

BROCK EVANS

**Endless Pressure
Endlessly Applied**

*The Autobiography
of an Eco-Warrior*

with GEORGE VENN

Reviews and Commendations

“Brock Evans is in the forefront of any environmental controversy on Capitol Hill. Since 1973, the 40-year old lawyer has been the top Washington lobbyist of the Sierra Club, a national conservation group...”

—**U.S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT, 7/25/77**

• • •

“...As we discussed when I met with you in May, I cannot adopt every position you advocate, [but] I will always seriously consider your views. I hope you will continue to inform me about your major concerns.”

—**PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER, 1/2/79**

• • •

“At a time when our political system has failed to deliver for our planet, it’s up to businesses like ours to create positive change. Our planet depends on activism, and this moment demands it. As our friend, Brock Evans is fond of saying, *Endless pressure endlessly applied.*”

—**PATAGONIA, INC, ENVIRONMENTAL/SOCIAL INITIATIVES, 2017**

• • •

“Among activists whose views won out [North Cascades] were towering figures in the environmental movement, including U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who led a protest hike, and Brock Evans, then Northwest Representative of the Sierra Club.”

—**JULIE MUHLSTEIN, EVERETT HERALD, 4/26/2020**

• • •

“Brock Evans, the director of the Sierra Club’s Capitol Hill office, was on every environmentalists’ top-five list in the ‘someone you want in your corner when things get tough’ category. He was on a first-name basis with virtually every member of Congress. He was equally respected by Democrats and Republicans for his bedrock integrity and first-rate intellect...”

—**KEVIN PROESCHOLDT, TROUBLED WATERS... 1985**

• • •

“We are delighted that you will accept Defenders of Wildlife’s Legacy Award... the highest honor conferred by Defenders of Wildlife and acknowledges lifetime achievement in wildlife conservation...”

—**JAMIE RAPPAPORT CLARK, PRESIDENT & CEO, DEFENDERS OF WILDLIFE, 3/6/17**

• • •

“Brock Evans, a legendary figure in the environmental movement...played a major role in the campaign to save Washington’s North Cascades in the early 1960s, thus beginning his environmental career. He’s been a leader in achieving protection of Hells Canyon, Boundary Waters Wilderness, and many other natural areas around the country...”

—**BYRON KENNARD, YOU CAN’T FOOL MOTHER NATURE (2020)**



B R O C K E V A N S

**Endless Pressure
Endlessly Applied**

The Autobiography of an Eco-Warrior

with GEORGE VENN



Wake-Robin Press
2020

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Brock Evans, Sierra Club. Thomas O'Halloran photo:

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The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day
runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth
in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves
of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and
of death, in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life.
And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood
this moment.

—Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)

from *Gitanjali* (1913)

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Editor's Preface

This book began in September, 1979, at the annual conference of the Oregon Wilderness Coalition. Deep in the fir forest at Camp Wilani I gave the morning keynote address; Brock Evans gave the evening keynote address. I'd never met this man in military camouflage and flak jacket, and I was impressed—he spoke eloquently and extemporaneously about the fight for Oregon wilderness. To show my appreciation, I gave him a copy of *Off the Main Road* (1978), my first book of poems. After the conference, Brock sent me a complimentary letter about reading the poems: “You have a way, George, of conveying a mood and a sense of a place in a kind of exquisite touch and sense for just the right detail that I have read in few other writers....” For me, the novice poet, that was high praise. I saved that letter for forty years and remembered.

Fast forward to 2016. After 30 years in DC, Brock and Linda Garcia retired and moved to the Grande Ronde Valley. As a new neighbor, I surprised him with his 1979 letter, gave him a copy, and so began once a week invitations to Thursday night dinner. During “Happy Hour” he would read from and give me copies of texts he had brought west. He gave me his prize-winning book—*Fight and Win* (2014). I gave him *Lichen Songs* (2017) my new selected poems. During dinner, all three of us would discuss writing, local life, moving, settling, the valley, the wilderness, and many other topics. Linda told me about her new manuscript on standards. I always went home with some of Brock's writing. For Christmas, I wrote them a poem.

When Brock's surprise 80th birthday party was scheduled May 24, 2017, I was invited to say something celebratory, so I chose to read three pieces he had given me from his basement archive: “Elegy,” “Keepers of the Door,” and Tagore's “69” from *Gitanjali*—his favorite poem. That experience—reading his work aloud to an audience of 80 some friends and environmentalists—made me wonder what else there might be worth sharing—even publishing—in that basement archive. In the 1990s, I had been General Editor of the six volume 3,000 page *Oregon Literature Series*, and more recently, I edited and published *Darkroom Soldier*, an award-winning 300-page collection of Fred Hill's WWII letters and photographs. Brock said he had once started to write “his book” but gave it up. So, we began to explore making a compilation of “Green Places” using selections from of his archive.

I quickly learned that he was a prolific writer—he'd already donated 124 boxes of his papers to the University of Washington, and another 134 boxes to the American Heritage Center at the University of Wyoming. His resume was 10 pages long—single spaced. But whenever he gave me another document to read, I needed to ask for context. While his memory of events and people was sharp and clear, there was no overall organization. As I told Brock, he had a great pile of lumber but it needed form to become a house. He understood. I donned my developmental editor hat and offered to prepare a plan. He agreed.

Given his record of some 700 speeches, I initially suggested a one-man monologue, but Brock felt that might be too risqué. Old love was still on his mind. So, in early 2018, I put together a chronology of the basic information I had gleaned from his documents. He immediately saw the utility of such a listing, and—encouraged by Linda—he began to share and list stories and events from the forest of his personal life. He added even more texts from the mountain of his conservation documents, often sending me emails with long texts attached. Over most of 2018-19, that detailed, six-page, single-spaced chronology—both personal and professional—enlarged and became the scaffolding for this manuscript.

Every week, we talked over more new texts. Some weeks, new diaries appeared. As he gave me more historical texts, I read and organized them, evaluated them for readability, diversity, clarity, and originality. The stack of original documents he gave me grew to 3 feet. His prose included every type of occasion and form—anecdotes, testimony, biographical sketches, eulogies, memoranda, essays, letters, diaries, speeches, book chapters, and articles. To handle what he called that “embarrassment of riches,” Brock ordered shelf files. We sorted chaos into decades. Noticing that his professional appointments could further organize the manuscript, I proposed 50 chapters with eight distinct periods. Together, we made final choices. Wanting to reprint mostly originals, not after-the-fact versions, I edited his prose only for minor style and mechanics. Style would vary from formal to informal. Occasionally, he revised for historical authenticity. The book would be coffee-table size. It would be personal and professional. Captions would include credits—the only academic convention. After helping to save over 14,000,000 acres of green space over 30 years, Brock's book had to be representative—grand enough to showcase some of the beautiful places he helped to save, personal enough to tell some of the stories of his lived experience.

By September, 2019, we were ready for a professional designer, so Brock hired Kristin Summers, Redbat Creative, to prepare five sample chapters. To complete her samples, Kristin would need pictures, so Brock and Linda chose many photos to scan from the family collection. Found in the basement, taken from the walls, retrieved from friends, this river of images would enrich the personal presentation and the landscapes would celebrate the places Brock had helped to save and some of the people who collaborated. If there were no photos, I invited them from photographers, found them in on-line archives, at historical societies, universities, and from Brock's personal friends. To be informative, those photos required captions, so Brock and I drafted, revised, and edited them, and we enriched each chapter with an epigraph—sometimes a quotation from Brock's memory.

On March 17, 2020, we three signed the contract to complete the manuscript. A week later, the Covid-19 virus attacked. We persisted: cover designed, queries sent, agents sought, rejections received. The brochure was almost ready; Kristin had become Brock's publisher. She designed every chapter; I took her proofs to Brock for final edits. We searched for printers, found iocolor, wore our masks, kept distance, ran final proofs on-line. The story is now in your hands—one man's life and his fight for the Earth he loved.

George Venn

La Grande, Oregon—July, 2020

Shelves and Signposts: Author's Introduction

My Study Room in our comfortable house here in Oregon has a few shelves on one side. I glance at the upper one, then reach up to a tangled agglomeration of small and medium size notebooks. Diaries. There they are—my whole life recorded, looking right back at me! On a whim, I pull the first one out ... a small black 2" x 3" book, dated 1950 in gold letters; days of the year inside, my pencil-scribbles all surprisingly legible these 68 years later. I say 68 instead of 70 years because I see that I had revised the year-date inside in pencil to "1952," not 1950. As I read, I remember signposts—seven statements that guided me all my life.

#1

Do What You Are Least Inclined To Do.

—Ray Evans

The first diary entry, January 6, is brief: "Shaved today first time." "Wow, what a way to start out my new recorded life with that ancient symbol of approaching manhood," I mused... remembering that I was 14 years old then, a high school freshman, working a paper route to pay for my growing coin collection. (This diary and memory become part of Chapter 1.)

That date set me to thinking, so I calculated the number of days since writing that first entry. From Ohio to Oregon on July 8, 2020: 26,772 days between there and this very strange "Lockdown/Pandemic Land of NE Oregon." That would be 26,772 possible new diary entries of my developing life—each day something new.

But my life didn't turn out that way... not for a few more years. I wrote brief comments about rigorous school study demands, first dates, small victories in various athletic contests, That diary began to open up into something deeper... all of which seems to burst out about 2 feet more down the shelf...

So what's next? I check the dates: 1959-1962... ah, I remember: Chapter 2 tells about full flowering years of what I have always termed "The Springtime of My Life"—2-3 years right after Princeton Uni-

versity. My diary was filled with much soul-searching: Who was I? What was I going to do now? How was I going to learn about an expanding world now revealing itself? I desperately wanted to travel like my rich college friends who visited Europe each year on ocean liners, but since I was too poor to afford anything, I found a job as *maskingut* (engine boy) on a Norwegian ship bound for the Middle East, India, and South Africa. In that diary on the shelf, I wrote about my growing awe at the beauty and power of the vast open ocean—fifty new diary pages of wonders—new people, new cultures, new ways of being.... (The complete diary of that voyage makes Chapter 3.)

#2

The Important Thing In Life Is To Set Out.

—*Marechal de Saxe*

After that ocean adventure, I completed the obligatory military service of those times—active duty in the Marine Corps—which taught me that I could do any *impossible* thing I was ordered to do, if I would always try, and never quit.... (That hidden diary fills Chapter 4.)

Then, perhaps the most seminal and life-changing experiences of all: summer jobs to pay for law school, 1961 and 1962, first as a Server, then Bellman, at the famous Many Glacier Hotel in a mysterious place called Glacier National Park. Just getting there was my first trip west of Chicago, and the huge impact upon all my senses of my first sight of those majestic mountains rising right out of the prairies, their ice-pure creeks bubbling down from the heavens—totally stunned my whole soul as soon as I stepped off the train. Thus for two magic summers of hiking and climbing I happily wandered and explored. So many diary entries followed, hundreds of pages of new explorations, mountain climbs... and, above all, new discoveries of deep feelings which I had never known even existed there. I understood that I would have to live near such mountains the rest of my life. I have always termed my times in Glacier as—in every adventure there—an eternal “Feast of The Senses.” (All love in Chapter 5 diaries.)

#3

Come To The Mountains And Get Their Glad Tidings.

—*John Muir*

Now down a bit further on the shelf, another sheaf of diaries... these from the time we moved to Seattle 1963-66. They chronicle a new, but still total enchantment with the wild and beautiful country to be explored in every corner of the Pacific Northwest. But then—even more life-changing—the diaries speak to my rising awareness that something was ‘not right’ in my beloved adopted new lands: namely, the typical, magnificent, ancient forest giants, the like of which simply did not exist anywhere else, were being logged off at accelerating rates....

#4
**Dream Only Large Dreams,
For Only They Have The Power To Stir People's Souls.**
—*Daniel Burnham*

There is much in the diaries of those years, 1964-67, which chronicle what had become an all-too common experience for those who loved the great forests of these landscapes: that is, they would hike to a special place, say Goat Lake, through one of those special forests... then dream about that place all the next winter and prepare to go back again, only to find upon returning that the trail was trashed, the irreplaceable forests of huge trees either turned into fields of stumps or ugly piles of slash. (This becomes Chapter 6.)

One of the diaries from a 1966 hike to Barclay Lake describes such an experience... and also speaks about the profound change that then transformed me, as it had done to so many others during those years: I wept bitter tears, swore to give the rest of my life to do whatever I could to halt this obscene and ever-growing pace of destruction of these precious places. I joined the increasing thousands who felt the same way, seeking to impose drastic and permanent reforms onto the Agencies then promoting way too much destruction of the beauty and wildness of our public lands....

#5
**All Environmental Victories Are Temporary;
All Defeats Are Permanent.**
—*David Brower*

So began seminal decisions and resolves, life changers... a life of strong and deeply felt emotions, heartbreaks and happiness, joys and aches, victories and defeats... campaigns/battles/struggles—whatever they were called in those intense times. I shared them all with a most wonderful assemblage of like-minded, loving, and caring people—the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of the Environmental Movement. (Diaries on the shelf also support many other chapters.)

And so the diaries, texts, and photographs in this book go on and on in that vein, dear reader. They tell of the rise of our wilderness-protection movement, they chronicle how we organized, raised the public banner, pushed for many better protections, took on campaigns against ferocious opposition—and started to win big successes—over 14 million acres in the end.

#6
**To Be An Environmentalist Is to Know
That We Are Wandering in a Wounded World.**
—Aldo Leopold

And the shelf carries diaries of North Cascades, Hells Canyon, Redwoods, Grand Canyon, Alaska, Sparta Mountain, Congaree, Israel, Canada, Cancer Time... so much more.... How blessed that those seminal years and the conclusions and imperatives therefrom were all chronicled at the times they were actually happening. *That is the great value of this book: it relates and documents the actual emotions expressed during those times, not some later reinterpretation of those same events.* (I add my last signpost for you.)

#7
Never Quit. Endless Pressure Endlessly Applied.
—Brock Evans

As I write, it is July of 2020... certainly the strangest July I have ever known in the past 83 years of my own existence! Just now wife Linda passed me a web-series of drawings and related commentaries by a dozen very talented and creative people. As I casually thumbed through them, admiring their creativity, one special set stood out: as drawings, yes, but even more so for their accompanying powerful texts.

Written by one Zuina Mabuala, age 34, from Puerto Rico, she said it all, both about these new strange, uncertain, and newly demanding times... and also maybe about the deeper meaning of this book. Here's what Ms. Mabuala said:

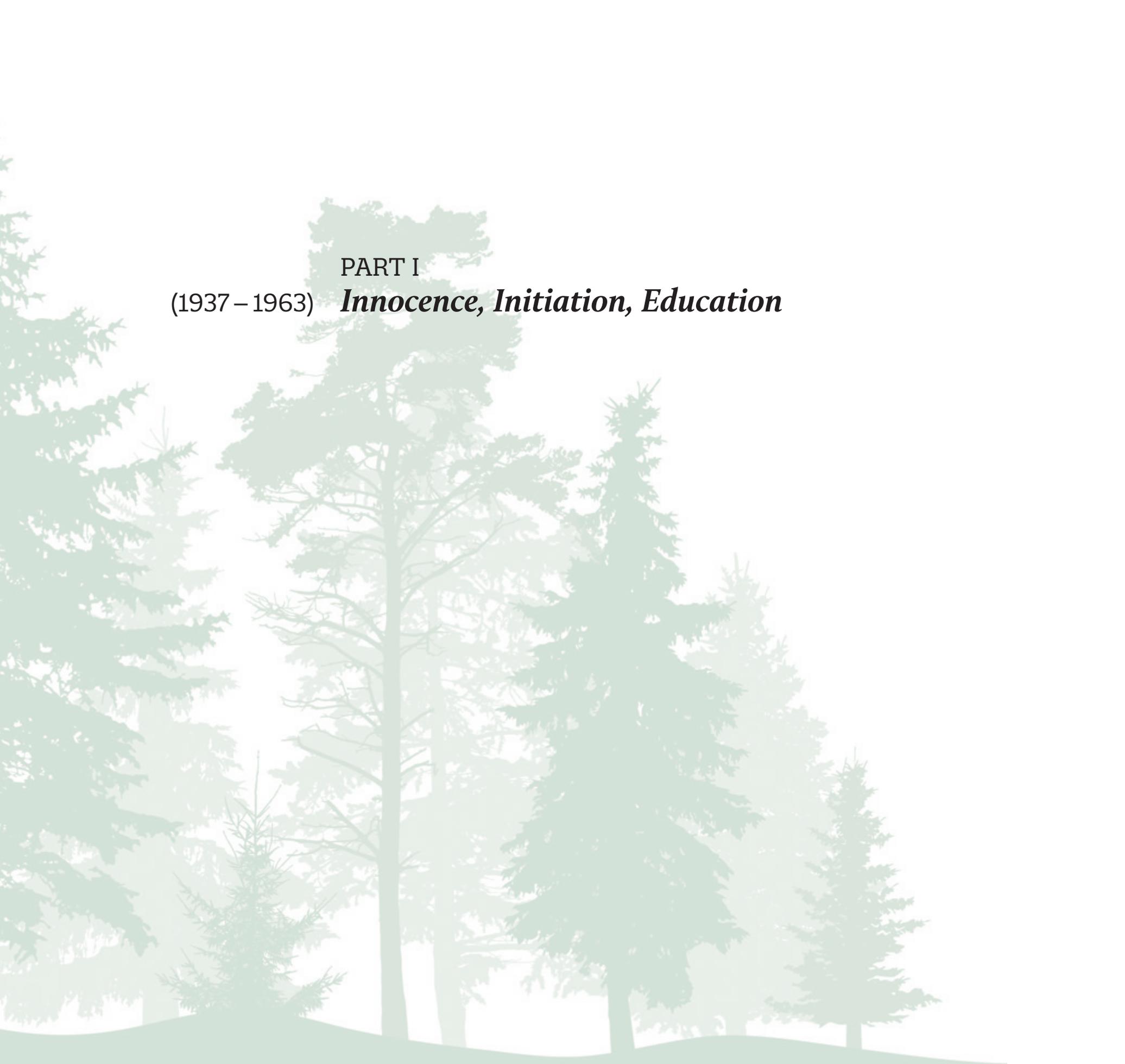
These pandemic times have destroyed my stability—my way of doing things and the way I relate to others. It is as if life had plowed my land and sown salt into the furrows. But from that same salt that sterilized me, that destroyed me, is where a new me arises. One never seen before, imagined, dreamed—only possible from the chaos and strength, ready to face the new challenges that lie ahead.

So now, a new signpost—this book—for you...

#8
**We Face Inevitable Adversities
When We Try To Protect What We Love.**
—Zuina Mabuala

Brock Evans
La Grande, Oregon—July, 2020





PART I
(1937 – 1963) *Innocence, Initiation, Education*



“Bexley House, 722 Chelsea Avenue, South Bexley.” Constructed during and after WWII, our home was peaceful and ordinary. I remember my mother preparing salmon croquettes, steam fogging the windows as she cooked dinner before Dad came home. In our large back yard I often parted the grass to discover the amazing riot of life below.

*There was a child went forth every day;
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became;
And that object became part of him for the day, or a
certain part of the day, or for many years,
or stretching cycles of years.*

—LEAVES OF GRASS (1855)

CHAPTER 1

(1937–1955) *Columbus Boy: Bexley, Home, School, Education*



Monday, May 24, 1937, was a good day to be born in Columbus, Ohio—the thriving, burgeoning capital located in the middle of the state. Rising from flat ground carved by an Ice Age glacier at the confluence of the Scioto and Olentangy rivers, the city’s then-current internal demography and politics reflected a decades-old divide affecting the whole state from north to south.

After early work at *My Weekly Reader*, my father, Ray Evans Jr., obtained the position of Editorial Cartoonist at the *Columbus Dispatch*, Columbus’ main newspaper. At that time, his father—my grandfather, (lovingly known to me as “Dadats”) was the senior cartoonist, so they formed one of the few father-son cartoon teams in the entire country. Since the *Dispatch*’s editorial outlook of those times in this always-divided “swing” state, was strongly pro-Republican, I grew up in a household in which a dynamic and well-educated student of history and classical music (my father) would set the “political” household mores of those years (1940s–1950s). Today, I would call my father a “Liberal Republican,” but in my early years, no one in our household would ever consider voting for a Democrat! Around *our* dinner table, it was always “tax and spend Democrats.” Tax and spend....

“Grandfather.” Artist and professional cartoonist Ray Evans, Sr. nicknamed “Dadats” playing with me around age 4.

As Republicans then, no one in my family ever “*hated Nature*,” opposed new parks, or opposed stronger laws/regulations to control the then rampant chemical and toxic pollution of the time, for example, Cleveland’s Cuyahoga River catching on fire. In fact, I scarcely even met any Democrats until age 22, when I fell in love with Rachel Cohen while studying at Michigan Law School, and she was the first Democrat I ever knew intellectually as well as emotionally. After many conversations/arguments, I realized that I most often identified with the issues of that “other (Democrat) camp.” Later, we would spend many hours on picket lines in Michigan and Seattle, especially when demonstrating for voting rights and civil rights for everyone, and for the protection of our natural world—wildlife, habitats, parks, wilderness. Everyone in my personal family—father, mother, sisters—loved and supported these causes too.

On my mother’s (Adele Walley) side, my three aunts were social workers and Catholics who, like my father, let me go to any church—or no church. At home—the oldest and only brother of two younger sisters—I always felt loved, encouraged, and praised by parents and grandparents—Ray Sr. (“Dadats” and Helen Holter Evans (“Hodie”)—with whom I spent many happy weekends. By age 4, I’d taught myself to read and by age 6 to understand world geography. Between the ages 4–7, my parents would often ask me to come down after bed time to entertain friends by finding locations on a spinning globe. (Those friends named each other the

“Vicious Circle.”) Due to this perceived high intelligence, my parents had special IQ tests done at nearby Ohio State: by that early measure, I scored around 160.

By age 8, I was not only becoming more literate, sociable, and educable, but also showed an increasing awareness of and sensitivity to the natural world. My mother,

“Baby Sister.”
*Lynne playing with me
between ages 3–4.*



***"The Ghenry Gnome Show."** My Mom and Dad, Ray Jr. and Adele Evans, staged a weekly Sunday TV show on WBNS, the largest station in Columbus. For our main prop, we constructed a fake tree-trunk. Mom stood behind that device and talked back to Dad, the storyteller standing in front. She imitated a squeaky excitable high-pitched voice for "Ghenry" the puppet. I also stood behind the tree trunk and maneuvered that bird with the large beak we called "Kookabird," who spoke in a slow deep voice. I was about age 13-14.*



a loving and caring lifetime confidante, encouraged me to watch birds; I kept a bird list and eventually identified 100 species with the help of our voluminous, green, frayed Audubon guide. Even domestic birds fascinated me. My canary and my pet mallard Lucifer gave me great pleasure, but my most faithful outdoor buddy in those years was my dog Skippy who always ran ahead of me to explore the nearby “North Woods” and the mysterious fields beyond. When he disappeared for three days, I cried my heart out. My parents sympathized. After school, my friends and I played “Hide and Seek” in the wooded, still uncut lots and, as Bexley’s developers cut down the beautiful second-growth hardwoods in our rapidly developing neighborhood, I cried over the loss of the wild things and places we’d loved and memorized—big trees, secret hideouts, hidden camps, shadowy trails. Even the trees along the alley where we walked every day to Main-Montrose Elementary school were finally cut down. Next door, just one ancient apple tree was left standing.

One afternoon a family friend introduced me to the microcosm beneath my feet: “Lie down on your tummy, part the green lawn with your hands, and look deeper,” he said. “See all those tiny lives scurrying around?” I was amazed. The unseen and beautiful riot of life was right there before me in miniature. When my father went out hunting, I tagged along. The day he shot and killed a woodchuck, I cried. After that episode, my father stopped hunting. An already deep love for all things outdoors was greatly



enhanced by memorable drives to visit Uncle Lank and Auntie Marion’s farm in the green and open nearby countryside, by visits and walks in Pike Lake State Park and forests like Conkle’s Hollow and Old Man’s Cave, by exploring local zoos and pioneer museums. With my parents and two younger sisters Lynne and Shelley, I unconsciously came to love all these outdoor places. They fascinated me. I read everything I could about the lives of “pioneers” and “Indians.”

Each summer between ages 9 and 16, our family drove north to spend two weeks relaxing on Lake Erie. Seven miles out of the village of Amherstberg, Ontario, our family vacationed in a comfortable cottage loaned by neighbors. My sisters and I played in a yard of huge old trees, swam in the shallows,

“The Thoughtful Son.”
One day after 7th grade at Bexley Junior High School, my Dad, a professional artist, took this photo of me at age 12.
(Ray Evans Jr. Photo)

and explored the stretch of lake front beach and a battered sea wall. Listening to waves crash and boom during storms, watching that huge mysterious body of wild water, and reading local history, my young imagination was aroused and excited. I could see the parade of cargo ships sailing to the Detroit River, but I couldn't see Ohio. Internalizing the rhythms, sounds, moods, plants, animals, and lore of that place, I delighted in my first discovery of real wilderness—the wilderness of vast open waters and a larger natural world.

Nearly every Sunday between ages 8–9, most of the guys I played with went to the local Lutheran church. They invited me to join them and our friendship eventually in-

cluded participating in Luther League. By ages 12–13, I considered myself a Lutheran, and received Confirmation. In those years, whenever anyone asked about my religious faith, I always replied I was a Lutheran. (Later, at Princeton, I wrote in my diary about sitting in its dimly-lit chapel, listening to the organ's fugues, marveling at the stately Gothic buttresses, arches, and columns—a sacred place filled with the music of God. That chapel was a most special place where I was always overcome with the most powerful feeling that the world *is* great and good.)

In the 8th grade, I started to write a daily diary—emotions, dances, games, girls, church, dates, shaves, kisses—anything that moved me I committed to short intimate

“Rafters on Lake Erie.”

During family vacations, my sister Lynne (age 11) and I (age 15) loved to ride the raft on Lake Erie waves. This vast body of water was my first experience of wilderness. (c.1952)







sentences—the beginning of a lifelong introspective practice. That same year, I started delivering, first, the *Columbus Dispatch*, then later, the *Ohio State Journal*. With this small income, I started a coin collection. One evening after finishing my paper route, I was reading an English/Cyrillic dictionary to decipher the writing on my Russian coins. When my father saw me, he exploded: “I’ve had it with that public school. They don’t teach you anything. Gonna find a way to get someone with your intelligence and interests into a different school.” At age 15, I was enrolled at the Columbus Academy—a new sophomore in the best private high school in the area.

A few other still-remembered circumstances from those early years: I was voted as nicest smile in the 7th grade. Then, Mom later ran a stop sign, another car ran into us, and the collision knocked out both of my front teeth, leaving an embarrassing emotional and physical gap that could only partially be filled by a bridge and crown. One summer, I pedaled an ice cream wagon around the South Bexley streets. Another summer I worked as a camp counselor in Weld, Maine, my first journey to both mountainous northeast. Other summers I worked on a State Highway Department road crew and painted at the state fairgrounds. As a high school athlete, I’d earned “A” letters in football and swimming, and tried out for baseball. However, while sliding into second base, I broke cartilage and severely tore the ligaments in my right knee. For the rest of my life, I would have knee and tooth issues. In spite of those physical setbacks, I graduated *cum laude* from Columbus Academy that spring of 1955—my life forever changed and ready for the next challenge.

“Making Music.”

On a typical Sunday afternoon, my family, friends, and neighbors gathered to play classical chamber music. Dad on flute, Mom on recorder, visitors on violin and keyboard: all enjoy a Christmas ensemble.



How rare and sweet is life! How I drink in all that it has to offer! How moved I was when I stood before the statue of Lincoln in the rain and I knew that someday I will come to guide the nation as he has done. I was awed and impressed to be in the nerve center of the greatest power in the world. I want to be here someday.

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 2

(1955-1959) *Princeton Days: Going East Alone*

That spring of 1955, I applied to six different colleges and was accepted by all of them. My Football coach was a Princeton University alumnus and the New Jersey school offered me the best scholarships, so I broke with the family tradition of attending nearby Ohio State and went northeast. As a freshman enrolled in non-coed Princeton, I immediately discovered some new conditions: the “teeming east” was crowded, class conscious, wealthy. Social standing mattered; girls at Vassar and Wellesley seemed different and often distant. For meals and friendship, I joined the Tower Club and learned to see the world through the eyes of my new friends who were mostly better off.

I had lost Susan Fay, my first love, then fallen deeply in love with Lanah McNamara while still in high school, a relationship kindled by our first sexual experience and affection, a passionate bond that lasted in some ways four years and, in fact, a lifetime. In November of my freshman year, I wrote to my father that I was sick with longing for

Lanah. I couldn’t eat, couldn’t study, didn’t want to row on crew, couldn’t concentrate. In one of my letters, I told him I wanted to quit Princeton to be with Lanah. In reply, my father wrote me a long and thoughtful letter in which he advised me to take the long view: “Stay and ally yourself with a great tradition,” protect your future opportunities, stop missing crew practice, and control your passion for this very attractive middle-class girl.” If I didn’t, he advised that I “would be losing my big chance—my standing in a great school, my scholarship, my prestige as a crewman—everything that nearly any other man my age would give anything to have.” Over the next four years, my father proved to be right, and I settled down, became a history major, stayed on the rowing team that year, joined the staff of *The Tiger*—the student magazine.

During those undergraduate summers I lived at home, earned money for school by sweating out all kinds of manual work: heavy construction, laborer for multiple Columbus companies, foreman on work

AT LEFT:
“Blind Date, May 1956.”
Age 19, a freshman at Princeton, I met Vern Wolfinger at a ball/formal dance at Trenton State Teacher’s College 10 miles away. Here we’re setting out on a successful blind date.

crews. I joined the hod carriers and common labor unions in Ohio. Often, after I got off work those summer days, I would dive into my father's music room, there to select some treasures from the shelves and shelves of 78s he had, pop them on the record player's spindle, throw myself down on the floor and listen and listen. And the strange thing was that each piece, each treasure, seemed so familiar. Dvorak, Mozart, Respighi, Vivaldi, Charpentier, Beethoven—I played them over and over, a practice continued for the rest of my life, especially in times of stress. Other evenings after dinner, my father and I would have “long and penetrating conversations” on the patio.

For me to stay at Princeton all four years, the constant requirement was daily work outside of class: manual labor and yard work for townspeople and regular service as a “chapel credit keeper” of all students' required attendance at half of all Sunday services. In the last semester of my senior year, I successfully completed my thesis, *The Rise of German National Sentiment Before the Reformation Era 1494–1520*, and passed my Comprehensive Examinations with flying colors—enough to graduate with honors. In my diary excerpted below, I kept a kaleidoscopic unexpurgated record of my heart and soul and spirit during those last undergraduate weeks—days of self doubt and self assurance, craziness and reason, joy and pain, futures and pasts, vision and reality, desire and indifference, procrastination and discipline, weakness and energy, girls and friends, loves and losses. The following is a transcript of about half of my diary between April 5 and June 16—that semester when I turned twenty-two, graduated from Princeton, prepared to launch my first sea voyage, and dreamed of my freedom, my future, my fortune.

* * *



“Ironworker July 1960.” *Discharged from the Marine Corps in June, I got a high-paying construction job to earn tuition for first year law school. Here, Lynne and I wait for a patio dinner in the yard of our Upper Arlington house while an unknown photographer captures my worker's tan.*

- MAY 20, 1959, PRINCETON** Very hot & humid. What is this new thing I feel inside me? All at once I no longer care—I am sure and I am calm and I am confident. I feel full of the world; I feel understanding & in control of my emotions, I feel as if I am a mature adult and for the first time capable of taking care of myself. I am glad I am going to law school; and I am eager and concerned for my future; I can make rational decisions and stick by them. Girls are no longer important—even Lanah, and thus all my tortured writings of the past month seem to have been the last gasp of the old ways. I feel good. Oh do not let me lose my dreams and my yearnings and my constant projects. One day I am going to Mexico, the next to Costa Rica, the next to Europe; I want to do everything. And I am young and happy and strong and attractive and healthy and full of hope and potential. It is good to be alive.
- MAY 21, PRINCETON** Very humid. I had my last college precept today and it was fittingly very stimulating. Last time! Last time! But I do not really care. I like it here but I am so involved in my future activities that there is no time to be sentimental. We played our last baseball game today and beat Elm Club 13–14. I had a good day—got 3 hits in 4 at bats and 3 RBIs. At night I studied for Comps—they are going to be rough. And back comes this Lanah thing again. I just heard that Yale graduates next week, which means that she will be up there for graduation. And that means they will be intimate as we once were—and it cuts me as deep as ever. But I know there is nothing I can do, so I had just as well stop bothering myself with it.
- MAY 22, PRINCETON** Hot & humid again. Can't remember what I did except play volleyball & try to study for Comps. Only when the pressure is on can I really work hard. I have a hell of a lot of ground to cover for Comps but I am not really worried about them. My thesis is my big job as far as I am concerned. Around 11 I went out drinking with a bunch of guys from the Club over at the 'Nex.
- MAY 24, PRINCETON** My 22nd birthday. But I do nothing but study all day at the Club. Comps tomorrow—I'm a bit clutched.
- MAY 25, PRINCETON** Warm. My first day of Comprehensive Exams—four hours of Modern European History in the morning. I knew all the stuff cold, as I had been studying it for a week. But when the time came to put it down, I found that I had too much specific knowledge & not enough of a sense of the general pattern. It was a disaster: 3 questions from 8:30 to 12:30. I didn't finish my first one till 11, & my 2nd till 12:10, leaving me 20 minutes for the last. Terrible, terrible! I am sure I didn't get above a 4 for today's work. And thus I lose my chance for honors that I wanted so much. Not only that, but it is possible that I will not graduate at all. I must do well tomorrow & Wednesday. I was very despondent all day, but I studied hard. I must at least recoup my losses, and I will not do that by moping. But all hope is gone, and I am clutched about tomorrow.
- MAY 26, PRINCETON** I did very well on my Comps today—so at least I am going to graduate, even tho I will not get honors, dammit.

MAY 28, PRINCETON

Studying for final exams—senior year.... Very hot & humid. I had a psychology exam in the morning—which I finished in 50 minutes mainly because I didn't know too much. I worked at the U Store all afternoon, & Skip & I messed around after dinner & volleyball—and I studied some at night. But I do not feel like studying anymore—only one more exam and I am done with college. The time is quite near now, and the future is as yet uncertain. This is the first time in some days that I have felt like writing in here. What am I thinking now? I have become suddenly aware of my need for independence, and I think that the feeling of this is more important than going to law school. I want to work, get out and prove myself—God how I need this. I am not a man yet; I am still a dependent, and nothing in the world do I want more than the excitement of meeting the world on its own terms and dealing with it. I am even a little apprehensive—but I think I can handle it—and also I must find out how much I am worth, what the outside world is like.

I must go, and I must not channel this desire elsewhere. This, I feel, is crucial—but then I tend to view my whole life as a tragic one, full of crises, revolutions, and turning points... thanks to the criticism of my friends I have begun to see some of this. Interesting how one's view of his life affects his viewpoint... for me life is sweet and complex, yet also full of problems, tragedies, turmoil, and crises—all of which I have yet to overcome to my own satisfaction.

MAY 29, PRINCETON

Hot & humid again. That made me certain that I am going to Michigan Law School next year—I couldn't stand the heat down South! Worked all afternoon at U Store; & at night Alice drove Bernie & myself to look at a used car we were thinking of buying. Later we bought some beer & went to her apartment. We drank some & then I got the idea of going swimming. So we went down by the dam at the lake & we all went in, Bernie & I in the raw. It was a good evening.

MAY 30, PRINCETON

Where am I going? What am I doing? My life seems to have come to a complete dead end. I have nothing to do this summer; my future is uncertain. All I know is that I must get out on my own. Zebs and I bought some lemon sherbet & rum & made a big pitcher of frozen daiquiris & laid out in the sun all afternoon—after I had taken Alice to the Memorial Day parade in the morning. Pleasant lazy days... and always is the hazy lurk of the future, coming nearer and nearer. At night Bill Sullivan & I drove out to the Kingston Inn & drank it up for awhile.

MAY 31, PRINCETON

Nice, warm & summer-like, but not yet unbearably hot. I spent a pleasant morning under a tree on Cannon Green, dreaming and trying to study for my Art exam Tuesday. These pleasant dream-times are all too infrequent; always I am pushed, always there is something to do. But perhaps it is best that way, for then we appreciate it more, when we have our rare moments of solitude.... In the afternoon, Phil, Mark & I drove to the shore to swim at Asbury Park. The water was too rough to swim in & we had to pay a dollar, but it was fun. Carefree days! Played very good volleyball at night. Studied over at

the Club with the boys. The time is drawing near now; soon we will all go. But there is too much else on my mind to be anything but excited.

JUNE 5, PRINCETON

Hot—but a great, wonderful, day. I learned in the morning that I was graduating with honors and I was so happy that I called home about it. How fine—for once I got something I wanted and I feel full of accomplishment.... Bernie picked me up at 3:30, & it was a pleasant drive to Cape Cod—got there about 10:30. Great day!

JUNE 6, CAPE COD

Warm on Cape Cod. Because I have never been here before, I went driving with Bernie's mother & sister from East Dennis, where we were, to Orleans. They let me out there and I walked around, down to the fishing harbor. Strange feeling—only one day before I had no idea I would be 350 miles away the next day. I like these spur-of-the moment things. In the afternoon, we all went swimming. The water was freezing but I forced myself to stay in & it got better. Later I wandered around the beach as the tide went out—what a fascinating place, full of all kinds of strange creatures & plants. The tide is fascinating, life is new & rare. At night they talked me into going to Europe. Good idea!

JUNE 7, CAPE COD

An exciting and invigorating day. In the morning—a gray gusty morning, I walked out to the end of the jetty; the waves pounded all about me, the wind whistled, and I paced and shouted, and talked to them for at least an hour. I am not afraid of them or anything; I look out to the sea and see only bright future-adventure. To Europe! Now I am all excited about it and sure I will go.

The wanderlust is in me, I am as free as the wind that howled about me, as restless as the waves. No more copper mines or ditch-digging for me—I am going to see the world!

JUNE 8, CAPE COD

Hot. I wandered around the beach in the morning—fascinating place. The sea is a wonderful and fascinating thing. Bernie & I left around 11:30 & got back around 6; not a bad trip. When I got back, I found a telegram from Lanah of all people, congratulating me on my graduation. She thought it was the same day as Yale's graduation, which reinforced my opinion that she is up there now with her current boyfriend. But it was a nice end to a great weekend. How good it feels to be young and free; I have no obligations any more, I can come and go as I please. And to sea, to Europe I will go; around the world I will go, and get the wanderlust out of my system. To hell with all the pressures and stupid materialistic cares of this damn American way of life. America is for the birds—at least its personal debts and unions and inflation are. I do not fit the pattern.

JUNE 9, PRINCETON

Very hot & humid. I did little all day—wrote a few letters & goofed around I cannot work unless I am under pressure. I had Alice over for a few beers before dinner & she ate with me at the Club & stayed around with me later. And I did nothing. I feel lazy and fat and slobby—ugh. I need to be busy, I feel

useless and pointless... gone are my high moments of confidence and excitement of a few days ago. Now all I feel is blah...can't get anything done.

JUNE 10, PRINCETON

Very hot. Went swimming at the quarry with a bunch of guys; while there I met & picked up a girl from Trenton named Phyllis Metay. We had a lot of fun—she was encouraging and had a good body & I got a date with her for tonite. I figured I would probably get laid but I didn't. She drove down here & we just drove all around & walked by the lake. She is a good intelligent girl & I had a nice time even tho she left early. Maybe Saturday I can fit it in.

Europe, Europe—or overseas anywhere; it does not matter: I must go, I want to go, I am young and hopeful and full of dreams. (I care not for my old problems, Lanah). They have all vanished in the bright glare of a new and exciting world being held out to me.

JUNE 11, PRINCETON

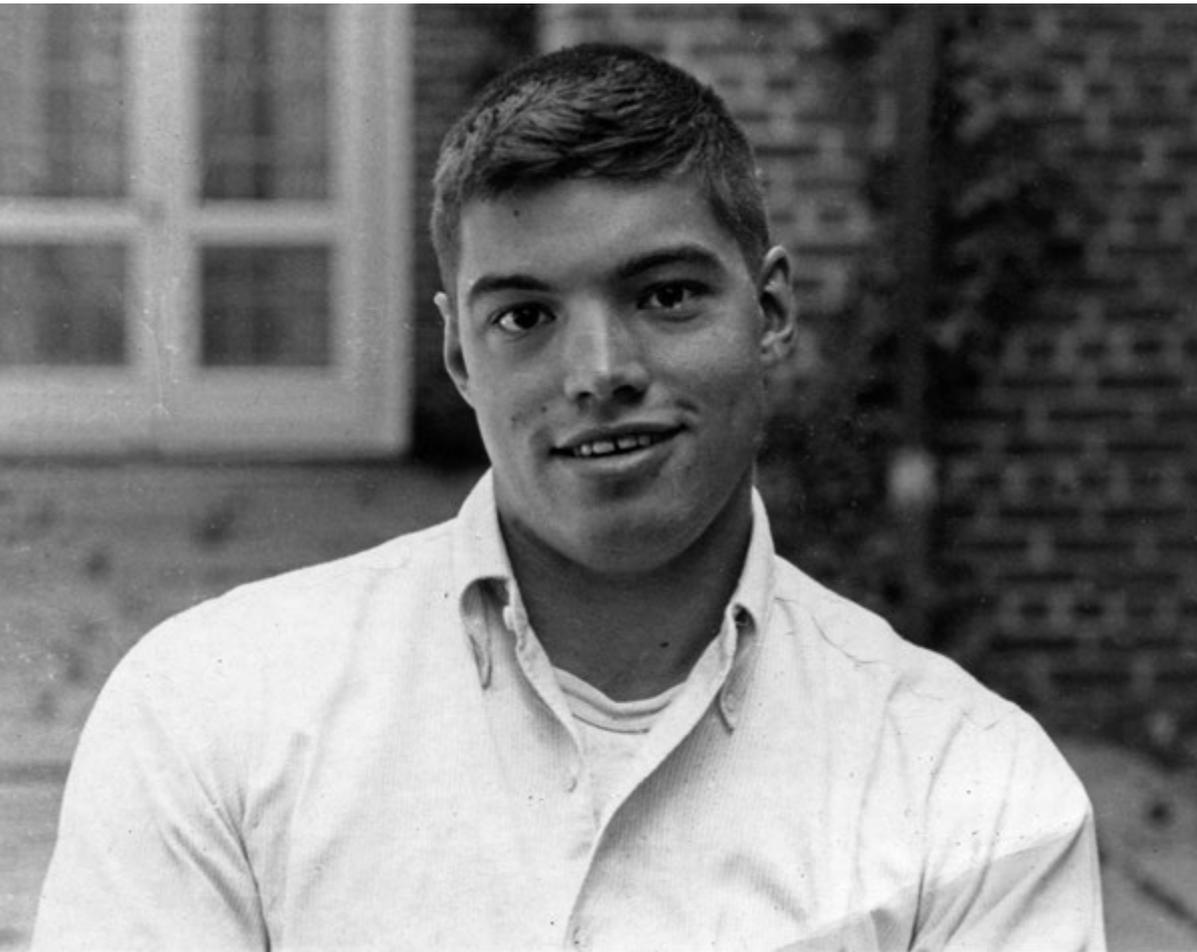
Cooler. My soul is tormented and distressed today. I got a letter from Mom in which she said she knew I was on the top of the draft eligible list—that puts a serious crimp in my plans for Europe. Why, why? Why. I cannot go into the Army now. My whole being cries out: I cannot give up the best two years of my life. Never again will I be as young and free, so able to live a care-free life. I must go abroad now. I love my country, but now is not the time to save it. I weep, I cry out, I cannot go now. Let me develop myself; let me wander and be on my own, let me see if I am a man or not. The Army will ruin me, it will show me nothing. Oh, let me be free!

