

The *NEW* BEAVER DEFENDERS

January 2003



2/27/13

In Memory of Hope Sawyer Buyukmihci

6/20/01

They shall never be trapped anymore.

The *NEW* BEAVER DEFENDERS



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The Beaver Defenders

by Hope Sawyer Buyukmihci
Reprinted from *Good News*, April 1970

There is never a perfect time to start something, but that this is the time to organize the Beaver Defenders was brought home to Unexpected on January 31, when a trapper appeared a few feet upstream from the Refuge, in a pickup truck, complete with hip boots, canoe, traps and fresh poplar twigs. He was all set to trap beavers, legally.

That stream has had no beavers on it for years, except for the one family protected within the Unexpected borders. During the summer of 1965, when a severe drought threatened the water supply of Whiskers and Greenbrier and their family, we walked this stream for miles almost dry-shod. We found ancient beaver works crumbling into ruin, letting water rush through in flood time, with no defense against drought.

As regular readers of *GOOD NEWS* recall, during the summer of 1965 a state of disaster was declared in parts of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and ways were sought not only to alleviate the drought but to prevent recurrence in future.

R.W. Howard, a Pennsylvania lumberman, suggested that Federal protection be given to all beavers left in this country, and if necessary mated pairs of beavers should be imported from Canada to carry on the work of natural flood-and-drought control. Others joined Howard in his appeal, but the powers-that-were, like Namaan of old scorned such a humble solution.

At Unexpected, Greenbrier, the father beaver, took advantage of what was left of his stream, maintaining ten dams below the main pond, and building one new dam, a masterpiece situated at a

neck below a small spring. Result: Though no water came from the ravaged stream above, the trickle from the spring gradually created a generous pool. The beaver family took up residence in makeshift tunnels along this pool, and we supplemented the meager water supply by pumping when the drought was at its height. The beavers survived.

Invaluable as beavers can be to us, motto of The Beaver Defenders is not based primarily on our need of them. Their need of us is the base. The soul of any campaign to protect animals is love. Stan Wayman, declares, "it is impossible to teach conservation without teaching a love for animals." People are beginning to realize this, but not enough people know the facts on which to act. "Beaver Bill" Hoisington of New Hampshire, after studying beavers for years, says, "Beavers are to befriend." We hereby add a corollary: "Beavers are to defend." When a so-called state conservation department can send out men to trap beavers in streams which have suffered for years from lack of drought-and-flood control which beavers would assure; when trappers are allowed - even urged - to scour the countryside and kill any beaver who may be making a comeback; when a governmental agency supposedly speaking for the people of a state in the interests of wildlife can completely disregard a resolution by an organization representing 5,000 families in that state, plus written pleas by other residents and by authorities on wildlife across the country, and refuse to cancel an open season on beavers, then something is wrong. This happened in 1968.

When the season was re-opened two years

later (February 1970) over the protests of eleven persons, representing several thousand residents, who attended an open hearing, then something must be done.

Motto of The Beaver Defenders is: "They shall never be trapped any more." We firmly believe there can be no reason whatsoever for trapping a beaver, except live trapping on rare occasions when relocation is necessary. We know by actual observation that beavers create a healthful stream, are wonderful neighbors and are able to furnish delight and education to those who are fortunate enough to know them.

We do not count on economic benefits alone to win beavers a place in human regard. Like children, they are worthwhile in themselves. And like children, their delicate hands need protection from the cruel jaws of traps, and their lives from being sacrificed by deliberate drowning.

We need new ideas, and cooperation in putting ideas across. Donations are welcome, and will be put to the best use we can devise to help beavers, but moral support and active participation are the main things.

Our work will be educational. Posters will be prepared, news releases sent out, photos distributed, books written. In fact, a book about beavers, "Beavertime" [*Hour of the Beaver*], is already finished and will be published soon.

Whiskers and Greenbrier and their offspring - who as things stand now must go downstream to their doom - join us in inviting you to help our dream come true: "They shall never be trapped any more." This motto is not only a dream, but a goal to work for. You may join the Beaver Defenders by writing to The Beaver Defenders, PO Box 765, Newfield, NJ 08344. Save the Beaver!



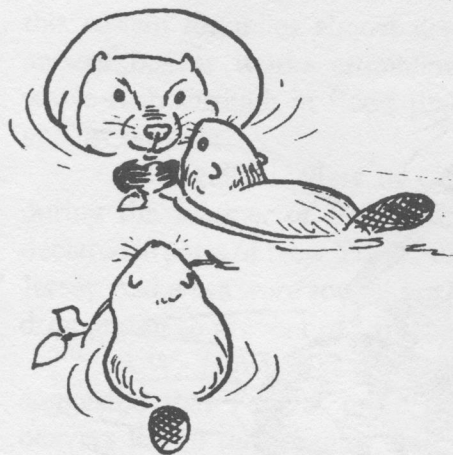
The New Beaver Defenders

Editorial by Sarah Summerville

The previous article was written by the co-founder of Unexpected Wildlife Refuge 33 years ago, and her message still rings true and clear as a tolling bell. Hope Sawyer Buyukmihci was a fierce advocate of all animals, but she always had a special place in her heart for beavers.

When Hope began The Beaver Defenders, trapping was a popular pastime for many locals. Refuge borders were constantly breached by countless poachers out to trap and kill the animals within.

According to New Jersey Division of Fish and Wildlife, in 1978, 4,400 trapping licenses were sold. This year the count is 500. You would think that the need for Beaver Defenders or any other fur defender would be superfluous.



Think again. Hunting and trapping is big business, in New Jersey and the rest of the nation. The reason for this drastic decline in trappers has nothing to do with the fur industry, the economy or the availability of unwilling victims. According to NJF&W this trend is the direct result of the 1986

legislation banning the leghold trap in New Jersey. If a bill can be passed into law, it can just as easily be repealed. We must remain vigilant and vocal. Whether the fur comes from the trapper in the marsh or a rancher on the range, beavers and their allies need our help. It is imperative that we meet our legislators, write letters and let them know how we feel. We must go to the committee hearings as soon as bills are introduced for consideration and speak our minds.

