edward Sprenger and Sara Wagner; Columbia Falls: Robert Cotner, J.A. Grundstrom, Dick Reed, Tibbar Sindt and Nikki Sutkus; Condon: Elise Nichols; Eureka: June Byers, Ron Komac, Jerry McGuire, Deb Miller, Mina Rieben, Lynn Rosario and Bob Seidel: Hot Springs: James Larue; Hungry Horse: Marieanne Bresciani; Kalispell: Ann Beall, Joseph Brady, June Cosner, Karri Gerling, Jan Herriott, Barbara Quinlan, M. Romano, S. Thomson, Maureena Watkins, Cheryl Weatherell and Carl/Julie Winter; Kila: Maxine Cleveland and Linda/John Winnie; Lakeside: Thomas Noreen; Libby: Wilba Alquist, R. Magee, Donna Strachoki and Robert Woodward: Marion: C. Runyan: Polson: Garfield Aamodt, John Gobeille, Ethel Harding Dawna Hoffman and Pamella Moriarty; Rollins: W. Lebkicher; Ronan: Annie Kolattukudy, Joyce Mitchell and Charles Zanoff; Swan Lake: Susan Halloran; Thompson Falls: David Stafford; Trout Creek: Ann Katsaris and Robert Lambrecht; Whitefish: Marguerite Amstadt, B. J. Anton, Ali Debellas and Melanie Drown. Welcome to Flathead Audubon!

Montana Audubon Seeks Legislative Interns

Montana Audubon will be hiring two interns for the 1995 Legislative session in Helena. The interns will be employed from January 2 through April 15, 1995. Duties include assisting the lobbyist of Montana Audubon and helping run the day-to-day operation of the Montana Audubon office.

Salary: \$500/month. Past interns have arranged college credits for their experience. For more information, contact: Janet Ellis, Montana Audubon Legislative Fund, P.O. Box 595, Helena, MT 59624, 443-3949.

If interested, submit your resume by November 15.

Fly Away, Winston, Fly Away

For Betty Hoefle of Whitefish, the situation could not be ignored. A nest fell out of a tree beside the road and of the four Cedar Waxwing fledglings, only one survived. Betty took him home.

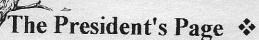
Although Betty and her husband operate the All Season Feed & Supply store, she had never raised a bird before. What do you feed a bird with no feathers?

She was advised to simulate the bird's diet as closely as possible, which meant insects and fruit, so she started a demanding regimen of feeding baby food: strained meats and fruits. The diet eventually included egg yoke, fresh fruit and mountain ash berries.

An old pigeon cage served as home base for the youngster, who was now called Winston for no conceivable reason other than it seemed to fit. The young Waxwing thrived. After about three weeks, he was fully feathered and making attempts to fly in the cage.

The cage door was left open and. Winston ventured out — but not far. His flying skills improved, but he always returned to the safety of his pigeon cage. Betty expressed concern about his return to the wild, because he appeared to be intimidated by other birds flying into the area, even those of his own species.

Maybe he doesn't realize yet that he's a Cedar Waxwing. When that inner voice tells him of his heritage, Winston will probably fly away, and Betty will have a memory worth keeping.



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I remember the first time I saw the Flathead Valley. It was 24 years ago this month. We drove north out of Missoula over the big hills that divide the Clark Fork from the Flathead. Topping the last rise at the Bison Range the panorama that opened before my eyes I'll never forget. The Mission Range arose like a standing ovation into the blue September sky. Early snow outlined the peaks. My breath was taken away and I left I should laugh or cry or applaud in return for such beauty.

Descending into the Mission Valley was like drifting into another world. The mountains eased back into their foothills, which reclined into the golden wheat fields and the lakes of Ninepipe captured the sky like sapphires. This was more beauty than I had ever seen and it seemed more than I could contain. When the horizon broke across Flathead Lake I wanted to die right there so I could see it foreverthis great rift in the earth pooled with light and lake, forested beyond dreams, range giving way to range.

But our car, like a capsule, transported us onward as though on a mission. When we drove that tinal curve around Flathead Lake into its nurturing valley where the fields unfold in a mosaic of earth tones and the river meanders green and sheltering and the cottonwoods wave like old friends, that's when I knew I could be at home. This was all I would ever need

Today it is home. The valleys, in that certain light, still take my breath away, the rivers always becken, the mountains are constant. What troubles my dreams is how much has changed before my eyes.