And I talked to an insurance man today. He said, “Of course you will be in debt all your life.” God, what a terrible indictment of American society! In order to live, you have to be in debt. I rebel, I will not do this. I am sick and fed up with all of society. I will not fit the mold, I want no part of security or down payments or debts. I want to be free. God, there must be some way; once I start my career I cannot stop. But life is so short. I must see the world. Oh I must now; soon I will be married & settle down. I need excitement & challenge. Where will I find it? Not in the Army.

JUNE 12, WASHINGTON, DC

Humid. Harry Hummer and I drove down to Washington D.C. today & got there about 2:30. My purpose was ostensibly to get my passport, but I really wanted to see the place. It was very impressive: rows and rows of huge stately government buildings, wide spacious streets & walks, everywhere impressive monuments

When I tried to get my passport they told me I couldn't have it for five days. So I wandered down K Street and saw an impressive building—Kiplinger Building Kiplinger, an old family friend tho I had never seen him before. So I walked into the marble lobby and asked the receptionist at the great polished wooden desk to see Mr. Kiplinger. “Who are you?” she said: “The grandson of his friend, Ray Ev-



“Princeton Senior 1959.” ABOVE: *at age 22, I’m standing in front of 611 Cuyler Hall, my senior suite of rooms.* RIGHT: *I’m dressed for a job interview with a company searching for students with corporate objectives.*



ans Sr.," I replied. She called upstairs, told him—and then said “go right on up to his penthouse office with a grand view of the White House. We chatted & he asked why I was here and I told him about the passport problem...so his secretary pulled some wires & got the White House to call the Passport Office—and after I left, walked back down the same street—got my passport within the hour! That’s what wires are for—to be pulled.

JUNE 13, PRINCETON

Harry & I drive back today. Went to the very impressive P-Rade of all the alumni today. Rank upon rank, banner after banner of Princeton classes—old men, young men, children, bands. I was quite moved and drawn closer to the traditions of Princeton. At night I went out with some buddies & parties at various Reunion tents. I got rid of my date, exchanged my date with the date of a club friend—all to everyone’s higher satisfaction.

JUNE 14, PRINCETON

Lovely cool day. I went with the rest of my classmates to a very impressive Baccalaureate service (How could any service not be impressive in the mighty Gothic majesty of that chapel?) In the afternoon I cleaned up my room & Mom & Dad came in about 3:30. It was great to see them; we went to the garden party at the President’s house and Dee came in around 7:00. After dinner we sat around the Club & talked to all my friends. I am pleased with everything and proud of my friends, school, club, family. Last time, last time—a sort of lonely feeling, but nevertheless, this is a very pleasant ending to 4 eventful years.

JUNE 15, PRINCETON

Another lovely day. A fill round of traditional Class Day ceremonies—in the morning at Alexander Hall, in the afternoon the pipe-breaking ceremonies on Cannon Green. And all at once I grew very emotional and attached to the mighty tradition of my school, as I knew I would—something I will have with me forever. Then there was a cocktail party at the Club afterwards & it was good to socialize with my buddies & their families. I got sort of high; and later, Mom & Dee & I went partying over at the Annex & at the Princeton Inn ,where Dad joined us with all my friends. Everybody had a ball! Later, after my folks, Dick & Jerry & I walked over to the Club, then wandered around town & made speeches in front of Nassau Hall.

JUNE 16, PRINCETON

Graduation this morning was impressive, tho long. I feel very proud of my school and sorry to go, but there is much to do now. I rushed around saying last goodbyes, packing, selling furniture, and trying to get off—it was hectic & I was depressed for any number of reasons. About 4:00 I drove into NY with Mom & Dad & Dee & Joan. We, sans Joan) went to dinner at a nice restaurant & then to see “*La Plume de Ma Tante*”—a tremendously witty play.

It was good.

I was overcome with a wave of sympathy for my father—he is such a good guy, full of ability and potential—and yet he is in a job in which he can no longer advance, he is underpaid and he feels as if he is not a success. God I hope he sells his book. It is his last chance. I can feel it now—how awful must be the feeling that your life is not fulfilled the way you wanted. I have big dreams and ambitions—it will be hard to realize them all. I will try to do something for my father to ease his distress—for I care not about his money, he is always a great guy in my book.

* * *



"M/S Capto 4,328 Tons." A modern merchant ship, the Norwegian freighter was clean and tidy inside because I cleaned and washed both the crew sleeping quarters and the boiler room floors several times a week. The crew of 40-50 included about 8 officers plus their wives/girlfriends who also did essential chores, such as radio operator.

Why do I keep trying to test myself this way? Will this make me a man? This is what I wanted so much in New York, but now I do not like it. But I will stick it out—I have no choice. Oh I miss home—green grass and solid ground and dinners on the patio. I miss American food—the food here sickens me and I cannot eat. OK, that’s enough pity, Evans. I don’t feel sorry for you—you asked for this. And I will snap out of it.

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 3

(1959) **Voyage to India: Maskingut on the *Capto***

After graduation that June, 1959, I bought and began to write in two new notebooks excerpted below: a basic chronology and my “Little Red Book”—a journal for longer thoughts and ruminations. The following is a transcript

combining excerpts from both records between June 17 and October 30. For months I had dreamed of going somewhere. Now I was answering the call to adventure—searching for any job on a ship in the New York harbor.

* * *

NEW YORK, JUNE 18–22

For a week, Sully (Bill Sullivan) and I tramped all over lower New York & Brooklyn talking to Norwegian shippers, captains, a French liner. Used up a lot of shoe leather, but that was about all. No success. Discouraged. Alone in the big city but staying with the Constables (friends of my grandparents) who have a nice apartment on the East Side, but I cannot stay here forever. I want to get out of here—I hope we can soon, but somehow, I fear, it will be a long time. No money. New low point. Can’t even get checks cashed. I feel very poor. Now I know what it is like to be completely penniless with no one to turn to for help. I miss home a little—but I feel good and am happy. Life is good.

Again, Sully & I tramped all over the city—Brooklyn, West River, Wall Street, Maritime Union, Norwegian Seaman’s Association, Oslofjord. We got a run-around some places, but I think we can get a job if we hang around for awhile. Why not the Far East? Why not all around the world? Who cares about Europe? I will go anywhere—now is the time.

New York women—either native or expatriate—are different from the kind I am used to. They are more exotic, some very lovely, not just ‘different’ looking. I feel myself looking and observing; but

they are not for me. I need the bright, sparkling, & considerate Midwestern type. How I miss Lanah! I see her always, I am shaken a hundred times a day by memories of her & how we were. Is this because I am not busy now and have no girl? Or do I truly love her? It has been so long since we even did anything together—but I feel something when all I said & done.... I suppose I will write & tell her so again—as I must

Amazing sight to see NY at nite: it rises like a black and gold fairy-city from the black waters. One cannot tell where dark water ends and city begins The great city... this is a megalopolis, a world-city; it is not like other American cities. There is much much more... the babble of a score of foreign tongues at every corner. The international element is strong, from busy port to graceful United Nations. Everybody comes to New York sometime. I am beginning to see why people like the great city... life teems & crowds you to the streets, it takes you by the heels and swings you up & down; there is everything here, from Babylonian ziggurats of steel & concrete to bustling port to quiet park to crowded babbling market-place. So many different kinds of people—what a place! I left Bill around 8 & wandered around the city on my way back to the Constables. What a fascinating place.... I was in Washington Park—not only a park, but a remarkable place. People, people—it is hard for one such as myself who yearns for wide spaces.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23-30

Encouraging days. At least 3 jobs were posted [at the Scandinavian Seaman's Union Hall] & I think that if we wait for awhile we will get what we want. I feel good. I am not exactly alone. I want to go to sea. We went to the Union Hall again— a number of jobs were posted, some to Europe. Encouraging and discouraging days. We hung around the Scandinavian Union Hall from 9:30 to 2:30—dull way to get a job, but there seems to be no other way. I could have gone to South Africa today, but we are trying to get passage for two. We got turned away from one ship but we will make it eventually.

I miss Lanah; this too is a part of what happened today. I do not seem to get the things I want—no, not do not—I DO get them, but I always have to sweat them so much before I do. Why? I don't know; but Lanah maybe is a part of this. I love her and always have, and no other girls have truly taken her place. I care not what she has done or what she is supposed to be like—I love her. I am somewhat afraid if I go to sea & am gone for a long time, she will do something rash & get married. But I must go; and perhaps, as she once said to me, "I will wait for you." Now I do not know where to go or how it will all end.

I had a headache, & so laid around all afternoon, but in the evening Sully & I wandered around the Village. What a fascinating place! Art exhibits, beards, colored men, white women, weird costumes, tourists. It is nice in the summer; the whole city tries to escape into Washington Park... and I stayed there for a long time, drinking in the sights and sounds... A couple of girls tried to pick us up. How

“Brooklyn Docks/Seaman’s Church Institute.”

Searching for a ship going to Europe, we walked by this waterfront building at 25 South Street, Manhattan. It houses the world’s largest non-denominational service center for sailors. (Plastichrome. Color Pictures Publishers, New York)

good to be so young & carefree! I’m having a good time. I hear the loud bold twang of the guitars, the rhythm off the drums... and my feet, my whole body, begin to move, as if impelled by some outside (or inner) force.

One morning Sully & I tried another boat. No go. The lying captain said he didn’t want anyone. But we have to try. In the afternoon I watched TV at Constable’s. In the evening I went back to the Village to eat, & Sully & I went to a free opera, *La Traviata*. It was quite well done, and I enjoyed it. I sat beside a charming German girl & we had a good time together.



Another very discouraging day—4 jobs came up, but we never got them—just almost. We spent the rest of the day at the Norwegian Consulate trying to get into the Union. We shall see. I am the one who does all the work—Bill just follows around. Do not let me get discouraged. Very hot & uncomfortable—96 degrees.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30

Today was the day. After Sully and I gathered again among the mob of job-seekers just like us, I saw this job posted on the Union-only billboard: “*Maskingut, Persike Gulf-Indien, 4 moned.*” (Engine boy, Persian Gulf-India, four months). I wanted that one—any one by now! I asked Sully, but he had forgotten to bring his passport with him that day. So we agreed to split up... and when the job wasn’t taken by a Union member, they carried the card (and others) over to the hoi-poloï billboard.... I stretched out my big arm over the bobbing heads of the others and grabbed that one! Quick!

Then a painful farewell to Bill, my compadre, then upstairs to join the *Norsk Sjomansfjordbund* (Norwegian Seaman’s Union—\$4.00), then, exalted and excited and nervous all at the same time, took the subway back from Brooklyn to the Constables; a goodbye there, pack & pick up my duffel bag, stop to purchase seasick pills (never needed them), and an English-Norwegian dictionary (needed that a lot), and made my way back to the teeming docks—Pier 57 I believe—and my ship, the *Capto*, a 4,823 ton Norwegian freighter.

The docks were like something out of the movie “The Waterfront:” cursing labor bosses, sweating longshoremen loading 6,000 tons of corn for India, 3,000 tons of silage for Ethiopia, 38 Chevy Impalas for the Saudis, salad oil for Kuwait, steam-shovels strapped to the deck for Karachi, much much more.

In awe and already wondering what I had done, I reported to the radio operator/secretary on the *Capto*. A pleasant young woman, she assigned me to my double decker bunk room (shared with a 17-year-old Laplander, Martin Johansen), where I sat down.

About 4 PM, the radio operator tapped on the door: “Mr. Evans, you are having a telephone call.” Stumbling out past the sweating longshoremen, I found a pay phone booth and called my mother’s workplace: “I don’t want you going where those savages are,” sobbed my mother. I assured her I would be alright, but inside I was beginning to wonder too. Calling home earlier, Dad had answered: “Great, son. Where you going—to Europe?” When I told him India, he gulped and like a good Dad said, “Well, um, son, we’re mighty proud of you... I’ll tell your mom...”

The *Capto* finally weighed anchor and we pulled out through “The Narrows,” away from my own land and my own people, family, everything I knew, off into a strange unknown...

JULY 2, 1959, NORTH ATLANTIC

O, what a sight! I write this as the sea wind blows all about me—so hard that it threatens to shake my glasses off. I am sitting on the prow of the *Capto* and it is now evening. Behind me is a sea that in the setting sun looks like molten glass. I have never seen molten glass, but I know that must be how it looks. The sun—strange-looking, pale yellow and sharply round, is lost from time to time in a shifting gray scud. But now I see a path open, and a golden ray reaches out to touch the sea. In front of me the sky is light blue, and soft—a strange contrast with the dark blue of the great ocean—a strange sort of primeval blue that I have never seen before. There is something ancient about the sea—something vast and timeless, something beautiful and awesome. It is so big. How good to be young and on the sea. I am farther from home than ever before, and it is good! It looks like something out of the “Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner”—all dark blue in front, melting or shading off into a strange silver blue-gray; then off into a strip of blue, then finally on the horizon, a brilliant silver, from the sun. The clouds scoot towards us and soon will be overhead. They look ominous! We are all alone here, nothing else in sight. Why is it that one cloud reaches down so low? It is only 20 or 30 feet above us.

JULY 4, NORTH ATLANTIC

At home there are parades and picnics. I am far away from home—1300 miles at sea, and I wish I *was* home. Today is the first time since I went to sea that I can bear to write in here, but I will fill in the other days anyhow. I didn't feel good all day, & didn't eat. I think probably it is this case of homesickness, very acute, as always. I remember my freshman year at Princeton, or when I was at Camp Wilson many years ago. This is no different—the ache, the loneliness, the constant thoughts of home and my people—except that now there is no chance to go back. I will be here 4 months, and I have no one to talk to—I cannot speak Norwegian. This is really as alone as I have ever been or probably ever will be, and God, I feel it. Why do I keep trying to test myself this way? Will this make me a man? This is what I wanted so much in New York, but now I do not like it. But



“Nils Hoheim, Ship Carpenter.” About age 40, Nils became my best friend, mentor, interpreter. He spoke very good English. (Also see July 5)

I will stick it out—I have no choice. But, oh I miss home—green grass, and solid ground, and dinners on the patio. I miss American food—the food here sickens me and I cannot eat. OK, that’s enough pity, Evans. I don’t feel sorry for you—you asked for this. And I will snap out of it.

JULY 5, NORTH ATLANTIC

Rained all day today, naturally on our day off. But today was a much better day. I was able to eat, the food was even a little like American food. I slept a lot, & at night, some kind Norwegian crewman who spoke English [*Ed. Note: Nils Hoheim, the ship’s carpenter, about 40, who became my best friend on the ship, walked in and said “let’s have a good American talk...”*], came over and we talked for 2 hours. It was good at last to talk to someone! I feel better & know I will be OK. Life at sea is all the books say it is—lonely, hard, & monotonous—even in the days of modern motor ships. I have thought about Lanah so much the past few days that it is almost an obsession. I love her, but I do not think it best that I write her.

JULY 6, NORTH ATLANTIC

Today was a better day. I writhed & tossed & turned all morning about this thing and was in much mental agony—for as always I torment myself after I have made a decision, if I have done the right thing or not. And finally I realized I was looking at the bad side of things only—the food I couldn’t eat, the monotony of my job and life at sea in general, the language barrier & my general lack of companionship, and the vague fear of things happening at home while I am powerless to do anything about them—the homesickness. But think of the good side: the places I am going, the self-reliance I am building up, my chance to learn Norwegian & perhaps welding too. So what is 4 months? It is nothing & I will be home in time to share a fall with my parents; & then I can take it easy for awhile. I can always go back to law school if I want. So all is well again, & I feel much better. Why do I always take the hard way for myself? I don’t know, I shun the easy way, calling myself a coward if I think of it, and I always try for more than I can do. Is this good? I’m not sure yet. But I think I am becoming a man.

JULY 7, AZORES

Good day. I felt good. Lonely around dinner time. But it soon passed, for I am quite sure I am doing the right thing. We passed the Azores today—they looked like blue clouds, so far off were they. And at last, we are beginning to get somewhere. It is my childhood, the memory of the soft and dream-like summers of my past five years, that I am crying for now: drive-ins, love-making, parties—for I can feel them all passing away.

JULY 8, NORTH ATLANTIC

Nice at first, then very heavy seas later and thru the night. Same old work... wash, polish—that’s all I ever do. I am getting to the point where I tire of menial labor. I am too old. I have a good mind & am trained to use it—so why not use it? I think when I get home I will go & get a job in Washington. Washington! All kinds of visions dance in my head! But I am learning that my visions are rarely in tune with reality—like this one of going to sea. Thinking about it was more fun than doing it. What a mind I’ve got.

JULY 9, NORTH ATLANTIC

Very rough today—damn ocean! I wonder what it is like to stand on solid ground? I was very tired most of the day & thought I was getting sick; but I am OK now. I came out here to think, and I have been doing a hell of a lot of it—there is nothing else TO do. I am getting adjusted to the monotony & the loneliness here & it isn't so bad. I still think I need to go to law school—because it is intellectually demanding & because it is a springboard for many things. I also realize that I want material comforts. I have put up with too many physical discomforts for too many summers. How to make money—not through mere salary. One must also invest. Let me think on that for awhile.

JULY 10, NORTH ATLANTIC

A nice warm day. I sat in the sun today during breaks & got a nice tan. Aha... I am becoming adjusted to life here; and not so often do thoughts of home and Lanah plague me. Again I see the bright dreams and hopes and expectations of last spring before me. I am traveling now, seeing the world as I had planned. Life is good. And let me now put away my childish thoughts and things, let me face this and become a man. It is coming slow but sure.

We will be at Gibraltar in a few hours (now it is 10:30 PM) and I am tired but too excited to sleep for fear of missing it. What am I thinking about now?—About being a Rhodes Scholar and about the fact that we shall be returning to New York in the hurricane season.

JULY 10, NORTH ATLANTIC

How good it is to be young and full of projects and dreams! Ideas flood and rush through my head all day & night long—I cannot even sleep sometimes. I am always full of enthusiasm & hope, not cynicized by contact with the world. The world is good—never let me lose this. “It was good in that dawn, to be alive... But to be young was very heaven” Yea, and Amen.

JULY 11, GIBRALTER

Today was nice & warm & sunny. I didn't work too hard & sat out in the sun a lot. I am getting a nice tan. We passed Gibraltar at about 5 o'clock this morning but I didn't get to see it. I thought we were going to hit it around midnight so I stayed up a long time. Besides that, there was the damndest thickest fog you ever saw! I can't believe that I am really on the Mediterranean—that ancient and famous sea. It was pretty tonight, all the stars wheeling about and the crescent moon dipping low over the water. Still feel lonely but it is getting better. I am getting used to it.

JULY 11, MEDITERRANEAN SEA

The world is just beginning; so how can I be sad? Many perplexing problems about my future tho—how can I do everything I want? I can only do it by my own efforts. I must make my own opportunities. I feel today the vague and ancient death-sadness. All at once it struck me that my parents will soon be old, and I myself will soon grow up. Why, oh why—why cannot life always be so sweet? I wonder if my parents feel successful and happy? I should myself like to taste the joys of living with a woman and having a family. But there is so much to do and so little time—a great problem. But so far I have had a life of rich sense experience, rich in the sweet poignancy of the memories I have still

of them, my happy childhood—a hot and hold time of soft dreams, like a summer night, yet still unseen. By childhood, I mean only the last 5 or 6 years; for now, I am just beginning to mature, the soft summer night is turning into lush sweet morning. Why am I growing up so slowly? Perhaps it is the best this way; for I drink in more and soak up still all of life's offerings. The Mediterranean is somewhat hazy today, there is a warm sun (150 miles past Gibraltar) as one cannot see very far. I am on the deck in my bathing suit, and I have two oranges, and we are going to strange places. O, it is good to be alive! Lo, over there—what do I see? Is it a Spanish galleon? Or a Venetian galley? Or a Roman trireme? Or a Phoenician, or an Arab trading vessel? Truly these are ancient seas. Obviously I like the word 'ancient.' I am overworking it.

JULY 12, MEDITERRANEAN SEA

A nice warm day in the Mediterranean sun. I loafed around on deck, got a little sunburn. At night there was a little party for the crew and they played American songs—just like home. I am quite content, even happy. It seems as if the really bad times are over. It is good, I am used to sea life now, and not afraid to be alone with myself. This Lanah thing is gradually ebbing away. Why have I so fiercely & tenaciously held on to it all these years even when I knew there was nothing there? Because, I suppose, I am a true romantic—I believe in absolute and eternal love; and so I resist the healing course of time. Thus it has taken me a long time to get over the loss of my love—perhaps my first real and true love, much more than Patty or Susan—and the process still goes on. I said it would take many years and I was right. But the next time I truly fall in love, it will be for good on both sides, I think.

JULY 13, MEDITERRANEAN SEA

A good day. Today I got the idea of sailing around the Aegean Sea next winter, why not?—a great idea. Maybe I can ask Ginny MacIver to come along. I watched the Tunisian coast roll by—gray and barren, white sand and jagged islands... I watch the Tunisian coast roll past all day today. It is a rather bleak coast, just as I imagined it, rough hills coming right down to the shore and bringing with them the sterile desert. Gray and white and blue—these are the colors I see here: the gray of the rocky hills, sharply etched even against this hazy sky; the white of the sand which drifts down to the sea through clefts in the rock; and the dazzling sparkle-blue of the Mediterranean. And here and there, rise up suddenly, like primeval sea monsters coming up for a breath of air, tiny bits of islands—solid rocks out of the sea. Indeed, these may have been the same ones Cyclops threw at Ulysses—for this is a very ancient coast; and the rocks are sharp, jagged and not worn by the sea, thrown about helter skelter, rising sharply and suddenly, having strange shapes, they look much like giants' play-pebbles.

Carthage! Perhaps this spot I look on now is the very place where Scipio landed to fight at Zama. Here sailed Hannibal and Belisarius, here were Vandals, and St Augustine. Yea, and now I am here. I can't believe it. Strange half-shapes, looming out of the mist; the sea is flat, the setting sun flecks it with a golden ripple; and the island, tho only a few miles away, is only visible in its upper part, a wispy grey blue, having no beginning and no end. This strange half-light—caused by the evaporation of the wa-

ter in the hot sun—the western sky is a gold-red-blue haze. The touches of the sun on the water are exquisite—the purest gold I have ever seen.

- JULY 14, MEDITERRANEAN SEA** Not such a good day. Very hot, and in the hottest part of the engine room. And I had a headache and skin rash... this is just a taste of what is to come, I fear—at least the heat. Well, life isn't all good. I found out today we don't get back to NY until November 1. That's a long time, about two weeks longer than I thought. And today I have been on this ship for two weeks. It seems like much more, like I have never done anything else.
- JULY 15, MEDITERRANEAN SEA** Very warm. I dread each day working in that damn engine room. I simply cannot stand hot weather and this is nothing compared to what is to come, I know. Next summer I'm going North or to the mountains where it's cool. I didn't work hard today tho—scrubbed the living quarters; & got off early. A nice day as such things go. The nights are cool. Crete! Just over the horizon. We are in ancient seas, the arena of the Sea-Peoples & the Phoenicians.
- JULY 16, MEDITERRANEAN SEA** Hot. Today was a bad day & I was all gloomy & ready to quit again. It was just damn uncomfortable on the job & I felt bad. But I kept saying “stick with it and everything will be all right”—for that, I have learned, is what usually happens. Life is both good and bad, and it changes from one to the other. The best thing to do is simply grin and bear it. I saw my first part of the East tonight at 11:30, a low long row of lights glittering in the distance, the air warm and balmy, the moon shimmering a silver path across the calm sea to our ship. Port Said! Egypt! We are here at last after 16 days. The East! *Maintenant je suis ici*—I am here and I am seeing the world. In America they want men to run the financial, legal, and technological machinery of their mechanistic civilization—but I am not their man. I have too much imagination to run any kind of machine; I am an aesthete, an adventurer, a lover, a wanderer, a creator. I want to see and feel everything, to drink it in and soak it up. I want to live a full life, storing up all of life's sensations and giving them back to society as mine—as a part of the churning, seething tumult in my brain. I am too much of this wide world to run a machine or manipulate columns of figures. There is neither beauty nor life in these things, and I am not their man.
- JULY 17, PORT SAID** The East! My first contact with it came early on this hot bright morning when a horde of swarthy, hook-nosed, little men swarmed aboard, selling everything: swords, rugs, dirty pictures. Spanish Fly, haircuts. Like flies they cling to you, snatch at you, babel in a dozen tongues, haggle for hours. I tried a hashish cigarette but it was nothing. The East! The first thing I saw was the Esso warehouse with its bilingual inscription—symbolic of the American Imperium; and a row of graceful palm trees. A busy port, strange people, many ships and many languages, a strange smell; and the heat. This is Port Said. At night we saw a Brigitte Bardot movie which wasn't very good.

SATURDAY JULY 18, SUEZ CANAL It is getting hot. Took 17 hours to get through [the Suez Canal]. Interesting life on the African side, sweltering barren desert wilderness in Asia—Sinai. Truly the wilderness of Moses and the Prophets. No one wants this land and I don't blame them. We anchor for two hours in the sweltering lake, then on past Suez, a pleasant little Oriental city, and on to the Sea, which is not red but dark blue—except in sandstorms I am told. The Red Sea! Jagged purple hills in Africa, white Sinai cliffs, a beautiful sunset. Perhaps here is where Moses went out of Egypt. I am glad that I am here. But it IS hot—I slept on deck tonight for the first time, but not the last, I'm sure. Suez [Canal]... even to look at it makes the temperature rise. Hot, dry—even the water is 85 degrees and full of sharks. On the African side is a pale, spotted, attempted green—here and there are patches in the wilderness: graceful clumps of palm trees arching against the sky-made-hazy by the pitiless sun which never stops burning down. There is not a cloud in the sky, but the laborers on the bank do not seem to mind. Fully clothed, the women in black, they plow with oxen, drive sheep and camel, painstakingly, even futilely, scratching at the



sand—just as did Pharaoh’s people 6000 years ago... it has not changed, except for mosque minarets and turbans in place of great colonnaded temples and short head bands. The houses are low, and of a curious yellow-clay color; the graceful (for that is the best way to describe them) palm trees all seem to have the most flare to the south. Alongside the Canal, in Africa, winds a little road, traversed by occasional buses and speeding officials’ cars, who must honk every once in awhile to move past the black-clad barefoot women herding their sheep. Despite the road, it has not changed... The road is the coolest [place] of all, lined by trees to form a sort of avenue. Most of the trees are not palms but a sort of scrubby plant, tall enough but looking like those in the deserts of the American West. I have also seen them in pictures of India. We drop anchor in the big lake to let another convoy pass through, and are there for two sweltering hours. When I think of lakes, I think of the cool crystal blue [waters, and] pine scented woods of the North Country, with white fine beaches. Here it is not so; the sand, which is everywhere, is a clay yellow; the water is greenish brown. The very ground looks like salt, and indeed, all the moisture has been burned out of it. On the shore there is nothing but desert, perhaps a few occasional trees. I would not want to swim here... So much for Africa—barren yes, but at least there are people and dwellings, who have created at least a semblance of green. Here there is life, camels, sheep, fields, roads, houses. But Asia—Sinai—here is the largest and most stretch of desert I have ever seen (of course I have never seen a desert before anyhow, but so what?). Here there is nothing; only a few occasional Canal laborers’ tents and a struggling telegraph line, placed there against its will, perched on top of the desert and not of it, a futile vestige of civilization in a waste that no one wants to conquer—and I don’t blame them.

Burning yellow-white sand, heaped up high along the narrow Canal, [revealing a land beyond] stretching flat and empty as far as the eye can see when it breaks. Truly this is a wilderness, the wilderness of the Prophets—the wildest and most unfriendly sort of wilderness. The sea too is a wilderness, but it can be friendly and at least is habitable. The people of Egypt here are wedged in their tiny strip of green between the hot water of the Canal and the low mountains not far off. For always, in the distance, in the hazy bright blue sky, loom these mountains—even more forbidding than the flatlands. Truly this is a cruel land; for no one is spared from the burning sun or the equally scorching earth. We round a bend in the Canal, and—a patch of green life! Here is Suez, the southern terminus of the Canal, an interesting little city. Full of the same yellow and red houses—all facing inwards—curving pleasant streets lined with trees, strange (to me) looking people walking around in long dresses and turbans, strange language inscriptions, a bustling port full of all kinds of crafts—a low city, quite unlike the high sky-reaching cities of the West. For the East is done; and the American, the Western, Imperium is everywhere present—from the omnipresent bilingual signs to the sale of American products in the marketplace, to the fact that most off the people (the port people at least) know a little English. Now we enter the Gulf of Suez, on to the Red Sea, which is not red but the same dark blue as the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic. Only here the sharks are everywhere. The moun-

AT LEFT:

“Ibn Tulun Mosque, Cairo.”

I collected this aerial view of the Ibn Tulun Mosque, the oldest one in Egypt, one of the largest in the world. Famous for its architecture, it was completed in 879 AD on Mount Yashkur by Ahmad Ibn Tulun the founder of Egypt’s Tulunid Dynasty (868–905 AD).

tains are low and jagged, close to the water in Africa, far-off in Sinai, where there are low cliffs, [glowing] orange in the setting sun. The mountains are bleak and barren; I see no sign of life, the water is nearly absolutely still. This is an unfriendly land... Sinai! Egypt! Perhaps here is the very spot where Moses led his people from Egypt and parted the Red Sea waters on his way to his wanderings in that barren desert to the East. Purple and hazy are the jagged hills on the Suez side, many-sided colors; orange and dark green-spotted are the cliffs of Sinai. This is an unpleasant land to live in, but it is not without a wild and desolate beauty.

JULY 18, SUEZ

My first sight of the East, my first impression, was late on the moonlit night of July 16 when I saw the long and low glittering string of lights, shimmering along with the moon across the silent waters. My second impression was when I was awakened at 6 AM by a babel of strange tongues and a horde of dark-skinned hook-nosed, curly haired men all trying to sell me goods of every kind, from Spanish Fly to shoe repair to haircuts, to bargain for hours, to trade for anything. I spent \$4.00 & could hardly help myself. And when I looked out of the porthole, the first thing I saw was the Esso warehouse; a bilingual inscription—one in a strange and lovely script, one in my language; and a line of palm trees waving against the sky. And then I knew that I had arrived now truly, and I was glad that I had come, for what I saw was the East on that bright morning, and it shall always stick in my mind: oil, the American Imperium (Esso), the row of palm trees, the heat, the busy little brown men and their babel of tongues, the strange script, and the smell, hard to describe, and not altogether unpleasant. And now I am here, in the East; on the 17-hour journey from Port Said to Suez, I left the West completely and am now in a totally different part of the world, far away from friends, 6000 miles from my own civilization even. Still plunging into the unknown—and it is so good. My heart is full of excitement, and still full. I should write more (and probably will later because once I get started the ideas flow & I cannot stop), but now I just want to sit back and drink it all in for my mind—and soul's—enjoyment. Why am I writing all this down? I want to preserve it fully, but always I have the strange feeling that I am preserving my thoughts for others. Am I just a worry wart? Probably—but do not let me die, not before I have had a chance to live—and I am just beginning to live. A flaming orange sunset against the jagged layers of purple hills. It hangs there for a minute—brilliant and beautiful—etching sharply the soaring gulls, tracing a bright orange underlining on the few purple clouds—and then vanishes. The nearly-full silver moon takes its place, and once again the hot tortured wilderness gasps in cool peace, for a brief 7-hour rest before the onslaught of the next ferocious day.

JULY 19, RED SEA

Hot hot hot—but not unbearable. Sat around today, took it easy. I am getting along fine now & am quite content now with everything. I am very healthy, except for a constant headache from the heat. My only worry is home—I haven't heard from anyone yet. I hope they are all right.

JULY 20, RED SEA Hot? I didn't know what hot was until today. The sun was fierce and blazing hot outside as usual, but in the engine room it was 120 degrees. So hot that one can think of little else. But I found out also that this temperature was not unbearable. The human body is a marvelously adaptable machine. Keep your head & neck soaked in cool water and you are all right. The heat—there is no escape from it anywhere on the ship—is just the beginning I am told. My fellow seamen dread the coming Persian Gulf where it gets up to 140 & 150. They call its entrance The Gates to Hell! [*Ed note: the reference is to the Straits of Hormuz, entrance to the Persike (in Norwegian) Gulf. Interestingly, and for the same reason, the southern entrance to the Red Sea (Bab-el-Mandab, aka the Straits of Aden) also as "The Hell Gate"*]

At night I slept stark naked under the bright moon and the stars, on deck with the rest of the crew. It was quite pleasant, and as I looked over the quiet sea, I could still hardly believe that it was me here. This is sort of a strange dreamy interlude.—But then, all of life has an air of strangeness to it, I think. I need a woman to share my life with.

JULY 21, ETHIOPIA Hot, Hot. Hot. Around 3 o'clock we came to Massawa—the hottest looking place I have ever seen, but beautifully surrounded by a ring of low mountains. Colored people everywhere of course; but there is much of Italy here too—many European, Italian signs & names—vestiges of their rule remain. At night I went ashore with 3 of the crew; we went drinking to a cabaret, picked up a few girls—we went drinking & dancing some more. I could have slept with my girl, but no. I am too much of a damned romantic or something. I want the girl to be interested in ME—not my money. Her name was Mentaguish—I have danced with and kissed a colored girl for the first time—never could do that in America. And what a night. I shivered with delight at the thought of sitting & drinking & dancing on a rooftop in Massawa, just as I used to at home. And I had a helluva hangover.

JULY 22, RED SEA I sweat gallons every day. The heat is a nightmare, & there is no escape from the eternal discomfort. But other people live in it, so I guess I can too. At night I wandered alone (with a little colored boy as guide and interpreter) all about the city. I stood barefoot on a Red Sea beach & looked at the lovely mountains (the beach was putrid); I stood barefoot in a mosque & saw colored turbaned men pray to Mecca; I heard strange music, wandered through shops & haggled. I went to the black places and not the white sailors' hangouts. My head still buzzes with strange sights, sounds & smells. I still need time to digest it all. But this is good; this is what I came for. I care not for dancing & drinking & B girls; I have had enough of that. I want to see, to feel, this. And I think I have. Good.

JULY 23, MASSAWA Hot—Jesus! The heat is like a bad dream; I writhe in tortured sleep briefly every night & dream of cold things. At night I went again into port—after a sandstorm (that's the only kind of storm they have out here) with Olav, a Norwegian here. He had no money & I had to buy him drinks—something which I resented since he has been doing it for several days now. I am not going to buy anyone's friendship.

[Ed note: not that this poor American had any money anyhow, and was a maskingut to boot. But it's all relative I guess] We walked around as usual, & finally went to the rooftop cabaret of the first night. It is nice, but a real clip joint; and as soon as it is known that I am an American, everyone's eyes light up with the prospect of good money. The girls swarm around me & want drinks & I could have had any of them for a dollar & they weren't bad—but I cannot; I am too romantic or something. I do not need a piece of ass like that, and I want to be liked for me, & not my money *[Ed: of which there was none anyway!]* So I got George, my little black boy, & we left. I went to the black part of town & sat by the mosque drinking tea & talking with them, listening to the strange Abyssinian music (all they play in the clip joint is Elvis Presley), & they are a friendly people, warm & talkative, and delighted that I, a white man, would rather talk with them. It was good—this is what I am here for, and I am more than the [other] sailors here [for whom it is just a job].

“Port of Massawa, Ethiopia.” *Now Eretria's major port on the Red Sea, I enjoyed their people's friendliness to seamen from all around. With fishing boat at anchor, the port could only handle 7-8 commercial ships at a time.*



JULY 24, RED SEA

We leave Massawa around 6:30 PM. Work all day. Why do I lie to myself even in my own private diary? I am lonely, I am hot & miserable—the heat is awful, & I hate hot weather anyway. I have no one but myself, & I torment myself with the knowledge that I am going to miss law school. There is no escape, either from the fearsome humid heat or from my mental anguish. But this is good, & I can take it. I am finding that out. I have to take it & I do. Ahh... it feels good to be on the sea again. We leave strange, friendly, and tropical—and hot—Massawa in her ring of mountains; the gulls soar about us, the sun sets and the mountains grow hazy... and we are off to sea. I feel the vibration of the ship, I hear the roar of the engines, I smell the sea breeze and I am glad. We leave hot Massawa for the even hotter dread lands of the Persian Gulf. Everyone is apprehensive, and now begins the climax of the voyage. The prelude—a pleasant enough one—is over. If I can last out the next 3 weeks or so I am OK.

JULY 25, STRAITS OF HORMUZ

Work was misery today. I sweated gallons. Sometimes I think I can't take it, but there is no way out, so I do. I am finding out a lot about myself. My body is good—it has turned into a vast cooling mechanism & works well. Life has boiled down to the mere necessity of seeking physical comfort. But I can take it, and I feel much older now. My childhood is truly gone and even when I read my diary, I wonder how I could have ever been miserable about so many petty things. Now I have been really miserable, but it is OK.

We passed through the Hell-Gate around 4 PM, rounded Aden—and all at once it got cooler. The whole world seemed to get better & I feel better. The first act is over; now we have two days respite in the comparatively cool Arabian Sea before the next onslaught of that fearsome heat. We pass through the Hell Gate and out onto the Arabian Sea, leaving the hot winds behind us. I have been through a week of misery, of fearsome heat & no escape, tortured nights of sleep. But I can take it. I have been through 25 days of mental anguish—full of doubts about my future, fear of events at home that I can't know about, loneliness in a society of foreigners where there is still no word from loved ones, turmoil over the fact that I am giving up law school. There too, is no escape from this; no one to run to. But I can take it. I am old now, and my childhood is truly gone. I miss it and I think of many sweet memories. But they are all I have, for I can do them no more. I am too different.

JULY 26, INDIAN OCEAN

A pleasant lazy Sunday, lounging in the sun & reading (I read much too fast—two books since last night), and watching the high long swells of the gray-green Indian Ocean roll in all the way from Antarctica. The ship pitches even more than in the North Atlantic. But the cool is delightful; I revel in it all the more because we all know that soon we are in for a month of hell.

JULY 27, INDIAN OCEAN

Cloudy & cool. My job is driving me nuts—chip paint all day long off the floor. I am sinking deeper into a cloud of lethargy. I don't feel well & can't quite seem to keep myself busy. At least I could write and keep mentally active in some way, but it is hard. Instead I keep thinking of all the nice things I am going to do when I get home; I think of old sweet things out of my past that I will never do again; and every day all the

time I torment myself with the fact that I am giving up Law School next year. I must stop this but how? I am bored stiff. What has happened to my excitement of a month ago? Now all I can think of is home. But I am also beginning to see myself in a different perspective. I have had quite an easy life so far. I am well educated, and there are certain things I desire in life, such as a comfortable home surrounded by family, books, & music. Maybe this trip is doing me some good by showing me in some small way that much of life can be unpleasant, and most people do not share my interests. I am trained to use my mind; I need stimulation & I'm going nuts without it. October will never come. But it is becoming easier to laugh at myself & my romantic delusions & notions. How could I have ever been so upset or so concerned with imagined failures with girls? It does not matter—all I can be is myself, and that will do for the right girl. Trying to be impressive has neither satisfied me or them, for then I attract the wrong kind. I think I want to be a power in the world of affairs, but I am deluding myself. What is more important is to be inner happy and content. I think I owe something to society; I am thinking about writing a book, I am thinking of doing many things and am full of creative fire; but I also have this damn laziness which makes it so hard for me to get started. I am almost afraid to admit it, but I think I made a mistake by coming out here. I should be in law school in September. But I am still young, and it is not an irreparable mistake.

Tomorrow we plunge [back] into hell.

JULY 28, ARABIAN SEA

Not yet into hell; rainy & cool today, still beating up the Arabian coast. But tomorrow, into the Gulf of Oman. I read a tender love story today—*Age of Consent*. It set me to thinking, besides moving me as they always do. Why do I not write a story? I have a gift of writing. I have poetry in my soul, and I have a story in my heart. I will write of the sweetness and tragedy of my affair with Lanah—two innocents in love for the first time; and I will speak of how it haunts and saddens me [still], how it always will. How could she have forgotten? I know she has not, but still it seems as if it is done. All I know [now] is that I love her. I seek the absolute & eternal love—this is why I cannot do with whores—and I found it. But she was perhaps not for me, so she is gone.... Let me write about [this]. 3 months till I am home—that is not so much. But always, when I do think of home, I think that perhaps I will not get back, just because I want it so much. I am always this way, a stupid worrier.

JULY 29, GULF OF OMAN

Getting hotter, now in the Gulf of Oman. But a pleasant day in every way. I scrubbed aft, & quit early. I feel good inside. 4 weeks I have been here and I know it won't be so long before I'm home. I am fine & healthy—and I know I can take the worst the heat has to offer. It wasn't bad today.