We do not have big money behind us, but we have the right to vote representatives into and out of office if we choose.

Hope founded the Beaver Defenders in 1970, and she changed the world, fighting ceaselessly to protect beavers and teach compassion and kindness. At age 84, Hope reluctantly ended a publishing career that spanned well over 4 decades. She handed over her list of Beaver Defenders to Owen and Sharon Brown, founders of Beavers: Wetlands & Wildlife, who have faithfully provided BD members with their newsletter, *Beaversprite*, which carries our quarterly Unexpected Happenings column.

It was always Hope's dream that someday the Beaver Defenders would come home to Unexpected and carry on with her work. I made a vow to Hope that I would commit my life to the Refuge, and I feel in my heart that it is time to pick up the pen, or mouse, as it were.

The *New Beaver Defenders* will entertain all topics related to beavers, their habits, habitat and

other related environmental issues.

Current members of Beaver Defenders will continue to receive *Beaversprite* until your membership expires. When it is time to renew, you can either renew your membership with Beaver Defenders, join Beavers: Wetlands & Wildlife, or join both! To renew your membership with the Beaver Defenders just fill out and mail in the membership form on page 15 of this newsletter.



To join BW&W, contact them at 146 Van Dyke Road, Dolgeville, NY 13329.

Regardless, please feel free to share your thoughts, experiences or interesting articles for publication; your support and interaction is encouraged and will help us continue to turn wilderness into happiness. **Save the Beaver!**

The Ideal of compassion is on the upward climb. And some far day, the world will come to know that the humane treatment of all life is the fundamental basis of morality, without which we hope only in vain for peace on earth.

-Jean Calore

LETTERS



Assembly bill A424 betrays everyone who has supported the preservation of land through the Green Acres bond act, for, by its nature, it will mandate hunting on every property bought. In the bill's own words: *"This bill would require the Department of Environmental Protection (DEP), after consultation with the Department of Agriculture, to prepare a statement concerning deer management on any lands to be acquired or developed by the State for recreation and conservation purposes as a State park or forest."*

The bill also would provide that as a condition of receiving any monies from the State for the acquisition or development of lands for recreation and conservation purposes, a local government unit or qualifying tax exempt nonprofit organization would be required to prepare a statement concerning deer management on the lands to be so acquired or developed. The deer management statement would be included as part of the application for funding submitted to the State."

What this means is that the Division of Fish and Game, will be able to condemn any preserved land to deer hunting. Since Fish and Game only acknowledges hunting as a "management tool", any management plan for land will include hunting. It is as sad, simple and inescapable as that.

-Stu Chaifetz (<http://www.honorandnonviolence.com>)

NEW JERSEY NOTE:

A-424, did not make it out of the Assembly committee, it was sent back to Senator Kean (sponsor) for refining, unfortunately it passed the Senate committee as S-563 with flying colors.

Bill S-2013 (A-3064) will repeal the existing ban Sunday hunting, and it will make it legal to hunt any animal any day during hunting season! There will be no peace in our forests, no peace for our animals and no peace in our hearts!

Thank you for contacting my office to advise me of your views in reference to S-563, which requires applicant for open space preservation to provide statement concerning deer management on lands to be preserved using those monies. I can readily appreciate your views.

This legislation was amended in the Senate Economic Growth, Agriculture & Tourism committee. It is currently awaiting to be scheduled for a full Senate vote.

Rest assured I will share your views with my colleagues if and/or when this Bill is scheduled for our consideration.

Again, I appreciate your taking the time to share your views with me. I welcome your continued input on matters of interest and concern to you.

-Senator John J. Matheussen

(Senator Matheussen is the co-sponsor of S-2013, which will allow hunting on Sunday.)

Thank you so much for informing me about this; at tonight's troop meeting I will inform the rest of the troop about this. I just wanted to tell you that this news has saddened me as well. These poor animals have no line of defense and we must stand up for them. I know other organizations and the Unexpected Wildlife refuge can't afford to protect animals without this money. I can't believe that politics won't consider the animals and stop making these self-ish moves just to keep all those hunters voting for them. I want to tell you I am 110% behind protecting the Refuge, for it is not a place where just animals feel home but a place I feel home. And to let hunters invade and kill innocent animals is absolutely wrong. My Prayers are with you and the animals.

--Alex Winkler

(Assistant Scout Master, Troop 65, Boy Scouts of America, Haddonfield, NJ)

**PLEASE WRITE, CALL or FAX YOUR
LEGISLATOR! FEEL FREE TO CALL ME
FOR NUMBERS OR VISIT
www.njleg.state.nj.us**

*More than 1 1/2 million acres of public-owned land is now
available to hunters in New Jersey!*

An Unexpected Visit

There is so much to tell about our experience at the Unexpected Wildlife Refuge that it's hard to know where to begin. First of all, my husband Reg surprised me by taking me there, so my impressions were probably heightened by the fact that I didn't know where we were going or what we would find there. Second, I had never been to Southern New Jersey, and I kept feeling like Reg was driving us out into the middle of nowhere. I was surprised to see that there was so much "nowhere" left in New Jersey. I mean this as a compliment because the rest of the state always strikes me as being highly developed and so densely populated that it's wonderful to find yourself on deserted roads, winding through forests and farmlands in a place where there are still dirt roads.

When we parked next to a large pond, a woman came running out to greet us. It turned out to be Sarah Summerville, the director of the refuge. She was so warm and enthusiastic, that I immediately felt that we would be in good hands, and that our experience would be highly personal.

After gathering up some poplar branches and apples to take out to the beavers, Sarah led us farther into the refuge. We walked down a dirt trail through a pretty, forested area where I noticed different types of birds and several small frogs or toads that hopped away from the trail as we approached. We quickly came to a narrow boardwalk that led us further into the woods and eventually over waterways.

Walking along, we soon came upon a beaver lodge, which I recognized instantly. I was thrilled, given that it has been a dream of mine to see a beaver first-hand for some years. After a short while, Sarah said "We're here". We all stopped and sat down on the boardwalk surrounded by water, trees and beaver lodges on all sides. We hadn't been there for even five minutes before the first beaver came swimming up to us, seemingly out of nowhere. I was THRILLED!