There are now scars across the

foothills — roads to new view lots. I remember groves of cottonwood and ponderosa that were filled with the twitterings of warblers and the yammering of woodpeckers. Now gone, logged off, exchanged for thistle and knapweed. Hay meadows overnight seemed transformed into shopping centers or more places to eat. Each day it seems less like the Montana I first knew; more like Montana as a commodity: cut up, sold off, gone.

That bothers me very much. And I know that I am a part of it; by being here, working and living. I am a party to the

valley's unrelenting change, dependent as anyone on an economy predicated on change. My recourse is to strive for the balance. In practical terms that simply means, first of all, minimizing my impacts on the land and the habitats of other species, and then replacing

that which I do take or change. This has become the most challenging aspect of my career. It take forethought, creativity and planning, planning, planning.

Which brings me to my message. We at Flathead Audubon advocate land-use planning as a giant step in the right direction. It is the one tool we have to attain that balance:

building our communities while saving a place for wildlife, maintaining both a functional and beautiful valley, living here without using up the inheritance of our sons and daughters. It's the best we can do. And though the Flathead will never look like it did to me 24 years ago, thankfully, it's still worth saving.

The public hearing on the County Master Plan is before the County Commissioners on October 19. Please be there in support.

Leo Keane



Flathead Audubon's Annual Sunflower Seed Sale

Order Form

BLACK, OIL SUNFLOWER SEEDS—High quality, 50 lb sack - \$17

Number of sacks:	@ \$17 = Amount enclosed	
I will pick up my order on Saturda Bigfork □ Columbia Falls or on Sunday, October 16, in Pols	□ Condon □ Kalispell □ Whitefish □	
Name:	Phone:	
Address:		
Are you a member □ or non-memb	per □ ?	
(Do NOT send order to Kale	Condon, MT 59826 r completing your order, be sure to make note of the ccordingly, so you won't forget the time and place.	
Condon: Call June Ash, 754-2289 October 14, 15, 16	Kalispell: Fish, Wildlife & Parks Parking Lot, Saturday, 12:30 - 2:30 pm 257-4100	
Whitefish: Train Depot Parking Los Saturday, 12:30 - 2:30 pm; 862-202		
Support Vo	us Foothand Friends	

Support Your Feathered Friends!

When you stock up on your winter supply of sunflower seeds through Flathead Audubon, you achieve results in two ways: 1) the birds at your feeders are delighted and delight you in return; and 2) you assist Flathead Audubon in continuing the funding of several conservation and education programs. The money raised through this annual sale of bird seed supports Audubon Adventures, an educational program for school children; enables the chapter tof assist in the care and upkeep of local refuges, such as Ninepipe Reservoir; and provides scholarship funds for environmental education. It also helps other Audubon projects.



	riath	lead Audubon Society Directory	
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	1994-97	Dan Casey, P.O. Box 7922, Kalispell, MT 59904	857-3143
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A	Membership	June Ash, P.O. Box 1129, Condon, MT 59826	754-2289
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Montana Audubon Council

OFFICE Janet Ellis, P.O. Box 595, Helena, MT 59624

BIRDING HOTLINE: 756-5595

The Flathead Audubon Society is affiliated with the National Audubon Society and meets on the second Monday of each month from September through May. A business meeting is held at 7:30 p.m. followed by a special program at 8:15 p.m. The regular monthly meeting is preceded by the Executive Board meeting. Both meetings are open to all those interested.

THE PILEATED POST is published September through May and is sent to members of the Flathead Audubon Society as a membership benefit. Subscriptions for non-members are \$5.00 per year. Deadline for newsletter copy: the 20th of each month.

eated Flathead Audubon Jociety P.O. Box 9173 Kalispell, MT 59904

National Audubon Society Membership Application Enjoy full National Audubon Society benefits and AUDUBON magazine, as well as PILEATED POST newsletter. Check your category rate from the following: First-time Applicant \$20 Student \$20 Individual Renewal \$35 Family \$38 Senior Individual \$21 Senior Family \$23 Sustaining \$50 Supporting \$100 \$1500 Dual Life \$2000

Address _ _ Zip _

Send this application and your check to:

Name

443-3949

National Audubon Society Chapter Membership Data Center P.O. Box 51001

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