JULY 30, PERSIAN GULF

On the *Persike* [Norwegian word] Gulf today. It wasn't bad at all, no worse than the Red Sea. We had a nice breeze, and at night I slept stark naked under the stars. My work was unpleasant, but so what? The heat is enervating—I don't want to do anything. Cool in the evening breeze as the sun goes down over the Persian Gulf. But soon [enough] will come one more night and one more day of tortured

gasping hell—restless nightmarish sleep, wild dreams of cold things, gasping for the breeze that is not there. One day down, probably 13 left of this nightmare. But now it is nice, and I enjoy the few minutes of breeze.

Lanah, oh how it hurts, my heart! For I have killed your love for me, when all I ever did was love you and want your love. I love you yet, and always... But if I have killed your love for me, why have you not killed mine for you? For you, to me did cruel and hurtful things too. Things of genuine awfulness and infidelity. I only talked—but you did. Perhaps this knowledge can ease my aching heart a bit—for I love you still in spite of all, even when you should have killed my love by your infidelity. But my mere talk was all it took to lose yours. Yet, still you were so sweet, and I know you did love me; and I know you tried too, to keep us together. It just seemed that we could not coincide our growing up stages. But now we are grown up—why do you not come back to me? You have someone else to give attention to and to say you love; but there is no one to ease my lonely heart's ache. Of Lanah again... and now I am thinking of how things must have looked to her. How immature I was, much more so than her even. But how I loved her and still do. What to do about this? I must tell her again what is in my heart—that I love her and only her and always have. You said once—“wait for me”—and I do; but will you wait for me? I have even more growing up to do. Why did I treat you with contempt and disdain your ideas? I was trying to dominate, I was trying to force our love to last by making you look up to me (so I thought in my child's mind). Now that I am older I see that the essence of love is gentleness and mutuality, how can I tell you how sorry I am about the way I treated you often? Always I loved you, and always I did not trust. I dreaded the breakup that came anyway. I saw it, but, too young, even I [was] to know what to do. I would not let you have your way when I should have. I was strident and angry when I should have been tolerant and understanding. I was pushy when all I had to do was wait

JULY 31, PERSIAN GULF

Slicing through the green waters, past occasional barren white islands, to the oil-and-sand wastes of Kuwait. We got there about 3:00, left at 7:00. It (the city) looks surprisingly modern, although we couldn't go ashore. Small wonder—this is a very wealthy place. God, how I hunger for ice cream! Or for classical music! Or to be pleasant & cool. How one remembers comfort when he does not have it. No more will I complain when I am home—I will read this and remember. I want to go home—2 ½ months. Always I know, and remind myself, that this is only something temporary, and in the not-too-distant future I will go home, ready to embark on my life's work, settle down & be a man. But this now is not a pleasant interlude. I would lie to say it is—and it seems that home is far off. One must be agile and sure of foot: taut cables at all angles with sharp protruding screws, rickety wooden ladders & boards at the feet, piles of rope, cargo all over the deck; and below—oily floors and narrow catwalks amongst the roaring machinery—and always the pitch and roll of the sea—this is no place for old men. The crew—mostly young, 7 boys in their teens; about 10 men under 30; 4 women, 15 officers or higher grades—leaving only about 7 seamen and motormen over 30. A sort of camaraderie comes

from having slept & eaten together for many months, endured hardships such as this heat. But it is not too intense. The crew is constantly shifting & changing. Perhaps it is just because they are Norwegian, or maybe because they are of a lower socio-economic (I hate that word) class than myself, but I see no close friendships. Everybody gets along well tho. One man nobody likes—he is small and an incredible liar. I find him almost interesting.

Old Motorman Stokke—oldest man on board—funny & amusing, but dirty & too old for heat.

Nelsen, the Dane with the completely bald head—a cool guy & a good man.

The Seaman with the blonde beard—a nice sort, quiet.

Olav; Martin [Johanssen, my 17-year-old bunkmate, from Lapland]; Kaare; Finn [Gunnerson]; Tve-it; Erik; the Dutch cook, to whom everything European is good & everything American is inferior; the carpenter [Nilks Hoheim]; the Repairator. Food—simple but good, & lots of it. He is a good cook. Starchy & protein; nothing tastes American at all. I have been brought up on an extremely rich palate.

AUGUST 1, SHATT-AL-ARAB

All day today we stified with 15 other ships outside the mouth of the Euphrates, waiting for something—they say there is no room now in the ports. It was hell. Tho it is cool now in the evening breeze—even the wind is hot here. Today was a bad day all around. Work was bad—everybody else loafed, but I had to work since I was scrubbing aft. I couldn't do anything right. Then at night, somebody stole a coke of mine that I had been saving in the refrigerator [clearly marked] all day—goddam thieving bastards! And I found I have athlete's foot. God how I want to be home—this is hell, and there is no escape. A stolen Coke—funny how Life is now stripped down to the point where this should be so important. But pleasures are few, and that was one of them. O for a dish of ice cream! When I get home, I'm going to eat gallons of it. And listen to music all day—and wallow in cold water. Home... I will never get home, so it seems now—there is no such place. Human nature is perverse—now all I want to do is go home & settle down—after [all] these months of talking about freedom, independence, & wanderlust. Hell man, grow up—I haven't got time to fool around too much longer. On with my career. Why not law?

AUGUST 2, SHATT-AL-ARAB

I have just returned from my semi-cold shower, which, along with an occasional soft drink, is the most comfortable part of my day. Still we are in this hell-hole. I think we will never leave—and now for sure I know there will be no more law school. I think you did this on purpose, Evans. I would like to be home but it will be a long time. Now I just exist—and think. Out of this lethargic slough into which I have sunk! Let me start doing things—start writing, anything to keep off the vague feeling of helpless despair that I have sometimes. But I am learning to control my feelings. When a feeling of an-

ger or despair comes up, something inside snaps it off & I shrug or laugh. Good. But is it good? Maybe I should let off tension some way. When I get home, yes, but not now, never here—I dare not.

AUGUST 3, SHATT-AL-ARAB

This is incredible—we're still here. And we probably will be for some time—maybe a week or two. It is idiotic, just sitting here in the middle of hell with 15 other ships, eat, sleep, & work and slowly turn around in the broiling sun as if to get done over well. I have ceased hoping to go from here & have started getting used to it & adjusting instead. The nights are nice & breezy & I sleep naked under the stars as usual. So what—all I know for sure is that I won't be back in time to go to law school—and I wasn't going to do that anyhow. So here I am—all sense of time-dimension & world perspective is gone, there is nothing but this; no such thing as the outside world. Strange... but all of life is strange. Sara was on my mind again today. I laugh at my romantic delusions, take them for just that. But it is nice to have something to think about. It is easy to laugh at myself. Going, going, gone are my quaint youthful fancies & dreams—and I am not too sorry anymore. Lifeboat drill today, swim in the Euphrates, learn a lot of Norwegian.

AUGUST 4, SHATT-AL-ARAB

Still here; it never ends. I despair early, but adjust later. Now I know for sure there will be no law school, & it is easier to know that & accept it. Now I am OK.

AUGUST 5, SHATT-AL-ARAB

I was actually happy & exultant today for some reason. I am proud of myself, the quick way I can adjust to things. I am finding out a lot about myself out here, and I think I am OK. I have many faults and foibles, to be sure; but I think too that I know myself better than most of my contemporaries.

I get along fine with everybody. It took them about a month to size me up, but now it is over & they call me Yank & are all very friendly. Good—but I never worry about getting along with my fellow man anyhow. Played 4 games of chess with the cook, won 3. We will never leave, but so what? It's pleasant at night, cool in the engine room in the day. I am happy. But is my family OK? I hope so.

AUGUST 6, SHATT-AL-ARAB

Jesus, what a day. Today we find out that we will be here till the 19th—13 more days in his God-forsaken place! There is just no point in it. This is terrible for me, because it is only a waste of time. I make next to nothing (\$1.25 a day) so I don't care about the [work] time. My dreams of seeing the world are shattered, & I am thinking seriously of flying back from India when & if we get there. This is idiotic—why does life always go this way? Some guys have it easy, & nothing ever seems to go wrong for them; but my plans always have a hitch or a flaw, & nothing ever goes exactly the way I want. I used to think that this was good for me, but now I tire of it. It pisses me of. My, ain't you the self-pitying one!

AUGUST 7, SHATT-AL-ARAB

Impatient I am to get away & be free, all the more because I am trapped. This is terrible, just sitting here with nothing to do. I am tired of living for myself, I want to have someone else to protect and work for

& have look up to me. I need a woman—there is no point to this wandering—especially when it is like this. I writhe and twist all day long in the agony of my own private little hell—a place of tortured doubt as to why I am here & what I have to do when I get back, a sea of apprehensive wonder about what is happening at home in my absence (no mail at all yet), a raging inferno of remonstrance about the way I treated Lanah, and why-didn't-I-do this's. OH! This business of growing up is hard, and I wish I was out of here. But I can feel it coming, and there is nothing to do but grin & bear it. Today they say we will leave Monday or Tuesday. But I am numb, I have learned here as everywhere in life, never to believe too much. To hell with it—we will never leave. Now is my life as I know it; it is just existence.

AUGUST 8, SHATT-AL-ARAB

Getting cooler. I was just thinking—maybe now it seems as if I am not having much of a good time; but later, I imagine I will look back on this different sort of life with something much akin to nostalgia. Such is life—things always seem better after or before you do them—but never in the present. I am settling down inside and I think I will be ready to take me a wife in a year or so. But it may not be until I am 25 that I am able. That's a long time. In India now, I most fervently hope.

AUGUST 9, SHATT-AL-ARAB

A pleasant enough day off. I did little—how the time flies out here! Maybe we leave tomorrow, maybe not. I don't believe anybody or anything anymore. I just wait & see, & keep my mouth shut. We had a sandstorm today beginning about 2:30 & it isn't over yet (8:30). It is the damndest thing; the sun goes, one cannot see more than the length of a city block for the fiercely blowing sand. The grains are very tiny, so you cannot feel them stick to your skin—like fine dust. It gets into everything, everywhere. There is no way to keep it out.

AUGUST 10, SHATT-AL-ARAB

O! Now do I learn of love the hard way. Why was I arrogant and full of false pride, afraid to treat her as equal lest I lose some of that precious manhood I was trying so hard to attain? Why did I do all this when all that was in my heart was love and gentleness and tenderness for her and all she was to me. Now I am in the glorious flush of young manhood, full of the strength of youth, exultant with the new knowledge of myself and my potential that is being slowly revealed to me. Now I know what true love should be like, and it pleases me, for I know I am a man—sure of my masculinity so that I do not have to constantly prove it. I am not afraid to weep, and tender and gentle and sympathetic and considerate I have always been. And unafraid I am too; I am sure of my courage. I know how to give—this is the essence to true love, along with tolerance and equality with the other person. Now I know all these things. I have all these things, I am young and eager to go home and find a woman. But my heart weeps inside once more because once I had a girl whom I loved and wanted to give to, but did not know how. And now she is gone from me—it hurts, my heart!

AUGUST 1, SHATT-AL-ARAB

Eight days ago I commented on how incredible it was that we were still here. And now I learn that it is to be for still another week. Is there no end to this despair and disappointment? This place is like

a prison—a self-imposed prison, as secure as any in the world. There can be no communication with the outside, nor can we hear from IT. When do we go? Nobody knows. How long do we stay? Nobody knows. Why are we here? No one really knows for sure. This is incredible—there is no other word for it. Eleven days of sheer existence, & nothing more. Snap out of it, Evans; it isn't as bad as that, & you know it. But it IS bad; nothing is worse than this waiting—unless it is knowing that even when this waiting is over, there will be other waits to come. And we have both here.

AUGUST 12, SHATT-AL-ARAB

Morning: Hah! You cannot beat me, despair and lack of hope! I will continue to hope that we leave this place—I will hope all the time, and never stop because of you—and I will win out over you. Let me keep the broad perspective. Now that I have I have given up law school, it does not matter when I return home. I am getting along well here, so so what? 10:12 AM I am scrubbing floors, and all at once I realize that she really does love him. I tell myself too many things, but still do not believe them. Why am I in such a hurry? Life does not end at 22; it is only just barely beginning. There is plenty of time later to see the world if I want. I always seem to be in an eternal rush to get everything done & out of the way. I do want to experience things when I am young. And I am merely doing what most other young men do—going off by myself to figure things out & get settled. Life is strange, the cyclic pattern it takes. I can feel myself following the pattern—still restless & eager now, not quite self-assured. But soon all this will come & I will settle down. I am quite conscious of my youngness.... And then—at 5:00—unbelievable—we leave: we weigh anchor & go 30 miles up the Euphrates, mother of all mankind. The moon comes up over the flat land & the palms; and all at once everything is all right again. Everyone chatters & is in a good humor. It is good to be moving away from that ordeal. I am happy again, and to top it off, I beat the cook 2 games in a row, at chess.

AUGUST 13, SHATT-AL-ARAB

We drift and suffer for 12 agonizing days just outside the [mouth of the] Euphrates... we suffer, not from the heat, but from the weary frustration of seemingly endless waiting, the eventual resignation of being here a long time and out of sight of land, a million miles from everything that reminds of home... it is a bad time. And then—suddenly—on the evening of the 12th day—we weigh anchor. At once there is a quickly and keenly felt change of mood aboard; everyone chatters & laughs. We enter the mouth of the ancient river, the Mother of Mankind, past the salt flats. The sun sets in a brilliant blaze of gold and rust-pink clouds, sharply silhouetting the triangle of a fishing dhow's sail. We go up river, the night turns quiet and the moon comes up, making mysterious the dim shapes on the bank. I sit on deck with my Norwegian friends [especially blond handsome Finn Gunnerson, fairly fluent in English and very thought-full], and I feel the cool night-breeze. And all at once the world is good again. On, up into the Land of the Two Rivers, the birthplace of all mankind! We anchor for the night in the middle of the river, and I go to sleep to the barking of dogs and the strange bird-cries on the bank. [Ed. Note: the river is actually the Shatt-al-Arab, the 100-mile strip where the Tigris & Euphrates merge together and flow into the Persian Gulf. But in 1959, I only knew it as the "Euphrates."]

AUGUST 14, ABADAN

In the morning we push on again, past endless rows of short squat date palms, past villages and flat mud huts that have not changed since the days of Sumer, Akkad, & Lagash. Flat green banks, neat & endless rows of date palms, squat brown villages—long-prowed fishing boats with graceful lateen sails—a narrow brown river—this is what I first see of this ancient land. We round a bend and—strange and incongruous, yet curiously symbolic—Abadan. The mighty oil refinery, a fairyland of gleaming silver cylinders, strange-shaped tubing network, curious towers. Perhaps it is not so strange after all, for this is the mysterious East, the land of magic carpets and Sinbad & Haroun-al-Raschid. So I see oil, and now I have seen it all. I see the American Imperium again—the English script everywhere. The Americans owe much to the English for having prepared the way for us. Tall, handsome, huge-nosed Iranians. They are different from the sneaking Egyptians—quieter, more polite, no attempts at thievery. They are Aryans too—not Semitic—for what that is worth, if anything. I like them. They do not like Iraqis—Iraq is just across the river, which, here, is no bigger than the Scioto at Griggs Dam. But of course, infinitely more renowned. I give two of them candy & make friends with them. They are very polite, and like everyone everywhere, they know a little English. We together thumb through a copy of *Life Magazine*; they fascinated, I—for the first time really aware of the incredible wealth and unattainable (for these people) luxury of the bright goods represented there. No wonder America is envied, hated, & feared. All of our cargo is a gift from America to all the places we go—millions of dollars worth of farm feed & heavy machinery. Even tho these are my taxes, I approve; for some of this wealth should be shared.

AUGUST 14, ABADAN

Still and nice in the evening, anchored in the middle of the old brown river, swatting off flies. What do I see? Groves upon thick groves of thick-headed date palms; bright flat green banks, then a low mud wall. Then the trees and cluster of mud brown huts. Down the river I look; it bends slightly, & I see Khoramshah with a row of ships feeding at its bank. Now there is room for us, & we go in tomorrow. Perhaps soon we will go home... But wait, Evans; be prepared for the blow which will surely come, the news that we go to another load, & so we won't get back 'til Christmas. But so what? What do I want to go home for? I know I will still be restless after a few days. I must admit it, I rather like it here. Let me remember when I start my career how free of worry I am now. Work? I know what I am going to do every day, & there is no problem to it. There is no one to worry about but myself here, & my needs are few, my wants taken care of by the cook and my mattress. Of course it is monotonous, and I wouldn't dream of doing it more than these few months (knock wood); I miss ice cream & blueberry pie & chamber music, & other comforts. But there will be time to drown myself in these when I get home; and now I am quite content. I can feel it, I am coming to see that I need & want to settle down. Give me a good woman [to love] and an exciting demanding job; and influence in the world of affairs. Then will I be happy. The old river is perfectly flat & still as the tide-current changes. Nice to be here & watch the black-robed women tend their oxen & wash on the bank. How flat is this land—I long for the mountains; how strange & interesting; how good to be young. I am nearly half-way around the

world. What am I thinking about? About being an Army officer, about learning to play the piano part of Beethoven's Archduke Trio when I get home, Life is good & I am content.

AUGUST 15, KHORAMSHAH

Very hot as usual. Today we docked at this dusty, dry, small Khoramshah. In the evening, we all went ashore to the local Seaman's Club—not a bad place at all. I like the Iranians—they are tall & witty & good looking—and proud too, not like the sneaky Egyptians. They do not try to steal or take your money—at least not so openly. They are better formed than the other peoples I have seen. We drank with some German sailors & Persian Girls. What an experience this is, for me to be in a far-off land, drinking & conversing with many different people—in the universal language, English. I wouldn't have missed this for anything. One year ago I would never have dreamed that I would be here. I met an Italian woman here—Clara, pretty, about 29, & intelligent. I imagine she is a prostitute or some such, but I was quite taken with her. She did not try to take my money; we just talked all night, & I think she liked me too—because I treated her like a lady. I have a knack for getting along with people, I think. I came back well pleased, & stayed up late on the moonlit river talking philosophy with Finn. Good.

AUGUST 16, ABADAN

And soon today I go to Clara in Abadan. I am aware that this is somewhat dangerous—Abadan is not a good place they say. I could be robbed or killed, and, if Clara does have a husband, he could be jealous & come [down] from Tehran. But I like the idea of a little adventure; I want to see her & shop at the bazaar. Do not let anything happen to me now, in the bright springtime of my being, so full of hopes & plans & dreams. What is life—you get out of it only what you seek from it. What an experience THAT turned out to be! I went to Abadan by motor launch & taxi—got to Clara's house at 4:30. She wasn't there because I was late so I went to the bazaar & bought a lot of things. I went back about 6 & Clara & I sat around in her air-conditioned house & listened to chamber music—just like home. I couldn't believe I was there, halfway around the world. But I didn't get laid—as usual things were not at all as I had expected... Clara is not a prostitute—just sort of a charming adventuress. Two Texans came over, oilmen—& they were really nice. We all had a party at Clara's, then they drove us to their oil rig, & we went way up to the top [hoisted in a cargo-net]—500 feet up, swinging & swaying about in our drunken condition. We had a good American meal [in the dining area of the rig] & it was good to talk to Americans again. I went back about 1:30 & there was no trouble. A most memorable experience!

AUGUST 17, KHORAMSHAH

Tonight I went into Khoramshah—alone I walked by the pleasant tree-shaded bank of the bustling river, watching & listening to the strange people who strolled there. I wandered around the bazaar, reveling in the delightful strangeness to my senses of the Orient. And I ran into a Persian whom I had befriended on the ship; we drank tea together & listened to the strange music; we ate ice cream & he took me back to the ship, paying for everything. And I slept again, under the full moon, which gleams brightly over the palm-lined Tigris. A most memorable experience!

AUGUST 18, KHORAMSHAH

Today the reaction to my two days of doing things set in. I felt sick & run down, & I still do. It turns out we must leave before Friday to go to Kuwait or we shall have to wait a long time there; and it does not seem that we will make it. And, I start thinking about everything again. Why am I here indeed? Why am I not about a career now? I must work, and work hard if I am to have what I want: power & influence. I want money also, so I can travel first class, etc. I want to feel important & useful. And this great machine—my mind—requires a demanding job with much variety to keep it stimulated. And, I want a wife—but how can I support one now? I want a hell of a lot, but sill yet I am not doing much about it. A lawyer, just to be a lawyer, is merely a tool for others. I don't want to be that too, I want to be the user.

AUGUST 19, KHORAMSHAH

Why am I marking time like this? Is it because I hesitate to make the final plunge into the world where I must spend the rest of my life? I am only prolonging the dream-times here; they were sweet, but I cannot live in them forever. Into Khoramshah again, at night, alone—I like it better that way. All these Norwegians are afraid to try anything different—they are afraid of being killed or something—but nothing has happened to me, & there is no danger of it. All one has to do is smile and be gracious and polite—it is so easy, it costs nothing (except maybe giving up the false attitude of superiority that all whites have here). These people are human beings too, they respond to niceness like anyone else. I can't say I like their habits—many homosexuals, very dirty—but they are OK. I wandered through the bazaar, reveled in the strange music & sights & smells. Then back to the Seaman's Club to say goodbye to Clara & to meet an interesting Spanish & a Swedish sailor. They say tomorrow we leave for Kuwait—but I doubt it. But we must go on, or we shall have to wait a month or more there—God, that would be tough! But am I ready for the blow? Always happens the unexpected, and that is hardest to deal with. Let me be ready for this wait. I can take it—I hope. But I don't want to.

AUGUST 20, EUPHRATES

See I now I have been selfish, thinking only of my own self and my own future. I have left those who love me to go on this fool's venture. See now how I love only one girl—Lanah—and always have. But I have behaved not like a man in this business, for always I was afraid to face her and tell her of this, too afraid of what her answer would be. I have no courage; I do not deserve the one I love. See I now that I am only putting off the inevitable—I am trying for one last fling. See I now that what I truly want is not to see the world, but to have a woman and a family & a happy career. All else is of no import. And now I am helplessly far away, hopelessly long before I can hope to return to help my family, to claim Lanah, to make my career—O, it hurts, my heart! Up anchor at 4:30; down the muddy river towards the Gulf again, away thank God from this land where He never comes. Tomorrow we dock at Kuwait—maybe. Or maybe we will wait a month, God forbid. I don't feel well—fever or run-down mono or something.... Back down the muddy ancient river in the dry energy-sapping heat of a hot late August afternoon. Down from Khoramshah past gleaming Abadan, past the endless rows of date palms & squat brown huts, past black-robed women & cows on the bank, a thin green fringe caught between

the river and the nearby gray desert... On to the Persian Gulf, & Kuwait tomorrow—I hope. But I cannot believe, for I have been well-trained here on shipboard. I believe nothing but what my eyes see. I don't like it; I would like to believe more, but I have been disappointed too often. What is this stench? Does it come from the refinery? Or from the squalid huts? Or perhaps from the rotten potatoes here on deck. Probably all three—but who cares? I have a fever & I am tired and all I want to do is get out of this god-forsaken part of the world.

AUGUST 21, EUPHRATES

Why torture I myself with thoughts of what I should have done, and how I should have behaved? That is no good; they are done now anyway. And always I have done what I thought was right. If 'right' seems different now, that will not change the deed. Why talk I this funny talk? Let me use proper sentence structure. Why am I an asshole? I am weary of all this critical self-analysis. It gets nowhere. Let me go out and do things. What will the rest of my life be like? Always I wonder about this. I cannot let things be, I cannot relax and enjoy what comes—I always want more, or different. Like this trip—now, I do not appreciate the complete lack of everyday worry; instead I create worry & problems. Later when I am home (where now I want to be so much) I will want to have this life back again. I seem to thrive on always worrying & striving. But someday I will find what I want. It looks like we'll be here for some while. So what? Tonight I got my hookah out & we all sat around & smoked & had a good time. Life here is OK. But still this Lanah thing plagues me and it will always be with me.

AUGUST 22, KUWAIT

What is life like here? This is the worst place in the world. The worst of the heat is gone now, but it is still too hot to stay outside from 11:00 to 5:00 or so. One cannot sleep at night; it is too hot in the cabin, and on deck there is always a strong wind that blows into eyes and ears and chills the whole body. Everyone has a cold, and I haven't slept well for nearly a month. There are hordes of flies and nearly daily sandstorms; we spend most of our time waiting to do things, not doing them. Perhaps this is worse than the constant physical discomfort. Nothing worse than waiting and never knowing anything. I feel like I have been here for centuries unending. I dare not think of home too much; it is so long and far away. Went ashore today into dusty car-honking, many-raced, bustling Kuwait. A rich place, sharp contrasts of hooded Bedouins driving Cadillacs. I wandered all alone through the bazaar, had a pair of sandals made for me. Later I sat on a rooftop & drank refreshing things & watched everything. Kuwait is a nice place—many things to buy, & all cheap. But it still smells, the streets are still dirt in spite of the multitude of cars.

AUGUST 23, KUWAIT

I went into town again this morning for about two hours. But I have not been feeling well for several days now (bowels constantly running & sort of run-down fever) and when I came back, it really hit me. I lay down to sleep, woke up an hour later with a 103 fever. I was miserable, I needed water, but every time I took a drink my bowels were in agony. To be sick and be far away from home—what is worse? I cannot think of anything. What strange thoughts run through my fevered brain—my

thoughts that I might perhaps die out here unmourned by those who care for me; my hopes that perhaps I might be sick enough so that I will have to be sent home. Strange. Time is eternity now. I only want to go home, but it will be months. Each day lasts forever, and there is no end either to boredom or disappointment.

AUGUST 24, KUWAIT I did not have to work today, & felt much better—physically that is. Because I feel very low inside. Every day the apathy and the disappointment grows. There is a right & easy way things could go in life; but they never do. One must always expect the bad things, for that is usually what comes about. Why? This is what I ask, but I am still trying to find the answer. We did not finish unloading today because of a big sandstorm. So we wait again, and we should be in Bahrain now. And now I find out that we will probably come back to this place for a return load home. God, God...

AUGUST 25, KUWAIT I was in much discomfort today from some sort of dysentery on top of my fever—I strained and groaned and cursed and sweated on the toilet about 25 times today. Now I can understand what writers mean when they speak of a feeling like a red-hot knife in one's bowels. No word from home—where is home? There is nothing but this awful place—the hot dry life-sucking wind, the enervating heat, the many-raced, vulgar & dirty people. There never was anything but this place. Now I have been in Hell. But I am beginning to learn that worse is yet to come—so who knows what new mental or physical torture is in store for the near future?

AUGUST 26, KUWAIT Flex, adapt, and adjust. Fix myself to this unnatural routine, submit to it and do all of it. Do not resist; do not cry out and lament for home, do not groan and pray to be free of this intestinal curse, for no amount of such futility will cure or get me home sooner. Only endure—and better still, embrace—then I will be the master, and not it. Time seems to pass slowly, but remember: I have not been on this ship even two months yet. Today was a better day. I felt better, no fever, I only went to the toilet about 15 times. And we left that hellhole Kuwait, and it was good to be moving. It is comparatively cool on the Gulf (never dreamed I'd say that), away from the incessant sand and the awful dry wind. But tomorrow we will be at Bahrain or Damman, & will probably have to wait awhile—God! But I got a wire from the folks and they are OK, so all is well.

AUGUST 27, PERSIAN GULF Today was a better day, if only for the welcome news that we go to Bombay after Bahrain, and then to the US. Home? Perhaps in as few as six weeks! It is hard to believe that this thing might come to an end some day. I am still suspicious, & will not believe until we start back. New orders can come any-time. We came to Damman today—a very nice place. What we see of it is only an immense pier (can't see land), but it is cool & nice; the workers are nice, and they work fast and well. The engine room was its usual screaming hell. I washed the floors again today. The 2nd engineer likes to give me the consistently dirty jobs.

I shit in my pants 3 times today, only went to the toilet about 15 though. My asshole feels like it's going to strain right out of me. Curse this stuff! But I would feel happy and exultant today if I would let myself.

AUGUST 29. PERSIAN GULF

Very hot. All day we sail past the rugged Persian coast. It was very lovely; and we saw our first clouds in a month. In spite of the heat, everybody felt good, for we are leaving Hell. I even beat the cook 3 of 5 games in chess. A good day. The ship is starting to roll & pitch now as we get into the open water of the Gulf of Oman. We pass through the Straits of Hormuz at sunset, and the sea was an incomparably beautiful silver turquoise, changing to gold, and framed by the mountains on both sides of the Strait. I could never forget... I have come through hell; and I have been made clean. I have been purified by a month of physical discomfort and lonely soul-searching unending. I have been sick and miserable and alone, tortured by a thousand disturbing thoughts about my past, present, and future—all in the worst part of the world, where home is forgotten because it is only a dream. For me, my only home was in my fevered tortured brain; and I did not like to live there. But it is over; and again I am whole. Let me hold my head high for I have known hell and have come through from it a better person.

AUGUST 29, PERSIAN GULF

Once again we go through the Hell-Gate; this time towards relief in the blessed cool of the Indian Ocean. Down through Hormuz, past the rugged purple-and-brown mountains of Persia... past tiny jagged islets and steep cliffs, past graceful fishing dhows, lateen sails bending sharply and gracefully with the wind. It is all quite lovely: the rugged Persian coast, the jagged islands, the clouds (the first we have seen in a month) that hover over each. But I care not, or my senses have been dulled, my former delight in seeing new things is nearly gone. For I have been through hell for one month, and all I care about is the perhaps prospect of being fairly comfortable and able to sleep at night again. God, that is a hot-looking coast. Now I see hills that look like huge white sand dunes, topped and speckled with dark patches. But I see not a single tree any where... Hell? I wrote of leaving Hell over a month ago, when we left the Red Sea. I expected the Persian Gulf to be bad, but little did I know... now I feel old and hardened somewhat. One kind of Hell is the same as any other kind I imagine. It is done (for now) and I am glad. Stuffed on fresh-baked raisin buns, relaxing on a Saturday afternoon as we pass through beautiful scenery on our way out of Hell; on our way to mystic India—today is a good day!

AUGUST 30, BAHRAIN

To Bahrain today, all day to unload & bunker. We leave at 9 PM & are off to India. To India! One year ago I was reading *A Passage to India*—and now I go there. Strange is life—and good. For today was an excellent day, in spite of the heat. I finally got my mail—14 letters! And all is well—and uneventful—at home. Good; the world has turned back to normal again. I need only to wait, and the bad times will end. Let me always remember this—to have patience. Let me hold my head high, for I have been through hell, and am come through a stronger person. At night I slept naked under the stars—a beautiful night—and I thought about India & Nancy Wolfe. I will never forget *this* trip.

- AUGUST 30, GULF OF OMAN** A very peaceful and contented Sunday, on the open sea. I sleep a lot, read & dream some, watch the sparkling blue wind-tipped water, watch the fishing boats, white lateen triangle-sails bending sharply and gracefully with the wind. A very nice day, and I am quite content. Home now is at least a possibility. The breeze is delightful, and we are out of Hell. The Gulf of Oman is dark blue again (I love that color); it has not the greenish tinge of the Persian Gulf. The breeze is up, and I see occasional whitecaps. It is good.
- AUGUST 30, ARABIAN SEA** What a delightful day is today! I lie contentedly on the poop-deck, full after Sunday dinner, watching the [ship's] white railing on the side rise and fall against the dark blue circle of the sea. The breeze is delightfully cool—just right; and the sea is pleasant and wind-tipped, like the northern lakes I remember with such nostalgia. The flies are gone; and Hell is far behind. We are going to India! And I am as happy and content as I have been for a long time.
- AUGUST 31, ARABIAN SEA** I love the sea; I love to sit on deck and gaze at its vastness, the constant shift of mood & color. Here a patch of blue, some sunshine; there a rain squall... a gorgeous sunset surrounded by angry purple clouds, a bright pink dawn breaking through a distant storm. I am speechless and I can never adequately describe the beauty of the sea. It reminds me of home, with its vast open spaces. I do not really feel good—tired all the time—but I am still sleeping on deck. It is the best place. How my mouth waters for spice cakes & blueberry pie!
- SEPTEMBER 1, ARABIAN SEA** Rain about 5 times. I enjoy the sea very much. Tomorrow we are in India. When we shall be home I have no idea. Somehow, things are going too well & too fast just now. Something must be going to happen. My work is easy, & it is cool. I slept in my cabin for the first time in a month.
- SEPTEMBER 1, INDIAN OCEAN** How I love to sit on deck and watch the sea! I love the constant shift of mood and temper; the varicolored scud of the clouds—sometimes low and forbidding, sometimes high & pink; the long swells roiling up all the way from Antarctica here on the *Indiansk Hvar*. [Norwegian for Indian Ocean.] Our ship pitches and tosses, and I rather like the motion—it is fitting here on the sea, where everything is in constant motion. I like the vastness and the emptiness—the view is not unlike the plains near home, so far can I see. I know the age of the world when I look upon this great waste. How can I describe the only-here beauty of a sunset—a small patch of yellow, surrounded by twisting purple clouds? Or the dawn breaking high and pink-tipped over the storm clouds? I will never forget, but I cannot describe. The Indian Ocean is beautiful; we are on our way to India, and it is good to be alive! Passage to India! ... A delightful sea today—full of thousands of whitecaps, and a nice breeze. And the sky—here a patch of blue, behind us a rain squall, funneling off to the right; ahead the bright sun touching a silver sea; in front of me a long line of gray-and-black scud... I love the sea! Back to the engine room is about 5 minutes (it is around 8:30 AM). My dull job in that oven makes me appreciate these moments all the more.

SEPTEMBER 2, BOMBAY

Today did I wake up upon a cool and cloudy morning... I looked out of my porthole—India! We are here, ½ way around the earth. All day we are anchored in Bombay harbor: on one side are rugged islands, and misty glimpses of the rugged interior; on the other is long and low Bombay, the Fort—“The Gateway to the East,” and the Taj Mahal Hotel, the most prominent landmarks. How good to be here at last! All day long came merchants, selling everything from ear-cleanings & manicures (I had them) to suits very cheap. I think I shall get a cashmere jacket, hand tailored for only \$20.00. Clothes are very cheap: this promises to be a fascinating place, and I am eager to go ashore tomorrow. Did much thinking today. How sorry I feel for the people out here, & everywhere we have been. To make a living is extremely difficult—Imagine (it is hard for me) to have nothing to do but sell chewing gum or clean eardrums. They all scramble after you to try to sell—because they must, to eat. I should not be so harsh with them—they are nice people. I have so much (compared to them). Let me not be so stingy with it.

“Gateway to India and Taj Mahal Hotel.” This shows Bombay harbor and those two famous buildings. It also shows what happened to that little fishing village called Mumbai in the 18th century.





*“At Alexandra Docks.” From Bombay harbor,
tugboats towed the Capto via canal to the
unloading docks where this local crew tied us up.*

- SEPTEMBER 3 BOMBAY** It rains constantly here in the rainy season. The weather is cool. But the rain is quite annoying. Today, in the afternoon, we went through the lock to the basin at Alexandra Dock. Old India! British India, land of many races! I cannot quite describe the feeling of intense excitement I had as we went towards the docks, as I first set foot in India. Now I am here, in the spring seed-time of my being. At night I went to jewelry & rug shops, & to the Seaman's Club.
- SEPTEMBER 4, BOMBAY** India! At night I made excuses to get rid of the young Indian who wants to take me all around, for although he protests nothing but friendship, I have the feeling that he wants nothing but my money. Then I went out alone and wandered all over. I prefer to be alone, for then I can do as I want. Strange India, the sickeningly sweet smells, the babble of many languages, the mixture of ox-cart and two-decker buses. Very modern and Western in many places, Bombay bustles as much as Columbus. But one cannot change India, and it still has this strange mysterious flavor... so curious to the eye, nose, and ear. It is also the damned rainy season & it rained all the time. When I got back to the ship, I found I had quite a chest cold.
- SEPTEMBER 4, BOMBAY** I am obsessed with the idea that I have been put on this world for something—that it is my duty to make my mark, and that my own personal desires have little to do with it. I keep thinking that to live just to eat & sleep—and enjoy—is not enough; one must also do something, so that he will be useful, and remembered. But is this “to be remembered” really so important? Why so? Is it not just a youthful fancy? What is it to be remembered and yet have an unhappy life? That is no good; if we have only one life, then I want to wring it dry of its riches. And these riches are not always to be found in transient fame. The real riches are the inner ones. To be useful—how could I be more useful than to raise a family in warmth and love? For, what does life mean, anyhow? Life is short; “the days of man are few and full of trouble”—and perhaps it is our real duty to appreciate it and achieve inner peace, perhaps communicating this to others. I still do not know the answer to all these things; and my soul is perplexed and troubled indeed. I question everything, even my questions. I burn with creative fire, I want to make things. Perhaps in this way, I can quench my soul's thirst, and serve others as well. A good thought, that... Maybe I should be an architect. And I still love Lanah; that is not settled yet either.
- SEPTEMBER 5, BOMBAY** Is this where I am going to die—here, alone in my cabin in far-off Bombay where no one cares and where help is long away? I cannot breathe—what is the matter? God, how miserable I feel. I must be careful & not get panic stricken. No one to help or to care, months before home—what a way to go. And I am so young & full of prospects. *[Ed: this was a severe 5-day asthma attack, described in detail in the diaries... very close to death it seemed; could only gasp for breath while standing up. Finally they called a Dr from the city, who gave me pills. But I only recovered when we went out to sea again.]* Lanah, do you know? I have nothing to live for now; my old family ties are broken, my new ones not formed—and so here I am, gasping for breath in far-off India.

SEPTEMBER 5, BOMBAY Whatever this is in my chest made me quite miserable, but I worked today. I thought a lot about being an architect—then I can create and be not so much the tool of others, as in a lawyer; and I can still be my own boss, But it is late to be thinking of that—there is much schooling ahead. Let me think of it. And all day I thought of Lanah & what I must soon say to her. I kept running back to my room & putting down phrases. Rain all the time. But I went out again with my persistent Indian. I finally got disgusted & got rid of him & wandered around some more. I decided to get a cashmere suit. God, this thing in my chest hurts! I gasp & struggle for each breath; every move is an effort. I tried to sleep on deck at night, but the rain made me even more miserable. God, I try not to weep or pity myself, but it is hard sometimes. Life is becoming a nightmare.

SEPTEMBER 6, BOMBAY I have been reading too much of this *Forsyte Saga*. Now all I see I myself as Soames—tragic, staid, passive. For when I examine myself I know that I like to dominate & possess things. And his tragic love life—a woman who simply did not love him—I see there also myself. Oh Lanah—how my heart aches! For you see me as Soames Forsyte and as (Michael?) Keating in *The Fountainhead* and as all the representatives of solid middle class conservatism, and it is true, to an extent—I am cautious and conservative, But I am more too—don't you see? Oh, how I hate this business of looking into myself! How lonely I am so far away from home. I am tired of life and I see no route for myself, so full of heartache & so undecided. But today was a very exciting day, later. Four of us took a cab out to the Hanging Gardens on Malabar Hill, where we ate good ice cream and enjoyed that magnificent view of Bombay & saw snake charmers. Then two of us went on [up the coast] to Mahalaksmi—the Hindu temple to the Goddess of Wealth and Plenty. A strange green thing, perched on black sea-washed rocks. Everywhere gongs & murmuring praying crowds, snake-sellers, incense—I will never forget that fascinating place. At night we went back to the Seaman's Club & saw a good movie. I feel better.

SEPTEMBER 7, BOMBAY Not so much rain. I have been wrestling with myself & my fierce passion for the past few days about writing Lanah, of course. I love her so, and my heart hurts, it cries out; my soul is lost and all alone without her. I am a one-woman man, I found my woman when she was 16 & I 18. I have tasted deeply of life's riches and now all is empty. I love & need & want her; no one else makes me happy. My life will never be complete or satisfying without her. I wrote & told her all that, just as I have always done. C'est ca. At night I see another movie again.

SEPTEMBER 8, BOMBAY My God—how will I ever last the night? I can hardly breathe—each breath is a torture and a fight. This is when life becomes intolerable—when the normal everyday functions become a monstrosity. I have known two of them in the past two weeks: that of relieving myself (at Kuwait); & now, this agony of trying to [just] breathe. This is terrible—I simply struggle in pain for each breath, and it only gets worse. Tomorrow I will see a doctor—but will I make it? There is no sleep for me.

SEPTEMBER 9, BOMBAY

I had trouble with that sonofabitch of a first mate—the “doctor” of the ship, whose main medical advice is to tell people they are not sick. Because I was in such breathless agony all night that it was impossible to lie down, I was forced to stand up so at least I could breathe. He said that if I could stand up, I was not sick—the ignorant bastard! Heaven help me if I am sick at sea and am subject to his tender mercies. I saw the doctor today & he said I had an allergy & bronchitis & gave me some pills. I feel a little better, & at least I could sleep for awhile. But the pills do not last, & in between times, life is still a nightmare. I must not let myself get panic stricken... my only release has been to go to the Seaman’s Club every night & watch movies. Then at least I can breathe a little. Bombay, the old and the new: 2-decker buses battle with oxcarts for the right of way. More people walk in the street than on the sidewalk. Sacred cows and snake charmers. I see a strange magic show on the streets—I will never forget the weird shouts, the drum-beats, the soft dark eyes of the little girl who was their accomplice. Indian women are graceful and lovely. Many races, many languages, many gods. How can I ever forget the Green Hindu temple by the sea; the ringing of bells, the murmur of praying Hindus, the strange look of the graven images with their rich ornaments [*Ed: I believe this was the temple of the Goddess Malakshmi, Goddess of Wealth and Plenty—about 16 miles north of town by taxi*]

SEPTEMBER 10, BOMBAY

I worked today, but it was pretty bad. God, when are we going to leave here? I have never experienced a feeling like this before. I am feeling death for the first time—or so I feel—and right now it would be a relief from this awful torture of me gasping for every breath every day. I feel quite calm, full of nothing, about it all—I am too miserable to think much. I wrote a last letter to my folks in case of my death—no will is necessary I think. So I felt better; for at last I am ready to go. I have no past, no bright future. I am dead and empty and more completely miserable than I have ever been in my life: life is a nightmare [now], and I almost long for death. No sleep for me tonight. I choke and weep and curse in agony; and there is no escape from this awful thing.