I couldn't believe I was face to face with this adorable, clever, skilled animal that I had been hoping to see for so long! Sarah fed the beavers apples, and they took them using their little beaver hands. It was the most amazing thing I could have imagined - wild animals who were so friendly and peaceful that you could engage them face to face, or hand to hand.



Soon after the first beaver appeared, I fed the beavers, and more and more of them approached us to take apples or poplar branches. They are such social, fun animals that being surrounded by them and being engaged with them for a few hours in a pristine setting was a genuinely a revitalizing experience. I felt as though I had the good fortune to be let into "beaver world", and it was a wonderful place. Listening to the beavers chattering, whining, talking, chewing, splashing, hiccupping and doing all the other funny things they do was like listening in on some completely foreign world. After two and a half hours, the beavers eventually left us. After chatting with Sarah a bit more, we knew it was time for us to go as well, though I felt I could have stayed at the refuge much longer had it not been getting dark.

Our whole experience at the Unexpected Wildlife Refuge was so overwhelmingly positive and fun that I knew that my husband and I would be back for more.

-- Erica Cosgrove, Princeton, NJ

The Price of Fur

by Louise Weibert Sutton

The price of that fur is a small heart stilled,
And the light extinguished in the once filled....

A sudden helpless and anguished cry
From a small trapped creature, afraid to die
His hell now totaled in dollars and cents,
To clothe for the moment, a fool's pretense.

GOOD NEWS FROM UNEXPECTED

Feathering the Storm

It was a quiet fall and winter, with a peppering of excitement. The drought of summer turned into the deluge of fall, with streams and ponds full to overflowing.

The last week of November brought nine inches of snow to South Jersey, turning the Refuge into a magical winter wonderland. The bird feeders were full and a good time was had by all. As I sat in Hope's office and worked on the newsletter, I watched an incredible flurry of constantly arriving and departing feathered bodies. Two northern flickers played peek-a-boo on the maple tree. They were joined by nuthatches, downy and red-belly woodpeckers, a hermit thrush and a joyous flock of juncos. The list of participants was endless.

Winter Blues

I spotted a bluebird nestled into the grapevine that embraces a fence near the cabin. Little flickering movements caught my eye, and upon closer inspection I discovered eight little bluebirds hunkered down in the falling snow. Later, when the sun sat low in the sky, the small brilliant blue flock relocated to the dogwood tree in the cove. One by one, the tiny

birds flitted to the nest box nearby. According to Augie Sexauer, our Refuge naturalist and historian, these bluebirds opted to stay in New Jersey for what they anticipated as a mild winter, and were roosting in the box to keep warm during the unexpected storm.

Ice Breakers

The beavers began exploring the newly filled pond across from the cabin again, and I provided them with truckloads of small poplar trees harvested from the poplar forest that Hope cultivated years ago.

Prior to the pond freezing, we spent hours together outside the cabin door, me dry, perched on a stump, the beavers wet, working hard to haul off their barked booty. My busy neighbors would spend a moment with me to savor a few apple slices, but then it was back to work, as they dragged the small trees to their watery winter pantry.

When the surface of the pond froze, the beavers punched holes in the thin crust of ice every 50 feet or so, and continued to visit. They were very wary, however, and I had to watch them from afar, as they perched on top of the ice and munched on the

treats I left for them. If I approached, they quickly disappeared below the ice, only to appear 50 feet away in their next ice opening.



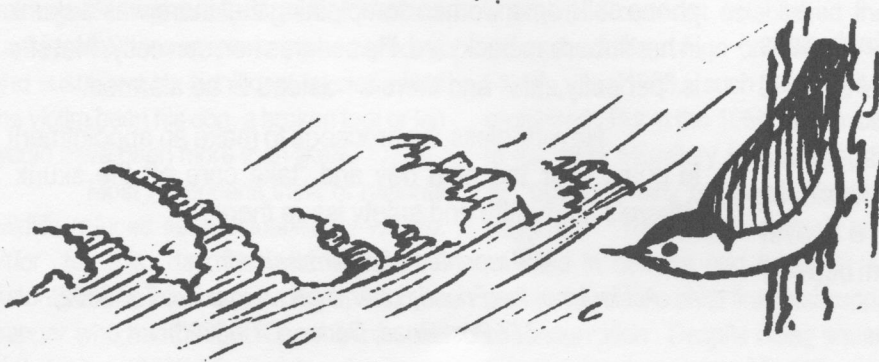
Fox Walks

We have a new neighbor! In November, Vicki Schmidt, a local wildlife rehabilitator, arrived with Fox. Vicki had nursed the elegant red fox back to health after a car accident left him with a hip injury. When he was back on all four, beautiful black feet, we took him into the Refuge and opened the carrier door. Hesitant at first, he poked his head out the door and took a sniff, looking in all directions. He loped off with a very distinctive gait, and he never looked back. I watch for signs of him on every hike.

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Producing 1 kg of beef requires about 100 X the water needed to produce 1 kg of wheat, and 200 X that needed for 1 kg of potatoes

In the US annually, livestock produces 1.37 billion tons of waste, 130 X that of humans.

*(reprinted from American  
Vegan, vol 2, no. 2, fall 2002,  
PO Box 369 Malaga, NJ 08328)*



## Warm Weather, Pesky Terrorists Take Toll

They're blaming it on everything from Al Qaeda to El Nino, but fur traders are in a bit of a funk, with demand for fur slowing and pelt prices skidding to a halt in recent months.

Among the Spring auctions, the Copenhagen Fur Center reported "slightly disappointing" fur sales at its five-day June sale, with Scanbrown and Scanglows failing to sell 100%. As is often the case, Asian buyers dominated the action, although dealers at Copenhagen and other auctions complained of slow sales because of unexpectedly warmer weather in China, Russia and other parts of the world. North American Fur Auctions reported that they, too, were "disappointed" with slightly lower prices fetched at their May sale.

The extent of the sudden downdraft was evident in the disconnect between the rosy predictions of some fur analysts earlier in the year, and the subsequent, dampening reality. In January, for instance, Sandy Parker Reports saw "a sure sign that the healthy retail momentum built up in the previous year would deliver another winning season." But by July, with six months now in the rear view mirror, The Trapper & Predator Caller magazine was bemoaning how "the events of 9-11, a volatile stock market, an unseasonably mild winter and waning consumer confidence took a heavy toll on our domestic retail fur trade this winter."

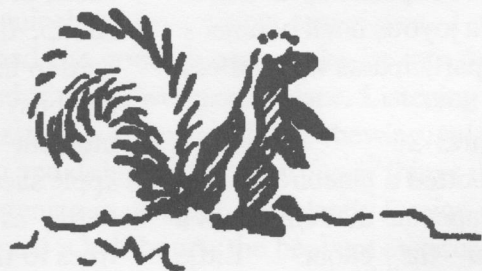
Meanwhile, the stagnating retail market for fur has shed light on a growing trend in the industry, one that serves to remind us that, despite the occasional upward tick, the fur trade's overall trajectory continues to point downward. This trend was highlighted in a front-page Wall Street Journal story in May that told of a Massachusetts trapper who, faced with a steady decline in the fur business, found a way to continue practicing what he knows best – killing animals – by transforming himself into a "wildlife damage control professional."

"Trappers have felt unwelcome in Massachusetts since 1996, when most of their leg-hold and body-gripping traps were outlawed as cruel," the story explained. "That's when [Don] LaFountain stopped calling himself a trapper and started calling himself a wildlife damage control professional. The difference? A trapper gets less than \$20 for a beaver pelt. Mr. LaFountain gets \$150 to remove a 'problem beaver,' or \$750 to take out a typical family of five."

To LaFountain, beavers – one of the most industrious and important animals to any wetlands habitat – are trouble because they suffer from what he calls "compulsive damming disorder."

This phenomenon is by far not unique to Massachusetts or even the Northeast. In a recent interview with The Trapper & Predator Caller, Tim Julien, an Indiana trapper, talks about how he, too, opportunistically morphed into a "damage control expert." In fact, Julien is president of the National Wildlife Control Operators Association, representing what he refers to as the "wildlife damage industry."

"You've all heard how all wildlife conflicts can supposedly be resolved through tolerance and other non-lethal control methods," he tells his friendly audience. "You think this is crazy? The sad part is that politicians don't."



While encouraging down-and-out trappers to make the transition from relying solely on their dying trade to becoming a bona fide damage control professional, Julien repeats the tired refrain that his "industry" serves a legitimate need by slaughtering animals that pose a threat to "human health and safety." Ironically, this claim is belied by a scene in the Wall Street Journal story, in which a busy LaFountain fields a cell-phone call from a woman complaining that there was a skunk in her suburban backyard. He assures her, correctly, that she is "perfectly safe" and there's no need to be alarmed.

Nevertheless, he proceeds to make an appointment to come over the next day and "take care of" the skunk. Where's the health and safety issue there?

*(Reprinted with permission from  
Act.ionLine, the Friends of Animals' magazine, Fall 2002,  
777 Post Road, Darien, CT 06820)*



## UWR Land Acquisition Update

Recently, Unexpected Wildlife Refuge made an offer to the owners of the 67 acre parcel downstream and adjacent to the Refuge. They have verbally accepted our offer, and are currently reviewing a contract for sale that we hope to sign soon. Unexpected Wildlife Refuge was awarded a matching grant from the NJDEP Green Acres Land Acquisition Program, but it will be several months before we see any State funds. For those of you who have made a donation toward this goal, **THANK YOU!** Anyone who wishes to contribute to our land acquisition fund can do so by simply indicating this on their check. It is not too late to join us in an never-ending effort to preserve and protect our South Jersey habitat. We will keep you posted on the project progress in the coming issues.

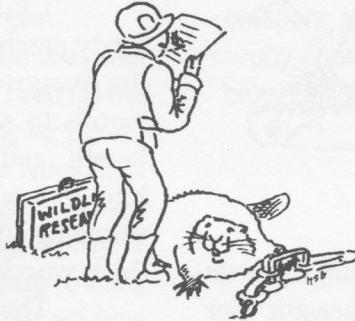
The article that follows drives home the urgency to purchase and protect as many pristine wild acres as possible, as it would appear that the only way we can protect it is to own it.

### No Refuge for Wildlife by Camilla H. Fox

On a cool fall New England day, Bob McShane and his dog took an early morning stroll through the Moosehorn National Wildlife Refuge in Calais, Maine. While walking on a trail covered with fallen leaves, McShane stepped on something hard. Before he had time to discern what it was, he felt a sharp pain shoot through his toes. He looked down and found a steel-jaw leghold trap clenched around his foot. Luckily, McShane was wearing heavy boots and sustained no significant injuries. Had the victim been his dog, a broken foot or leg would have been more than likely.

Most Americans think of national wildlife refuges as sanctuaries for wildlife. Prior to this day, so did McShane. Astonishingly, this trap was legal, set by a trapper who had bought a permit from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the same

government agency charged with protecting wildlife on refuges. Even more surprising was the fact that McShane was arrested after bringing the trap to refuge headquarters. The Calais High School teacher thought Moosehorn officials might want to check into the situation, since the trap was sent in an area frequented by children and family dogs. Instead, he was charged with molesting a trap.



### Tragedies All Too Common

This is not an isolated incident. In addition to the occasional human victim, untold numbers of non-targeted animals—including threatened and endangered species and pets—fall victim to traps set on refuges. Terrified, trapped animals often sustain injuries, including lacerations, broken bones and joint dislocations. Many die. Across the nation, the impact of trapping is staggering. One government study showed that for every target animal caught in a body gripping trap, as many as 10 non-market animals are captured.