SEPTEMBER 11, INDIAN OCEAN

Today we finally left Bombay at 6:00 AM. I did not work, and almost miraculously—the farther away we got, the better this thing became. I needed no pills, and at last I could lie down & sleep a bit. But I still feel bad—feverish & with a cough. And inside I am nothing either. We are going to Beira, in Mozambique, for a load of ore, & then perhaps to the states. But I no longer believe or care. Things always get worse before they get better. But do they ever get better—or only different? Surely this has been the most incredible 3 or 4 months I have ever spent.

SEPTEMBER 12, INDIAN OCEAN

On the clean fresh sea. But I am only dumb and listless inside, & still a bit sick. Any effort makes me tired. Home is unbearably far away, and I dare not think that I might be there in six weeks. Things are rarely the way I imagine them to be. My idealism & enthusiasm has [sic] been completely kicked out of me, as has my capacity to enjoy life or make the most of it. Now I only await the next blow. Come, Evans, it can’t be as bad as all this. But oh, it is.

SEPTEMBER 13, INDIAN OCEAN A better day. The weather is extremely pleasant—all light blue sky and fleecy clouds and sea and warm sun & nice breeze. I felt a little better—but still completely lacking in energy. Home, home—that’s all I want. Apple cider & ice cream, spice cake, football games, baked stuffed potatoes, chamber music. I wonder if I will ever know these again?

SEPTEMBER 14, INDIAN OCEAN I worked all day today but was still very tired. I just have no energy. But I am getting better. What have I learned? That the ‘bad times’ do not necessarily have to end—they can last indefinitely, and then end only in change. Such is life. So why don’t I start to grin & bear it? Lanah probably got my letter today—I wonder what she thinks? The most likely thing is that it is as before—this thing has in it all the earmarks of a tragedy haunting me all my life if I am not careful. But I love her. Well... Home, I want to get home & get on with things. But time, even my only six weeks [more] has become an eternity & forever. Come out of it, Evans—accept your alone-times now. This is the wandering and the freedom you wanted; it will be done soon enough. Tonight was an indescribable sunset of blue pastel and lemon-sherbet clouds, of fiery golds and dark purple. And I watched the moon, ghostly with a ring around it, coat silver-white the tops of the strange misty-fleeting clouds. I will not forget.

SEPTEMBER 15, INDIAN OCEAN Beautiful and tranquil are the days as we plunge ever southward. Warm & perfect are the days, smooth is the sea, incredibly lovely are the sunsets, cool and dark blue moon-tipped white clouded star-jeweled are the nights. All is well. Law School started today & I had a little twinge, but not much. *Indiansk hvar*. How still and flat, tranquil is the sea as our ship rolls and pitches ever southward. Tomorrow we cross the Line; and the weather is amazingly pleasant in these latitudes—warm but a cool breeze; and bright sunshine all the time. It is not the fierce sun of the Persian Gulf tho; for here are clouds—endless flat lines of them stretching to the horizon where the dark blue of the sea and the lighter blue of the sky come together. I see the clouds piled up on the horizon; they appear to rest, very dim, blue and white-topped, on the line of the sea-horizon. What beautiful weather! But still I want to go home where the air is crisp and the blood tingles, where there is apple cider and pumpkin pie. The fall is my favorite season. On, On! Through the South Seas. There is nothing in front of me now but the vast sweep of the southern horizon, as we head southward towards Mozambique. Far out to my left is a dark blue patch of angry squall; the sun sets to my right through the broken low-lying clouds: golden is the thin strip of sky there, then a streak of lovely pure turquoise silver sea before the dark aquamarine. And the sun cuts a golden track to my ship. We cut swiftly and silently through the trackless deep and it is once again good to be alive. But all that is nothing to what I see now—it defies description. Imagine the purest heaven-pink in the back; the sun is set, but the western sky still glows orange. And on the very distant horizon there is a sudden bright spot, caused where the unseen sub has touched the very tip of one of the clouds, of which only the top shows. My God, My God. Tracy lacework streamers of orange and turquoise & green & purple... what a sight. The dark clouds above the golden strip now begin to sift down to the gray blue sea, sifting and falling like a far-off dust

storm. In the south and east it is already dark. The night is closing in, and now the moon takes over with her silver track.

SEPTEMBER 16, EQUATOR

An uneventful day (hah—what day isn't?). We cross the Equator at 7:00 AM with no fanfare—but now I am in the Southern Hemisphere. Another beautiful moon-and-cloud deep-blued night. I paced the deck a long time, and thought of June 7. [*The day I paced the seawall on Cape Cod and shouted at the winds—“I am going off to sea this time!”*] I also thought about money. I won't have much when I get back, so I'll probably have to work again. How I hate that stuff! It is so hard to do anything without it, and its lack has made me sweat—mentally & physically—all my life. Sometimes I am bitter at my father for this, but I know that is very unfair, for he certainly does all he can. All I know is that I want to have enough so that there will be no more sweat.

Old Torsteim Stokke, that vile old man—he spittles & drools his path from cabin to galley to engine room. Bow-legged, teat-hanging, he reaches a sweaty arm across my plate of food for the butter; and I can watch the damp hairs brush across what I am about to eat. That vile person—cranky, loud of speech, completely without manners; he is only 50 or so, but looks 70. Although he somewhat disgusts my aesthetic sensibilities, I cannot but feel sorry for him. So old—one should not be at sea so old, because it is a drab and lonely existence. When I am old I want to be surrounded by family. To be alone is not always good, to be old and alone is never.

Nils Hoheim, the carpenter. About the age of my father, and a good man... He too, has an annoying habit of spitting constantly while he talks, but it does not in the least distract from what he says. Uneducated by my standards, he yet speaks more profoundly than many of the college people I know at home. He is a good person, & I have had many long talks with him. And there are plenty of young people on this ship. They are beginning their careers on the sea, their ambitions are all of the sea

SEPTEMBER 17, SOUTH ATLANTIC

Far away from India now, which goes to show that things sometime are better than expected. I hope they keep up so. But now is only a dull lethargic routine. The sea life is only existence, nothing more: the monotony of work, the endless bad food, the sleep which is the best thing. I don't want to do anything: I've never been so completely apathetic—all I want to do is get home. But there are still the wondrous nights; silver-tracked ocean, star-jeweled heaven. How pure and blue they are out here, the sea and the sky. So dark and deep... I think of ages long past when I gaze in delight upon their treasured fastness.

SEPTEMBER 17, SOUTH ATLANTIC

I have never lived in such prolonged lethargy. This is a life of routine & existence, no more. One day is exactly like any other, except Sundays. The work is neither hard nor necessary nor interesting. I can avoid it as much as I want, and I do. My greatest battle is with this lethargy—it took ten minutes

before I could bring myself to pick up this pen. I never want to do anything, everything is an effort. The best thing I do is sleep; and there are indeed only three things I do: work, eat, & sleep. What an existence—that is all it is. Perhaps it is good that I have this very long trip, for it makes me sure of one thing: never again, if I can help it. God, how I want to go home. Nothing but the endless sky, the timeless routine, the tasteless Norwegian food...

SEPTEMBER 18, SOUTH ATLANTIC My job? Dirty, scraping paint & grease as usual. But what a night tonight! Shadowy and with scarcely a ripple, the dark sea blends with the moon-filled night; and I cannot tell one from the other. I stand at the very front of my ship, for there I can scarcely hear the engines nor see any lights. There is only the hiss of the sea where the prow cuts through it, there is only the moonlight, drenching everything like a silver blanket. It is beautiful, this mysterious night; so silent, so pure. The white masts gleam ghost-like against the star-studded sky, moon-filled. We plunge south with scarcely a roll, scarcely a ripple, scarcely a murmur. And Zanzibar—it is not far over the western horizon. Zanzibar!

SEPTEMBER 19, SOUTH ATLANTIC Another beautiful day. The weather is extremely pleasant—both warm enough to get a tan & keep my shirt off, yet cool enough to wear a shirt if I want; and sleep in the cabin. The sea air is wonderful. And the nights are priceless, gemlike—so pure and silver and dark blue. I shall never forget them. And I still have the vision: I seek sincerity, honesty, and beauty. I see it before me, this vision. And I think I should study law—not for itself, but for what it can do for me. I am glad for this time to think.

SEPTEMBER 20, MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL A fine pleasant Sunday: of reading novels, and sitting in the warm sun, of eating ice cream & sweetcakes, of having long talks with the carpenter and playing chess with the cook, listening to Schubert lieder on the radio from the Rhodesias. For we are well into the Mozambique Channel, and late tonight we come to Beira. I hope we do not have to wait long there; but I am ready if we do. Always comes the unexpected, and I try to anticipate too much—just wait & be ready. But I feel inside as if we will soon be going home; and I am quite content & happy now. The weather is wonderfully pleasant. But I still have the vision, singing high. I see it still, and my eyes turn upward to follow it. I will follow it always... and I may be beset by confusion and doubt; but I know that I am good and will and have done right. Let me not lose this vision in the Mozambique Channel, For all else, at least I believe in myself.

SEPTEMBER 21, BEIRA, MOZAMBIQUE We anchor late at night, go into Beira harbor in the morning & anchor again. The blow did fall—the unexpected again, this time in the form of tide. We cannot leave here before October 3 or 5 because we will have a full load & must wait for high water, before we can cross the bar. C'est la vie, always the unexpected. The only trouble is, if we don't finish unloading in time, we must wait another month. I could not stand that, but I must be ready for it. The weather is extremely pleasant, like mid-April at home. Beira is a very modern town. At night we all went ashore & my companions all got drunk par usual. I ate chocolate milkshakes & steak sandwiches & enjoyed myself. I can't get over how

clean & new this place is. I saw pretty, dressy girls & Ivy League suits for the first time in months. But I am lonely—I am not a part of these people (Norwegians), I have seen the world, I want to go home.

SEPTEMBER 22, BEIRA, MOZAMBIQUE Today I felt often that familiar feeling of dark despair in the pit of my stomach as I made plans on what to do if we must stay till November. I find it hard to believe, but it is possible. I constantly exhorted myself to keep a grip on the long-range view—that one more month isn't so bad, that I am only wandering as many other young men do. And I made myself feel better. But I still want to go home—there is much I must do. I still want to go to law school. I am glad I am learning—acquiring, this self-control, and learning how to accept things.

SEPTEMBER 23, BEIRA, MOZAMBIQUE Cold & blowy today, a delightful change from the Persian Gulf—a Hell, which I have not & will not forget (what tense should I use?) Today I washed the cabins & finished early. And the rest of the time I was in a complete lethargic stupor. There is simply nothing to think about, and my mind, which was such a finely honed & highly trained machine by last June, is now rusting & rotting from lack of use. It requires great force of will to keep from being bored. To escape this endless boredom I have just shut my mind completely to all things. I think of nothing. That is not good. I know one thing for sure—I have no intention of staying here a full month. And I heard a Mozart symphony from South Africa tonight on the cook's radio. It was very faint, but what a treat to my music starved soul!

SEPTEMBER 24, BEIRA, MOZAMBIQUE The weather was cool & pleasant par usual & I worked hard. Sat night I went ashore & saw a good English movie. Such a modern town—the theater looked like a good American one, and as I walked through the well-dressed crowds, I thought how strange: it seems almost like home, yet here I am halfway around the earth in a city I had never heard of two weeks ago. The world is an interesting place indeed. I also got the idea of getting into the Marine Platoon Leaders thing when I get home. It is only 6 months & I would like to be a lieutenant. A lieutenant in the Marines! Of course I know it would be rough, and they probably won't take me because of my eyes. But it is a prize worth having. Some military experience would do me good I think. I am content enough here, but I want to get home. But how? I am quite depressed about prospects for the immediate future. We will never get out of here. This boat just sits.

SEPTEMBER 25, BEIRA, MOZAMBIQUE Each day we sit here, it becomes more & more likely that we will have to wait for another month. God. I will have to make the decision soon: whether to ask my folks for enough money to get home, or to sit here, doing nothing. I do not need to explain all the implications of these things. Only know that I am bored & impatient here and there is much I want to do at home. I found a new way of amusing myself while at work: reviewing all my history courses I had at school. It's good for me too. I keep thinking: surely the shipping company would not keep us here for a month & lose so much money. But oh they might. It has been done before.

SEPTEMBER 25, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE Just after dinner I lean on the rail of my ship and watch the sunset. The sky turns orange, then greenish, then grows dark; I hear the 'quark' of the soaring gulls, their graceful flitting shapes black against the orange sky; the lines of the other anchored ships growing darker and gradually merging with the water. Now I see the blue sea separated from orange sky only by a thin dark-green strip of land in the west; all grows dark now, the first stars appear in the dusky sky, and ships' lights twinkle on one by one. It is springtime here, and the air is delightfully cool, even though the sun is warm. Indeed, everything is very nice here at Beira, from a physical standpoint, en tout cas. I can't get over how clean & new the town is, how well-dressed are its people. But all is not well. As usual, the *Capto* is waiting—for what, no one knows, as usual also. All that we know is that we have not picked up our load of ore yet; and all we know is that we must be out of here by the first few days of October or we must stay here another month until the next high tide comes. And as every day passes that we do nothing, the chances are greater that we must stay. What am I to do? Why is it like this? The second question I cannot answer; I must only accept. But the first—what indeed will I do? I do not want to stay here. I am bored & want to go home & enjoy myself a bit before I start out again. It within my power to go home now—by getting money from home. But, is this good? Should I not stick it out here, no matter what? I do not want to take money from home, even though I would pay it back. I do not want to think that I have been running out on something. But I do want to go home. What to do? There is still time for us to leave here on time. Oh, I hope I do not have to make that the choice.

SEPTEMBER 26, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE The Vision, the Vision! Still I see it, shining high, always no matter what. My heart leaps and sings, I am joyful and exultant, for nothing can stop me. I see the future, still bright, yes more bright than ever. I have completed my first two objectives: I have graduated with honors from Princeton, and I have gone out to see a fair part of the world. And now—now, how much I see ahead! I will go home and become a Marine officer. I will go to Law School. And learn Russian too. I will even get contact lenses & get married someday. I am laying out all the lines for a successful future, and so far I think I have done right. I have gotten the restlessness out of my system now, and I think I am ready inside to do what I should do. How I want to get into that Platoon Leaders' thing! If only my eyes will not keep me out... in any case it is worth a try. My success in my first two objectives has shown that determination & persistence are the most important things of all. These I have; and I do longer doubt my mental fortitude. Let me go into the Marines and see how much physical fortitude I have. How I want this!

SEPTEMBER 26, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE A delightful balmy Saturday of washing the cabins early, then sunbathing & eating coffee cake, then going ashore at night and having a few drinks & seeing a movie. I cannot say I am unhappy here—I can think of a lot worse places to be waiting, and I have been to some of them. I have no worries, certainly no everyday cares beyond minor occurrences when I work—infinitesimal. The weather is unbelievably wonderful. It is true there is much monotony, but I am becoming used to it. And I busy myself dreaming of the bright future ahead, as I lay out lines to follow. My next objective is to be

a Marine officer. I do not want to stay here a month, I would like to be home. But it is not at all bad here. I am quite used to everything now—and still ready for the unexpected. How delightfully balmy here in Beira Bay on a Saturday afternoon. At home have started the first football games. I wonder who is in the World Series? And here I am, halfway around the world. How good it is to be able to dream & plan for my future. I wonder how much of it will work out? It is good to be alive.

To seek out and always try to make myself a better person—that is what I want to do and what I always [tried to do]. For all of life is a learning process that never ends; there is never a point to be reached beyond which there is nothing more to be discovered... Life is complex, fascinating, and ever-new, ever-changing. Life can never be a bore if one only uses his brain and his faculties of perception. Life is good, the world is good—and I am young and growing up.

SEPTEMBER 27, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE And extremely pleasant Sunday par Beira usual, except that it is getting warmer as the spring of the Southern Hemisphere ripens into tropical summer; for here is only 17 degrees south (sort of like Jamaica). I sat out in the sun for a long time, did my weeks' wash, stuffed myself on cake—got to stop eating so much—read, & played chess. And today, at 2:30 PM, we weighed anchor & went to the ore-loading dock, past the ships of England, Japan, South Africa, and Italy. The ore machine is a very modern belt but it breaks all the time. I hope it doesn't now, for I don't want to stay here a month.

SEPTEMBER 28, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE Today they started loading ore into the ship by the long belt—a strange and wondrous machine that so far has loaded about 4000 tons. If all goes well, we will be finished Wednesday, and then—home! I can't believe it. And it hasn't happened yet. My job was itchy and damp and uncomfortable and miserable and dirty, scraping grease and paint in the tunnel. But I didn't care—it's just a job, & so what? I've become used to discomfort and things go easier now. Besides, I'm going home soon.

SEPTEMBER 29, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE I am sitting in bed, combing my beard—a favorite preoccupation these days—and thinking. I went into town today & bought some things I wanted (two bottles of wine, & cashew nuts). I also got a copy of *Time* [magazine], and I have been reading about Krushev's visit. My first reaction was that it was not only rude but unwise for my people to have treated the man so poorly, for it will only anger him. But then, I thought, this man respects only power, he cannot escape the age-old Russian inferiority complex when faced with the nations of the West. The West—and America—is rich and strong, and to treat him a little contemptuously may have a very desirable political effect on his power-respecting brain. It'd hard to say; but K himself is acutely aware that the US is stronger than Russia. He constantly speaks of competition and “closing the gap”—much like an adolescent unsure of himself & trying to prove his worth. The Vision, where is the Vision? All of a sudden I have climbed off my cloud & done some sober thinking. I hear the vacuum-sweeper sound of the ore-belt outside and I hope we will be out of here soon.

SEPTEMBER 30, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE Still loading. They say finish Friday, which probably means Saturday or so. It was supposed to be today. How I long to hear my music... I can buy peanuts and ice cream to sate my physical longings, but what is there to ease and bring pleasure to my thirsty spirit? It seems like an unbearably long time until I will be able to hear a Bach Concerto, the Archduke Trio, Schubert's Op. 163—and all the rest. I would give—I would give two weeks' more time out here just to be able to hear one. It is like a loved one whom I miss & have not seen in a long time. I think of my music in the same way, and I revel in the dreams of how I will enjoy it when at last I am home.

OCTOBER 1, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE October! My God! It all seems sort of unreal—this is the first time in 16 years that October has come & I am not in school. But it must change, and it is good this way. I wonder what home is like? I have thought about it so much... And tomorrow we leave, or Saturday. Leave for home—but where is my home? I don't really have a home anymore. To be sure I have a family whom I love, but their home is no longer mine in the same way. No, I will not truly have a home until I go out and found a new one—my own. I am watching the hold, watching the workers shovel the black ore of Africa; and they chant, they yelp and they shout, and they work with the strength of two, drugged by the forgetful stupor of the unending tune. They use the tools and accouterments of Western civilization, but the black man [as portrayed in Western literature seems,] to have not changed... A rare moment in Beira. Were it not for the sound of the shovels, I could shut my eyes and think I was in the heart of the jungle, around their campfires; were it not for the giant monster of a machine, moving silently on its rollers up & down the dock like a gigantic bird of prey, were it not for this new ship, I would think I was in deep Africa. But I am in Africa now, this I know. I have heard this chant before—in Ethiopia, more savage—and in India—a quiet plaintive murmur of wailing thousands; but this is different yet—this is really Africa.

OCTOBER 2, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE Okay, so we go tomorrow. That's what they said yesterday & that's what they will probably say tomorrow. God curse the men who run this ship. Impatient am I to get out of here & start moving. There is much I want to do at home. At night I drank some wine & so was able to drown the lethargic boredom of life at sea. The food here is getting better.

OCTOBER 3, BIERA, MOZAMBIQUE We had a helluva time leaving Beira today—almost didn't make it. We had to leave in the afternoon, and it was our last chance because the ship is very heavily loaded and today was the day of the high spring tide. If we didn't make it today, we would have to stay another month, etc. So, the first thing that happened was that one of the mooring lines got fouled in the propeller, and we were delayed for about an hour until they found a diver, who finally cut the rope. Jesus! It was sort of tense [standing in the engine room and listening—feeling—as the bottom of this great ship scraped slowly over the sands of the harbor bar], but we finally made it. Greatest of all, as I went upstairs to be on deck and smell, feel, the clean ocean again, into my mind suddenly popped the melody of Bach's 6th

“Brandenburg Concerto,” last movement. O the Joy! Ran into a storm at night & I didn’t feel very well—but now we are really going home. 26-28 days, but we are going home. The end is in sight. Lanah has been on my mind constantly, just as she seems to be at the beginning of every month. I wonder if I will ever see her again, & I wonder who she is in love with now, and if I, who need the warmth and closeness of a woman’s love, will ever find it again...I also shaved off my 62-day-old mustache & look much the better for it. I still have the beard. Great Day!

OCTOBER 4, INDIAN OCEAN

Cool & rainy Sunday, dull & I don’t feel very good. Why am I always getting sick? I try to take care of myself, but maybe I just ain’t healthy. I listened in part to a Haydn (or Mozart) symphony on the cook’s radio with tears in my eyes. I think I’ll break down when at last I can hear all I want. I played the harmonica a lot—it’s not so hard to learn. O, how good it will be to be home!

OCTOBER 5, INDIAN OCEAN

The sea was wild and beautiful today, as we plunged and slugged our way down the coast of South Africa: endless rows of huge apartment-house (ground floor only) waves battering the ship which shakes so that I think it will fall apart. Last night a lot of water came in through the porthole (it is under water half the time) & put about 3 inches on the floor. And I saw my first albatross today. But—how dumb & miserable & lonely I feel. Home is so far away—this weather makes me not seasick but I don’t want to do anything at all. All I do is think of Lanah & everything at home. It is quite hard to sleep. Will it ever end? Wild and beautiful is the sea today, here in the ‘Roaring 30s’ off the coast of South Africa, near Durban. Row after endless row of huge blue waves, parading, white-crested past our ship. They foam & they froth, they batter my ship from the front and side, sending up great clouds of spume; and the ship shakes as if it is going to fall to pieces it pitches & yaws... one moment I am perched 40 or 50 feet above the sea, and I can see the jagged coast, the trees on the mountains, the sand dunes, the horizon so broken by these monsters that I cannot tell if it is hills or only waves; and the next moment I am down between two enormous waves, I can see nothing except their white tips. Now one smashes amidships... spitting and frothing, it tears down the deck, stopping just short of me, who has already jumped out of the way. A wild and beautiful sight indeed—how mighty is the sea. And over all, a pale winter-like sun shines brightly. I have the strangest feeling I have seen all this before.

OCTOBER 6, SOUTH ATLANTIC

It has been very cool—chilly, even, for the past few days. Good—that’s the kind of weather I like. We made very slow time last night because of the rough seas. They were really bad last night, & it was like trying to sleep on a roller coaster. How nice it will be to be home... but it will be a good 25 days from now. Right now it seems like eternity. I wonder if my family is well? How lucky I am to have a family & a nice home full of nice things to go home to. I felt lethargic, dumb, full of thoughts of home & Lanah today, but it was a bit better. The night was a crescent moon, cloud-struck star-filled thing, and I had another long talk with the carpenter. What a good guy!

OCTOBER 7, SOUTH ATLANTIC Today was a decent enough day—cool (cold), & I washed the cabins & got done early. About 50-100 miles SE of the Cape; we round it tomorrow, & then really head for home. If, when I am at home and I ever begin to get restless & thinking of how much I would like to be back on the sea again, let me think of how uncomfortable it is tonight, trying to sleep while all the time being rocked & lifted most unpleasantly from my bed, then smashed back down against it. Let me remember the sweet taste of maple syrup in my mouth as I eat stale fish; let me remember how exquisite was the faintest taste of part of the “5th Brandenburg Concerto” I heard from Holland tonight. Let me not forget how now I long for these things. I am glad for the experience I have had, & eager to get home. I think of it every minute, which is a bad thing because it makes Time an eternity of slowness. If time passes slowly, it is my own fault. If I ever write a book about all this, I think the title should be *Four Months on a Roller Coaster*. I can think of no better way to describe the rolling pitching motion here. Now I am somewhat used to it (because I must be) but I still find it most unpleasant to be thrown up and down, violently from side to side, all the time. I sleep; and if a particularly big wave comes along, I am literally torn from my mattress and then flattened back down against it. The rhythm is about once every five minutes or so. On this big, fully-loaded ship too... the sea is a mighty thing.

OCTOBER 8, SOUTH ATLANTIC A gray & wintry sea it was today as we rounded the Cape of Good Hope and moved out into the South Atlantic, a windy & blowy, frothing white-crested wild beast that snatches at our ship. It was the coldest looking thing I ever saw. I am sort of disgusted with myself today. Neilsen the Dane got mad at me for eating out of the jam jar (which of course was wrong) & I just stood there & took it. Where are my guts? And though I am big & tough looking, I am not so strong. What the hell is the matter with me. The Platoon Leaders will never take me. Only 21 more days...

Freydag den Ni Oktober: Kansje gall tiden er farin—for na, arlikeveld—fordi I dag vaerting gik god or fokt. Det vill ikke vaer for lange na—bare tjue dag mer.

Ja, ja—jeg vet mange Norske orde, men still jeg kan ikke forstore nar Norske man snaake til meg, Og so—sam er averting pa livet—jeg har laere meget, men ikke alle.

Klimaten er still kalt, men baten ga foktere na, og sjoen er ikke so strength. God natt.

OCTOBER 10, SOUTH ATLANTIC A very nice day today—clear & cool, as we sail always to the Northwest, towards America and my home. I washed the cabins today & did my best job, I think—for I felt well and was happy. And at night I won 4 games of chess from the cook, and walked about the decks later, enjoying the mystery, the beauty and the purity of an ocean night—the moon and the clouds, the silent watery wastes, the hiss of the waves breaking under the bow, the ghostly white masts of my silent ship—here, in the sea and the sky, is God Primeval; and man has never, and can never, alter it. Pleased and proud I am that I

have come here by my own efforts, taking money from no one. I believe in myself, and I know I can do and have done what I want if only I stay with it, and not become discouraged. What do I seek? Money is nothing—what I want is wisdom and understanding, and a soul made whole and at peace with itself. I am no longer afraid to be alone with myself; and I am beginning at last to see the rewards of all my lonely and painful years of soul-searching and torment. For I am beginning to know myself; and perhaps more, I am learning how to look at things.

OCTOBER 11, SOUTH ATLANTIC A nice day, peaceful & cool on the flat sea; turkey for dinner & jelly-rolls at coffee-time, win 2 of 3 games of chess—what more could a man want? No cares or worries about the next day—I know what it will be like, and all my physical wants are taken care of. I said physical wants, because the spiritual ones are something else; and that is why I wouldn't want this sort of life all the time. Lanah... I have done much sober thinking today. She really is sort of a bitch—she has all the instincts, and I have known this from the first. She is just not like me; and she has the candidness to see that we are not for each other, even if I do not. And I know deep inside full well what will happen when I come home and if there is any communication between us. Why then, do I stay on and cling to this thing? I have asked this question many times, and the answer is complex: physical passion, my ingrained romanticism which wants to believe in love eternal—indeed, my great need for a strong and lasting love—and also because I know she is not all bitch. I know how gentle and loving she can be. So here I am. How I need a real and lasting love from a woman... perhaps it is good that Lanah does not return my feelings.

OCTOBER 11, SOUTH ATLANTIC On the poop deck on a chilly-cool Sunday afternoon... nothing today but to read and look out upon the vast flat blue-gray sweep of the South Atlantic, the equally flat grey-white immensity of a long front of clouds passing overhead, obscuring the blue sky... Always [heading] northwest, the sun off a little bit to the left of front, always to America, to my home. I think that 2½ weeks now are unbearably long, but after all, it is 300 miles less than it was yesterday at this time, and tomorrow it will be still less 300 more. And the days do go fast, even when they do not seem to be so... And today I think and wonder, as I dream *enna* [Norwegian for 'now'] of my future... now I want to go home; now I am nearly blind to the awesomeness of the great spaces around me—this great primeval waste that has never changed—now I scarcely feel or sense the freshness of the air, the purity of the nights. Deadened by acute familiarity has been my wonder and enthusiasm of three months ago; how all I want to do is go home. I wonder what I shall think of this time in the future—the distant future I mean, when I shall be settled in a career and probably able to afford a trip such as I must now work my way for. Truly I have traveled and seen much, thought more, for such is my nature; and I know what I shall think when I am older-mature, when all the problems that so disturb me now—military obligation, civilian career, wife & family—have been settled. “Those were the best times,” I will say; “free to go and do as I pleased—the whole world before me, and not a real care in it.” And in a sense this is true—for the whole world is before me, and I revel in uncounted

plans for what I will do in it. I have choice in everything now as I will never have again once I begin to commit myself. I am truly free now as I have never been before & will not be again. But I am not without problems—for I seem to be in a hurry to get home and lose this freedom; I want to commit myself & settle down. The life of a wanderer is not for me for always. I am glad to have done it, because it has satisfied many of my longings and opened my eyes to many things about the world and about myself; and also *fordi* [Norwegian for ‘because’] it has made me aware that what is of real value in life (mine at least) is also permanent and solid. I suppose I am thoroughly bourgeois, and of a ‘having’ nature. I live not for the present (although I manage to enjoy and appreciate it); rather, it is always to the future that I look and plan for. Yes; and there seems to be so much ahead of me now—I wonder how much will turn out the way I want? I am proud of myself so far, at the way I have worked and made my own chances, by the way I have seen what I wanted and stuck to it until I got it, because I have not taken my father’s money. I know I can win. And I will not forget this time early in my manhood: now the flat sea, grey today with the dim sun in the northwest; the albatrosses and the throb of the ship, the noise of her stack, the Norwegian people. This time has certainly not been without loneliness and hardship, but it has proved to be what I had hoped; and I shall not forget.

OCTOBER 12, SOUTH ATLANTIC Still the endless flat sea, topped by the endless flat blanket of cloud. We are in the Tropics so the weather is nice—I worked hard today & was happy. I got the idea of taking piano lessons when I get home & got all excited. How I would love to play the “Archduke Trio,” the “Trout Quintet,” the Brahms “Op. 34.” How nice to be so full of projects & dreams. And the best part of it is that they are all attainable—because I am young & still have much time. 18 more days. A shaft of pale yellow light pierces through the grey blanket to touch the sea—like the finger of God. The sea and the sky... so vast, so empty, so immense; that is all I have seen or seven days now, & all I will see for probably 15 more. Sat home I could never see such vastness, stretching from horizon to horizon—for always there are trees or houses. Here there is no such thing: only the flat sea and the unending monstrous blanket of flat cloud. Now—miles away—there appears an immense hole in the cloudwork, its edges oink in the setting sun, the whole a delicate blue. And off to the left, the sun sets in layers of purple, gold, orange, setting fire to the top of clouds, largely hidden in the distance. Such distances, such vastness! I have never seen anything like it *for* [Norwegian for ‘before’]

OCTOBER 13, SOUTH ATLANTIC I’m getting pretty smug & self-satisfied. You ain’t so great Evans, and you have a helluva lot of things to do. Probably none of them will work out—so get off your high horse. My job is driving me nuts: I weary of dreaming up new things to think about. The carpenter showed me card tricks at night. How I long for my music—sometimes I don’t think I can stand it until I get home—but of course I will, because I must. It is this unending sameness, which becomes wearing. Past St. Helena today; 17 more days.

OCTOBER 14, SOUTH ATLANTIC I have been reading *Rendezvous With Destiny* again and have done a lot of serious thinking about this liberal business. Because of my upbringing in the Midwest with a father whose opinions were as violent as they were conservative, the very name “liberal” has psychological connotations to me, of socialists, communists, Jews, Negroes, fuzzy-heads, etc—all to be looked upon as enemies to me & my class. But what of this? Of course, many liberals (whatever the word means) are Jews, etc., but so what? And is it really so bad what they want? I see nothing wrong with civil rights, equality, nor with government interference to help people at least have a minimum standard of living. I didn’t know that conservative thinking was rooted so deeply in me—it was a helluva job to lift myself out of myself & try to look at this thing objectively. I approve of this liberalism—if not the people, at least the idea—though of course I am aware that everybody is looking out for his own interests at the same time. And these people believe what they say. On the 15 degree South line today. Christ, will we ever get home?

OCTOBER 15, SOUTH ATLANTIC Yesterday the temperature very suddenly shifted, so today has been quite warm also. It won’t be long now—only two more weeks. I want to go home; but I cannot rush time. I must only wait. It will come soon enough. The setting sun looks just like a great orange balloon perched on top of the water. It is the most unreal-looking thing I have ever seen. Lying on deck in the evening; the sun has set but the western sky is golden yet under the dark clouds. I play old sweet songs on my harmonica and look upon the wine-dark sea... soon I will be home, and now I think how good to be young and savoring such moments as these... truly it is worth all the petty discomforts and longings I have endured.

OCTOBER 16, SOUTH ATLANTIC Quite warm in the daytime—the sun directly overhead. A warm pleasant sea, very little breeze. And the night—a wondrous moon-drenched night; the silent stars, white rolls of ghost clouds moving against the pure dark blue night, shadowing the silvered sea. And I sat up in the prow of the ship (as has been my wont lately), feeling and drinking in the silence and mystery of this night; the only sound to disturb the silence is the hiss of the [wave-] cutting bow, and there is only the slightest sway of the white masts as we go always northwest... with scarcely a ripple or a protest from the sea. As I lay there I thought about the night and wanted to share it with someone; and I also thought how nice a life this is: no worries about work, I am well fed, the nights are exquisite—indeed my biggest problem is wondering when I shall go [to the galley] & make toast to eat with strawberry jam. And now too, I can dream of all the glorious things I am going to do with my future—safe now from the reality of having to go out and sweat for them. Yea, this is a nice life; but I would not want it for always & I want to get home. I wonder what, if anything, will happen to change my plans?

OCTOBER 17, SOUTH ATLANTIC I woke this morning feeling very vigorous for some reason; so I did the work of 2 men all morning & finished washing the whole 3 stories of [engine room] floors by noon. Then I laid in the hot sun all afternoon. The Nights, the Nights! How I look forward to them. I shall never again know anything like their pure silent mystery and peace, their moon-filled wonder, their star-studded serenity and gran-

deur. Balmy is the tropic night on the quiet sea; I watch the flaming sun go down, I play my harmonica as a yellow moon rises over the deep; I lay out on deck late at night drinking wine, soaking in also the wondrous silver light. What times! How can I describe my ecstasy? I can never stay depressed for very long; always is some new project, some fresh plan for the future to make my heart leap and sing... now I am going to go home and take piano lessons & hear my music & see my girl; then I am going to be a Marine Officer, then to Law School & learn Russian. The future seems golden, and the best thing is that I can do all of it. "Darkling I listen... and in my great ecstasy I long for easeful death..."

OCTOBER 18, SOUTH ATLANTIC Quite a pleasant day, as Sundays usually are: washing, then loaf & read in the sun; Sunday meals, sweetcakes—this is not a bad life. Of course it is all the better because soon I will be home. The nights! A strange dark sea of low clouds and rain squalls; I stand by the rail and smell the fresh rain air in the balmy night, and my heart turns to thoughts of sweet spring fresh-times at home, of a magical spring with Lanah that once I knew. The sea was still and dark, full of flashes and phosphorescence from the plankton. Full of flying fish, mystery, peace, harmony, power and incomprehensible vastness—how can I not believe in God when I live on the sea?

OCTOBER 18, SOUTH ATLANTIC How can I not believe in God when it is night and I am looking out at the sea? Before and behind, on all sides, is the countless deep: countless in size, in depth, in the life that teems in it. So vast, so immense, that man is nothing in it. Even our ship, so big, is swallowed up in its immensity—we have come 5500 miles and have seen no other single sign that there are any humans on earth other than ourselves. There is only the immensity and serene loneliness of the sea; the beauty of the moonstruck nights, the soaring majesty of the clouds. Before me is the virgin sea—3000 miles of it, flat and silent as a dark prairie... the *Capto* cuts through it with a hiss and a curl of white, muted even from reverence to this majesty; a few moments of activity, then is our insignificant trite disturbance swallowed p; and the sea returns to its primeval vastness and peace—a harmony of wind and sea and sky that was God and his God, and will be. The Sea—the silent deep, looking like a flat dark glass, almost without a movement. Yet beneath its calm it teems with life. We see it in sudden snatches: a few playful dolphins arching up and back in with a smack; sudden silvery-pebbled flashes of hundreds of flying fish skimming across like flat stones; mysterious phosphorescent flashes and glows, in the dark night sea. Yea, the sea; here truly is the be-all and the end-all of all that is the Earth. Here it began, here it holds life; here it will end. Here is power and mystery and harmony. Yea, here is God.

OCTOBER 19, SOUTH ATLANTIC Today I worked on deck and the fresh air and sun were very nice even though my job was very dirty and greasy and uncomfortable. The Sea, the Sea! Long lines of marching rain squalls all day—to the left, to the right, and over us; dark clouds, light clouds, tall & thin, short & fat—a regular parade. And the night—a dark and mysterious thing; yet even here, a thousand miles from man-light, there is a sort of glow, & it is not really too dark. The silent sea, the fleeting black clouds, moon-lined; the dark

sea, weirdly flashing plankton. Last time! Last time! For me & the Sea. Who am I to go home and think that I have everything figured out? Of course I don't; all I have is some idea of what I am and what I want, & what I am going to do for the next year or so. That is enough for now—don't presume to pretend that I know everything.

OCTOBER 19, SOUTH ATLANTIC Unbelievable, unbelievable... how can mortal per write of the beauty and majesty of the awesome sea? A great line of rain squalls—25 miles of them, fifteen separate storms, patching the horizon with purple; while above tower the cumulonimbus, powerful and white—billowing as they march to the south. Further forward there is again blue sky (as there is where we are also), white high towers, interspersed with flat blue darts... and over all are the high flat clouds, looking like an Arctic ice floe; and below is the flat blue sea, beautiful, a beautiful day. Where could I ever see such things, such immense distances, such vast loneliness, such majesty? Yea, let me enjoy this, let me savor it for what may be the last time. God, God—here is God and peace and power and harmony.

OCTOBER 20, CROSS EQUATOR TO NORTH ATLANTIC Again on deck—how beautiful is the sea... all day long, great sifting-silk curtains of rain showers move across the sea, sometimes on us, sometimes to the side; misty & diaphanous—I call them the Curtains of God. And mighty clouds; sea; sky... Here is all merged into one whole, and even at night our ship no longer seems to be an intruder, but part of the vast Emptiness. I had a shaking experience tonight, as I sat enraptured in the prow, praising silently, wondering at the majesty of the star-filled night. I spoke to God; and the wind blew harder and I grew cold... and I was sore afraid, I wanted to weep or scream, and my hair stood on end. I am superstitious, yea, but I know there was a Presence there. And most surely, I believe in God. I don't feel well today—itchy all over and light-headed. Well, can't be healthy all the time. I have just come from the Presence of God. Was I imagining? I am still shaken, my skin still goose bumps, my hair prickles. I still want to weep or scream. I'm on the prow of the ship; and indescribable beauty of sea and sky and stars; the dark sea, full of flashing plankton hypnotizes me; it merges with the stars and the lights of my ship and all becomes One and Indivisible...The dark clouds lower and the wind blows hard—and I am entranced and I am of It and in It; and I begin talk, first in admiration, then to God—and the wind blows more and I feel the Presence. And I am sore afraid. Even now I am sore afraid. I could not stay there. And I need to scream or weep—my mouth keeps forming into strange grimaces that are not me. What is it, what has happened? Perhaps it is because I am superstitious and have a very strong imagination—this is what my educated civilized nature tells me. I am good at talking myself into things. But no, I know there was Something; and for once neither the *Capto* nor myself were intruders into this domain that is beyond and apart from man. *And the firmament shall/ Show forth His handiwork And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the Deep* And I have known this, yea; and I am sore afraid. I have gone Beyond. And what is anything now? What of this ship? Of its people? Of my home? Of my dreams and ambitions? They are nothing—I have known God. 8:00–8:15 PM.

OCTOBER 21, SOUTH ATLANTIC Balmy pleasant, 12 degrees N; we are past the rainy belt now. I washed the cabins & took it easy. Another long talk with the Carpenter. I will never forget that man, uneducated, yet one of the clearest-thinking and profoundest men I know. As usual, we discussed politics & the US & Russia. This has been my first chance to hear the other side—that perhaps Russia is not all bad. And yes, many things they have done are good, many communist ideas are good (I hope the witch-hunters back home don't get hold of this). I get very angry just to think of many people in America living off stocks & other people's work. That man gives me disturbing thoughts.

OCTOBER 22, NORTH ATLANTIC Today was a lousy rotten day in every way: it rained all day; I had a splitting headache and a dirty greasy job; & I broke my glasses frames. Nothing could go right. I felt sick, so after dinner I slept straight through till the next morning. One week to go.

OCTOBER 23, NORTH ATLANTIC Pleasant and balmy on the Spanish Main: warm sun, cool breeze, little puffs & towers of clouds above the dark blue sea. My work was easy & I was quite happy & filled with thoughts of what I am going to do when I get home, I felt better, & the night was a wondrous star-studded thing. I can barely believe it is almost over—with luck, we can be in Baltimore Wednesday, & it will probably be Thursday. And I listened to almost all of Beethoven's "9th Symphony"—what a treat! How can I stand it till I can get home to hear my music again? Beautiful is the sea in the setting sun. It looks like something out of the desert—all weird puffy & towering multicolored cloud shapes on the horizon. Wonderfully pleasant on the Spanish Main today; and soon I will be home I hope. Now, when I am very young and searching, all I can write about are my immediate sensations as I seek to find... to find what? I am not so sure: but I know that some day I will find it, and my soul will have been purified by much thought and search and anguish. I will be ready. I almost feel as if I am here to do some great work some day. "Great" has many meanings; I mean only something important in some way. I feel as if I am born for this, born to be a leader, & everything I do is in preparation for this. Perhaps this is why I am always in such a hurry to get things done & out of the way. I want to do many things, until I find that which I really want. How can I write of the exhilaration of life? I need no bought entertainment to give me pleasure; I have it all locked inside where nothing can take it away. It is good to be alive, and I enjoy or find something to be had from nearly everything. Most people like to read of stories of daring and fanciful adventures, full of romance and improbabilities. I like this too, but I find all this also in ordinary stories of ordinary middle class people like myself. These move me much because I can feel & sympathize so deeply; I have great powers of empathy. What of this prejudice, so deeply ingrained in me? I am coming out of it, I think. People are everywhere the same. Life is only petty & cheap if people make it so by becoming deeply immersed in their daily picayune problems. It has much to offer—yea, everything—of one will only make the struggle to raise his head above the morass and see what is beyond his own little world.