Killing wildlife on public lands established to protect wild animals contradicts even the broadest definitions of the word "refuge". When President Theodore Roosevelt established the first national wildlife refuge on Pelican Island, Florida, in 1903, such activities were prohibited. But in the 1950's, amendments to the 1934 Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp Act opened many refuges to hunting and trapping. The "duck stamp" program resulted in hunters and trappers arguing that they were the chief financial supporters of conservation. Despite being squarely in the minority, they claimed that they had the

right to kill wildlife on public lands. Today, of the 519 refuge units that encompass 93 million acres in all 50 states, more than half allow hunting. Unfortunately, with the passage of the 1997 National Wildlife Refuge Improvement Act, also known as the NWR Organic Act, even more refuges will be opened to consumptive wildlife uses.

*(Reprinted from ASPCA Animal Watch, Winter 2000, Vol. 20, No. 4, 424 East 92nd Street., NY, NY 10128)*

### A Little Bit of Fur is Big Business

The fur industry is working on a new wardrobe. No longer limited to full-length mink coats or fox-fur jackets, fur trim is the rage. From suit collars to glove linings, fur trim is being used as an accessory for many fashion items. Fur trimmed items currently are worth about one-half billion dollars.

Fur trim is a frivolous luxury responsible for the deaths of millions of animals each year. The number of animals killed for fur trim is expected to overtake the number of animals killed for full-fur garments. Because the trim trade doesn't place as much emphasis on pelt quality, color and uniformity, the quality of care given to furbearers is diminished.

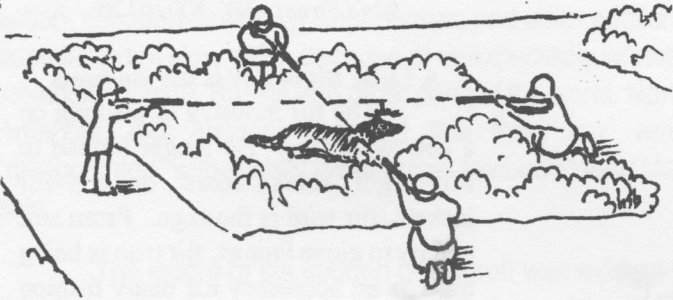
Although some consumers may brush off fur trim as a small part of an animal, that little bit of fur is just as deadly as the fur used in an entire coat. Fur trim is not made from scraps of leftover fur. An animal dies for each fashion item whether fur trimmed or full length. And that death isn't pretty.

Compassion has pushed full-fur garments to the fringe of the fashion realm. Be fur free in the new century. To learn more about the fur trim, write HSUS, Fur-Free Century, 2100 L Street, NW Washington, DC 20037 for the brochure *Fashion to Die For: the Facts about Fur Trim*.

*(Partial reprint from HSUS, Winter 2002, 2100 L Street, NW, Washington, DC 20037)*

## It's That Time of Year Again

No, I am not referring to the end of year festivities, with gifts and music and family gatherings. The time to which I refer is deer season. It started without a bang when bow season arrived on September 28<sup>th</sup>, and it will continue, in one guise or another, until the end of January. That's four months. That's a third of the year dedicated to killing.



For this reason, Unexpected did things a little differently during the 2002 six day shotgun season. For those of you who have never participated in patrol, six day shotgun season would arrive with bands of merry orange clad patrollers walking the Refuge perimeter to prevent poaching, stuffing ourselves with delicious vegen delights throughout the day. This year, instead of having dozens of people here during those six days, we decided to spread the crew out over the entire four month sentence.

Six day was very quiet, and the crew that volunteered for that shift did an outstanding job. I want to thank them all for helping to protect the Refuge. There were very few hunters, and the weather was not so great for hunting, so it was another "year for the deer", even if Paula did not get to patrol in her shirt sleeves.

I am glad that stressful week is over, but patrol will continue for the rest of deer season, until January 31<sup>st</sup>. If you have a spare hour and want to have an action packed, exciting stroll through the Refuge counting birds, give me a call. But before you do, let me tell you a little story.....

### **The Hunter is Now the Hunted** **(or Sarah gets Her First Poacher)**

It was Saturday afternoon, and I was patrolling around the Poplar Patch. It was mid November, and bow season was in full swing, as was small game season. I had been in the Patch earlier in the day to

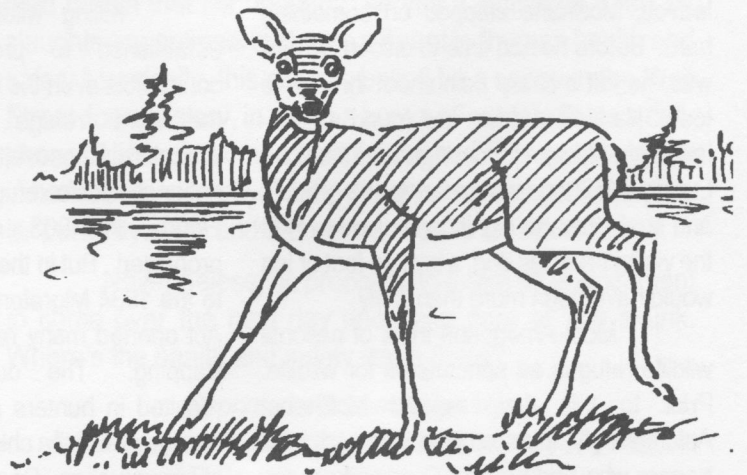
harvest a truckload of poplar for the beavers, and everything was quiet.

As I walked the grass and sand road that encircles the small poplar forest that Hope willed to grow, I saw something that made my blood run cold. It was a footprint. It was not mine. As a matter of fact, it was at least 4 sizes larger than my own lugsole boot. The print was well defined with a deep dig at the big toe, and it was very distinctive. I caught my breath and felt my pulse knocking in my throat. Who was out here?

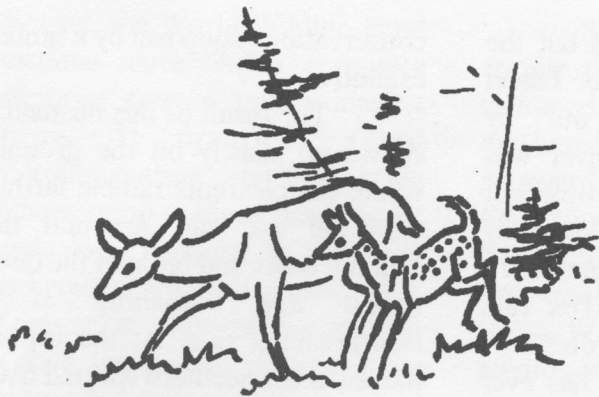
I followed the intermittent tracks through the sandy patches of the soft road. They disappeared into the overgrown entrance lane that wound through the woods to an old one story block garage. I held my breath and followed my trail like a half-hearted bloodhound. I found no one, and after an hour of tramping up and down the crisscross of paths in the thick woods I was certain that I was alone.