OCTOBER 24, NORTH ATLANTIC The Sea was absolutely still today—smooth, like a mirror of exquisite turquoise green, it reflects the pink and white images of the puffy white towers, which all day lay about us in an immense circle. A balmy day & pleasant as I washed the cabins & lay in the sun. 25 degrees North. Another wondrous night, and the sea still so smooth that even the stars' pure track was carried to my ship. I stood in the bow, stripped naked, and reveled in the mysterious Oneness I felt with that warm and wondrous, pure, night. What times!

On top, yes, the sea was smooth; but all day there were immense swells; and on this calm day full of sunshine, the *Capto* tossed like a cork. Strange mysteries lurk in those subterranean depths. Mighty is the sea; there must be a storm about 100 miles off.

OCTOBER 25, NORTH ATLANTIC Today began the bad weather although the air is still warm. A beautiful and terrifying procession of bow-curved white-topped, black-bottomed line storms moved across the sea, tipping it with sudden white-cruled violence but short-lived line squalls. Full of beauty, wild, and treacherous—malignant and temperamental, mighty is the sea... much does it remind me of a woman. I want to go home.

OCTOBER 25, NORTH ATLANTIC Three things is the sea: A thing of beauty—wild and pagan, as in a storm, the strange phosphorescence of its depths, in the purity and peace of its star-filled nights and its incomparable sunsets. A thing of evil—the waves which spit and snatch at a person, the unexpectedness & untrustworthiness of its moods. One must always keep one's guard up, and always in the midst of this wild beauty lurks the shadow of death. A thing of power, awesome and immense, primeval and beyond time. Our mighty ship is tossed about like a chip of wood, even on nice days; the power of the sea is never forgotten, even as it reaches into our bunks like some half-human thing to shake us all about; even as I stand by the rail, half afraid, yet all hypnotized by awe at the same time. I am afraid but I cannot go. Full of mystery and power and beauty—yea, a mighty thing is the sea.

OCTOBER 26, NORTH ATLANTIC How can I describe this slow drag of endless time? I count the hours, minutes, seconds, turns of the screw; and still it goes too slow. With just three days to go, it slows down more than ever. All I want to do is get out of here and go home, and I shudder at the thought of something keeping me here from it—for always comes the unexpected. This whole thing is silly I know; but I cannot help wanting to get off so much. My job was really hot & miserable today: "Evans, you can polish the piston-studs today," says the 2nd [Mate]; "it is not too hot now." No, not too hot—only about 120 degrees, and the metal is too hot to touch with bare skin. C'est la vie—that's the life of a lowly engine boy. I thought much about Andy Smith. She's always been my ideal of the kind of girl I'd like to marry. But with her, I've always backed out from making any move. She doesn't even know I'm interested. What a fool I am! Of course, she's probably pinned to this Lorig guy, and there is little chance for me to get near her *arlikeveld*. I want to go home.

OCTOBER 27, NORTH ATLANTIC All this is a dream, what I am doing here—so far away, so different from all that I have ever known before. How strange is all of life when we dare to think about it: and the passage of time... what is it all about? And is there truly any reason for all of it? Strange thoughts run through my mind... A pleasant day, & I sunbathed for probably the last time. The air is cooler, and America crackles on all the radios. My home! America!

OCTOBER 28, NORTH ATLANTIC Colder yet, & rough seas. But still a nice day. Almost home! How good it is to be there—the best part of adventuring is the homecoming; and now I can understand how people appreciate their homelands. America has taken on a new aspect in my eyes. I still feel strongly about the things I wrote about last June, but it is all different now. For it is still my home, and I want to be in it & of it, to live there, *mais oui*. Perhaps with the new qualities of careful thinking & tolerance & understanding I have come to out here I can be of some help. *Nesten farin*; I can't believe it. I have gone and done all I had planned, and it has all turned out well. And now, it is time to do new things.

OCTOBER 29, CHESAPEAKE BAY I can't believe it, I can't believe it—but now it is late at night and we are going up the Chesapeake Bay. America! My home—how can I describe the way my heart catches at the sight of my country, at the thought of all the familiar things I will soon be doing. A cold day, my last day of work: and all the people here were quite friendly to me. I was touched at the way they came around to say goodbye—or *farvell*, I should say! All over, and I cannot say I am sorry. I feel much older and changed.

OCTOBER 30, CURTIS BAY, BALTIMORE Ahh, a beautiful day! About 8:00 AM we moved in to the dock at Curtis Bay; earlier, about 5—had come Immigration & Customs. How good to see & talk to Americans again. Everything I see & drink in with a new light. My country, my home, how good to be back. I left the ship around 11:30, then charged all around Baltimore with the Captain & First Mate until we finally found the Norwegian Embassy & I paid off with \$110. I left Baltimore on the train to NY about 1:30—a delightful ride through all the old familiar territory in the lovely American fall weather. But I did feel a bit cramped in the train & its stale air—but certainly not homesick for the ship again. I called Lynne at Sarah Lawrence & got up to Bronxville around 6:15. How good to see my sister again. I took her & her attractive roommate to dinner; later, Lynne & I listened to chamber music & called home. We babbled for hours on end. How good to be home. I can't believe that my sister is in college. And already, my trip seems like a dream that never happened.

OCTOBER 31, NEW YORK Wet. I stayed at Constable's all night & slept till noon. It was good to see them again—then up to Bronxville to see Lynne. We spent a few more hours together. Then I went back and decided to go to Princeton once before I went home. It was wet, and I felt a bit depressed, as if the reaction to homecoming was setting in already. I had only intended to stay at school a few hours & then hitchhike home tomorrow, but when I got to the Club I got a great reception. And best of all, Payton was there, My old

buddy [from Mobile, Alabama], back from the Army. What a wonderful surprise. We went out with a couple of other guys, & partied & talked a long time. Needless to say, I stayed at the Club all night.

NOVEMBER 1, PRINCETON Ah, how good to have roots in a place like this, so solid, so full of enduring tradition. Princeton in the fall—everything is just the same: the bells ring, the sunlight filters through the falling leaves, there is the same friendly intimacy of club life. I am bursting with tears all the time these days, because life is so sweet. Went back to NY in the afternoon to get my luggage & showed all my souvenirs to the guys at night. I feel like a hero returning home. It is good to be home.

NOVEMBER 2, COLUMBUS Colder. Today I started to hitchhike from Princeton at 7:00. After 3 hours I had not gotten a ride, so I gave up & went back to the Club to bed. I was ready to take the train home when a guy offered me a ride to Harrisburg. I got there around 9:00 at night, & just made the train. Got to Columbus around 5:00 AM. God, how wonderful to see my family again!

NOVEMBER 3, COLUMBUS Back home I cannot keep still, so drunk am I on this sweet wine, of the exhilaration of [just] being alive, at home

NOVEMBER 21, 1959, CODA High on the peak... I ride the crest of a great wave of excitement and exhilaration... my heart beats faster and faster, my pulse quickens and never stops, my skin tingles. I long to play my music all day long—full blast so that it will permeate every pore of my being. My music—Bach and Beethoven—forceful virile music; my soul can take nothing else. My heart and mind race together at a drum roll tune, faster, yet ever faster: thunderclap upon pounding thunderclap of bright revelation—all of life's sweet sensations pulse and throb through my veins; I weep and sing, I laugh and shout, I want to run forever, I want to dance, I want to die—so great is this ecstasy. What is this strange ecstasy that first I knew over a year ago and now is more with me every day? It is the bright spirit of youth... but there is more—and that is the sense of tremendous power and feeling bubbling all through me—combined now with my optimism, so recently acquired.

* * *



“Rest Break.”
*After drill in the humid heat,
troops in Advanced Infantry
Training find welcome shade
in a pine grove. Camp Lejeune,
North Carolina, January 1960.*

As we march I see the gold-yellow moon in the evening, I see the stars twinkle in the cold early morning sky. Here life is down to earth, full of petty trifles and annoyances. But I have the vision to sustain me in this time of trial. I have the “Salve Te Domine” of Mozart to slake the thirst of my spirit. Someday I will be gone from this place and I can look back on it all, and then be glad I was here.

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 4

(1959-1960) *Semper Fi: The Secret Diary of a Marine*

Back in Columbus after sweating out four hot and tropical and demanding months on the Norwegian freighter *Capto*, I knew my pink draft notice was coming for me. (Back in June, my mother had alerted me.) Before enlisting, however, I had to determine the status of my romance with Lanah, so on November 10, we agreed to meet for lunch at OSU. She started our conversation by asking to exchange our old letters. I wanted to keep hers. Lanah gave me an arrogant glance from those dark blue eyes, strawberry-blond hair tumbling over white forehead. Flicking ashes off her cigarette, she said I was being childish and stupid & sentimental. She wanted her letters back. I tried to reassure her that I loved her, that I meant everything I said in that love letter I'd sent from India, that I'd felt the same way for five years now. She replied that our romance and first sexual experience had been a terrible mistake. “My God, I was only 16,” she said: “I can't help blaming you.” I told her I had no regrets, that she surely seduced me as much as I did her.

Then I asked her to tell me directly:

—If there can never again be anything between us, I must hear you say it.

—Ho, that's easy, she said. There can never be anything between us.

—Tell me that you don't love me now, and never will again. An arrogant flick of her cigarette, inhale & exhale. Another glance from those dark blue eyes.

—Absolutely don't love you now and never will again.

—Tell me once more, I said.

—Absolutely don't love you now and never will again.

And so it ended. I felt immediately relieved all the rest of the day, just as if I were Atlas and all the weight of the world was lifted off my shoulders. I had tried everything as well as I knew how and made sure she knew just how I felt about her, and still she cared not at all. Yes, that first physical passion of ours—so young and fierce and innocent—has reaped bitter fruit, chaining me for all this time to the ancient memory of how wonderful was my first love. I don't pretend

to understand that experience. She is still very pretty, sensitive & intelligent, and I am concerned about her and her future.

After breaking up with Lanah that dying November day, I had to confirm my standing with the University of Michigan Law School where I might have jeopardized my admission and scholarship. Because I'd been at sea when school started, I'd missed nearly a semester's classes. I hoped they had received my letter explaining my extenuating circumstances. To address this problem, my Dad drove me to Ann Arbor and we met with the Dean. After a lengthy explanation about my adventures and their timing, I was granted admission and my scholarship was preserved.

When my draft notice arrived before Thanksgiving, I told myself, "If my time has come to be a soldier, then I want to be the best one I can be..." To me, that meant one choice—the United States Marine Corps. I

remembered the words of my high school classmate Tod Ross, who had recently returned home from Parris Island. When I asked him what it was like, all he would say is: "You'll be sor-ry." Nevertheless, on December 9, 1959, I enlisted and prepared to be called up for boot camp. Packing toiletries and other personal items, I included a short lead pencil and small red notebook—forbidden personal items which I hid on my person at all times and in which I wrote whenever it was safe—often in bed. The following text combines that original 1960 secret diary and my editing in 2004 while transcribing that original pencil notebook. To clarify, all indented and lined texts —are direct quotations of Lanah, myself, and/or Drill Instructors (DI) slang and dialogue at Parris Island and Camp Lejune, slang I heard while successfully completing Infantry and Advanced Infantry Training that spring of 1960.

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JANUARY 4, COLUMBUS, OHIO, 1960—YEMASSEE, SOUTH CAROLINA We new recruits change trains in Philadelphia for the trip to South Carolina. I, alone and anxious about what lies ahead, am struck by the demeanor of 20 or so new kids who come aboard my car, also recruits. Mostly sporting sweeping ducktail haircuts, sleeves rolled up to hold their cigarette packages, cigarettes dangling from every lip it seems, a lot of swagger and swearing... as if they think they are already Marines, I muse, but they, like me, really have no idea. I make friends with Vern Wimer, from Buffalo, nice and quiet, seems more gentle; and with Nat Reid, young black socialite from Philly, obviously the best-educated and well spoken of the whole bunch of us... What IS in store for us. I wonder with increasing anxiety as the train rolls inexorably southward through the night. Train stop at Florence, South Carolina, my first time ever in the South. I go out into the station to stretch my legs, and just to be there. I go to take a drink and notice for the first time the signs: water fountains, labeled "Colored" and "White." As are the toilets. I am totally shocked. So this is what they mean?

JANUARY 4, YEMASSEE, SOUTH CAROLINA 2–3 AM, when we are at our mental and physical weakest. Train stops, the announcer says “All Marine recruits out here....” Everyone jostles to go out the train door except me: I am in no hurry to go out there and hold back till the last, savoring, then missing intensely, my last moment of freedom for a long long time. Then out, onto a large floodlit pavement, each one of us yanked up and dragged out, almost hurled out, there to stand in a ragged line... our tormentors seemed to be huge individuals with even huger voices... an epitome of military: neatly-dressed, every pleat perfectly crisp, those conical hats: the dread Drill Instructors (DI)! We all had seen them in many movies, but the scary reality was far far worse!

—Hurry up, hurry up! Step lively you idiots! You belong to the government now!

A frightening bus ride across onto that already scary place of many legends, Parris Island. Just before we get to the sign saying “Parris Island,” the bus driver pulls over and says, “Anyone who smokes better light up now... God only knows when they will let you do so again....” The rest of this ‘dark time’ is very scary, a tangled scrum of shouting, shoving and cursing:

—You stupid shitmaggots, nobodies, worthless scumbags, etc.

We are ‘processed,’ then marched—no the wrong word—shoved, kicked, pushed, across the immense pavement of the Parade Ground to our barracks and given a name: “Platoon 101,” we being the second one (after Platoon 100, our soon-to be rival) to start training. And the new year.

—From now on, you worthless scumbags ain’t people, you hear me? You are Platoon 101, that’s it, and you never dare say a word—nuthin’—unless you are spoken to... is that understood?

JANUARY 5, PARRIS ISLAND Issued clothes, meet our DIs. God, God—I have never heard such shouting and swearing. We must ask [permission] to do everything. Can only go to head and get a drink at specified times. I’m sorry I have joined.

JANUARY 6, PARRIS ISLAND More nasty stuff but it’s getting a lot nicer (hah). We had about a whole hour to ourselves today—I even got to take a shower! Physical in the morning. So this is soldiering. Well, well, what an awful life.

JANUARY 8, PARRIS ISLAND Finally broke the DIs down—all three lost their voices. Drilled with rifles today; am getting used to the routine now tho I still don’t like it. There are ways to live with it tho.

—Whassamatter boy, drop your rag?

JANUARY 9, PARRIS ISLAND Lovely weather. Just sat around. Gad, these sergeants are dumb. We stand for hours reciting the same boring stuff or doing silly things. I’m getting used to it, but I think it’s all ridiculous.

—All right, quit acting like helicopters. You guys ain’t going nowhere.

—Buddy, where you live, they still use smoke signals.

They made me squad leader today.

- JANUARY 10, PARRIS ISLAND** Beautiful day It makes me think of soft spring April nites back home, and I thought once again of a magic springtime long ago when I was with the only girl I have ever loved. How young we were—and how still I love and miss her. Today we didn't do much—got up an hour later and had classes a lot—mostly sat around. I'm getting used to all this. Civilian life is just a remote sweet dream.
- People, I am your mother and your father & your brothers & your sisters & all your relatives. Only I'm a lot tougher than your mother, ain't I?
- JANUARY 11, PARRIS ISLAND** Lovely, warm. We took classification tests all day. God, I'm getting sick of being yelled at by the ignorant ill bred military people. I don't even listen to them any more. I just stand there & think of other things.
- JANUARY 12, PARRIS ISLAND** Today we had our strength test which completely wore me out tho I did well. What a laugh—the DIs gave us a lecture today on what to say when a questionnaire about recruit training comes around.
- Now lads, your DI has never cursed at you, has he? This is what living under communism is like—I'm the Party member & you guys are nothings.
- What a laugh.
- JANUARY 13, PARRIS ISLAND** Today we had our butts run off in Physical Training & later by our nasty little sonofabitch DI the little prick. Some of the stuff these guys do is deliberate—like not letting us make head calls, & making us wear field jackets & sweatshirts in the hot sun. Lonely am I when I think of last summer & the *Capto*, or of school days, and a magic springtime with Lanah. In this place, all the niceties of civilized life have vanished, and I am weary of being shouted at by ignorant and brutish people.
- JANUARY 14, PARRIS ISLAND** Thursday. Warm & nice weather. A lot of drill in the morning.
- Lad, you just let that bug eat all he wants. There's a lot more of you than there is of him.”
- A very brutal P.T. session. God, I don't know how I can take it. But I do, somehow. What a place.
- Listen up, stupid shitbirds! You ain't worth a goddam now, but I'm gonna snap that civilian shit out of you!
- JANUARY 15, PARRIS ISLAND** Rifle inspection by 1st Lieut. He chewed my ass out.
- Are you any relationship to Fidel Castro?
- Not a bad day. I can feel myself getting tougher & in the routine. But I wish I was out of this place.
- JANUARY 16, PARRIS ISLAND** Lovely day. Everything went well, I am content. A lot of marching, a lot of mail at nite. Nice letter from Marilyle. I went to choir rehearsal—a very relaxing hour of peace & time to myself without anyone yelling at me.

- JANUARY 17, PARRIS ISLAND** I have a crazy DI. Hits guys all the time, threw a bolt at someone today, could have seriously hurt him. Never know what he's going to do. He's the only one I'm wary of. We had a Field Meet today & I am content. 11 weeks more. I think with a lot of nostalgia of my trip last summer. What a fine experience! PT; Won Tug of War—good for morale—everyone feels good.
- OK, so you girls did some'n half good for a change. But it wasn't as good as you could do, was it?
- No Sir!
- JANUARY 18, PARRIS ISLAND** Very cold. [Ran] ½ mile before breakfast without field jackets & everyone got a bad cold. The typical military mind. Rifle PT later. This bullshit isn't hard or frightening anymore—just bullshit.
- When you march—march from your waist down—like a woman. That's why their asses wiggle so much.... Wiggle them asses, dumb nuts!
- JANUARY 19, PARRIS ISLAND** —You dumb college graduate. You don't know enough to pour piss out of a boot.
- JANUARY 20, PARRIS ISLAND** General inspection.
- Go waller in your filthy crud.
- OK, we'll do PT like girls. (DI smacks guys)
- C'mon fat slob, stupid turd, little runt...
- JANUARY 21, PARRIS ISLAND** PT, & guys laughing outside DI hatch [their quarters in the barracks down the hall from us]. 65 push-ups in morning before breakfast. Guys hanging like sloths from the PT bar for talking after taps. The brotherhood, the brotherhood of arms! Marching back after a basketball game, and all is dark & still on the parade ground; the night is cold and starry. I hear the measured cadence of many marching feet; and then I hear the humming of the Marine Corps Hymn, the gravelly counting-cadence of the Drill Instructor... the silent ranks of marching men, the humming, the cadence, the starry night... and I can feel it, the brotherhood of my comrades in arms.
- Evans, you've been getting away with too much petty shit. I'll have you locked up and it don't mean shit to me. Understand?
- JANUARY 23, PARRIS ISLAND** Bitter cold, as has every day this week been.
- Take those towels off your heads. You're not a bunch of pussies any more. You're Marines. Ferrell passes out 15-day tests.
- Everyone will write one letter home every night. And don't tell no goddam lies neither!
- Today we had guard duty. I was Corporal of the Guard for 3 tours: 1400-1600, 2200-2400, 0600-0730. No sleep, a pain in the neck—just like playing war-games. Very bitter cold.

JANUARY 24 PARRIS ISLAND

Didn't feel good today from lack of sleep. Field Meet in the afternoon, otherwise a very nice day and I am quite content.

JANUARY 25, PARRIS ISLAND

Warmer. We attempt to learn Squads Drill today—very complicated.

—If this platoon had an ounce of brains you'd be dangerous.

We lose a tug o' war after a couple of PT sessions, & have to march back to the barracks with our heads on our chests—what chickenshit!

—Private, coughing is not one of the requirements of the position of attention, is it? Therefore, when you cough, you are violating the position of attention aren't you?

—Private Pardue, you pick up that ball of spit off the deck and put it back in your mouth!

We did 355 sidesaddle hops today before 'recruit free time.' Clean out toilets with toothbrushes. DI is really pissed off about something. 105 more [sidesaddle hops] after free time.

—This is my rifle; this is my gun.... This is for fighting; this is for fun. [Chanted in unison while holding rifle in one hand, and penis in the other.]

JANUARY 27 PARRIS ISLAND

Rain today, Obstacle Course, 15-day Test. The usual crap. "The Hot Dog Man; The Greek; The Man With No Teeth..." [DI stories]



- JANUARY 28, PARRIS ISLAND** No toilet paper for 3 days now. All the lights went off at 5:05 AM, so we shaved, made up our bunks, & ate in the dark.
- JANUARY 29, PARRIS ISLAND** Wet! Drilling lots. Pack inspection in the afternoon. We do pushups and sidestraddle hops in full packs. But all this is chickenshit & we know before we have an inspection that we are going to flunk it. That's the way they work around here. The Bullshit gets worse every day instead of better. I am getting tired of being punished for other people's misdeeds. Corporal of the Guard again—little sleep at nite.
- JANUARY 30, PARRIS ISLAND** Rains were hard all day, so we stay inside & work on our gear. I got a lot done—until the DI caught some guy talking out the window & made us all scrub the barracks. Some of these kids around here never seem to learn—and that is the reason for all this chickenshit. They can only learn through being shouted at & hit. We got a nice full night's sleep tonite for a change. One learns to appreciate small things out here.
- JANUARY 31, PARRIS ISLAND** Sun. Cold & wet. Stay inside again & work on gear.
 —Private, your rifle should be as clean as your teeth. Use your toothbrush on it.
 It's interesting to see the process by which this platoon is slowly learning, getting 'squared away.' We looked pretty snappy marching along today & everybody is learning to keep their mouths shut.
- FEBRUARY 1, PARRIS ISLAND** Was the worst day we have had since we've been here. We couldn't drill worth a damn—also couldn't understand the Drill Instructor's cadence. So he got mad—and ran & ran & ran [us] around the parade field.
 —If you people can't march, we'll run! I see two people with their mouths open. We're going around again.
 3 Guys passed out, & DI slapped the hell out of them. He was on my ass all day long—seemed as if I couldn't do anything right. I think he's looking for an excuse to set me back to make an example of me. Who knows? All I think of is leaving this place. When I have a chance to think of anything, that is.
- FEBRUARY 1, PARRIS ISLAND** A better day. We drilled much better today. We ran the Obstacle Course and I did it all as well. I feel OK, but the shit still increases. I think DI is a maniac sometimes—a real fanatic. Everybody is afraid of him.
- FEBRUARY 3, PARRIS ISLAND** Cold as hell. We stood freezing for 1½ hours for a rifle inspection—then PT in the cold; then get pictures taken in Dress Blues. Then for the swimming test at nite—more cold. A wonder no one got pneumonia. Jesus, the military mind.

AT LEFT:

“Obstacle Course.” Parris Island. “Tough PT session but I finally made it up the rope on March 9. Made me feel pretty good.”

- FEBRUARY 4, PARRIS ISLAND** What a miserable rainy... worked in the barracks in the morning, march in the rain in the afternoon, Cpl. Of Guard at nite. I hate this life but I realize what excellent training in endurance and realization of one's own capabilities this is.
- FEBRUARY 5, PARRIS ISLAND** Drill all morning, march to Rifle Range in afternoon. Start Mess Duty at supper. I am checker, in charge of 50 men to see that everything gets done. Also, we are living out of seabags in quonset huts—real holes. I don't like my position of command—all I do is pass on unpopular orders from the DI and yell at guys.
- FEBRUARY 6, PARRIS ISLAND** Mess duty is nice—a relaxing change from the constant supervision of the DIs. It's hard—from 4 in the morning to 7:30 at nite. But we eat good, and I like it.
- FEBRUARY 8, PARRIS ISLAND** Work hard—everyone says we are doing a fine job & we all feel good about it.
—Are you getting relaxed with me, Private Evans?
We are really a good disciplined platoon.
- FEBRUARY 9, PARRIS ISLAND** Work hard today, do well. I'm beginning to adjust to my responsibilities & learn about how to handle men. This is really good training. What is life but a dream—soft and harsh, unreal always.
- FEBRUARY 10, PARRIS ISLAND** Hard, but pleasant enough. I am eating like a pig & it's great.
—Sir, will the drill instructor please sign my sheet?
—No, absolutely not.
—Sir, the time is 0653.
—Why?
—I don't know, sir.
—You're an idiot, aren't you private?
—Sir, the time is 0632.
—No shit!
What a funny life—it's getting harder & harder to keep a straight face around here.
- FEBRUARY 11, PARRIS ISLAND** Clear & cold. I enjoy the mornings and the evenings when I work outside and see the sun rise and set. I see the sky, and once again my eyes turn up, my spirit soars and my heart sings: for I know there is a good life outside, and I know it will come back again to me. I see the gold-yellow moon in the evening, I see the stars twinkle in the cold early morning sky as we march. Here life is down to earth, full of petty trifles & annoyances. But I have something more and beyond, I have the vision to sustain me in this time of trial. I have the "Salve Te Domine" of Mozart to slake the thirst of my spirit. Someday I will be gone from this place and I can begin living again; and I can look back on it all, and *then* be glad that I was here.

- FEBRUARY 12, PARRIS ISLAND** Work hard. I am in charge of everybody, including drilling them and marching them. I enjoy counting cadence and giving them the manual of arms. I am learning a lot about handling men and about my own capabilities. I grow in confidence every day. Quite an experience, this.
- FEBRUARY 13, PARRIS ISLAND** Rain all day. Our last day [doing Mess Duty] and we received many compliments for our work in the mess hall. They told me I will receive a citation for my work. Good, and now back to the routine. Got a nice valentine from Marilyle. I've been thinking a lot about her. She really likes me I think.
- FEBRUARY 14, PARRIS ISLAND** Terrible rainstorm & cold wind all night. 50 mph winds. Rain early, clear & cold late. We sat around all day. Tomorrow begins the Range. How to get mail (while standing outside in wet shower shoes in the cold):
—If you people want your goddam mail, you'd better listen up! When your name is called, you will take one step backward and run around the little end of the platoon. You girls had better answer up!
Run in and out of the huts, on the double. Rush all day to get swimming trunks & towels rolled up in ponchos, so we can swim. March over to the swimming pool—and the pool has been drained dry. Rush inside to get rifles clean; fall back out. Rush to the head for the usual 3-minute shave. But no one can go to the head then because they want to keep them clean. Room for 200 people in the head; but we must all crowd in to wait our turns at one side only; all the rest has been roped off.
- FEBRUARY 15, PARRIS ISLAND** Our first day at the Rifle Range. We spend all day learning the four positions: prone, sitting, kneeling, offhand. What agony. I never knew my body had so many different muscles. I bit the comb [?] of my stock to keep from groaning & crying out. Jesus! But I'm going to break my neck to shoot Expert.
- FEBRUARY 16, PARRIS ISLAND** Very cold in morning, hot in afternoon. We all got sunburns. An exhausting day! Guard duty from 1 to 5 AM in the boondocks, shoot the .22 pistol & learn about the .45; spend 2 hours practicing rapid fire; then run the obstacle course where I messed up my bad knee again. What a day—I will sleep the sleep of the dead. Exhausted tonite.
- FEBRUARY 17, BEAUFORT** I spent most of the day visiting doctors about my knee. Went to Navy hospital in Beaufort—nice place. I ate a few candy bars and made a phone call home. I may have to get set back because of this goddam knee. I wouldn't like to leave my platoon.
- FEBRUARY 18, PARRIS ISLAND** Very windy, very cold at nite. Classes all day, fire BARS & have swimming in morning. Busy, busy, busy. Time races by. My knee bothers me a lot.
- FEBRUARY 19, PARRIS ISLAND** Fri. Feb. 19. Very cold in morning, warm later. Classes, swimming with packs & rifles.
—You people would fuck up a wet dream. (Some guy walks into the wrong hut.) It's a goddam good thing you're not going to a church that's next to a whorehouse.

—Where are your gloves?
 —In my hut sir.
 —You wipe your ass when you shit, don't you? Better go get them.
 —Whoa! Is your middle name spaghetti?
 —Boy, I'll set you so far back, they'll be picking you up at Yemassee.
 —Boy, I'll have you in the brig so long they'll have to push sunlight in you.
 —Winters, how many times have you brushed your teeth?
 —3 Sir—no, 2. See what happens when you don't listen to orders?
 —What're you, John Wayne? What's your cartridge belt doing down there?
 —You people are pissing me off.
 Guard duty again at nite (to 5 AM), cold & lonely.

- FEBRUARY 20, PARRIS ISLAND** Very cold. Start shooting M-1 rifles today. I do OK. My knee bothers me a lot, and I don't see how I'm going to be able to stay with the platoon. I can't bend it very well, and standing at parade rest kills me.
- FEBRUARY 21, PARRIS ISLAND** Warm, fool around, sleep 8 whole hours! At nite go to special instruction classes [for my injured knee?] I got a lot out of them. My knee is a bit better. I was able to get into the kneeling position for awhile. Maybe I'll make it yet. Things aren't so bad anymore. But trouble today over the fight between Gournowicz and Lowdermilk last nite. They grilled G. & he finally admitted it—now the guys that lied about it are in trouble. A bunch of tigers in my hut. Can't keep from fighting. At Rifle Range:
 —You're spreading your legs like a virgin, boy. Whassamatter? You afraid someone's going to tap you?
 —Caraballo, you look like a monkey-fuckin' football.
 —You people look like a bunch of old French whores after a hard night's work!
- FEBRUARY 22, PARRIS ISLAND** Very wet holiday—George Washington's birthday & we did hardly anything. Morale was sky high—tug o' war, & the DIs kid with us somewhat. At last we are starting to be treated like human beings.
 —You people had better win, or you'll wish to fuck you'd been born dead. Hold it up, J.C.
- FEBRUARY 23, PARRIS ISLAND** Tues. 23 Feb. Very cold in the morning. Shooting in the afternoon. I do OK. Time flies. Came back [to hut] after inspection & found my seabag [contents] all over the floor from a 'surprise' DI inspection. Nothing personal allowed. Heaven help me if they ever found this diary! Kept in my tunic pocket at all times.
 —Why are you always late, you skinny little spaghetti-bender? I'll bet you was born late.
- FEBRUARY 24, PARRIS ISLAND** Cloudy & wet. Classes & shooting. I did pretty well.
 —Boy, you look like you've been shell-shocked from crushing eggs.
 —A good fuck would kill you people.

—What do you want me to do, chisel your name in stone?

—I hate to bother you with trivial things, but would you mind getting in step?

—You people are too goddammit slow. Just hop around like a bunch of chickens, any goddam thing

Three men run down to the head [out on rifle range] making noise like fire engines. They are on emergency head calls.

FEBRUARY 25, PARRIS ISLAND

Rain like hell all nite, wet all morning. No firing, just snap in all day. I had a splitting headache so all in all it was a pretty miserable day. I'm getting more & more depressed & pissed off & I don't give a damn. No matter how hard we do, the pressure never stops. Always someone yelling, always hard labor all day long. The grind never ends, and it will be eternity until this hell is over.

FEBRUARY 26, PARRIS ISLAND

Friday 26 Feb. More firing. I don't do so well.

—If gasoline was brains, you people wouldn't have enough to fill the carburetor of a piss ant motor scooter.

—I'm sure as fuck glad I ain't servin' prison time on your goddamit time.

—Quit shaking like a dog shitting on razor blades.

—Who has the keys if I may be so facetious as to ask?

—Blowing smoke rings up your asshole.

Tomorrow DI leaves & everyone is sorry. We've had a taste of what a good Drill Instructor is like.

—Tomorrow you will wake up bright eyed and bushy tailed.

—Thou leadest and thine followest.

Fire in the hut.

FEBRUARY 27, PARRIS ISLAND

Cold, but nice. Tonite I write with the weariness of sheer mental & physical exhaustion. Up in the morning, pull butts for [rifle] Qualification from 6:30 to 1:00, then PT, then field day, and horseshit as usual. My eyes hurt & I can hardly see; I am tired all over, DI is pissed off (nothing unusual) and my blanket is soaked with kerosene.

—Turd, I wouldn't survey [replace] your blanket if it was full of holes. I done stuck my neck out enough for you turds. Git.

We need a break; the high pitch to which we are driven never ends; always we are driven & pushed to do what we never thought we could do. We can always do it, but it has been nearly 8 weeks now without a letup. The strain is beginning to tell as everyone is on edge. There is never enough time to do anything, & always someone yelling at us for not doing correctly something we never knew had to be done.

—Individually you people are probably fun people; but together, you become typical recruits—complete fuckups who can never do anything right.

This is indeed an incredible life; so deeply has it made an impression on me that I think I will have it all my life. I will appreciate home—if I ever get there.

FEBRUARY 28, PARRIS ISLAND Warm & nice. Church—a moving experience, with the little girl playing the piano & the tough recruits who live a harsh life in filth all week long singing sweet songs; the tough old Marine Sergeants and the American flag. I'm glad I went. This place, this place—I can't believe I'm here but I find it hard to believe I was ever anywhere else. PT in the afternoon:

—Hit the deck—bury your face in the sand—heels on the deck.

FEBRUARY 29, PARRIS ISLAND Monday 29 Feb. We fired M-1s all morning. I fired 187—3 points short of qualification & I felt very bad about it. Fire 45 pistol. Haircuts & a lecture at nite by Koonce... for the Old Man is back again and the Rule by fear begins once more.

—You people have tomorrow & Wednesday to qualify. If you don't I wouldn't hesitate to set you back. And I'm not kidding.

It bothers me a lot. I know I can do better. But things never come easy to me. Always there is a sweat & a trial to face before I can ever come through. This is the same thing again—just like my Comprehensive Exams last June. But I came through them and I will come through this. I always do. Tomorrow is another day.

MARCH 1, PARRIS ISLAND Cold & windy. Work in target factory, fire again. I qualified today with 193. I made it at last, however barely. Good! I feel much better. As far as I am concerned, I passed the real test, although I will do all I can to do better. Why is it that things always come hard to me—and that I never do as well as I want to? A brutal PT session at nite. The only good parts of the day are meals, showers, mail call, & bed. What a life.

MARCH 2, PARRIS ISLAND Fire early in morning. Then it rained and grew bitter cold. Still is. I never saw such weather. We just sat around in the huts all day. I'm getting sick of living like pigs in these quonset huts. Got to get out of here.

—Why are you people afraid when you get on the firing line? What'd you think it will be like in combat?

MARCH 3, PARRIS ISLAND Bitter cold, very windy & wet. We are only warm for about 45 minutes a day—when we eat 3 meals in the mess hall. [15 minutes each, in & out, including about 7-8 minutes to actually eat. No talking allowed] God—I never knew sunny South Carolina could be so cold. I wonder what it's like to be warm. What a place. Do nothing in the morning, go on the Range at noon, fire until 4:00. B-r-r-r—I fired terribly. I seem to get worse every day, mainly because all I want to do is get out of here. We graduate in 3 weeks—can't believe it.

—Private, did you know that 10% of all the people in New York have piles?

—No sir.

—Then what about the other 90%?

—I don't know sir.

—They are perfect assholes, private.

—You'll never forget boot camp. I've been 13 years out of it, and I would still like to meet my Drill Instructor again. He was a hard man.

MARCH 4, PARRIS ISLAND Pretty cold & windy, but we fired in the afternoon anyhow. I didn't do too well. Gradually I begin to lose confidence in my shooting ability.

MARCH 5, PARRIS ISLAND B-r-r-r. Colder & colder. We were supposed to have Record Day today & we got all worked up for it— all seabags packed for the move back to Mainside. Then it was all called off because of the cold, & we unpacked. So we're here in these pigpens till next Tuesday. But it isn't a bad life. I got a fine letter from Marilyle & a picture of her tonite. Life goes on & on.

MARCH 6, PARRIS ISLAND Not so cold. The folks called me up & it was great to talk to them. Write letters, learn squads drill. Only 17 more working days in this, the most amazing experience of my life. I can't believe it.

—Do you want to join Platoon 101, Private?

—No sir.

—Well, if you do, I'll set you back two weeks and you'll be up with them.

—Where are you from, Pvt Evans?

—Parris Island South Carolina, Sir!

—Bullshit! I'd hate to think you was from that place.

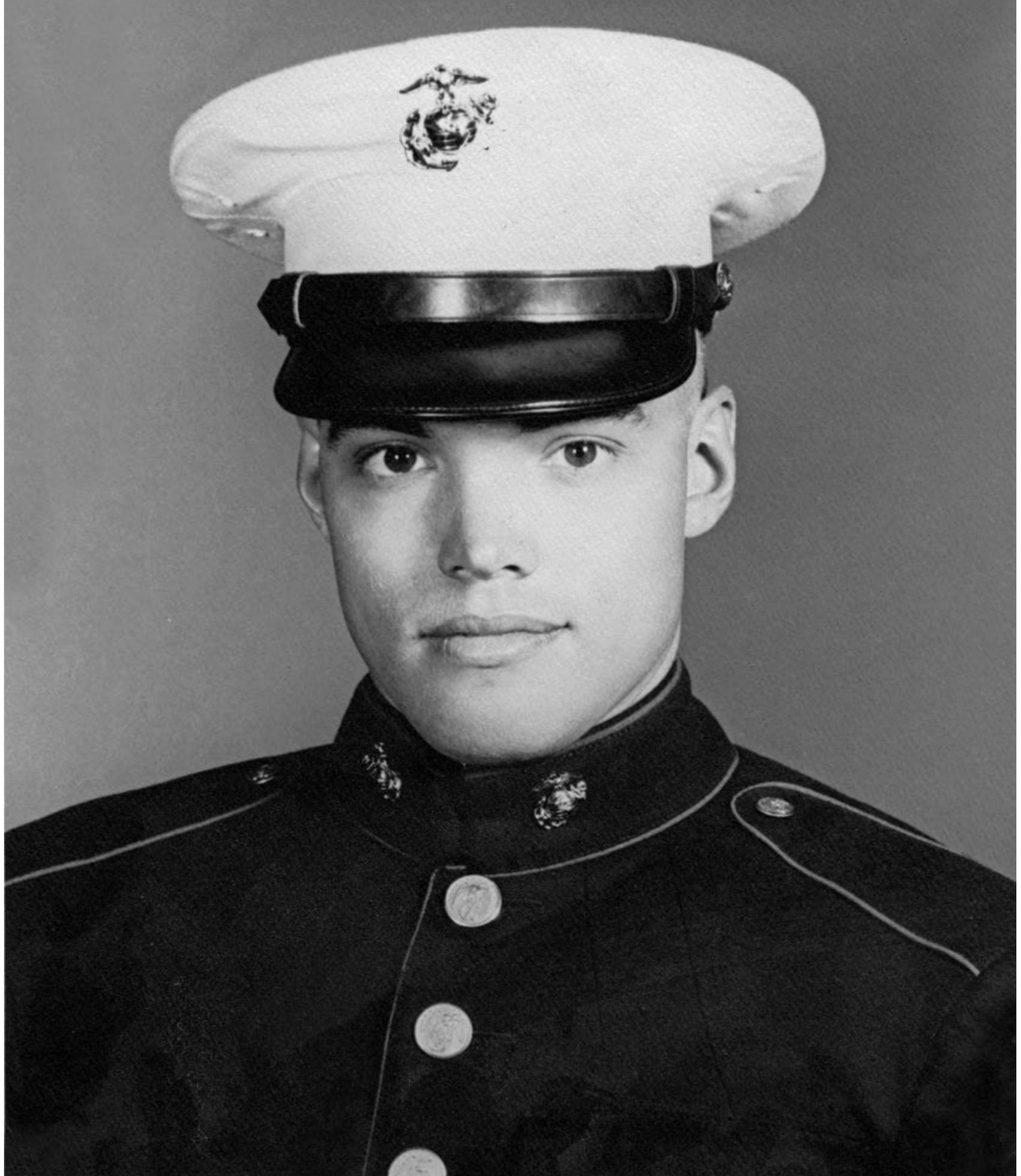
MARCH 7, PARRIS ISLAND They sprung Qualification Day on us today & I wasn't ready. I fired 189—a real heartbreaker, missed qualification by 1 point. I feel pretty bad, but it was my own fault.

—What's your GCT Private? 10? [General Comp. Intelligence Test]

—Whoa! Execute a squads right. I ain't drillin' you turds because I want to, but because I got to.

Then we move out, pack everything in ½ hour & ride back to Mainside packed like sardines in trucks. Then we unpack—it was very much like our 1st day here. So now it is all over, & we enter our last phase of training.

MARCH 8, PARRIS ISLAND Get fitted for uniforms in the morning. They look pretty snappy. Rehearse for a parade, clean rifles. I write Marilyle a long letter & have been thinking a lot about her.



MARCH 9, PARRIS ISLAND Tough PT session but I finally made it up the rope in the obstacle course today—made me feel pretty good.. Rush, rush, rush, at nite. Clean rifles & have a field day. No time free anymore. Less than 3 weeks till we get out. I can't believe it.

—You've made 2 mistakes in a 3-mistake world. Your first one was being born.

MARCH 10, PARRIS ISLAND Jesus, won't it ever get warm around here? Bugle, drum, fife and flourish! Banners snapping bravely in the breeze, row after serried row of silent men. Warlike music and flags dipping, salutes and eyes right. The parade today. No wonder men like to go to war. My blood tingles, my heart beats, and I forget how uncomfortable I've been for the past hour and a half waiting for General Mark Clark & the politicians. I see the brotherhood of arms, the characteristic way the military takes care of its own. This is a harsh masculine world here, but with music and stirring ceremonies to match. And they take care of their own, always. We of the West have grown soft; we should have more of this music and pomp and ceremony. Then would war be a joy rather than the task we have made of it.

MARCH 11, PARRIS ISLAND Cold & damp. PT inside—snow even. Jesus. Hair-cuts & shots, clean gear. Not a bad day. Got a very nice letter from Marilyle. Things look good.

MARCH 12, PARRIS ISLAND Drill all morning. Clean gear again all day.
—Are you thinking again, Pvt. Chicase? I'll bet you made your mother think when you was born.

MARCH 13, PARRIS ISLAND Nice day. Clean gear all day, spitshine shoes, etc. Good food—and my God, movies at nite. And cake. All is well, just two weeks to go. I've been thinking of OCS [Officer Candidate School] lately.

—What to do if a fire? Don't holler, scream yell, pull any levers. Just let me see it.

—If brains were nitro, you wouldn't have enough to blow your nose.

—Another parade? Jesus, I wish to fuck they'd let us alone. If the civilians saw my fuckin' herd here, they'd cash in all their war bonds!

DI sitting up in bed, clapping at the Fire Watch.

—Well, don't just stand there. Wake me up!

AT LEFT: "Dress Uniform." *At Parris Island March 8, 1960, near the end of basic training, we were finally considered Marines, so today staff fitted us for these uniforms.*

AT RIGHT: "Battle Uniform." *Here, I stand at attention outside our barracks in full Marine battle dress—rifle ready, bayonet fixed. Camp Lejuene, April, 1960.*



- MARCH 14, PARRIS ISLAND:** Warm & nice. Exhausting Day. PT, drill, manual of arms, all day. Bayonet course.
 —Growl, private. A man can't fight with his guts all over the deck. It makes him sick.
 —Sir, I loaded my thumb into my [rifle] chamber.
 —Outstanding, Private. Failure to extract, eh?
 —Pvt_____, reporting to the drill instructor as ordered sir, if I didn't get a letter from my girl.
 —Aha! I told you some doggie would have her panties nailed to the wall by now.
 We lose the tug o' war and have to carry Platoon 100 back to their gear.
- MARCH 15, PARRIS ISLAND** Rain all day, we stay inside. Nice day to work on gear.
- MARCH 16, PARRIS ISLAND** Cold & wet. Rifle inspection in morning. We pass—excellent. Clothes in afternoon. Final strength test. DI gives us a helluva field day. A real bitch & we aren't done till 8:30. God I hate this place. 12 more days but it seems like eternity.
 —If you fuck with me, private, you'll have a field day in the dumpster.
- MARCH 17, PARRIS ISLAND** Wet, haircuts, PT inside, learn to put junk on the bunk [?? Inspect seabag contents?] And today we had hand to hand combat with football helmets and pugil sticks. 101 beat the shit out of 100; I had a good time, really enjoyed it—and everybody feels good. Only 11 more days in this nasty place.
 —If you guys don't start winning, I'm going too have to beat the shit out of 101's DI to even things up a bit, says 100's DI to Pvt 100.
 How we hid casite in the swamp & steel wool under the barracks to be ready for inspection.
 —Get out of here with that money. Don't touch me!
 —101, you'd better be quiet. (Everybody is quiet.) 101—Are you still there?
 —Phillips, you walk like you have a ripe raspberry up your ass.
 —Jesus Christ, turd—you tryin' for a stupidity discharge? (DI says to recruit.)
 —You better watch out for that Lieutenant or he'll chew you a new asshole.
 —Who are you shooting at, son?
 —My enemies, sir.
 —Who're your enemies?
 —My kinfolk and you, sir.
 —Parade rest is 12 inches, not 3. You're not a Woman Marine.
- MARCH 18, PARRIS ISLAND** Rain in morning, our parade was cancelled. And then all at once, it got hot. Drill in afternoon. Class on sea hygiene. PT, we win two tugs o' war. Rush, rush, rush at nite. God, it never ends, and everyone gets more pissed off every day. I don't see how we can stand much more, but we will. I feel sort of low lately—I know that I won't get Pfc. now, & I feel as if I have not quite succeeded. Marilyle hasn't written for a week—probably a new boyfriend, which I don't sweat really. Something, something, is



“Muddy Ditch Punishment.” *If one recruit did something wrong during Advanced Infantry Training, all recruits had to crawl through this muddy ditch on a very hot day. Camp Lejuene, June, 1960.*

happening to this platoon' and all at once. I have woken up to see it—we march in starched utilities—men now. Tall & strong feeling good inside, for soon we will be out of here. No longer skinny scared recruits—but Marines now. And everybody is cocky and snappy. They can't keep us here. Soon I will be back to my music and a bit of freedom, thank God.

MARCH 19, PARRIS ISLAND

Sat. March 19. Beautiful day.

—People, we're having a drill evaluation today. (No drill evaluation.)

—People, you now have 30 minutes to get your clothing on the bunk.

(We get 1 hour)

—Aha, trying to pull a sneaky one on me, Private? Do you think I'm as dumb as you look?

—Private Flowers, have I thanked you yet?

—No sir.

—Then step out to my hatch—you're way overdue.

—Who wants to go to Catholic Confession? What could you have done wrong this week? OK Pvt Flaherty, come into my office & I'll pray for you.

—You know it's against my wish to have you go to church, etc. What are you trying to do?

—Private Wimer, how long was Jesus Christ aboard ship before he was made Corporal?

—To the best of my knowledge sir, Jesus Christ was never in the Marine Corps.

—Yes he was Private; it took him 14 years to make Corporal.

—Private, who was Corporal of the Guard the nite Jesus Christ stood guard?

—Pvt Miller, how much does your oil & thong case weigh, without oil?

I learned also that I definitely will not get a Pfc stripe. I am rather disappointed, because I worked so hard for it. So yes, life is full of disappointments; and too often do I fail to realize that I have been luckier and freer from them than most. Lanah was my big disappointment... five years now, nearly three since we broke up, two since it was for good, once since I dreamed away a spring without her, four months since last I had anything to do with her, never since she is out of my mind. I wonder what she is doing now? And I wonder if she thinks of me? I know she does, but never as before, nor ever again. I must simply go on and face the new, thinking always of what is ahead, longing never for what is past and done. But oh! It is hard sometimes.

MARCH 20, PARRIS ISLAND

Beautiful day. Clean rifles all day. The DIs are a riot. Final Field Day tomorrow. Not long now! I can't believe it!

—Pvt Reid, did Pvt Evans tell you to lie to us?

—Jesus Christ, Pvt., this crud was on here when Moses was Pfc.

—Evans, don't lie now—you went ten weeks without a haircut before you came here.

—This crud's been here ever since you brought your longhaired ass into Receiving.

- MARCH 21, PARRIS ISLAND** Cold but nice. We spend most of morning getting ready for final Field Rifle Inspection. We passed with an outstanding mark. (I caught my sleeve in my bayonet coming down to Order Arms). A riotous lecture on Communism, drill in the evening.
- MARCH 22, PARRIS ISLAND** Beautiful day. A two hour judo class in morning, get paid. Final strength test, class on how to escape from prison camp, long drill session at nite. Tomorrow is the Confidence Course. I think I've conquered my fear of it finally. Bring it on! 6 more days.
- MARCH 23, PARRIS ISLAND** Beautiful day. We ran the Confidence Course in the morning. It wasn't so bad except I didn't get to do the two tough ones. I'll do them tomorrow. Then we had Drill Evaluation. We missed being best Platoon by 1 point. Then we put on our uniforms—it was good to have them on! We earned those mothers! Then Field Day at nite, the last ½ hour by flashlight. Now at the end of another day at Parris Island, I sit here in my few brief moments of solitude, and again I begin to wonder about my own future, my place in life... So long have I been so busy that I have almost forgotten the helpless apathy and the deep searching of my soul before I came to this place. Now it is nearly done, this evil place; and I must think again what I shall do. One by one, I finish these things I think I must do; but still I know not what I shall do with the rest. Often I feel completely lost and without purpose. Without a meaning for my own existence, and something to work FOR, life is no good at all.
- MARCH 24, PARRIS ISLAND** Jesus, what a day! Early in the morning DI caught me smiling at another guy. Result: 1 jab in the throat, 100 sidestraddle hops, 67 squat thrusts, 25 pushups with my feet on the 2nd step, 10 minutes of "sitting" on DI's "bench."
- You are the biggest fuck-off in the whole Platoon... you see my bench? Go sit on my bench and relax. Aren't you comfortable on my bench?
- I don't think he likes me. I must admit that my attitude is somewhat lackadaisical, & insolent in a quiet way, and that would piss off a fanatic like DI. I was dead tired by 6:30 AM, the bastard. Then ½ hour drill, a class on sex & marriage, cash sales [?]. Confidence Course in the afternoon, double-time up and back; BAR class, then put junk on the bunk till 8:30. What a day. But I don't feel tired right now.
- MARCH 25, PARRIS ISLAND** Colder. Banner, bugle, fife and drum! Another parade, with Woman Marines this time, but just as uncomfortable as ever. Also 60 day test, & haircuts. Get ready for final Field Day tomorrow.
- OK, the Lieutenant's going to inspect your gear this afternoon. (No such thing)
- Pvt Caraballo, what is this about you writing the President?
- C'mere lad. You're pretty religious aren't you? Let's say the Lord's Prayer together.
- If you're so religious, what did J.C. say at the Last Supper?
- I don't know sir.

—Ready? Seats!

—The head will be left open all night for those who want to square away their gear. The Fire Watch will wake you early.

MARCH 26, PARRIS ISLAND

Everybody dresses early, eats early at 5:01 AM. Final Field: Personal 782 Gear & Drill Inspection. Practice for Graduation.

We did all with flying colors—then the world turned upside down. Our DIs spoke to us as equals, the smoking lamp was lit all day; & at nite we got to see our first real movie—a good laugh and a welcome taste of sweetness and love, far removed from this harsh world. It's over, it's over, and I can't believe it. I am almost a Marine now, and already I look back on boot camp and appreciate some of its aspects. What a place!

MARCH 27, PARRIS ISLAND

Lovely day. We read newspapers & basked in the sun all morning. Mom & Dad called. Field meet in the afternoon, & we saw *The DI* [movie] at nite. Proud I am of what I have done, proud to be a Marine.

DI bullshitted with us today:

—Each Drill Instructor has a ledger with a good side and a bad side. Mine's a bit heavy on the bad side.

—1st Squad, to the rear, march!

—2nd Squad, to the rear, march!

—3rd Squad, to the rear, march! Cool, cool. It really feels good. I feel like a soldier, a Marine, and I am very proud.

MARCH 28, PARRIS ISLAND

Warm. Turn in gear in the AM after a full inspection.

—Why aren't you integrating, you dumb shit?

—What's the effective rate of speech, college boy?

Then—nothing. A lot of guys had the screaming shits and measles were running around [?] So we sat around all day polishing shoes. I think I'm going nuts. I'd almost rather be on a working day than like this. Funny... now that it is almost over, I don't even care, & feel very let down as if I really have accomplished nothing. For now again comes the future, uncertain as ever. What to do? What purpose? *Qui suis-je?*

—Kopinsky—you still aren't pronouncing your name right, are you?

MARCH 29, PARRIS ISLAND

The day for which we have been waiting for so long—Graduation. First the Graduation Parade: 1-2 thousand men march past, bayonets flashing, silent and angry in the sun. We are ready, sir! I think to myself at that moment)... marching all as one, past the reviewing stand. There they are, the Commanding General and all the brass on the stand; and now I am One with them—now and forever. Our top Sergeant shouts out “Eyes right,” and I can almost hear those eyeballs click, so perfectly One are we! The General—OUR General now!—congratulates us, a short address to us as Marines: “You have

succeeded; you have passed through something very difficult, something that few can do...,” then the “Marine Corps Hymn,” & our backs stiffen with pride. WE are Marines now; until the day we die—nothing can take this away. Then, Liberty till 1800. I’m stuffed on candy & sodas, & it feels good after the long famine. Good to be a human again. I called home for a short while. At nite, we heard [Sgt] Leroy yelling at us for the last time, & had a field day, plus packing. Great.

MARCH 30-31, PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA We all board buses for the 150-mile trip to our next assignment: USMC Base, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Next stage: Advanced Infantry Training. We all were ecstatic just to once again pass through the entrance to Parris Island—this time, OUT—and as Marines. What a difference from the fear and dread of 3 months ago! Long excited ride through the lovely Carolina springtime: Beaufort, Charleston, on and on... but I also notice something different: no loud boisterous & wisecracks as on our way down here, those long weeks ago. Much more subdued, sober... happy, yes, but we are men now—soldiers of our country, and we act as such. We get out of the bus happily in our new home—N.C., are assigned our new barracks... still uncertain quite how to act now that we are free, no one tells us what to do until actual formations and practices... no yelling any more. We are Marines now!

APRIL 1, 1960, CAMP LEJEUNE, NORTH CAROLINA April. Beautiful day. Advanced Infantry Training classes in morning—on Fire Team formations & signals. Practice for Parade in afternoon. It is nice here (I’m lying in bed and writing for the first time in months) but the military is still the same: fall out, get started on something, put it away to start something else. People can’t seem to make up their minds. 5 years ago I was with Lanah... so long ago but I have never forgotten. How could she have?

APRIL 2, CAMP LEJEUNE March in parade in Wilmington for the Azalea Festival. I was proud to be a Marine then, when we marched past the reviewing stand & they played the hymn. We came back about 2:00 PM, hot & tired, & got liberty. I went to the slop chute with the guys & got tight on my first beers since January 2. Great! Then to a movie, then just sit around. Great place!

APRIL 3, CAMP LEJEUNE Don’t get up till 8:30, take ½ hour shaving, eat chow when I please, lay around on the rack all day, wander around at nite. God, what a life, what a great change.

APRIL 4, CAMP LEJEUNE Today we went out to the field for classes. Lectures on camouflage, concealment tactics. Interesting. Eat in the field. There was a ferocious rain all day, & it was much like combat situation. But I don’t mind. This is what I expect it to be like.

APRIL 5, CAMP LEJEUNE Very wet in morning. BAR class, run Infiltration Course, Camouflage Course, another BAR class. Lesson on target spotting. Interesting. But all at once I feel very close to combat situations. And I realize

how much I don't know, how much there is to know. So little time to train—it scares me to think that I may go into combat like this. I pay attention, but just don't get enough time.

APRIL 6-11, CAMP LEJEUNE

Compass classes....

APRIL 17, CAMP LEJEUNE

Well, well. Here again; and the trial of the Marine Corps is nearly over—a hard and trying time—but passed successfully, of course. And now the other problems come to the fore; the same ones as before: career, money, and Lanah of course.

APRIL 22, CAMP LEJEUNE

The strength and the power and the zeal are mine; give me something to believe in and with this I will conquer the world in my own image.

JUNE 11, CAMP LEJEUNE

After a parade: Banner, bugle, fife and drum! Scarlet guidons snapping warlike in the breeze! Rank upon rank of slanted bayonets silent and angry in the sun! Roman ruffle and flourish... we march in parade, 5000 silent men, hearts pounding to the drum-roll and Teutonic clash of cymbals. Yea, if all war was like this, so full of drum and trumpets that stir the spirit and make the pulse race, then would men march gladly off to battle and death. Sweet is this springtime of my manhood, fresh, full of strength and magic: so it has been for two years now and I hope it never ends.

JUNE 14, 1960

Now it has come and gone again... she [Lanah] is still screwed up, she still doesn't love me/I still love her, I think—(or is it just romantic sentimentality as she has so often said?) How I ache to help her... but she does not want my help. She does not think like me or have the same values I have; she is not like me, and she has made it obvious

“Lanah McNamara, 1956.” My first love in high school. Two years since we broke up. She is never out of my mind. I wonder what she is doing now. I wonder if she thinks of me. Parris Island, March 20, 1960.



many times that she cares not for me. She was a wonderful bed partner—the only one for me; and she was a wonderful lover. We shared rare and precious moments together, so much so that my heart aches even now when I write of it; but it is over, and I am a damn fool to think of her in any other way than solicitously, as a friend.

* * *

JULY-SEPTEMBER, COLUMBUS After being discharged from the USMC in July, I lived at home, got a job as an ironworker, and started saving for Law School. The ironwork was scary and dangerous, so I quit and got another job selling encyclopedias door to door. I did well at that and kept saving until September when it was time to go back to school.

ANN ARBOR, SEPTEMBER, 1960 I entered the University of Michigan Law school at Ann Arbor. My first co-ed school meant I could enjoy a different date every night! My first new girlfriend was Barbara Postle. I also made fast friends with later roommates Fred and Bill, I learned to love many martinis, to enjoy many happy hours in the alcohol-verboten Gothic Law Quad. After recently wandering the oceans, becoming a Marine, and now delighting in all these beautiful co-eds, law school classes seemed somewhat trivial—so many splitting hairs. My grades were not good. Classes turned out to be too demanding. My weekends were filled with USMC training. To buy study time, I transferred to the Army reserve, then the Russians closed off Berlin, Army reserves were mobilized, I was called up, my future seemed gone. I worried about my grades, but I scraped by. My relationship with Barbara vacillated between hot and cold. She even visited my family, but our romance was over after I met and fell in love with Julie after our first date in March, 1961—a magic springtime.

* * *



“Looking Across Lake McDermott at Allen, Gould, and Stark Mountains.”
*I saw this spectacular view every morning en route to work. Glacier National Park.
(Mansfield Library, Hileman, T.J. (1882–1945))*



I love Montana's vast spaces, wild mountains, rushing water, and trails, so if I love and long for Montana so much, how can I not also love Stephanie too, for she is Montana, and is a part of me. Thus began the grieving soon enough to come—a grieving that would last for the rest of my life.

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 5

Loving Montana: The Bellman's Journal (SUMMER 1961 & 1962)

Part 1: Summer 1961

June 15:

Stepping off the train at East Glacier station, suddenly we saw them—a massive chain of jagged white-topped purple mountains rising out of the Montana plains, bursting to the sky. Oh! From that very first moment, seeing their ice-pure creeks tumbling down from the heavens, feeling the sweet pine breezes from their cloak of dark forest, I knew that I could never again live in Ohio: here was my new home, now and forever. Now, I thought, I am ready to die; for I have been to heaven already.

June 27:

I climbed Swiftcurrent Mountain, today, stood there, high up in the sun, its meadows teeming with bright banks of color... all the flowers are blooming now. Lovely country, the air and water so pure—I will never go home, perhaps. Every step opens up a mag-

nificent new vista of soaring snow-patched peaks, pines singing in the wind, green tarn lakes, and swift bubbling pure water. This land is full of music—I hear it everywhere: the wind rustling through the forests, the snow melt pouring down the mountain sides. I stop and soak my feet, I lie down and drink the pure waters, I slake the thirst of my spirit—it is all too much. My senses are stunned, and I do not know how to describe this—I am on another planet. The mountains shoot out of our lake like something on the moon. The scenery is too breathtaking.

On another hike, my companion rested for awhile; so I went on, up the river and lay down on a waterfall rock, reveling in the fine icy spray. Waterfalls, in wispy white veils cascade down the black and green mountain face, looking like an old piece of dark marble, white-cracked and beautiful. Later, we walked along the trail and through the forests with the bright sun on our shoulders and the green lakes below, magnificent mountains on all sides. As long as I live, I

will never forget this place, nor the way I walked down the mountain—singing my favorite Russian songs at the top of my voice, speaking to the howling winds: “Sing to me, you winds. Tell me of the mountains and sea from whence you came, tell me where you go...” I felt ready to spread my wings and fly, so near was I to heaven. All around us the immense serenity and power of these mountain peaks and the furious waters they send billowing into the valleys below—a feast of the senses, too much to describe. That night, I walked along the ghostly moon-sheeted lake, fairy-dark mountains jutting off into the night sky. Remember how the clouds parted and the moonlight drenched the side of the mountain...moon-patterns moving across its surface.

July, 1961:

After returning from a 20 mile hike up and over the mysterious Ptarmigan Wall, I watched a powerful mountain storm come on as I walked round Swiftcurrent Lake after dinner. The sky was dark, but I heard no thunder, and the lake was perfectly flat. Over the Divide on the other side of the mountains, the lightning spit and flashed, shot up the whole western sky and outlined the mountains. The night hung heavy with silence: then I heard the thunder, dim-muttering in the distance, and the flashes brighter and more frequent, now lighting up the whole sky—from west and south, across the mountains, and down the valleys. The storm came nearer, and I wavered between apprehension and fascinated awe. The still

air was charged with ozone and poised, as if waiting. A sudden breath of cool cool air and a splitting lightning flash came across the lake and made up my mind for me, and I left, stumbling on, down the trail, looking backwards as the storm swept through the two valleys and over the lakes to converge upon me. The whole sky was continually lit up now. The lightning spat and crackled in great jagged flashes, which went sideways and up and down. And these flashes lit up the low sweeping dark clouds scooting over the mountains. A white curtain wall of rain moved down across the lakes, and the mountains grew dim, obscure, and then disappeared. It looked like something out of another world—I could see nothing at all beyond the lake, then a great sky-sweeping flash and all was as bright as day, and I could see these strange dim mountains rising out of the rain, curious mighty half-shapes.

Then the rain was upon me: the first drops soft, then more; and the now howling wind whipped the still lake into a white froth. I took refuge in a little clump of trees and sat there for 45 minutes in Bermudas and a T-shirt, all alone, shivering as the wind howled and sheets of rain swept over my half shelter. The mountains grew dim and the thunder cracked; and all alone there, I felt closer to nature than I have ever been before, more completely on my own. It got colder, and after a while I left, stumbling back, crying my defiance to the storm, all the while drenched in its magnificence. I am almost now a part of all this, but not quite. This is my kind of country, and I have nev-

er loved any place so much. I will be back, I know: I want the other world too, the world of affairs, of law and people and intellects. I see my way now, vaguely, and it will not always be easy, but at least now I have a home.

August 22, 1961:

In the morning, walking to work, I watched the rising sun turn the Pinnacle Wall and Mt. Wilbur a brilliant gold, silhouetting them against great black-bottomed clouds to the west of the Divide. Wanting to escape my worry problems, I decided to hike the long trail into the Triple Divide country, far to the south. This was wild country, full of Indian names and legends of ancient

skirmishes and gods—Grizzly Medicine Lake, Split Mountain, Kakitos, Red Eagle Pass. There were many bear tracks, and I was afraid since I was all alone. As I reached the head of the valley and ascended the plateau-staircase, it became more and more beautiful, until finally I stood on top of Triple Divide Pass—the absolute center of the continent. From this spot, all the waters of this part of the world flow in only three directions: to the Arctic, to the Pacific, and to the Atlantic. Now, wind howling all around and a peak right above me, I had stood there—at the center of things. When I came home the next afternoon, winds were whipping our lake into a gray froth, sending great

**“Sprawling and Rustic
Many Glacier Hotel across
Swift Current Lake.”**

*Water tower, mountains, and
burned forest are visible in
the background. I worked two
summers here. (Mansfield Library,
Hileman, T.J. (1882–1945)*





clouds of spray shooting across and smashing against the hotel windows. The sky was dark. My earlier worries of many 'problems' had passed away: my fears will be addressed, my vision stays unchanged. After dinner Carol and I went for a walk around the lake in the rain, arms around each other and I playing my harmonica.

It was a rare moment—and sad too, for it was perhaps our last time together. Today I received permission to leave tomorrow. It will be sad to say goodbye to one of the most wonderful summers I have ever known. My heart chokes more for this magic cliff-mountain-waterfall-filled interlude than for any other period of my life.

“Summit of Mt. Cleveland.”
Highest peak in Glacier National Park at 10,480 feet. On many back packs and climbs—solo and group—I enjoyed this amazing vista.

Part 2: Summer, 1962

June 8-11:

Immediately after finishing second year at University of Michigan Law School, Terry Umbreit, sister Lynne, and I drove our old Ford station wagon across rainy Wisconsin, across the Mississippi, across Minnesota—getting flatter and flatter—into South Dakota, Sioux Falls and tornado warnings—flat, flat country and violent rainstorms. Across the Missouri, no trees any more, and on into the night, the country become more and more rolling. We spent the night just outside the Badlands, drove through them at sunrise—fantastic, not a living thing, just sun-baked mud—then into Rapid City, and through the green Black Hills (Paha Sapa in Sioux), Mt. Rushmore. Then over the mountains into the rolling, treeless sagebrush Wyoming country, with the beautiful Big Horns always in the distance. We reached Sheridan at noon, drove up into the Montana bluff country along the Little Big Horn River, and stopped at Custer's battlefield. How eerie and strange it was to stand high up on the bluffs, looking down into the valley, then far to the west over endless rolling hills, feeling the wind blow, seeing the little grave markers scattered about below us: the battle-story became so clear now. Then into Billings around five, then on, on—ran out of gas around Lewistown around seven. A kindly rancher gave us a ride to his spread through the backcountry near the South Moccasin Mountains in a rainbow-filled dusk. Peaceful country, I would like to own

a ranch here. On to Great Falls about eleven, and on, on through the night. Speeding over flat roads and treacherous curves, with my beloved mountains glowing off in the moonlit distance. Mounting excitement as we got nearer and nearer—Browning, Babb, Ranger Station, then we were back. I never thought we would be, at 2:30 AM. Now I was in my beloved mountains again, the high country where the pure wind blows; back to Glacier National Park to begin my second summer of working here: this year a bellman—better paid than a waiter. This is where I have longed to be all year; this is my sublime wilderness, and heaven is near, very near.

June 29:

Such a bright, pure mountain day today! My two male companions and I backpacked happily through the meadows in the valley on the way to Red Gap Pass—birds singing everywhere. I would sing too if I could live here all the time. We stripped to our underwear, for there was not another soul in miles, and forded the cold rushing creek many times. We stopped to drink deeply of the ice pure waters, and the wind blew stronger—purer too—like the water, and it was altogether like sweet wine, which I drank in my throat and through every pore of my being. Finally we reached the top of the Divide—the roof of the world: so sweet was the feeling, so perfect the day that we stripped naked and walked the last half mile to Red Gap Pass with nothing but hiking boots on. And from there we looked out, 150 miles to the prairies to the east... and to the

west—a sea of knife-sharp black peaks spotted with snow and great white glaciers, and the river valley with jewel green Lake Elizabeth far below. Belly River, Belly River, my country, my favorite valley—Oh, it was good to be back, and I was the happiest person in the world.

June/July 1962:

Love musings.... In March, 1961, I had fallen in love with Julie—an intense spring romance—but before we broke up that October, I had met Rachel Cohen in September at a law school mixer. By May 1962, we had been dating for the past nine months. I loved the sparkle in her brown eyes, her companionship, and her strong feelings, though I could not always respond with the same intensity. So when I began my second year in the Park, Rachel was back in Ann Arbor and Julie was a sad, former summer memory. After those turbulent years of dating ups and downs at Princeton and law school, I had no specific interest in the opposite gender except for the growing relationship with Rachel. I was content.

But one June afternoon, my bellman work done, I sat in the lobby of Many Glacier Hotel listening to old sweet songs and remembering old loves, and Julie; last summer came back again: Julie, oh Julie, I thought... last summer was like a dream, and I wandered about in this magical place, where your name was in every lake and on every flower. As I remembered her that afternoon, I watched the rain and wind stir up the lake and send great green pollen clouds

across and down the valley, scooting along the trails; and I knew that I would never love again anyone the way I had loved Julie.

But a few days later at Many Glacier, I first saw Stephanie—one of the most stunningly beautiful women I had ever seen: long dark hair, green eyes, lovely face, feminine manner, strikingly voluptuous. In

**“Bellman in Lederhosen
Uniform, Many Glacier Hotel.”**
Glacier National Park, 1962.



**“With Stephanie Atop
Rising Wolf Mountain.”**

“Never climb alone” was the rule because Glacier mountains were always crumbling. Our party stood at 9,500 feet on the third highest mountain in the park. July 1962.

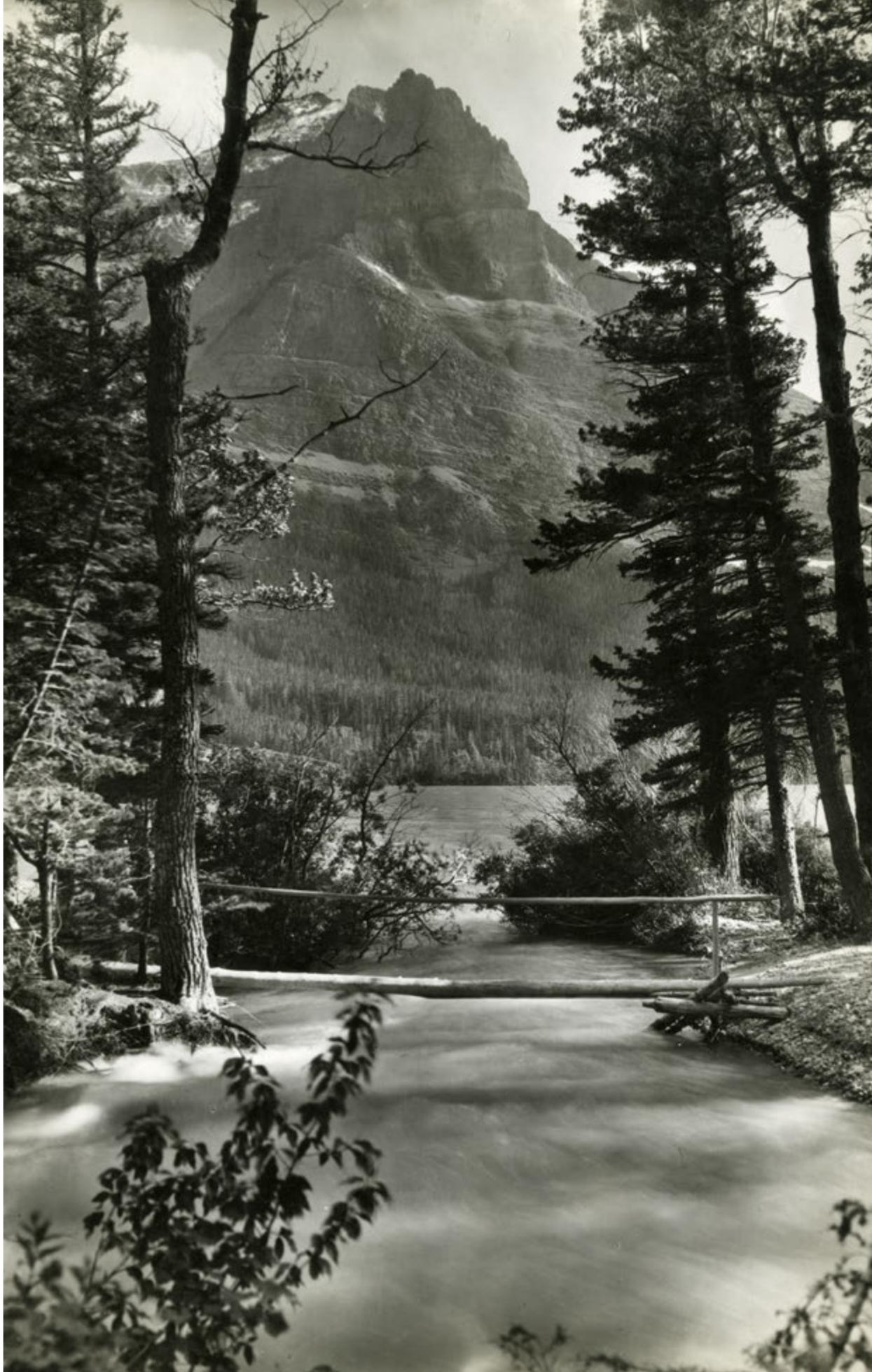
her yellow dress, she was working at the Hotel’s gift shop. We struck up a friendship: it turned out she was 19, a sophomore at University of Montana—a native Montanan from Great Falls.

It wasn’t long before we were hiking together on days and afternoons off, just about every day exploring the magnificent

wilderness just outside, and everywhere across the Park. She loved it too, just as I did. As the days and weeks passed and she was even more wonderful, I am not so sure why I believed that I was not in love any more, so shaken to the core of my heart had I become. Perhaps it was the magic of the moonlit nights now, the silver-barred light piercing the gloomy forests full of Ingmar Bergman characters, drenching the lakes and the mountains, which had cast its spell upon us; or perhaps it was just the sweet poignancy of getting to know someone new, to feel her caresses and know that she cared for me very much too, as I did for her. I don’t know. All I know is that it has been wonderful and what began as a summer of deep joy and peace has turned yet into something even more sublime.

I don’t know what it was; all I know is that Stephanie and I have been with each other a dozen times, and each one has been more wonderful than the last. So over the next several weeks, we grew ever closer; and now, to the list of many fortunate things these days, I must add one more: Stephanie, so dark and lovely, so soft and affectionate, enjoying my company as I did hers. She is six years younger than me, but I care not and have noticed it little. All I knew was that we have been with each other a dozen times in the past 2-3 weeks, and each one was more wonderful than the last. I can still hear her words, full of sighs, sweetly whispered into my ears: “You are the most wonderful boy I have ever known. When I am with you I am so happy I cannot talk I have never felt so





**“Little Chief Mountain
from Baring Creek.”**

*These great peaks shoot up
from the lake like something
magic on the moon...Where
snowmelt pours ice-pure down
the mountain side, I stop and
soak my feet. (Mansfield Library,
Hileman, T.J. (1882–1945)*

strongly about anyone in such a short time. We seemed to communicate, not only physically (her kisses were many, and incomparably wonderful, heart-pounding); but also emotionally on a very deep level. I kept telling myself I was not in love or falling in love: done with that for awhile! I wrote to Rachel; I swore I would be true to Rachel. This was just a summer-time thing.

July 23:

My sister Lynne, and George, and Stephanie and I left early and drove down to Medicine Lake, a perfect lovely day... long walk through the woods and many stops for kisses, with the birds singing everywhere. "Oh! I have never been so happy in all my life," says Stephanie... and it is the same with me, ever-growing.

Then we begin the climb into Bighorn Basin, past strange Pumpelly Pillar... it is very hot and many mosquitos; and we all stop at a snowbank, munch snow-cones, and sing "Happy Birthday" to Haile Selassie (ruler of Ethiopia)... then on, for now we can see it—the long ridge and steep summit of Rising Wolf—looking very high from here.

We leave the trail, and climb steep talus, much uncomfortable bushwacking... finally reach the top of the first ridge, eat lunch, then another long hot scramble to the final, summit ridge. Up and over many ledges, and it is very hot, we suffer from thirst, and often I wonder how we can ever make it. But at 5 o'clock, we burst over the top—and oh, it was so beautiful and so happy then, after the

long struggle. On top of Mt. Rising Wolf, the Guardian of the South—oh the joy!

But still, there was the long way back, must descend now—quickly. Left at 5:30, again the bushwacking... scrambling down dozens of ledges, all the while aching from thirst. A long miserable time through the limber pines, finally reach Dawson Pass at seven... then three miles along the west side of Flinsch Peak and Mt. Morgan, to Pitamakin Pass—all above real timber line, and the sun setting far off over the great peaks and strange wild valleys of the remote southeastern part of the Park far below.

It was all very beautiful, some of the most spectacular scenery I have yet seen... but still nine miles to go after we reached Pitamakin, 9 o'clock. So down again to Cut Bank Pass, then further down, down again into the valley and through its dark forests. Very dark, often we could not see the trail at all—just feel along with our feet—and we, keeping as fast a pace as we could. Sister Linnie fainted once, but we were able at last to find blessed water... and it was wonderful too, to be way up in front of our party, and to hear Stephanie right behind me, singing, sweet-voiced like a happy little angel. We did not reach the trails' end until 12:15, not in bed till 2:30, but a wonderful day, one of the happiest of a lifetime.

August 12:

There come a few times in our lives which are so rare and so precious that we do not wish to ever repeat them for fear that

they might not be the same the second time. And so it has been with me all day today—so happy, heart filling as if to burst, Stephanie, Stephanie, you are so soft and so tender and I will never forget how you held me and how we kissed last night. Never have I known so many consecutive beautiful times with anyone else.

That night it rained again, long and fiercely. Stephanie and I took our overnight

anyway, left around ten, walked two and a half miles through the storm to the shelter at the other end of Lake Josephine—the way so pitch black that we could see nothing except when the awesome lightning lit up everything as bright as day. We arrived at 11, and curled up safe and dry to sleep and listen to the storm outside. It was wonderful to be out there in the wilderness. Later it got cold and she crawled into my sleeping bag

**“Climbing Carthew Summit,
Waterton National Park.”**
*This is in the Canadian part of
Glacier Park Complex, July 1962.*



with me—sweet tender Stephanie so beautiful and young, full of sighs, the same love for this country as my own love. How could it be otherwise? All through the night—arms around each other, unbuttoning buttons and snaps, soft breasts bare against my chest... Wonderful, beautiful, rare, wild, and passionate—out of all eternity, as it should be. The next morning, waking up to her kisses, it took me one and a half hours to get a fire started. All day was cold and wet. Snow high up, endless rain here, great vertical endless curtains, sweeping across the valleys as if on a giant's drawstring. Our knowing glances kept the fire between us.

August 20:

Today, I wonder about this life, and it seems so strange sometimes. I love and I quarrel, I think and I weep, just as do other humans. I have seen and done many things as all the rest of us do; I have seen and done all these things, yet more and more have they not drawn me into its web. I still have this deep loneliness of wondering who we are, where we have come, where we are going. Perhaps I am not a great intellect, perhaps I am lazy, and perhaps I will not be a success in the swarming things of this world. In the end, perhaps it does not matter. My destiny seems to be elsewhere: out beyond there, somewhere, out beyond even my thoughts. I see through my own glass darkly, but at least I see. This evening, on the Two Medicine Lakes trail, I feel so distant. Life is more than a dream, but I do not know just what or how yet; the more I think, the less I seem to understand.

Next morning in the cool and gloom, I plunged down from Two Med Pass deep into the Park Creek Valley in the remote southwestern corner of the Park. I was very happy then—all alone and far from any human soul. And when the first rays of sun streamed, gold-barred, through the pine needle depths of the deep forests, I felt as if I were at the dawn of creation.

Too much of this world I do not know and will never know. I lie in bed listening to Hindu ragas and strange thoughts race through my mind—strangeness of time and space and their relation, which I do not understand when I read about it. How many of us truly do? Somehow there is such a thing as emergent evolution; human consciousness does seem to surge forward, but at this stage of our development as a species, our minds cannot see yet what will appear obvious to other centuries. Something there is that we do not know or understand yet; but we will. I wonder if I will, ever?

Before I left to return Ann Arbor, I told Stephanie she was the most beautiful person I had ever known, so gentle and tender a lover; she is a child of the country I love so well, and this is how I will always think of her: I love Montana's vast spaces, wild mountains, rushing water, and trails, so if I love and long for Montana so much, how can I not also love Stephanie too, for she is Montana, and is a part of me. Thus began the grieving soon enough to come—a grieving that would last for much of the next few years.

Part 3: September, 1962

I left Two Medicine Campground around 6 pm, hiked 8 miles to Two Medicine Pass; sun piercing the evening forests, all warmth and mosquitoes and glare in my eyes until I reached the shadow of great Sinopah Mountain. Then up, endless up, switchback after endless switchback... getting darker and I was all alone in the high alpine country. Not knowing whether there were bears about, I hurried along toward the huge wall-like crest of the Continental Divide looming directly in front. I paused for a moment by mirror-like Cobalt Lake, then hiked up, up, forever up. The sun set, the trail was gone—nothing but rock anymore. By sighting in on the rock cairns silhouetted against the nearly-dark sky, I found my way.

Finally after 9 PM I stood on the crest, the savage deep valley of Park Creek far below on my right, the beautiful Two Medicine Valley campground lights twinkling on my left. It was beautiful, this destination, so I rolled out my sleeping bag, munched on some oranges, sucked on my pipe a bit. Being so high up, so far away, and so alone, I was afraid, but as I watched the Milky Way arc its silvery path across the heavens, I fell asleep to the soft sighing of the mountain breeze among the limber pines. Each time I awoke, the stars were in a different place, and the night became beautifully, wonderfully, utterly, quiet. Once I awoke at 3 to glimpse the first tinges of grey dawn far out on the eastern plains; then again at 4:30, I savored an incredible stream of light flowing

up and over the forests far below, gold-splattering the cliffs of Mt. Rockwell, Mt. Sinopah, Mt. St. Nicholas, and other unknown and unnamed far off giants.

I hurried down then, over Two Med Pass, down, down Park Creek, eventually plunging into the gloom and cool of an early forest morning. Lost the trail once, found it again, wandered deeper into the wild heart of this valley in the remotest southwest section of the Park. I wondered if any other person had been on this same trail all summer. I was happy then—alone and far from any human soul, and when the first rays of sun streamed, gold-barred, through the primeval depths of the ancient forest, I felt as if I was at the dawn of creation. I hurried on and on, had several funny encounters with porcupines, and noted that the vegetation was more lush than on the east side. As the dense and dark forest thinned, I wandered through damp meadows and more damp weed-choked forest—and came to rushing Park Creek. There were no bridges. I bushwacked up and down looking for a ford, and finally I cared no more. I had to ford about 15 times until it was no fun anymore: my boots were too wet, and I had to take them off and put on sneakers, which hurt my feet. Then, I just splashed across wherever it seems possible.

The mountains were far behind now, and it got warmer. Finally, I came to the end of the trail—the mighty Flathead River—big and wide and strong-rushing current. I scrambled down the steep 200 foot bank, stripped to underpants, put everything on my back, ice-axe in one hand for balance,

boots strung around my neck, I struggled to ford the ice-cold torrent, sometimes up to my neck—the hardest part of the trip. I had to get across; there was no other way to home and safety.

Past mid-stream, frozen and exhausted, I clambered out on a sand bar, stripped off everything, just lay in the sun to get warm from the icy ordeal just past, then gathered things together, splashed across the last of the Flathead River, hiked two more miles to Route 2, and got a fifty-mile hitchhike back to the hotel.

Back in my room five hours later, while unpacking and changing, I realized that something was missing: my dog tags, my sacred beloved dog tags, with me every hour of the Marine Corps ordeal, bonded to me ever since, always with me for safety and good luck as well as identification, with me on every hike and climb in the park these past two magic summers. What a loss—as bad or worse than a friend losing my combat jacket on the Fifty Mountain trail just the summer before. My heart choked. What could I do now? I must have left them on the near river bank after I put my clothes back on after the ford. That was 50-60 miles from the hotel as the crow flies. I didn't even know exactly where I came out of the river, much less where I finally stumbled onto the highway—no houses, no landmarks, just the narrow highway winding through the forest below the mountains. So, what to do? Nothing for now. I dressed for the party that night, but was very sad. Maybe there is, will be, can

be, a way to find them again? But how? It all seemed so impossible.