The little block building, now nestled in the cradle of a young oak and pine forest, was built years ago by Hope and Cavit, when the entire area was open. Climbing the outer switchback staircase to the concrete slab roof, they could see across hundreds of acres surrounding farmland, and a substantial portion of the refuge was laid out for quick inspection. Today, however, the woods are crowding in on the building, and you cannot pass this wooded area without hearing whispering snorts. It is perfect deer habitat.

I knew what I had to do when I saw that size 13 stamped in the sand like a calling card, and honestly, I felt quite ill about it.







### **We Don't Need No Stinking Badges**

I arose Monday morning with a dread that was lightly coated with a nervous exhilaration. I fired up the pickup truck at 6 AM and headed for the Poplar Patch. The full moon was setting as I parked the truck in a remote spot not too far from the lane. Fiercely armed with my cell phone, pen, paper and pepper spray, I stepped quietly and carefully, slowly advancing toward my dark destination. The moon had set and dawn was just a tease; shifting shadows in the forest unnerved me. The ghostly box of the building came into shape before me, and I was flooded with relief. No one was on the roof.

Then he turned around. He was holding his shotgun close, camouflaged from head to toe with grease on his face, totally invisible until he moved. I cannot begin to explain what happened within me, but all fear left my body, forced out through my pores by pure rage. I was propelled up the stairs two at a time, and in retrospect, it was much like my mother's movements when I was little, and, yes, **bad**.

We met at the head of the stairs, and I blocked him from leaving the roof. We ducked from left to right, like two strangers caught in a doorway.

"Where is your orange?", I demanded. He pulled the corner of a vest from his pocket and said, almost shyly, "Here, here, in my pocket....". "And where is your hunting license?" He told me that his license was in his truck which was parked nearby. He gave me his name and address, and we descended from the roof. He unloaded the shot from his gun and pocketed it, and I drove him to his truck for the paperwork.

After I got back to the cabin and submitted the information to NJ Fish and Wildlife for processing, I stopped shaking. We go to court in January. I'll keep you posted on what results!

### **Augie's Bird List**

As usual, Augie Sexauer patrolled the Refuge with his pencil handy. The following list includes all the birds we saw during the December 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> deer patrol:  
40 to 50 snow geese; Canada geese; 3 wood ducks; phoebes; 6 hermit thrush; white throated sparrows; song sparrows; goldfinches; bluebirds; chickadees; juncos; blue jays; 2 red-tailed hawks; crows; white breasted nuthatches; red-bellied woodpeckers; tufted titmouse; mourning doves; kestrel hawk; cardinals; downy woodpeckers; mockingbirds; northern flickers; cedar waxwings; brown creepers; towhees; kingfisher; golden-crowned kinglets; ruby-crowned kinglets; horned larks; woodcocks and brown thrashers. That makes 32! An impressive list for this time of year.



### **Canned Chickadee**

-by Nels Anderson

I feed the birds, I always have. Of course this invites the other guests of a wide variety. Cats, hawks, mice, opossum, racoons, skunks and I am sure others visit for a snack. Squirrels have always been sort of a pet peeve. Thwarting them has been on my radar screen forever. One development is a coffee can with the metal lid soldered back on after punching a one inch hole in it. This I hang on its side from a branch with a two foot string and half fill it with sunflower seeds. Many birds have learned to use this self service method. The squirrels can still get to it but it takes more time and effort. It also keeps seed clean, dry and available to any weather.

I usually fill the feeders in early morning, sometimes just as it is getting light. One morning, half awake, I tipped the can and began pouring sunflower seed only to have an eruption out of the can followed by a very indignant Chickadee. There was no doubt in my mind that I was the focus of this verbal barrage (do birds have verbs?). This poor guy or gal was fast asleep in probably the safest, warmest, out of the wind, food stocked place available and suddenly its world was turned upside down by this behemoth. I don't know if Chickadees use the S. D. or H. word, but as I listened there seemed to be a close approximation and a final, "Don't ever do that again!" Okay, I can listen. You don't have to yell at me. Each morning now I tap gently on the side of the can before refilling. As often as not the bird is in there and makes a hasty exit.

## **Panda Porn: The Marriage of the WWF and Weyerhaeuser**

-by Jeffrey St. Clair

Back in the good old days, a corporation with an unappetizing relationship to the natural world would often try to burnish their image by luring and executive or top staffer from an environmental group onto their board or into their public relations department, where they could offer testimonials to the toxic firm's newfound reverence for Mother Earth.

But times have changed. Now it's the environmental groups who seem to be on a shopping spree for corporate executives. For the latest example of this repellent trend let us turn to the World Wildlife Fund. Last week, WWF announced that Linda Coady, now a senior executive at Weyerhaeuser Co., will become vice president of the World Wildlife Fund's newly created Pacific regional office in January.

Weyerhaeuser is the great behemoth of the timber industry, which has rampaged through the rainforests of the Pacific Northwest leaving ruin and extinction in its wake. Weyerhaeuser has operated in Canada for many years, but in the last decade it has dramatically picked up the pace of its clearcutting in British Columbia - partly because it has largely liquidated its vast holdings in Washington and partly to flee the constraints of US environmental laws and lawsuits.

Before advancing to Weyerhaeuser, Coady sharpened her teeth at Macmillan-Bloedel, aka Mac-Blo. Macmillan-Bloedel made

billions by clearcutting all but the tiniest sliver of Vancouver Island before being bought out by Weyerhaeuser. (That sliver was spared only after 900 people got arrested for blocking logging roads in 1993. Needless to say, no WWF execs soiled their GoreTex rain jackets in those stormy protests.)

Neither company has ever shown the least regard for the rights of the First Nations of Canada, who lay claim to much of the remaining coastal forests of British Columbia. And the Canadian government has chosen to allow the timber companies to clearcut those lands before the claims have been settled. Indeed, Weyerhaeuser is now being sued by the Haida Nation for illegally clearcutting their land in the Queen Charlotte Islands, which they call Haida Gwaii.

"They've come and wiped out one resource after another," says Guujaaw, chief of the Haida in British Columbia. He notes that Weyerhaeuser logs the old growth and ships it straight to its mills in Washington State. The Haida get no money and no jobs. "We've been watching the logging barges leaving for years and years," says Guujaaw "and we have seen practically nothing for Haida."

The moss-draped forests of British Columbia are even more vulnerable than those of Washington, Oregon and Alaska. There are few environmental laws to restrain the appetite of the timber companies and the environmental movement itself is understaffed and overwhelmed. Now defenders of Canadian ancient forests must contend with a

conservation group run by a timber executive.

The result of this mismatch shows up starkly on the ground, where the clearcuts ramble farther than the eye can see and the salmon, bears and birds of the deep forest are vanishing at a heartbreaking rate. At the top of the list is the northern spotted owl, the very symbol of the ancient forests of the Pacific Northwest. In the US, the owl is afforded a minimum level of protection under the Endangered Species Act-though George W. Bush recently pronounced his desire to jettison the guidelines and resume logging its nesting grounds once again.

But in Canada the reclusive raptor enjoys not even the pretense of such a safe harbor; its nesting and foraging habitat-200 to 800 year-old stands of Douglas-fir and Sitka spruce-are leveled without quarter or regret. As a result, scientists expect that the bird will soon go extinct, perhaps within the next decade.

"It feels like we are taking care of the dodo," said Ken Macquisten, a veterinarian and managing director of the Grouse Mountain Refuge for Endangered Wildlife. "We have gone from managing owl populations to managing individual birds."

With a Weyerhaeuser honcho now running the biggest conservation group in the region, the prospects for the owl-and nearly every other creature that calls the deep forest home-seems bleak indeed.

Of course, it's hard to work up too much of a froth about this latest merger of clearcutters and self-advertised nature defenders.





After all, the World Wildlife Fund functions more like a corporate enterprise than a public interest group. It practices retail environmentalism and has made millions upon millions hawking its panda logo, a brand as zealously marketed as Nike's "swoosh". But, of course, it's done almost nothing to save the panda, penned in by rampant deforestation and poaching, except peddle pictures to trophy wives and innocent third graders. Call it panda porn.

But the panda cash machine isn't the group's only source of money. The World Wildlife Fund also rakes in millions from corporations, including Alcoa, Citigroup, the Bank of America, Kodak, J.P. Morgan, the Bank of Tokyo, Philip Morris, Waste Management and DuPont. They even offer an annual conservation award funded by and named after the late oil baron J. Paul Getty. It hawks its own credit card and showcases its own online boutique.

As a result, WWF's budget has swelled to over \$100 million a year and its not looking back.

Where does all the money go? Most of it goes to pay for plush offices, robust salaries, and a tireless direct mail operation to raise even more money. WWF's CEO, the icy Kathryn S. Fuller, pulls in a cool \$250,000 a year, including benefits. This is the remorseless logic of modern environmentalism, in which non-profits are more obsessed with fundraising than the corporations that they are supposed to be battling. Indeed, the relentless cash hunt leads them serenely right into corporate boardrooms, hands out, mouth gagged.

Remember it was only a couple of years ago that WWF outraged many environmentalists and human rights activists by giving an award to Shell Oil, the company that stood mute as its partners in the murderous junta of generals that ran Nigeria lynched Ken Saro-Wiwa and 8 other environmentalists fighting Shell's foul operations on Ogoni land in the Niger River delta.

This self-induced moral blindness is par for the course. The WWF is one of those outfits that believes capitalism is good for the environment. It has backed nearly every trade bill to come down the pike, from NAFTA to GATT. WWF has also sidled up to some very unsavory government agencies advancing the same neo-liberal agenda across the Third World, including US AID.

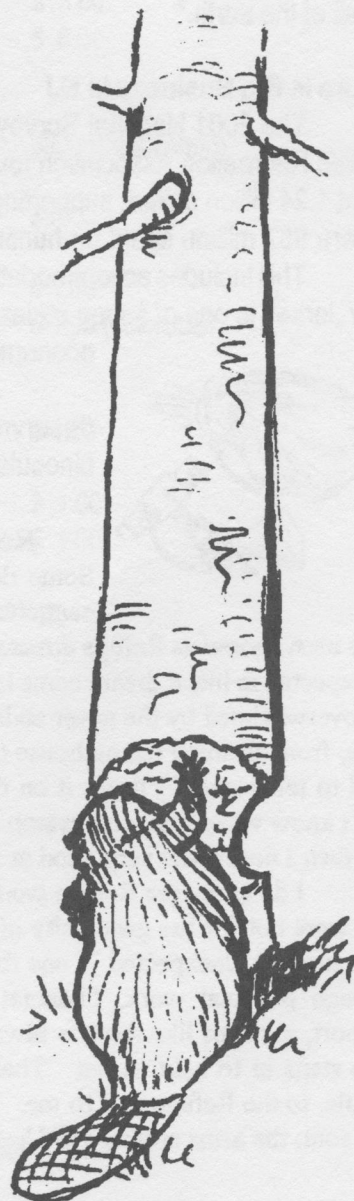
The World Wildlife Fund is so paranoid about its image that it recently sued-and won-to force the World Wrestling Federation to change its name, lest it sully its "WWF" trademark. Of course, if you really care about the environment your money would probably be better spent by watching some World Wrestling extravaganza on pay-per-view rather than in a membership to WWF. At least, the wrestling provides some laughs. Your contribution to WWF will fatten the salary of a timber executive such as Linda Coady parading around in the guise of an environmentalist. It gives cross-dressing a bad name.

When the Haida launched their battle against Weyerhaeuser and its rich army of lobbyists and lawyers earlier this year, Guujaaw observed: "You cannot buy the

lifestyle we have with money."