For the rest of August, I brooded and mourned. My dog tags were not with me on the next two hikes, which turned out to be the grandest and most glorious of all my explorations in the Park: first, we traversed Hole-In-The-Wall Basin guarded all around by the mightiest peaks, then I climbed to the summit of Mt. Cleveland, the highest and grandest of all the peaks in the park. Both adventures were successful, joyful, soul-stirring, but my dog tags were still lost somewhere.

Then, in September, while driving my beat-up Ford station wagon to the Seattle World's Fair, a faint gleam came to me: Maybe I could return to Montana via Route 2, maybe I could at least try to find the place, maybe search for my lost dog tags. It seemed impossible, but maybe, just maybe. A way had shown itself to me, and the idea simmered all along the way to the Banff-Jasper Icefields, across Rogers Pass, down the Fraser Valley, into Vancouver, and wandering through the Seattle Fair.

Driving back to Many Glacier to pick up my belongings, then return to Michigan for Law School, I slept overnight in the back of the station wagon. In the morning, I woke in irrigated fields west of Ritzville, Washington. Just push on, push on, I told myself; it's 3-400 miles and you must get to the Flathead and find that river crossing before dark. To connect with Route 2, I turned north at Spokane—the most direct route. The road wound and twisted under the great peaks;

the mountains and forests loomed off to the right. Off to my left, the mighty Middle Fork Flathead flowed through the dense forest, but I couldn't see it. (Although I had no inkling in 1962, that area would become the Great Bear Wilderness ten years later, and I, a major actor in establishing it.)

Except for a scattered summer cabin or two, I left all human habitation behind. I drove on and on into the forest, heart pounding: Where is it? Where is it? One chance, one only, to find where I came onto the highway five weeks before, when I was paying no attention at all. I put out of my head any thought of how a river can change in even one day, how many floods, rises and falls. Just hurry! Hurry on!

I came to a bend in the road—I consulted the same map I had taken with me those weeks ago: Try here! Must at least try! I pulled off the road next to the dense forest. Maybe, maybe? I set off downslope through the forest, picking my way through the deadfalls toward the river, which I could hear, but not see. I tried to retrace my way, not really even knowing if this was the way or not. It just felt like it. After a mile or so, I saw the Flathead. I worked my way down to its brushy banks, noted the rapids. No, no, not here. Could not have been here. I wandered upstream along the bank, looking, looking. Then I saw it—a sandbar about 50 yards off shore, an easy wading pool between me and it. Yes, yes, I thought—this seemed the place. I waded out—no time or desire to change boots now. Just hurry, hurry—my heart pounding.

I stood there on the sand but saw nothing: after all, what kind of fool's errand is this? Don't you know rivers change every day, stupid? My heart aching, I turned away. Time to go back. But something caught the corner of my eye—a sort of sparkle in the



fading sun. I looked back once more: there they were, there... my precious dog tags half buried in the sand, but still there to welcome my trembling hands! Oh oh oh!... God Thou Art Good and Great and I Thank Thee, I murmured.

When my time comes, I want to be buried with three things which have become sacred objects associated with turning points of my life: my wooden ice axe purchased

from REI my first summer at Glacier, and my constant companion on almost every hike and climb ever since; my bent and battered Sierra Club cup, which, while hanging on my belt during a difficult and dangerous rappel on the infamous Ptarmigan Traverse in the North Cascades (1970), absorbed the smash when I collided with a rock ledge, saved me from a broken pelvis...

And those precious dog tags.

* * *



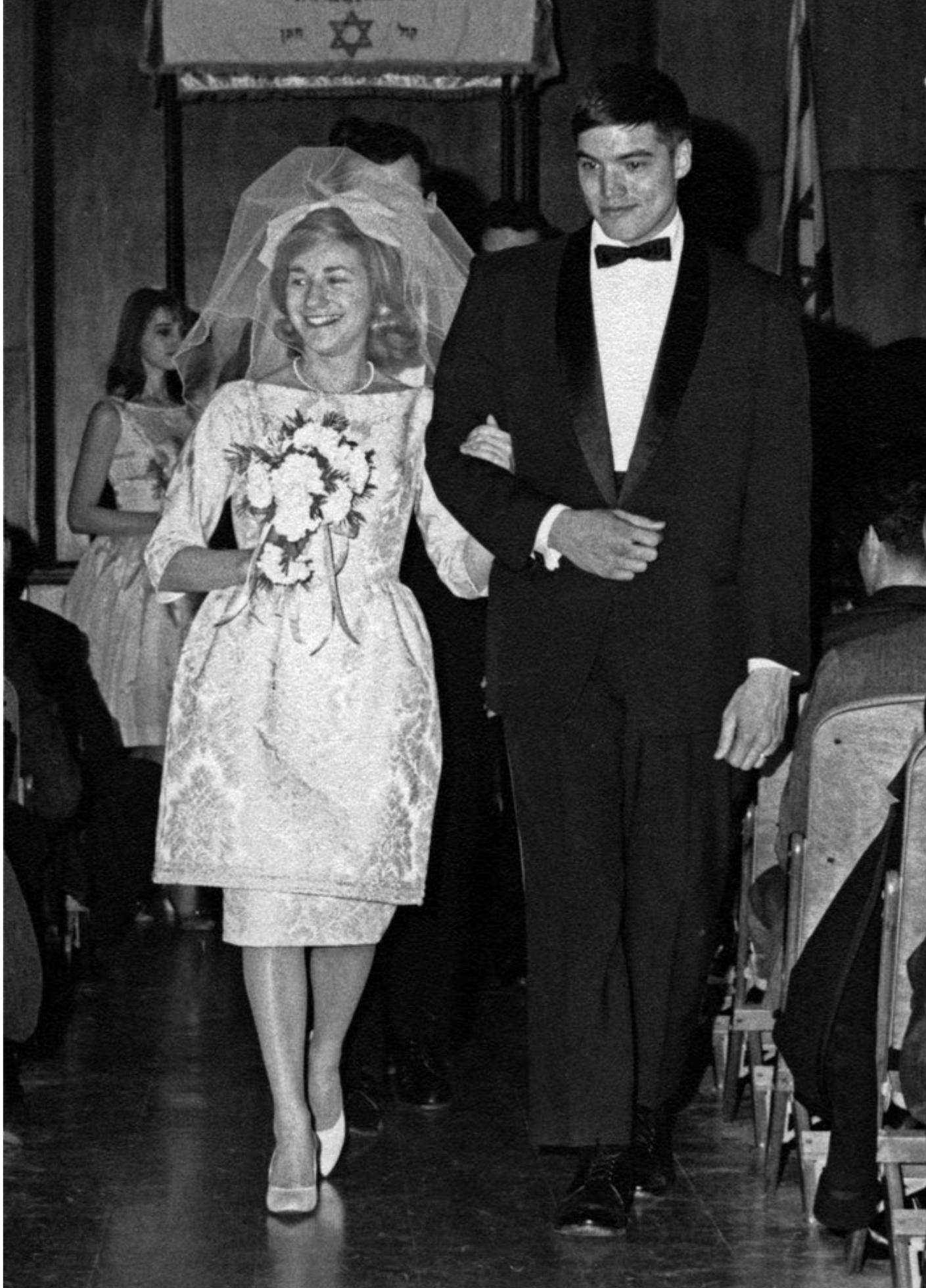
PART II
(1963 – 1973) ***Sierra Club Northwest Representative***

Brock Evans Areas Protected by Year and State

Campaigns Begun Early 1960s

*Shi-Shi (coast strip)—1960s-70s	WA
Dolly Sods & Otter Crest—1960s/70s	WVA
*River of No Return Wilderness—1960s-80s	ID
*Cypress Island—1960s-80s	WA
*Defense of Grand Canyon—1965-70	AZ
*Glacier Peak Wilderness—1965-68	WA
*Pasayten Wilderness—1965-68	WA
*Pasayten Additions—1967	WA
*North Cascades National Park—1965-68	WA
*Mt Jefferson Wilderness Additions—1966-68	OR
*Boulder River Wilderness—1966-84	WA
*Redwoods Additions—1966-84	CA
*French Pete—1967-78	OR
*Hells Canyon—1967-75	OR/ID
Coast Creeks/Siuslaw—1967-84	OR
*Minam Valley—1967-72	OR
*Olympic National Park Defense—1965-70	WA

*one of campaign leaders



“Wedding Photo.”
*Brock and Rachel,
Groundhog Day
1963, Ann Arbor.*

Be patient my soul: thou has endured still worse than this.

—THOMAS HOLCROFT

CHAPTER 6

(1963-1965) *New Mountains: Cascade Mountaineer*

After graduation from law school in June, 1963, I had to decide where to go, what to do. I supposed I would try to practice law somewhere, but where? For me, the answer to that question became the most important decision I would make for the rest of my life. Montana? Rumors were that only graduates of the law school in Missoula could ever hope to make it past the favoritism of that state's bar examiners. California? Still known as "Golden California" at the time, I learned that the bar exam fees there were too golden for my skimpy budget. How about the Pacific Northwest? I had already visited once—Seattle World's Fair in 1962—so what about there? It was a place I knew a little, and it was beautiful. The bar exam fee was within my reach. Best of all, Seattle had a mountain range on each side and salt water in the middle, this last being important to Rachel my new wife, who hailed from the Boston area. We'd been married on February 2. She was the ideal companion to share "Moving West." To each other we often said, "Off into a vast

and beautiful unknown." Place and time and destiny all just seemed to come together in 1963—one of the most important years of our lives. Still grieving a bit about Stephanie—the woman I realized too late I also loved—Rachel and I packed everything we owned into our old red and white station wagon and headed west. On June 8, 1963, we crossed the Cascades in the rain and saw Lake Washington. Rachel cried: we really were settling here, and our new life was beginning—Seattle our new home.

We were totally enchanted and excited, to even be in such a city. Grand scenes were literally everywhere. We were strangers. We didn't know a soul within 1,000 miles. We found and rented an upstairs flat in a modest house in the Madrona District on Seattle's east side overlooking Lake Washington and Mt. Rainier rising up vast and godlike to the south. From our kitchen window, we could just see the tops of the Olympics on the western horizon. Soon, our happy wanderings took us there and everywhere around Puget Sound, the San Juan islands, the coast.

Eventually, we made new friends and began to enjoy all the urban pleasures of this most gracious and friendly city, and began to explore our much loved and nearby wilderness.

Settling down in Seattle, we had to get jobs. Rachel quickly found employment as a social worker with the King County Welfare Department. She made \$6,000 a year. I began walking door to door, interviewing at various law offices. I had realized a law career was probably not for me, but I wanted to live in the West. I knew I loved the outdoors. I knew I could write and deal with people, and they liked me. I had a great love for everybody and everything around me. I didn't have any special desires, except to hope that I might do some legal kind of "justice work"—such as civil and economic rights for minorities. Much to my pleased surprise, I was offered an Associate job in a medium-sized local law firm—Lycette, Diamond, and Sylvester—which unwittingly landed me in a most excellent spot for anyone who cared about some kind of public life beyond the paradigms of a law practice. My senior partners—one Democrat, one Republican—were both very active in local politics. Accepting their \$6,000 a year salary, I would later say, "I landed in the cream." Adjusting to being a new attorney writing non-environmental briefs, I began to have recurring headaches and insomnia, sometimes staying so wide awake that I wandered the neighborhood at night.

So that was our situation all through 1964, 1965, 1966: two aspiring Newcomers in this most special corner of our country.

Both had jobs, no kids, new friends, and time to explore wonderful new wild places.

Searching for a just cause, I joined the Seattle Street Tree Planting Committee & the Seattle/King County Committee for Prisoner Rehabilitation; and inspired by the surrounding Cascades, we took the climbing course and joined the Seattle Mountaineers club in 1963, attended their Conservation Division meetings, and eventually became chair of the Mountaineers Conservation Education Division with a \$250 annual budget for booths at county fairs promoting the new protective legislation. Beginning in 1964, I started climbing Cascade peaks with Mountaineers' members and groups. Early on, I was struck by the magnificence of these mountains and their wilderness, and my only desire was to get out there and explore those peaks gleaming to the east and the west; I could not believe that any place so beautiful really existed. Yes, there were troubles: overcutting and road-building, and timber interests attempting to log the Olympic rain forest. I began to realize the losses, the need to fight back.

Climbing in different parts of the Cascades, the flames of my growing passion had been stoked to a fever pitch. I wanted to save the beautiful wild places I had come to love. I began to speak out and attend public hearings. I marveled that there could be a wilderness so profound, that there could be mountains and forests and rivers on such a magnificent scale. Moving here was the smartest thing I had ever done, and I felt that I could not ask for any more.

While I climbed and backpacked many other places during those years—Glacier Peak Wilderness, the Pickett Range, Chelan Summit, Horseshoe Basin, Elwha-Quinault, Dosewallips/Anderson Pass—I recorded the following four accounts of my initiation as a northwest mountaineer at the time they happened:

Friday, August 1, 1964: Sloan Peak, North Cascades, Washington

We slept fitfully in a campground under great trees—anxious in a pouring rain. Awakened by the climb leader’s whistle about 3 AM, we shouldered backpacks and climbing gear, set out in the rainy dark. Guided by flashlights, we came to a wild foaming river—the Sauk—picked our way across, carefully balancing our heavy loads over a treacherous slippery log jam.

Then up—endless up it seemed, up, up, under the forest giants—up, sweaty up. Dawn arrived all grey and wet; finally we came to a barrier, a 50-foot lip of rock. ‘No problem now,’ said the veterans: ‘Just up and over this lip, then a beautiful flower-meadow, then the final ascent.’ But to our universal shock, there was no meadow on the other side—just a vast snowfield to struggle across, then the glacier. Jesus, what kind of summer mountaineering was this? I could see very little, so much rain cloud and fog. But now was the time to strap on the crampons and rope up, ice-axes at the ready...the real climb begins here. No telling what that snow is like underneath, and no way to turn back... a very steep runout if anyone falls.

Just across the meadow-now-snowfield, we came to the edge of the glacier. I could still see little, so dense the clouds. Where was that great peak?, I wondered. Already we had struggled upwards for eight hours—and nothing.

Just then a gust of wind tore the clouds away, displaying a vast and wild panorama—as if a giant’s curtain had ripped open the whole heavens—and I saw it, and felt embraced *by* the deep wilderness of the North Cascades in all its terrifying magnificence: to the left (north), across the valley, a great wall of sharp black peaks, etched with steep-sided glaciers, and just before us, the glacier we must cross—a vast whiteness riven with yawning crevasses. Jeeesus! How can we ever get across this monster, I thought; and after this ice, the real rock climb begins! But go on we must; this was what we came for. I was on the first rope team, me the amateur, tied in between two veterans, meaning if one of us fell into one of those seeming-bottomless crevasses, there may be enough strength and experience to get us out—alive! And so with me, the total novice, literally tied to the other two, we were chosen to lead the way into the cold and fearful unknown. That was how I felt on August 1, 1964, my first day of beginning my most scary venture yet into the wilderness of my new home.

To the well-wishes of the others, we, that first team, set out to show the way. What a joke I thought—as if I knew anything at all about this, my first roped rock and ice after climbing school. I’ll be lucky to just survive, take care of my self!





And sure enough, about halfway across the ice, the wind blowing harder up there, revealing with each step more black cliffs, peaks, and ice... foreboding. So forbidding, that my innards reacted; all at once I felt the beginning of a huge bowel movement coming on, certainly the largest ever experienced by anyone in the whole history of the planet, it seemed.

Now what to do? I thought to myself: here in the middle of a living river of moving ice and all its crevasses, and at least two women rope-teams following close behind! Not a shelter, even a hummock, the air now clear, vision sharp in every direction. Send me back to Parris Island! At least there I could do the necessary in some peace. But that was not to be, so I suffered each new ice-navigating step. Finally, unable to hold it no more, I informed my colleagues that I could not wait much longer, or worse would follow.

Because they were eager to get off the ice, to get away from its cold wind, and to take shelter on the other side, they quite unhappily made a decision: still all roped together (no one dared to untie), they would hang me—the middle person—over the icy lip of the *bergschrand*—the spot at the end of the glacier where the ice broke away from the mountain. This left a crevasse between the ice and the rock-face about 20 feet deep. And there I was hung to do my thing, the bitter wind now howling around the corner, my fidgeting impatient fellow climbers shouting ‘Hurry up, we’re cold.’ Those women would be coming up close behind by now.

Miraculously I did finish. We quickly moved around to the safer and easier (SE) side of the mountain. The rest of the climb was difficult too, and we stayed roped the whole way up, and back down into the forest far below. But the worst had passed, and I stood happily on the summit at last. Proud and very grateful, we descended quickly, happily, down, down into the green deeps of that wonderful Northwest forest, crossed the still-powerful river again. All the way home, and

“Sloan Peak.” *Climbed in 1964, this 7,000 foot peak of rock and ice was my first technically difficult climb in the Cascades. (Jim Dougherty Photo)*

whenever I thought about the experience, I vowed that, while I was happy about that climb and its result, I would never do anything like that again.

**Tuesday June 24, 1965:
Mt. Baker, Washington**

I climbed Mt. Baker, 10,778 feet, last weekend, with a party of 70 Mountaineers, and it was a tremendously exhilarating experience. I should put down how it was, even though my word power seems gone; something definitely seems to have escaped me these days: I see wondrous things of nature all the time in this state. I am becoming experienced in the way of the woods and the mountains, yet I never describe or talk about it anymore—but that does not mean I do not feel it.

Drove up from Seattle Saturday morning, cloudy and gray going up the narrow Kulshan Cabin road, and saw what was left of the heavily-cutover forest there. Up and up; I was nervous. We could not see the great Mountain, but we felt its presence as we rose above the valley floor. Piercing through the mists was a terrible and mighty glacier poking its tongue and snout down into the forest: this was the great Coleman Glacier which had moved 100 feet last winter. On this cloudy misty day, feeling only the presence of the Mountain, it truly seemed that a new Ice Age had come again, starting once more to crush the valleys and all life.

We left the road, packed up a steep trail, up through the forest, then up into the snow, then up past timberline to a rocky

ridge high in the snowfields at the very edge of the great glacier. Here the glacier wall was covered with snow, and towered 300 feet above us. We pitched tents, cooked dinner, and tried to sleep at 5 PM. We're nervous about the ordeal to come, for we could see the top of the Mountain now, gleaming, huge and distant and snow-white, an eternity away.

At midnight after a fitful sleep, the [leader's] whistle blew. We stumbled into frozen boots, crampons, but the wind rose, the tent flapped, and the snow came harder and faster, until it was a genuine blizzard, reminding me of dimly remembered stories of the Arctic long ago. I stumbled outside the tent to adjust a rope, took my glove off, and my hand nearly froze, so we went back to sleep 'til 4:30—it was light then, so we got ready again, very grey and cloudy, started off about 5 AM...

My only impression at first was gray... and up, up, up over snow bridges, deep crevasses; then it got lighter, and we saw the huge Black Buttes on one side, the Mountain came out blue, and the glacier spread out before us—such a strange and beautiful world I thought—cruel and terrible too, but very beautiful... and the Mountain was still far off, but we were on it, and climbing it, and there was joy mixed with the fear in my heart, for at least I am here, and I am not tired, I am young and strong, and I am doing what I had set out to do.

We reached the Roman Wall, and on top it was bright and sunny, but we were smashed by a ferocious wind, driving the

fine pellets of new snow, stinging into our faces, and there was no escape from the bitter cold. The last 1,500 feet was steep hard snow, straight up, an interminable time in the bitter wind, but finally on top, a broad white plateau: we strolled tiredly and joyfully to the highest point. It was too cold to do much, but there was the entire northwest corner of the United States: the Puget Sound country covered with clouds and only the tops of Rainier, Shuksan, & Glacier Peak showing above. We saw Puget Sound itself, and the Olympics and the Peninsula—it was a grand feeling—something worthwhile to me deep inside to have done it. It was hard, and I have tested myself once more and found myself not wanting. I learned a lot, I am proud of what I have done, and very deeply satisfied.

**Monday July 12, 1965:
Mt. Adams**

This last weekend I climbed Mt. Adams, 12,307 feet, the Giant of the South. A long drive over perfectly dreadful roads almost tore my car apart. Three of us made camp at 6,000 feet in the fog. Later it cleared and was perfectly beautiful when we started. So far up, the climb was not hard, but the “up” never stopped and the snow was very steep. We reached the false summit at 11,500 feet and we thought the real summit could not be very far off, but it was half mile more away and nearly 1,000 ft higher. This was

the stretch that killed me. I plodded on and on, repeating Homer’s words “Be patient my soul, for thou hast endured still worse than this.” I thought I could never make it, but I finally got to the summit—more of a victory for the mountain than for me. I got altitude sickness—nausea, headache, no food or drink. All I wanted to do was get down, but even getting back to the false summit did not help. I was sick all the way down. We were able to glissade down the long steep slope and make it in two and a half hours compared with 7 hours up. Still sick and miserable, I drove the 6 hour drive home. It is done, I have done it—but how can I ever climb Rainier, The Mountain That Was God?

**Monday July 26, 1965:
Mt Rainier, Washington**

This was the day of my triumph: Rainier. The God was mine, it was mine; I stood on its highest summit at 9:40 AM, July 25, after a long long climb over immense crevasses, over *neves penitentes* in long long fields, over scree walls and ice falls. Exhausting and beautiful. I did get a headache high up and got sick coming down—but not badly. The sun was very hot... Oh it was something to be standing on the summit of The Mountain, The God, looking out over the entire Northwest, and far to the south... The God is mine, The God is mine, and it is done. I have triumphed...



“Boulder River Campers.”
*The magnificent 50,000 acre
rainforests of Boulder were just 60
miles from Seattle, an easy day’s
outing into one of my favorite places
to take foreign visitors.
The Boulder River Wilderness
was added to the Washington
Wilderness Act of 1984.*



The flame of controversy has been lit, and I have been attacked for what I believe and for what I know is right. Very well—the fight has begun, and I will pour my heart and all my soul into the battle. I shall struggle and teach and speak out with every faculty at my command, and if I do not win, at least it cannot be said that I did not speak out for what I believe with all the ardor and zeal of a deep and passionate soul.

—BROCK EVANS (2-21-65)

CHAPTER 7

(1966–1972) *Seattle Freeway Revolt: An Activist Awakens*

Thanksgiving weekend, 1966. One of those peaceful Thanksgiving afternoons. After three years, Rachel and I had happily and enthusiastically settled in Seattle. Savoring everything about our new home, enjoying the many cultural treasures available, hosting new friends, and hiking the stunning mountain ranges gleaming out there to the east and west: all was well in our scenic saltwater city. As always I casually opened the *Seattle Times*, started leafing through it.

Then I saw it: an “Announcement” from the State Highway Department about its new plans to “improve transportation” in and around the Seattle area. What were those so-called “improvements?” With a rising sense of alarm, I kept reading: an amazing concrete deluge of *new* freeways and expressways to be added to the already existing north-south Interstate 5 completed just a few years before we moved out West. Instead of a pleasant neighborhood drive to the Lake Washington beaches in the Madison district, there would now be the

Madison Freeway Extension with whizzing and zooming cars; instead of happy peaceful Sunday afternoons picnicking and tramping through the forested and flowered ambiance of the much-beloved Arboretum in Seattle’s Central District, there would be the R.H. Thompson Expressway carrying whizzing traffic on top of newly constructed cement barrier-to-citizens who had previously sought to just enjoy. There would be a vastly enlarged Third Lake Washington bridge, a new 14-lane floating structure over Lake Washington which would require an open trench effectively destroying the Mount Baker Ridge along Lake Washington. And on and on, for all the rest of these “improvements” across my whole beloved city. Even the tastefully inscribed greeting: “Welcome To Seattle, The Portal of the Northwest” would probably be gone.

This new “Announcement” had proposed a very different sort of future for our precious and so-loved Seattle. A look at the newspaper map, which so alarmed me, said it all: If this plan were adopted, literally al-

most no place in our adopted, pleasant, quiet, and lovely city would be more than 1-2 miles from another massive and noisy freeway. Seattle's unique arrangement of people and their interactions with each other and their landscape—all against the backdrop of those hills, trees, and water—would be irretrievably mangled/ripped away from the way it was, and would no longer be a great city to walk in. Seattle's ambience would be ruined—forever! In my alarm I then realized, literally, my beautiful city would be “drawn and quartered” as were so many other American cities in that madcap era of “freeway building.” Even my former hometown, Columbus, Ohio, was to lose many of its cherished and lovely urban places to “transportation plans.”

What to do? I wrote a letter to the editor that Thanksgiving about my shock and disappointment at such proposals; 5-6 readers of same opinion contacted or wrote to me; we got together, held the first of many meetings in tiny living rooms (we were then mostly in our 20s & 30s) while our kids raced around. We aroused citizens organized ourselves and our neighborhoods. Simultaneously and without any initial contact or coordination, similar citizens groups were springing up all over our city. We seemed to somehow quickly find each other, a cumulative and entirely citizen-volunteer process, which eventually reached as high up in the citizen-participation hierarchy as the Citizen's Planning Council. To learn about city politics, and hopefully, to influence and find new allies, I joined that group.

As another part of our counterattack against the whole road-building/freeway-

construction juggernaut of those times, we also went all out to (successfully) elect our neighbor David Sprague to the state legislature. He got himself appointed to the “Transportation Committee.” Even then, the odds seemed just as tough as any wilderness battle in the Cascades or the Olympics.

“Time to Move People, Not Cars,” was our slogan all during those those fiercely contested years when we seemed to be—once again—up against another “special money-and-power interest,” to use today's terminology. Sad to note, but organized labor seemed nearly always—then as well as on most Cascades issues—on “industry's” side and always against us also, perhaps for the possibility of immediate jobs, a short-sighted and disappointing rationale when considered from the longer perspective of what such destructions could mean to our future way of life.

By 1967, while still working in my law office, my volunteer activities against the proposed concrete jungle had been stoked to a fever pitch; I attended and spoke out fearlessly at public hearings opposing the massive concrete system. Searching for another just cause in those radical 1960s, I joined the Citizens' Planning Council which had formed with other activist groups to oppose the massive system of new freeways proposed by the State Highway Department for the entire Seattle area. As a young attorney, I delivered the following testimony before the Mayor's Committee, arguing—among other environmental values and issues—for alternatives to that massively-destructive Third Lake Washington Bridge.

Citizens' Planning Council Statement June 20, 1967

My name is Brock Evans. I am an attorney living in the City of Seattle, and am a member of the Citizens' Planning Council. On behalf of all the citizens' groups represented here today, I would like to express again our appreciation, Mr. Mayor, for your sharing of our concern with the problems raised by the proposal of the State Highway Department for a third Lake Washington bridge. We thank you for the opportunity here to express our thoughts and feelings on this proposal, and to present alternatives to it.

As you know only too well, Mr. Mayor, increasing numbers of Seattle citizens in recent years have become greatly concerned about the impact of this region's explosive population and industrial growth upon our urban environment and the amenities of life which has made the area such a pleasant place to dwell and work. We have seen the impact of this growth first in the outlying areas around the city, as great tracts of green belts and open spaces vanished under subdivisions; we have seen its effects in increasing crowds, noise, pollution, and congestion, everywhere we go, whether inside the city or out; and now, finally, in recent years, we have seen this explosive suburban growth turn back upon the city itself drastically changing and altering not only our urban landscape, but also established communities and patterns of life.

I refer here especially to our urban transportation problem and the manner by which governmental agencies have attempted to meet its challenges in the past. And that is why we are here today: we believe there are better means of meeting the needs of transportation in heavily urbanized areas, methods which will not disrupt and dislocate and destroy, as has been done in the past; methods which will recognize the needs of urban citizens and urban communities and keep our cities as pleasant places to live and not as mere conduits for highspeed through traffic. We believe that today we can demonstrate that such a solution is possible.

The proposal for a Third Lake Washington Bridge advanced by the Highway Department has been a matter of deep concern to all of us here since its announcement last fall. This massive eight lane structure with its huge cut and cover operation through Mount Baker Ridge, its many tiered ramps and spaghetti-like interchanges is to us just one more attempt to meet the challenge of moving people in urban areas in the same old way with little attention to other values destroyed or patterns of living irrevocably altered. When all the alleged attention given to landscaping, and the placement of lights and signs is stripped away; when one looks beyond the promises to do everything possible for the many persons who will be displaced, the facts of this project still remain clear: the pleasant visual experience of one of the most scenic entrances into any city in the United States will be forever destroyed; thousands of people will still be displaced from homes and neighborhoods which they cannot duplicate elsewhere; large amounts of scarce urban land will be taken forever off the tax rolls and our downtown area will become inevitably still more congested, noisy, and polluted. The one thing that the proposal of the State Highway Department does more than anything else, Mr. Mayor, is decree more firmly and emphatically than ever that it is the automobile which comes first in our city, firmly and irrevocably; and all other considerations must take second place to it.

We who love this city of Seattle and treasure its amenities and its pleasant way of living, cannot accept this. We believe that the time is actually long past when the primary consideration for construction of transportation projects is simply the cheapest and quickest way of moving from point to point; it is high time to think of moving people rather than vehicles. We do not believe that it is necessary to destroy the human environment or to uproot whole neighborhoods in order to achieve mobility in urban areas.

This was the reaction of many groups and individuals, not only from the city of Seattle, but also from areas on the east side too, to the proposal of the State Highway Department. Beginning in November of 1966, and continuing up through the present time, a number of individuals and representatives of various citizen groups have been meeting on a regular basis to discuss the impact of this proposed project, and to pool their collective thinking on the subject of alternatives to that proposal. Representatives of such diverse groups as the Municipal League, Com-

mittee of 500, Citizens' Planning Council, American Institute of Architects, League of Women Voters, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Central Area Community Council, C.A.M.P., C.A.N.D.O., the Mount Baker Ridge Community Council, and the Seattle Mountaineers have attended and participated in the discussions and the formulation of an alternative.

We have appeared and testified at hearings on the subject, engaged in consultations of public officials, have debated the subject on radio, television, and before other interested citizens groups; we have prepared literature on the subject and done a great deal of study on all aspects of the complicated problem of urban transportation. Countless hours and untold dollars worth of labor have gone into these meetings and these discussions and into the preparation of an alternative plan. We had no taxpayers' money to spend to put out a lot of brochures justifying our projects; no paid staff employees to generate and issue press releases justifying our plans and projects; no large staffs of engineers to draft up our plans or to make our traffic counts for us. All of the money has come from our own pockets, all the effort here has been after-hours and on weekends, and because we care so deeply about the fate and future of our city. The important point to stress is that all aspects of this project and the problems posed by it have been most carefully discussed and threshed out by private citizens from all walks of life and from all over the city.

The alternative proposal we will here present today is in very large measure the work and thought product of Wendell Lovett, a Bellevue architect who has donated many thousands of dollars worth of his personal time to this end. The other groups and individuals mentioned above have all participated in its formulation and preparation in one form or another. We believe it is a most constructive proposal, and it has many advantages over the proposal of the State Highway Department. We believe that it will meet and solve many of the objections to the present proposal of the state. It should be stressed however, that we feel that this proposal is just one example of perhaps many others which could be found, if an effort were made to do so. We believe that there are probably numerous other proposals which would not be as objectionable as the one we are faced with from the Highway Department, and which will do the same job of moving people.

To sum it all up, Mr. Mayor, we believe that the controversy over the proposed Third Lake Washington Bridge has demonstrated that a very great many people in the city of Seattle are deeply concerned with the impact of traditional freeway thinking on the structure and fabric of our urban community. This is not a problem restricted to the central district area. We know that plans for other freeway type projects are on the books or in the thinking of the agencies responsible—projects such as the R. H. Thompson Expressway, the Fiftieth Street Expressway, the Bothell Way Cutoff, the Cross-Sound Bridge, the Fourth Lake Washington Bridge, and the Fifth Lake Washington Bridge, all with their connecting interchanges and roadways. If the city of Seattle is not to be drawn, quartered, and strangled by the same massive destructive type projects we have had in the past, we must begin now to think of truly constructive alternatives. We desperately need a balanced transportation system, with a truly comprehensive rail rapid transit complex. We desperately need a substantial shift in the thinking of the State Highway Department and other agencies responsible for road construction, to recognize that building roads in urban areas involves quite a different set of problems than their construction in rural areas. We desperately need a much greater sense of responsibility for aesthetics, for the

**“New Freeway Construction,
Seattle, Mid/late 60s.”**

The Freeway Revolt began when alarmed residents became aware that the highway builders intended to push similar massively destructive “ways” right through minority communities and into many other corners of inner Seattle. Just as important as my wilderness advocacy, this was my first public protest.
(MOHAI, Seattle PI Collection, 1967:1986.5.4077.1)





value of scarce urban land, and for the problems attendant upon uprooting and displacing thousands of persons who cannot find homes elsewhere.

Perhaps what we need more than anything else is for a well balanced, impartial, non-agency design team with authority to review, examine, and pass upon plans proposed by the agencies responsible for construction of highways in urban areas. We believe that such a design team should be composed of impartial, non-agency individuals competent in such various fields as architecture, sociology, air and noise pollution, landscape design, as well as engineering. The proposal we have advanced today is, we believe, one example of what such a design team might come up with. We cannot continue to rely upon concerned citizen's groups to spend thousands of dollars and thousands of hours worth of their own time to advance constructive alternatives where an agency fails to do so. We believe we must have design teams now, and citizen participation and review of agency plans for highways at every stage. Only in this way do we believe that we will be able to make sure that the city that we all love will remain a fit place to live in the future.

* * *

From such occasions and before such audiences I first learned to speak on my feet, to be an advocate for “the people,” to bring Sierra Club forces to bear, to oppose environmental destruction, to always consider alternatives to the status quo—no matter who they were. A year later after a somewhat similar presentation, I received a letter from one of our group's members: “Your talk, advice, and answering questions met with terrific approval.... Your message was especially welcome by this audience—you reinforced their basic instinct to preserve what is best about our environment and you gave them tools by which to act to do so.” (*Margaret Tunks, 12/13/68*) Several years later in personal notes, I reflected on those early years as an activist:

I have always considered my efforts on behalf of the Freeway Revolt of equal importance with my efforts on forestry and wilderness.... It was my privilege and honor to be part of all this—to go to the meetings in people's houses, to discuss strategy, to go down to the state legislature at hearings, to make telephone calls and organize rallies, to bug officials, to give speeches at mass meetings—all done endlessly, night after night, in many different ways.... It was a beautiful thing to be part of the Seattle Freeway Revolt, and we have come a very long way. We have come to the point where no freeways are being built in this city where they are not wanted. (“Third Lake Bridge Files...” Summer, 1971; Memo, 1/3/73)

* * *



Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more....

—SHAKESPEARE, *HENRY V*

CHAPTER 8

(1956–1968) *Saving the North Cascades: Sierra Club Advocate*

One bright blue day in September, on a climb of Lundin Peak, everything began to change. I was looking around at the awesome sea of peaks to the north and east, marveling again, when I suddenly looked down, deep into the trench of the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River. I saw something down there which greatly marred the beauty of the scene and I said, “What’s that?” “That’s logging and logging roads,” they said. “But they can’t do that,” I said, “This is public land. See? The map says “National Forest.” My friends said, “You’ve got a lot to learn about what we do with our national forests out here.” On a June afternoon hike to Barclay Lake the next year, the situation hit home even harder:

On a Sunday afternoon, we drove to the trailhead at Carnation, parked, and began to walk into a paradise which I had rarely experienced before: great massed stands of giant trees, some 200' high and 8' in diameter, reaching up to the sky, the whole forest suffused with a soft green light through which slanted streams of golden sun that touched

the soft green earth like the fingers of God. We happily danced along from one huge tree to another, embracing each one for the sheer joy of being alive in such a place, touched by a deep inner happiness that such a place still existed, marveling at the soft green carpets of moss covering nearly everything, and delighting at the bright clarity of every stream bubbling across our trail. We felt we could ask for nothing better than a lifetime of such exploring.

Then I noticed it: a square yellow marker nailed into one of the forest giants. I investigated, and it read: “Clearcut Boundary, US Forest Service.”

“What?” The very notion shattered my heart! I looked for more markers and found them strung out along the whole five miles of this magical forest trail: yellow marker after marker proclaimed that this forest had been sold and was to be logged very soon.

The day ruined, we turned back, unable to walk under the Great Ones—soon to be dead, said my aching heart. At home I looked at myself in the mirror, still in a state of

AT LEFT:

“Suiattle Valley and Glacier Peak.”

Here is one magnificent panorama: the vast unlogged forests of the wild Suiattle River Valley sweeping around wild and scenic Glacier Peak (10,541 feet). We fought to save these big trees and valley forests from proposed logging, copper mining, and road building. Now the whole grand vista is protected as a much-prized part of the Glacier Peak Wilderness.

shock and pain. I had never imagined such a possibility! And there I made my vow: to give the rest of my life to try to make certain that such “crimes” (as they were, morally, to me) could never happen again. (Diary, 6/12/66.) Thus, I found the answer to my desire, as I wrote while still in law school: “I want to make some permanent contribution to the betterment of humanity, to add to wisdom and beauty in some way...” I would just have to struggle against my own tendency to do nothing, to be lazy.

I soon learned that my pain that day in a “typical” Northwest forest was unhappily all too common among the increasing thousands of new people in the 1960s who sought recreation and solace among these spectacular, awe-inspiring, biologically rich, ancient forests.

I also learned that anyone could see logging on both private land and throughout the National Forests in general. And I became very depressed, and more aware of what was around me, more aware of the way that the magnificent forests of ancient big trees were being cut up. In those years I would read sad little letters to the editor in the newspaper complaining of this or that trail being logged over, but it seemed that nothing could be done because, after all, “this was government land, and they certainly must have known best.”

I went on like this for a while, and even attended meetings of the Mountaineers Conservation Division to see if I could learn more. These were excellent people, of course: they all seemed to know so much

and I so little that I sat in the back of the room, dying to do something, but not knowing how. One day I got something in the mail from a group called the North Cascades Conservation Council (NCCC). They were fighting for a national park in the North Cascades. That set me on fire, and I thought, ‘By golly, if someone is going to fight, then I’m going to fight, too.’ And I joined them, eager to do whatever I could. I waited passionately for the newsletters, I read everything in the papers I could possibly get my hands on. And I even started writing letters to the newspapers and to congressmen; and I remember how surprised I was when they were actually printed or answered. Somebody really was listening, apparently.

Still practicing as a lawyer at the time, I worked pretty much by myself, not knowing really how to get more involved. I revered Pat Goldsworthy and David Brower as distant heroes, afraid even to talk to them because they obviously knew so much and I would have nothing to say. I nurtured my growing outrage and awareness on the writings of Harvey Manning, which gave me a profound sense of the history of the North Cascades, and an even deeper, more painful sense of the wrongs committed on the land which had not been righted, and which were increasing. I got madder and madder. Every night I would go back to my little table in the living room and type out (with two fingers) long letters to friends and politicians on the North Cascades.

Finally, one day the Mountaineers did call me, and asked me to be chairman of

“Ptarmigan Traverse, 1970.”

Our climbing party stayed overnight at this interior North Cascades campsite. Preparing to cross glaciers and ice fields, our party of “Mountaineers,” Rachel, and myself would end this demanding 45 mile traverse in eight more days at Downey Creek. This entire region became the Glacier Peak Wilderness.

the Conservation Education Committee. I leaped at the chance, and felt finally now I could do something more. I was able to organize a Speakers Bureau from my young lawyer friends, and we plunged right away into speeches and debates around the area, as much as we could, on the North Cascades question. I remember very well my very first speech on a dark cold February night up in Newhalem. It seemed like all the loggers

from the whole Skagit Valley were there to hear the city slicker tell them why there should be a park to “lock up ‘their’ area.” It was a rough experience, but I learned from this and dozens of other similar speeches and debates.

The North Cascades Study Team report had come out just about then, and I remember going to the public meeting in downtown Seattle where they announced it, my heart



in my mouth. The report recommended a National Park, which gave us great joy, even though it was not the park area we wanted. But then Fred Overly, a pro-logging official with the Department of Natural Resources, came on with his own proposal to remove 60,000 acres of prime rain forest from Olympic National Park, and the battle was joined more fiercely than ever. Hearings were set for February of that year, and I remember calling up Pat Goldsworthy to ask "I understand there is a hearing—can anyone come?" When Pat said yes, I asked if there was anything else that I could do besides come myself. Pat, of course, advised that as many people as possible—especially businessman types—would be good to have come and speak for our side. So I called all my friends, and put on enough friendly pressure so that I calculated about 100 extra people or statements came because of it, including a number of businessmen contacts I had.

It was then that I learned that anyone could go to hearings, and make a difference in the future of the North Cascades—that chain of magnificent peaks and glaciers that feed their waters to at least fifteen good-sized rivers rushing through canyons, to thousands of smaller creeks and waterfalls. Hundreds of jewel lakes, miles of soft alpine flowering meadows, steep rugged precipices—these rise above dense and deep and ancient rain forests of huge cathedral-like tree groves, the last large tracts of ancient forests in America unprotected from logging. Even the better known of the hundreds of mountains in the North Cascades are not climbed

or visited often, and others had no names at all. The range's true giants—peaks such as Bonanza, Goode, Eldorado, and Forbidden—rank easily in beauty and rugged proportion with all but a few in the rest of America, yet to this day they are scarcely heard of. This grand tangle of mountain, glacier, forest, river, meadow, and lake had acquired a name—"The Wilderness Alps of America." Such country on this scale can be found nowhere else. This is the country I would soon join in the fight to protect it.

When I was appointed Northwest representative by the Sierra Club in 1967, I was very angry—angry at the way the timber and mining interests were tearing up the North Cascades, and angrier yet at the policies of the Forest Service, which appeared to be giving it all away to them, and never listening to anything else. I had the feeling that once I was able to obtain more information perhaps some of my anger would pass, and I would see things in a more objective or balanced way. But just the opposite happened—the more facts I gathered, the angrier I got. It was true: the Forest Service had no intention of giving any protection to any area that had big trees which could be logged. And the timber industry, I became convinced, had no real interest in or concern for the future, but only for whatever they could strip from the land right now—in spite of all the public relations. In spite of a great deal of rhetoric since that time, I still feel that these attitudes have fundamentally not changed; if they are changing, it is only after the application of enormous and endless public

pressure, day after day, year after year. That is the only way we can succeed, in doing the things we must, to save the places we love.