It's a lesson that the environmental groups like World Wildlife Fund should take to heart before they discover that they've become little more than the well-paid zombies of the corporations they have gotten into bed with. I'm not holding my breath.

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**Henry Beston, American writer-naturalist, wrote:**

"We need another and a wiser and perhaps a more mystical concept of animals. Remote from universal nature and living by complicated artifice, man in civilization surveys the creature through the glass of his knowledge and sees thereby a feather magnified and the whole image in distortion. We patronize them for their incompleteness, for their tragic fate of having taken form so far below ourselves. And therein we err, and greatly err. For the animal shall not be measured by man.

In a world older and more complete than ours they move finished and complete, gifted with extensions of the senses we have lost or never attained, living by voices we shall never hear. They are not brethren, they are not underlings; they are other nations, caught with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendor and travail of the earth."

### **Nature is Big Business in NJ**

The 2001 National Survey of Fishing, Hunting and Wildlife Recreation Association found that wildlife watchers spent 1.24 billion dollars supporting their habit compared to a mere 987 million spent on hunting and fishing activities.

This includes accommodations, food and equipment. New Jersey is one of seven states in the U.S. enjoying this economic trend.



Now don't you think you deserve that new pair of binoculars?

### **Refuge Recognition**

Some days I wake up and still cannot believe how lucky I am to have been chosen as Refuge director. Living and working at Unexpected is like a dream come true for me. Other days, I am overwhelmed by the never ending work that needs to be done, from cleaning the outhouse to clearing the trails; as I used to tell Hope, "I'll put it on the LIST!" Sometimes I don't know when it is time to stop working and just sit still. But then I never was very good at sitting still.

I do know the Refuge would not function as it does if it were not for the generosity of those wonderful people who support Unexpected in one form or another. Whether through physical work, financial contributions or moral support, it seems like there is always that special someone who steps in to help us out. These are some very special people, to the Refuge and to me. They are the lungs, heart and soul; the arms and legs of Unexpected. Thank you.

The group of supporters to which I refer is in the hundreds; it is an incredibly diverse, intensely caring sect of the human race. During the course of the past year, however, there have been a handful of individuals who have gone way beyond the call of duty. These outstanding individuals deserve some recognition, as the Refuge has relied upon them heavily for advice, support and understanding.

William M. Gilson, Esq., Legal Advisor, for his help with legal issues, applications and contracts. For his calm intensity, intelligence and steadfast dedication to Unexpected.

August Sexauer, Refuge Historian and Naturalist, for sharing his connection to the beginning and his thoughts to the future. (And for painting the Miller House!)

Nedim Buyukmihci, UWR Vice President, for all the work he has done to create and maintain the Refuge web site. He's the ultimate "spellchecker".

Addison G. Bradley, Land Planning and Acquisition Consultant, for leading the Refuge through the perilous process of land purchase (and for clearing the Peninsula).

Gene Murtha, Nest Box Monitor, Muse, for looking in all one hundred bird houses, for sharing what was discovered, and most importantly, for cleaning them out.

Helga Tacreiter, UWR President, buffer, shoulder, conscience, and friend.

Michael Kerbowski, Community Liaison and Volunteer, for tirelessly spreading the word, seeking financial support and for clearing the trails - he is *good*.

Walter Surdam, Believer, for his commitment to the Refuge, and for his confidence in the director; for his family and friends.

Patricia Summerville, Mother, for working with some pretty difficult material for almost 40 years and apparently doing a pretty good job.

**Become a Beaver Defender! Fill out the Membership Form on page 15 and join today!**

The New Beaver Defenders is published quarterly by the Unexpected Wildlife Refuge, Inc., a non-profit organization created in 1961 to provide an inviolate sanctuary for wild animals, to study wild animals in relation to humans and to promote humane treatment of animals through education and example.

Printing and mailing costs for this complementary issue have been funded by a generous donation from Addison G. Bradley.



## The New Beaver Defenders Membership Application

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Comments: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone/fax: \_\_\_\_\_

Membership/subscription is \$20 annually. Please make checks payable to Unexpected Wildlife Refuge. All contributions are tax deductible. The amount of your donation in excess of actual membership dues will be considered a donation unless otherwise specified.

**Mail to: Beaver Defenders  
PO BOX 765, Newfield, NJ 08344**

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### **In the Store!**

|                                                                                                                                      |                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| <b>Books:</b> <i>Hoofmarks</i> .....                                                                                                 | \$18.00              |
| <i>The Best of Beaver Defenders</i> .....                                                                                            | \$ 8.00              |
| <b>T-shirts:</b> Hunter green, on the front - our logo; on the back - <i>I support the<br/>Unexpected with charming beaver</i> ..... | \$20 (100% cotton)   |
| <b>Mugs:</b> Light brown mug with green logo, very tasteful .....                                                                    | \$ 5.00              |
| <b>Posters:</b> Trapped beaver and baby .....                                                                                        | \$ 1.00              |
| Beavers turn wilderness into happiness .....                                                                                         | \$ 1.00 (colorable!) |
| <b>Cards:</b> 12 custom beaver block prints with poems written by Beaver Defenders,<br>pack of 24, fit legal envelopes .....         | \$ 4.00              |
| <b>Sheet Music:</b> Away with Traps, Song of the Beaver Defenders .....                                                              | \$ 1.00              |
| We Love You, Little Beaver .....                                                                                                     | \$ 1.00              |

### **Educational Materials free with a self-addressed stamped envelope.**

- Unexpected Wildlife Refuge, Home of the Beaver Defenders
- What Beavers do for Waterways
- Beaver Problems and Solutions
- Species found at the Refuge
- Coloring sheets (seven different beaver scenes, drawn by Hope Sawyer Buyukmihci)
- They All Call it Home
- Slandered Do-gooders (snake information)
- The Square of Flesh
- Chopper, in Memoriam
- Intruder in a Cageless Zoo (by Ferris Weddle)
- Is it Safe to Come Near You? You Won't Hurt Me, Will You?

Furs should be worn on only the ones they were born on.



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