Before the creation of a North Cascades National Park in 1968, there was a bitter and desperate battle in the last round of hearings, when everything seemed to hang in the balance. Knowing that House Interior Committee Chairman Wayne Aspinall (D-CO) was hostile to our cause, realizing that he would seek any and every possible delay, I concluded that we needed new people—hundreds of them—to support the Park and new Wilderness at a hearing. They, in turn, might convince enough other members of the Committee, who also had votes... and our numbers, if large enough, might even cause Aspinall to think he could delay no longer. The only way to make this happen was to convince our people that these hearings were all-important—they MUST come! We all knew we had to get our national park that year, since the likelihood of a new Republican administration coming in would mean that there would be no chance later on. Our opponents knew it, too, and threatened to pack the first hearings in Seattle in April, to “blast us out of the water.” Outdoors Unlimited, a timber industry front group, claimed 100,000 members, and they sounded serious.

So, starting in January, I hit the road. Rain or snow or bad roads late at night, it didn't matter. (This was way before the age of internet, the cloud, instant emails, push-button phones!) I drove all over the state those three months, meeting in members and sympathizers' living rooms from

Oroville to Olympia, Seattle to Spokane, Yakima to Bellingham, and everywhere in between—anywhere I could find persons who also cared about having a new national park. “This hearing is all-important; decisive,” I said. “It is our best, and probably our last, chance to get something done... come to Seattle this April, come and be there... speak now or forever hold your peace! There may not be another chance.”

I also promised that if they showed up, we would help them; we have many friends who could provide lodging, and we would provide typewriters (no computers then) and paper, etc., to write out their prepared statements. “Just please come, and be there; and at least sign up to speak, even if later something happens and you can't. The most important thing is to be there... and to stay there, until it is over.”

April came. There was little more to do, except to make telephone calls and gather reaffirmations. I rented a suite of rooms in the downtown hotel where the hearing was going to be held, and arranged for typewriters and paper for those who needed them, or a place to rest, or to socialize with other conservationists who they had never met. Overall, we had arranged for as big a show as we could put on with very few resources, certainly not any money! The other side had all the money to do these things; we just had the hearts and minds and the love of the people themselves. Driving to the hearing that morning I felt as if I were going to my own execution. What would happen? I didn't know. Huge anxiety filled me as I





made my way downtown to the hotel. Heart still in my mouth—would they come? Would they?

They came and they came and they came. They filled the hearing room! By the time the ever-scowling Committee Chairman took his seat on the stage, followed by the other Committee members, the place was packed. Still they kept on coming, lining up and signing up to testify. My personal mentor, Polly Dyer, wore a green armband and served as our Floor Manager. By the time the sign-up line ended, 800 people—almost all of them our people—*had* showed up—and even better, signed up to testify too. I was overjoyed; we had blown this hearing—and Aspinall’s hope for an excuse to delay—right out of the water. The outpouring of sentiment that day from all of our people around the state had a stunning impact on the House Interior Committee, an impact which was talked about for several years afterwards.

The regular members of the Committee were amazed, but the ever-hostile Chair was not happy, to put it mildly. He scowled some more, clearly not liking this at all; his comfort zone was with all those slick industry lobbyists, and he knew just how to please them! Seattle papers later reported him as growling, “What is this? All these people? Some sort of hippies or something?” So he growled into the microphone, “We cannot possibly hear every person here who wants to testify; we’ll have to pick and choose.” I interpreted his comment as meaning he would choose one industry lobbyist, then one of us, until the stable of industry people present was used up; then disband the hearing, calling it all quits, and sending hundreds of people home, unheard. That would let him claim that opinions were divided. He had the power to do that, I thought unhappily. I held my breath; we would have to protest any such

“Magic Mountain from Cascade Pass.”

This photo captures the essence of the North Cascades and why some have termed this region “The Wilderness Alps of America.”

This spectacular tangle of glaciers, cliffs, sharp peaks, and rainforests—all rising from near sea-level—can be found nowhere else in the U.S. (Dave Jensen Photo)

outrage, talk to the media, complain. But the damage still would have been done. Our whole campaign would come to naught, and no park either.

At that tense moment, Congressman Udall, a senior Democrat on the Committee, saved the day: “Mr. Chairman, I propose that we split this Committee in two, and one group goes upstairs to hear half the crowd, and the other group stays down here. Then we can hear everybody, as is our democratic duty to do so.”

Aspinall concurred, and that is what happened. All day, our people from all over the state lined up, one by one, and spoke from their hearts. All day the testimony was taken down by court reporters and put into the official record. All of this infuriated the Chairman, but he was forced to absorb its true meaning: a great new National Park, not to mention the whole idea of protecting *more* beautiful forests and unspoiled wilderness landscapes, was very popular in my state, and could no longer be denied. So the hearings ended in a smashing victory the likes of which had never been seen out here on a conservation issue before; maybe not since either. Never again could anyone in Washington DC claim that there were no conservationists, no love for their beautiful wilderness, in my state! The campaign had worked; and we had laid the groundwork for even more achievements in the future. And that Park Bill now seemed within reach—THIS year!

But Aspinall, the Old Fox, wasn't finished; he had another trick up his sleeve.

Noting that a number of the witnesses came from the conservative east side of the state, an area generally hostile to parks and wilderness, he made the following startling announcement: “OK, we have heard from everybody here. But I have decided that we need to have another hearing—on the east side, to hear what other people, the ones not here in Seattle, really want. The next hearing will be in Wenatchee, five days from now,” and the clincher: “No one who has testified here will be allowed to speak there, only new people.” This was Aspinall's last gambit. He knew, as we did, that Wenatchee was deep in “enemy territory;” the individual people living there were fine folks, but they were mostly beholden to the logging, ranching, and mining industries. And I had already—in my driving trip—persuaded our best supporters there to come to Seattle, 5-10 of Wenatchee's best! But now the Chairman had just said they couldn't testify again.

My heart sank again. All the joy from the victory just won just drained away. Now we faced a new crisis; probably certain defeat across the mountains in Wenatchee, just five days from now! Why? Because after our Wenatchee ‘defeat,’ Aspinall could then go back in Congress, just obfuscate the whole thing, pretend the Seattle hearings were unimportant but the Wenatchee hearings were “the true voice of the people and they didn't want any park.” After that political lie—he was the Chairman, Aspinall could claim that things were ‘still very divided’ out there in Washington state, so—no further work

would be done to consider a park bill this year. Ha ha.”

And that fact—no more action—was a huge drawback for us. If we didn’t get a bill now, we’d have to start all over again in an election year and an entirely different political environment. Eleven years down the drain, and maybe there could never be such an opportunity again. What to do? What to do now? We all knew: just keep trying, whatever it takes. Wenatchee, here we come!

* * *

Early Thursday morning, as I drove across the Cascades to attend the Wenatchee hearing, I remembered the day in 1965 when Stephanie had moved to Seattle and rented an apartment to be near me. For seven months, we discreetly renewed our bond from that passionate summer in Glacier Park, then she returned to attend the University of Montana in Missoula. By March, 1967, as the newly appointed Sierra Club representative, I was immediately and completely absorbed in regional battles. To see Stephanie and renew our passion, I had arranged a flight to Missoula. Full of hope and love but discontent with marriage, I had finally resolved to leave my present situation and marry my precious Montana lady who, I had come to realize, that I truly and deeply loved. But that new visit, and the next, and her following “Dear Brock” letter shook me to the core: Stephanie had married. She’d eloped to Mexico. Grief flooded through me for several years to come.

But while I fought that inward avalanche/heartache, I soldiered on as I must: fought on all fronts—for the North Cascades, for French Pete, for Hell’s Canyon. Driving through the mountains and high passes on down to warm dry Wenatchee, I repeated over and over that famous phrase from Shakespeare’s *Henry the Fifth*: “Once more unto the breach, dear comrades.” My other colleagues, all volunteers, had gone to their day jobs; I was the only person available. Anxious about the vagaries of fate, but still determined, I knew we just had to stand up once again. If I had to lose Stephanie, I resolved, I would not lose the places we loved.

The hearing was scheduled for Saturday. Two days! Two days to take back our cause once again. I imagined I could hear Mr. Aspinall’s voice, mocking: “Betcha can’t get me again, buddy; this is *my* game now.” Oh really Mr. Chairman, I thought. We’ll see about that!

I turned onto the driveway of Bill Asplund’s house, located on a small hill overlooking pleasant-looking Wenatchee, a small town located on the Columbia River in the heart of the dry part of the state, and nestled up against my beloved North Cascade mountains sharply rising up against the western horizon.

Here was my home for the next few days. Our best volunteer leader in Wenatchee, Bill was a jovial big strapping guy with an enthusiastic and down-to-earth persona. He was one of the most loved teachers at the local high school. In spite of his longtime open advocacy for the new national park and its

ring of protected wilderness areas, he had earned the tolerance and respect, even affection, from townspeople, even those on the other side.

Thursday morning, we started calling on the only phone available—one old, black, slow, rotary telephone. Bill called first for awhile, then I would relieve him, as we looked up numbers, then dialed. In between my turns, I drafted an Action Alert/Flyer to give to everyone we contacted. As I was writing and half-listening to Bill, I mused to myself: Hey this isn't all bad. The great thing about a small town is that everybody loves the outdoors—even the logging and mining families. They love to go out and enjoy these wild places too; they have probably visited or camped in most of the places we are trying to save. All that morning and afternoon: slowly, dialing, talking, dialing again—tedious, but oh so important: one and a half million acres hanging in the balance—magnificent forests, lakes rivers, shining mountains, vast unspoiled flower-meadows. We just could not quit.

By dinnertime we went over the results: at least 20, maybe a few more, had promised. Good for a day's work, but not enough yet, we agreed. we still needed more people just to get close, and deny the Old Fox his so-called "victory."

But how, now what to do? We had exhausted the list Bill had of his friends in and nearby Wenatchee. Then Bill said: "Let's call my students; I know some who are passionate about this issue." I thought, great—but they're young, and inexperienced about

hearings. Aspinall and his industry supporters on the Committee might make mincemeat of them with trick questions that they couldn't answer, maybe try to embarrass or humiliate them.

Bill said, "Listen Brock, these are great kids; they have passion and a heck of a lot of spunk and courage; I have observed them on some of our field trips. Believe me, their passion will come through, no matter what. Besides, we can help them prepare." By the end of that Friday, Bill had lined up 20-25—all high schoolers, all trusted and enthusiastic, all willing to come to the hearings and speak out. The environmentalists of the future, I thought happily to myself—Hallelujah! I hoped they would be like the high school students who showed up at our Seattle hearings—they were great! Their passion and enthusiasm made a big impact on the audience there, and on the attending media as well. They were nervous—but they were not afraid.

So, now we were ready: maybe up to fifty committed people in Wenatchee, of all places, and another great lesson for me in my own career, which I never forgot: good people, people who love and care—they are everywhere, even where we may not expect them. Why? Because by and large, the whole American people really do love their land, do not want to see it destroyed, hate to see species go extinct. They just have to be asked! Ask them to show up, and if you explain the stakes and the dangers ahead if we lose, they will come! What a great lesson. I finished our Alerts and the Fact Sheets to explain the

hearing process to everyone, to explain what to expect, and to rehearse with some who were extra nervous.

We were ready as much as was possible to be, and far more prepared than I had dared hope, even just 24 hours ago.

Saturday, High School Auditorium, 10 AM: Aspinall, almost jovial this time, convened the hearing, expressing how glad he was to be away from Seattle. Everyone knew what he meant, and we especially could almost feel him smiling inside: *He was gonna win this one by golly!*

The first witnesses, local elected officials, town business leaders, important people, and industry bosses are always first; I reminded myself that this is the way all hearings start, if they are about a controversial subject where somebody's moneyed interests are challenged. Those who are usually invited first up—especially by a person like Aspinall—are also his friends, because he wants to set a tone for the hearing, which the media will pick up. Whoever speaks first has those kinds of privileges and it can be quite influential. But not this time, I thought to myself. Then, all those “Important People” and the industry bosses who back them, usually go home; they have made their point and can leave anytime. They just don't, never will, have the fire and passion that our witnesses have.

After such a beginning in a controversial hearing like this, Ordinary People take their turn to speak out. That was us, for the most part. And speak out they did—all the adults Bill and I had called... and then came on the

high school kids. One by one, they stood up to the microphone and spoke of their love for the places we were trying to save. They spoke of their personal family experiences there, and of their hope to share the same places and experiences with their own families when they were grown. They were so bright, sincere, so unassuming, and thus so so convincing! I was so very proud of those wonderful kids.

Hostile Mr. Aspinall was not at all pleased! Nor were a few other Committee members, also notoriously pro-logging and mining and against the Park. They restrained themselves for while, but let loose on a few of the more outspoken girls: “Who sent you here? What do you know about all this? What do you mean, you are opposed to this wonderful copper mine? Don't you know where a lot of families'—maybe your own—bread and butter comes from? Where will the money to pay your teachers come from? It comes from the taxes the new mine will pay, that's where! I'll bet you haven't even been there, have you?” And on and on—deliberately trying to make some of the kids feel so flustered that maybe they would back down, change their minds. But they never did, these brave young ones. They held their own, stuck to their positions, no matter what. Angered by such bullying tactics, some of us in the audience even shouted out the correct answer to some of the stupider questions, and the Chair had to gavel us down.

By the end of the hearing that afternoon, we—our side—had not only held our own in number of witnesses, but had also, because

of those brave kids, exposed the other side as greedy older people, uncaring about their kids' rights to savor and enjoy these fabulous public lands literally next door. After that Wenatchee hearing, the anti-conservation adults on the Committee looked more than a little silly.

So, we had faced down the Chairman again, and on ground of his own choosing and we had educated and "trained" a whole new generation of activists, these brave young kids. There will be many battles to come over other places in the North Cascades in the future; when they come, these young people will be out there as leaders at the head of the line.

And so Mr. Aspinall and his Committee headed back to D.C. much wiser about the true state of public awareness and strong feelings about our North Cascades. Now, I felt, there could be no stopping us, and the Park was likely to be a done deal in just a few more months, Oh, the joy!

But still there was one more hearing, the final round in late July back in Washington, D. C., a last-minute hair's-breadth escape from disaster. One of our opponents was spreading a false rumor that Governor Evans had changed his position, requiring me to make a series of long-distance phone

calls around the country to correct that untruth—just in time.

Finally, the bill passed that summer; and the great day came when it was to be signed by President Johnson—October 2, 1968. I and some others were privileged to walk the long sidewalk underneath the elms to the ceremony at the White House where President Johnson signed the bill creating a 700,000 acre North Cascades National Park, and two brand new wilderness areas (another million acres), Glacier Peak and Pasayten. It was a moment of great—no, supreme—joy! We environmentalists celebrated for a day or so, then went on—so many more battles to be fought.

Six more months passed before I had the opportunity to telephone the supervisor of the new national park we had just created after so many tries and tears. I remember picking up that telephone, dialing the number, hearing it ring, and the receptionist answered: "North Cascades National Park." I held that phone away from my ear, held it and wept—wept and felt the memories: all those nights of stamping and folding parties, all those days on the road in people's living rooms, all those stormy hearings—they flooded over me. And I wept. And *that* was my reward, wasn't it?

* * *



Trees are the earth's endless effort to speak to the listening heaven.

—TAGORE

CHAPTER 9

(1958–1976) *Alpine Lakes: Blood Brothers Win & High In the Sky*

In the spring of 1967, David Brower asked me if I would come and work for the Sierra Club as Northwest Field Representative. To my amazement now, I actually pondered and wavered over my decision: Give up the “nobility and purity” of being an unpaid volunteer for a job that actually *paid* something? How crass, to my 1960s mentality! I accepted. By that time, I was reading everything that Brower wrote, from old *Sierra* magazines to the new over-sized coffee table books. The pictures stirred me deeply, but Brower’s words moved me to action. I dipped into meager savings to purchase a copy of his newest book, *Grand Canyon: Time and the River Flowing*, as a “Christmas present for my wife.” But it was really for me! With Brower’s example, his free-handed managerial style, and his quiet eloquence and support, I had passionately testified in defense of the Grand Canyon while simultaneously remaining heavily engaged in the North Cascades struggle and the fight for Alpine Lakes.

Unfortunately, the official Study Team report had accepted the Forest Service’ ter-

rible rock and ice proposals for wilderness boundaries for Alpine Lakes and Cougar Lakes: 150,000 acres down the spine of the Cascades and a 30,000 acre line around the Enchantments. Those two areas were naturally separated by the heavily forested valley of Jack Creek, which would be reserved for future logging. Also omitted, as I recall, were much of the splendid big-tree forests of the Icicle and parts of Deception Creek.

I became so personally alarmed at the possible fate of the Alpine Lakes (where I had hiked and climbed for years), that I wrote an article for the *Wild Cascades* titled “The Alpine Lakes: Stepchild of the North Cascades.” After naming the current crop of Forest Service’ wilderness-destroying timber sales, this article detailed the likely fate of *our* Alpine Lakes proposal, if something, stronger, and perhaps new tactics, were not put into effect in the struggles yet to come. (In the spring, 1968, the Wilderness Society reprinted my article.)

To respond to this rising new danger, we took several steps:

AT LEFT:
“Deception Creek and Tonga Ridge Forest.”
These west side forests of Deception Creek and Tonga Ridge became controversial when the Forest Service allocated all these and similar forests in the Alpine Lakes country to logging. We resisted. Now they are protected in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

(1) we organized a new, special local action group focused only on the Alpine Lakes, The Alpine Lakes Protection Society (ALPS). On an October hike to Hvas Lake, fall 1968, just after passage of the North Cascades Bill, Ben Hayes, Dave Knibb, Hal Lindstrom, and myself symbolically cut our fingers, mixed the blood, and vowed to proceed with a new organization to focus only on that one place.

(2) We drew enlarged new boundaries. This idea first came to me on a return flight from Washington, DC, as we came in towards SeaTac Airport, slowly gliding down over the whole magnificence of the Alpine Lakes country. Hey, the whole place is precious, beautiful, all those lakes and mountains and forests, I thought. Not just the “wilderness parts, but *all* of it! So why not draw a larger boundary? Since it was inevitable that opponents would always try to chip away at whatever boundaries we proposed, let us vastly enlarge those boundaries! That might be the way to at least keep the prized wilderness core intact... and also, at the same time, gain much more publicity for the Alpine Lakes as the “whole unity” it actually was in fact! With another newer protector—

ALPS—we had a new opportunity to try the new tactic, which became a proposed 900,000 acre Alpine Lakes National Recreation Area, with a 400,000 acre Wilderness “Core.” That tactic eventually prevailed. As Congressman Lloyd Meeds of Everett told me, “Brock, I can go with the wilderness boundaries you want—but I can’t go for the Recreation Area just outside—just too much.” I professed disappointment at the Congressman’s verdict, but inside, my heart sang with joy!

(3) With the support of the Sierra Club and David Brower, the editing of Harvey Manning, the photography of Ed Cooper and Bob Gunning, and 22,000 words of my non-fiction prose, we developed a manuscript focused exclusively—like ALPS—on the Alpine Lakes. Published in 1971, this oversized, coffee table book—hardback, 94 color photos, 128 pages, 7 chapters, maps—displayed, focused, explained, dramatized, and advocated preserving the beauty, history, and wilderness of Alpine Lakes. Now president of Friends of the Earth, David Brower wrote the “Foreword.” The text below reprints my Chapter 5 from *Alpine Lakes*.

Chapter 5: “High in the Sky”

Climb to a peak above Snoqualmie Pass. Here is the southern edge of the Alpine Lakes Country. And here, too, is the boundary, the sharp break, between the two distinct parts of the Cascades. The 600-odd miles of the range south into California have an essential unity throughout all this distance. But there is an entirely different quality to the 150 miles of the range northward to its end by the Fraser River in British Columbia.

Look south. The white immensity of Mt. Rainier, seeming to fill half the sky, is only one in a chain of majestic volcanoes—St. Helens and Adams in Washington, Hood, Jefferson, The Sisters, and several smaller ones in Oregon, Lassen and Shasta in California. The glaciated giants stand as spectacular islands in a great green sea of forested ridges and valleys rolling in endless gentle waves. The long ridges, the rounded summits, of this province of the Cas-

ades are a land of exquisite beauty—of woodland trails with the wind sighing high in the trees, of delightful little glens, of moss-banked brooks, of quiet streams, of squirrels chattering among the branches, deer and elk browsing in the understory plants.

Look north, and see the awesome difference. The two volcanoes, Glacier and Baker, are only the *primus inter pares* of a host of giant peaks, a tumultuous ocean of jagged summits. Snow and ice shine on the glacier-carved crests above the deep valleys incised by ice and by the timeless rivers, by the foaming torrents and waterfalls.

The high rocks—above the rivers and forests, above the grasses and flowers—*seem* harsh and savage, a realm where the forces of nature show all their primal violence, where the earth is visibly being formed and changed now, as it has been for millions of years, where the scars of catastrophes are not healed by green life. Yet it is also a clean and beautiful land.

These are the peaks one senses down by the rivers, catching a gleam of snow while hurrying through the shadows of valley forests. From here come the cold winds that toss the flowers of the meadows. And here gather the clouds that feed the creeks and fill the lakes. Here in the sky is the summit of wildness.

* * *

No mountain region is ordinary, because mountains everywhere always have been for mankind places of awe and adventure. Yet the mountains of the Alpine Lakes Country are extraordinary not only in lying so close to the homes of so many people, but in their “mountainousness.” In terms of average relief from valley floor to mountain top over a measured horizontal distance, they rank sixth in the conterminous United States, surpassed only by the North Cascades, Sierra Nevada, Tetons, Olympics, and the Rockies of Glacier National Park.

It is the sheerness, rather than altitude, that gives Alpine Lake mountains their drama. Even lowly Mt. Si, whose 4,167 feet never will gain mention in a list of notable mountains of the world, really is more impressive than many peaks of the Central Rockies three times as high; standing 3,700 vertical feet above Puget Sound lowlands, it gives pause to any traveler with eyes for the sky. So, too, does Mt. Index, which though only 5,979 feet, looms immense and tall over the Skykomish River that curves around its base at an elevation of less than 500 feet.

These are highway-side peaks known to the millions. Deeper in the wilderness are grander summits, higher, and rising equally sheer above the valley forests, meadow passes, and sparkling lakes: the chiseled granite of Stuart and the Cashmere Crags, the sprawling icefields of Daniel and Hinman, the massive towers of Chimney Rock and Bears Breast, the Yosemite-like walls of Garfield, the lofty ridge of Cape Horn, the fangs of Cathedral and Thompson and Kaleetan and The Tooth... the high stacks of Phelps—and Huckleberry, Alta, Chikamin, Summit Chief, Lundin, Big Snow, Defiance, Slippery Slab, Chair Bald Eagle, Overcoat, Lemah, Three Queens, Hibox, Ingalls, and scores upon scores more.

The abruptness of the terrain is largely the handiwork of glaciers which in Pleistocene times flowed from icefields on the crest down into many of the major valleys, deepening them and shaping their walls, even as higher glaciers plucked rounded ridges into sharp horns and cols and aretes.

Few glaciers remain, at least by comparison with the North Cascades, the Olympics, and Mt. Rainier. However, in any other of the lower 48 states (those half-dozen or so which have any glaciers at all) the Lynch Glacier on Daniel would rank among the largest, and due honor would be given the glaciers of Hinman, Stuart, the Cashmere Crags, Chimney Rock, Bears Breast, and Lemah, not to mention the hundreds of permanent snowfields which,

in those days before global warming, would have needed only several decades of cold years to become streams of flowing ice.

In the last few moments of geologic time the glaciers have given the Alpine Lakes Country much of its distinctive quality. But the long story of the landscape goes back farther, some 200 million years, to the beginnings of the formation of the rocks which are, after all, what mountains essentially are under the thin skin of greenery, soil, and snow.

The geologic history of the region is complex and fascinating, and has left a rich variety of rocks—sedimentary sandstone, igneous granite, metamorphic serpentine. There are fault-line valleys and fault scarps, and huge batholiths. and uplifted and dissected basalt flows older than those that formed the Columbia Plateau.

The most intriguing aspect of Alpine Lakes geology, though, is what is not there. All along the Cascade Range from Mt. Baker to Mt. Shasta, volcanoes are spaced at regular intervals of 50 or so miles, seemingly reflecting some inner need of the mountain-building forces to vent lava to the surface in an orderly pattern. But between Glacier Peak and Rainier there is a gap in the sequence, the only such gap between Canada and California. And near road's end on the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River, where a volcano "should" be, lie Goldmeyer Hot Springs. Is the missing volcano yet to be born?

* * *

The rocks, the snow and ice, the jaggedness of the summits, and the sheerness of relief make the high world of the Alpine Lakes a country for climbers. They first came, half a century and more ago, to the peaks of Snoqualmie Pass, the nursery of modern climbing in Washington. Their skills refined, they moved into the wilderness core, during the 1930s mastering Chimney Rock and Bears Breast. Then, in the late 1940s, they finally attacked the bastions of the Cashmere Crags, which offer some of the most challenging granite walls and needles in the nation.

I sought out the high world above forests and flowers soon after we moved to Seattle, and found there the exhilaration and triumph which have been described by many, but perhaps can best be understood by those who have felt the deep and savage joy, the freedom, the sense of having gone beyond oneself, above the meadows that even when stormy and bleak remind one of familiar friendly places lower down... up into the winds, clutching the hard substance of Earth amid the elemental sky, searching up there, and finding—only oneself.

I remember clinging to the tower of Cathedral Rock, leaning out over an ocean of air that filled all the valleys of the Cle Elum River country. It was a lazy time, the September day balmy and bright, dimmed a little by blue haze. The rock was warm, coarse-textured, firm, good to touch. Standing on a ledge, waiting my turn to go up the next pitch, looking into vastness, feeling the warmth and the rock and the air, hearing only the great silence, seeing only the endless peaks in every direction, I rejoiced in being alive, and knew how it must be for the eagle, riding the winds. I felt at one with the rock, it was part of me, and I of it; things once important became less so, and others, unthought of before, suddenly came into focus. These rocks have been here for millions of years, I thought, and will be here for millions more after I am gone. I embraced the rock and was absorbed into its essence. I felt every point and crack, every bulge and hollow, every fine grain.

The silence and my perception of the rock seemed to expand my consciousness, and I remembered how it was another time, not so long before, back in the city, and memories came flooding of those days I lived with a song inside and something very warm was humming, humming.... Now those times were fading sunlight, scraps of dreams dancing across shadows; but high on the rock wall, in the sun and the space, I felt again the sweetness of those afternoons and mornings of love, and knew they would fill me all the rest of my life.

AT RIGHT:

"Brock, Rachel, and Joshua."

The outskirts of the wilderness offer many pleasant and easily accessed places to visit at the ends of the roads. Here, we're on a family outing beside the Salmo River near the Canadian border.



* * *

There is more to the high places than warmth and light and freedom. I remember another time, a time of the ultimate fear.

Near noon, after a crystal morning pushing up through forests, we were on the rock, not a cloud in the sky.

But as we neared the summit a breath of cold wind from faraway blew over us, chilling more than our bones. We scrambled to the top, stood a moment watching a terrible darkness approach from the east, then began a mad dash down the cliffs as distant lightning flared. Yet we heard no thunder, and after the one chill breath there was no wind. The lake and forest far below were calm.

Now thunder muttered in the distance, and the flashes became brighter and more frequent, lighting up the whole sky, and a curtain wall of rain crossed the far ridge and swept over the valley toward us. Despite the gnawing dread we paused in fascinated awe—but only briefly. We hurried down the cliff to the meager security of a small ledge, and clung to the now-cold rock waiting for the blow to fall.

The wind shrieked, the fierce rain drove against our faces, the thunder crackled and roared, the mountain shook. And most frightening of all, lightning spit at summits all around.

Suddenly the wind fell, thunder paused, and in the eerie quiet we heard the whole earth humming with electricity. And then a jagged fire tongue seemed to sear the entire world and the simultaneous crash of thunder nearly jarred us from our precarious ledge.

We took no pleasure in the beyond-this-world beauty of the storm; we only hoped somehow to live, to keep the precious flow of existence pulsing just a little bit longer. It was not a shaking or trembling fear we felt; it was too deep and all-pervasive for that. It was the sort of fear that purifies, that strips away the nonessentials from the truly important. Perhaps only at such moments does one really know the why of life and its worth. In 1976 the Congress of all the United States of America passed the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Act, 393,000 sublime and beautiful acres now safe forever.

* * *



“Horseshoe Mountain (left) and Windy Peak (right).”
*Looking south from the base of Arnold Peak over Horseshoe Pass: high rolling meadows, lakes, and gentle topography of the whole region (25,000 acres) make Horseshoe Basin a special destination for folks who just want to wander in splendid wild country without special climbing skills or equipment.
(Brian Telfer Photo, 8/4/2019)*



Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop away from you like the leaves of Autumn.

—JOHN MUIR

CHAPTER 10

Millions Wrong: Saving Horseshoe Basin (1967)

Off in the far eastern end of the Pasayten Wilderness are the flower-filled basins, grand vistas, and great silences of the Horseshoe Basin country. I haven't been there for many years, but they remain forever a part of my own inner geography, first formed in the days of my youth. In my heart I wander there still, just as I did the first time I saw it, that far-off summer of 1967.

Up there, beyond the trailhead at Iron Gate camp lies a tale: a conservation battle won, victory snatched at the very last minute from the jaws of defeat. When the struggle over the fate of the North Cascades was being waged in the 1960s, Horseshoe Basin was not intended to be included in the Pasayten Wilderness. We had to fight for it.

Perhaps there's a lesson up in those glorious meadows and forested draws—and a reminder: *good hard facts, better than the other side's, have power*. Information counts for something in our campaigns. It can make a difference if we can get it into the right hands at the right moment.

To remember, let us wind ourselves back and back in time, to the years of those seminal struggles over the North Cascades, 1963-68. This was a time when the Forest Service was overwhelmingly in the commodity business—much more so than even today: logging first, grazing where there were fewer trees, mining anywhere. “This is an action agency,” they said. “Getting the logs out of the forests and the (logging) roads in is our main mission.”

Upset with this overwhelming ethos, a small band of “conservationists,” as we were called then, mostly from the westside, saw only one solution: if anything of the great wilderness north of Stevens Pass was to remain intact, a new national park would be required around Glacier Peak and Lake Chelan, a park complimented by a big new wilderness area along the Canadian border from Mt. Baker to Horseshoe Mountain.

Even then, there were some lines on the map which to the casual observer might convey an impression that there was already some protection in the region. To the south

was the 400,000+ acre newly created Glacier Peak Wilderness, and up against the border, the 800,000 acre North Cascades Primitive Area scheduled for ultimate “reclassification”—with altered boundaries—under the terms of the 1964 Wilderness Act.

But to those who knew the country, too much of great significance was not protected. The Forest Service had already signaled its bias by including almost none of the magnificent ancient forests surrounding Glacier Peak in its own revised “wilderness” proposal there. This being the era of the “rock and ice for wilderness, everything else for industry,” we well understood that any place outside the line would ultimately be destroyed.

So, we went to “*political war*” in the early 1960s to save all that we could. Our goal was to reclassify the entire NCPA as Wilderness, and to establish a 1.3 million acre national park around Glacier Peak, incorporating all the deep-forested valleys (and the Lake Chelan country) that the Forest Service had left out of any protection a few years before.

In 1963, we released our formal proposal for the new park and a North Cascades Wilderness along the border. The Forest Service, aided by its allies in the timber, mining, grazing, and skiing industries, plus hunting groups, struck back. The battle raged back and forth, beginning with high level “Studies,” then stormy hearings, and finally bills introduced in Congress. But these are tales for another time.

I was the Sierra Club’s Northwest Representative at the time, based in Seattle, and the issue was my responsibility—as well as

my passion, well-honed from years of climbing and backpacking in the wilderness... and from too many bitter tears wept over the forest losses resulting from the logging of too many favorite, much loved, places.

Much of the struggle was centered on the wild forested valleys around Glacier Peak: the Whitechuck, the Suiattle, the Cascade, the Sauk, Agnes Creek, the Stehekin. But I had also kept an eye on the emerging proposals for the Pasayten Wilderness—as was to be its new name. One day, as I was comparing maps of the old Primitive Area with the new proposal, I noticed something unsettling: the whole eastern end of the Primitive Area was left out of the new recommendation. Why? Upon closer examination, there seemed to be only one answer: that portion was all colored green because that color was drawn in by the Forest Service to indicate where the “commercial timber” was located.

My eyes, always riveted to the places of greatest danger—that is, where the loggable trees were—stopped there. What is this place? I checked further and heard its name for the first time: Horseshoe Basin, 22,000 acres. I asked why it was omitted from the proposed wilderness, and I was told, “Oh, too much timber: the Forest Service says there’s 100 million board feet up there.”

I wanted to see for myself: perhaps there could be a way to rescue it anyhow. Over the 4th of July weekend, a small party of us made the 8-hour drive from Seattle to the roadhead at Iron Gate, and spent the first night at aptly named Sunny Camp.

The next morning, we walked from there into heaven—a place of flower-filled meadows and rolling mountains and clear streams the like of which I had never experienced before. That glorious July morning, we strolled to the top of Horseshoe Mountain to savor the sublime vista of that grand parade of ice-capped peaks—the main North Cascade ranges 50 miles to the west—and to the north across into Canada, east and south across other wild valleys and peaks, Chopaka Mountain, Windy Peak. Oh! Whose heart could not sing on a day such as this? John Muir’s words flowed through me: “Come to the mountains and receive their glad tidings.”

But where was this alleged 100 million board feet of timber that was the given reason for not protecting the basin itself? All we saw were dancing streams and carpets of flowers; the livestock had not yet arrived for the summer grazing season. Yes, we saw trees: long stringers up the sheltered draws and creek bottoms. Very pretty. But to my practiced eyes, always immediately fixed onto the big ‘commercial’ trees like heat-seeking missiles, no way was there anything like 100 million board feet there. Even if there were, no way it ever should be logged anyhow. Not here!

We wandered for more miles the next two days, plunging happily into the lakes at the border, cooling our feet in the gurgling creeks, exulting in the sheer joy of being young and alive in such a setting. On the way back I pondered what might now be done to save this magnificent place.

I wrote the supervisor of the Okanogan National Forest a letter, in lawyer style, called in legalese an “Interrogatory.” It asked very specific questions which required very specific answers: “Please state the exact amount of commercial timber, by species and type, in every creek drainage in Horseshoe Basin—from their headwaters to the point where they leave the boundary of the North Cascades Primitive Area.”

At that time, the supervisor was a real straight shooter—Don Campbell. When Don got my letter, he asked his timber staff to do a “re-cruise” meaning a detailed re-examination of each named place.

Sometime shortly after Labor Day I received the Forest Service’s answer in the mail: “We did a re-cruise and found that our original estimate of 100 million board feet was in error. There is only 18 million board feet of commercial timber there.”

This was powerful new information! But what to do with it? Hearings had already been held in the Senate, and I knew that the Interior Committee was going to act soon, and report out a bill. Was there still time?

I called up Bill Van Ness, chief staffer on this issue for Senator Henry Jackson of Washington State, Chairman of the Committee. Whatever Senator Jackson wanted to be in this bill affecting his state would be there. I was afraid to make the call: maybe I was too late, and we had lost Horseshoe Basin already? No one had ever even mentioned it during any of the hearings. I screwed up my courage and dialed anyway.

“Hi Bill, this is Brock Evans.”

“Hi Brock. What can I do for you?”

“Well, when are you guys going to mark up the North Cascades legislation?”

“We’ve scheduled it for next Monday.”

This was Friday. So I worked my way into the subject by asking about other things first.

“Can you tell me what the Committee is going to do about the Park, the Glacier Peak region, etc.” I got good affirmative answers. Finally I popped the question:

“Well, what about Horseshoe Basin?”

“Oh, we’re leaving that one out of the wilderness, Brock; too much good commercial timber, and the mill at Omak needs it.”

“Bill, wait a minute. Let me read you this letter I just got from the Forest Service.” And I read it to him.

“Well, I don’t know—can you get this letter to us by Monday? Send it out, and I’ll see what we can do.”

I rushed it down to SeaTac airport—this was twenty years before FedEx, remember—and mailed it off, Airmail Special Delivery. All weekend I just hoped, and hoped.

I arrived at the office Monday about 9, knowing that because of the three-hour time difference, they might well have marked up the bill already. Perhaps the fate of Horseshoe Basin had now been decided! I agonized, afraid to make the call. I had come to love that magical faraway place in the flowers; just cared too much by then. How could I emotionally bear the loss if we didn’t save it?

Finally I could stand it no longer; I got Bill on the phone.

“Hi Bill, this is Brock. Is the markup over? Can you tell me what the Committee did?” I was still afraid to ask about Horseshoe Basin immediately.

So I asked about the other places.

“What about the Suiattle, Buck Creek, Downey Creek?” Huge trees.

“We put ‘em in.”

“What about the Stehekin?”

“It’s a Recreation Area, but no logging; same with Granite Creek.”

“Thunder Creek?”

“In.” Finally I screwed up my courage, one last time.

“What about Horseshoe Basin?”

“Oh yes, Brock. We got your letter. Thanks. The Committee put it back in the wilderness.”

I have never forgotten the lessons learned that moment so long ago: never quit, always keep trying. There is always a way to win. Information is power; and if delivered to the right people at the right time, it can have enormous power.

It has been thirty years since I wandered in the high Pasayten. I long for it as I grow older, and wonder if I can ever roam there again. But the joy I feel every time I see its name on a map—inside that green line—is simply indescribable.

* * *





“Windy Peak (center) & Edge of Horseshoe Mountain (left).”
*Looking south over Horseshoe Pass near Snehumtion Gap
(between Arnold Peak and Armstrong Mountain: part of the
Okanagan National Forest and the Pasayten Wilderness stretch
out along the Canadian border for about 80 miles in north
central Washington. (Brian Telfer Photo, 8/4/2019)*



“French Pete Creek Valley.” Taken in 1967, this photo shows a rare scene—a vast uncut forest in western Oregon. In personal study, I discovered that 67 such forested valleys had already been logged. French Pete was one of just three that remained uncut. That research gave conservationists a new rallying cry in a bitter and finally victorious campaign.



What would it be—life or death—for that lovely little valley?

CHAPTER 11

Saving French Pete Creek, or Breaking the Dominance of the Forest Products Machine in Oregon (1968)

Part I.

I first came onto the conservation scene in Oregon in the spring of 1967, soon after I was appointed by the Sierra Club’s Executive Director David Brower, and Conservation Director Mike McCloskey, to take over McCloskey’s old job—Northwest Representative.

Even though young (29), I had already had about 3 years experience under my belt as a citizen/activist volunteer, being especially active in the then-ongoing struggles for a North Cascades National Park and against proposed logging in Olympic Park, plus some local freeway and land use battles which had required me to travel to Olympia numerous times to lobby the state legislature.

At that time, I didn’t know much about Oregon’s specific geography, much less its politics about these or related issues. I think I had assumed that they couldn’t be that much different from those of her northern neighbor: after all, it was generally the same climate, roughly the same topography and vegetation, the same east-west divisions as

her smaller northern sister. So, the “politics”—both the issues themselves, and the strategies and combinations needed to put together in order to win our cause must be the same too. Right? That was my somewhat innocent and naive perception when I journeyed to Portland and Eugene for my first ‘official’ visit that early spring of 1967.

I quickly learned that my assumptions could not have been more wrong. It was just so different then in Oregon—politically—that it is almost impossible to believe it now, 40+ years later. Now Oregon, rightly, has earned a well-deserved reputation as being a “green, essentially environmentally progressive (compared to most others) state, a caring place.”

Not then! Timber was king, and was considered just another form of “agriculture” by the whole Establishment; dam-building was the other big political untouchable. “Rivers want to (be put to) work,” was the operating slogan of the times in Oregon as in Washington. Oregon then had far fewer acres of protected lands, state and federal combined,

in parks or wilderness areas than even just ONE National Park in Washington—Olympic. Worse, just about every remaining forested acre on federal or state lands—and there were millions of acres of the most magnificent forests to be found anywhere—was scheduled to be logged, sooner or later.

The political situation for conservation seemed even more difficult. Outside of a few small knots of like-minded folks—mostly Sierra Club and outdoor club members—in Portland, and Salem plus a somewhat larger band of activists centered at the university in Eugene, there was almost no open support for preservation of anything, anywhere in the whole state. (The only exception to this general situation was a strong local grassroots effort out of La Grande to secure permanent protection for the richly forested valley of the Minam River as a part of the Eagle Cap Wilderness—an effort finally successful in 1972.)

I knew very little that distant springtime about the two Oregon places which were—soon enough—to become the locations of two of the most intense yet rewarding battles of my career... and whose very demanding intensities rapidly “educated” me about the need for a different kind of organization—spanning the whole state—which could grapple with the many other issues needing attention.

Part II.

I felt I had already learned two important lessons from my experiences in the campaigns up north, which I hoped might be

applied and followed as I traveled from living room to living room across Oregon that first year, in deep discussions with fellow conservationists about ways and means to respond to the biggest challenge of all: how, given the political and institutional odds against protecting nearly everything in the Oregon of that time, could we even hope to save anything?

First lesson: we’re small, always will be outspent and outnumbered; there may be some favorable latent public feeling for our concerns, but the ‘common wisdom’ out there—certainly in the Oregon of the 1960s—was strongly against preservation of any place which was perceived to have an economic value for lumber, electricity, etc. Therefore, if we hoped to prevail, we would need to be more nimble, more creative too. Since we never will be rich monetarily, we’ll have to maximize the greatest asset we do possess: our own people and their energy, their passions. Given our few numbers, to the extent we have a choice we’d need to pick our battles wisely and carefully—then dramatize them with a clarity and appeal that could tap into and motivate that passion into action.

One way to apply the knowledge inherent in this understanding of ourselves and our situation—and to maximize the strengths that come from it—would be to try to fight always where the danger is greatest. That is where the beautiful places will be lost the soonest, and if we can make a public and dramatic stand, we ought to be able to gather up and organize a maxi-

mum of public support out there. And to the extent we could gather to ourselves more members and allies, with every new battle we would become always stronger... therefore more able to fight the next battle, and the next. And, if we actually won a big important battle, that simple political fact alone could have the potential of changing, at least shifting, the balance of forces between, say, ourselves and the timber, or dam-building, Establishments.

The second lesson was that issues—real issues, hard ones (but capable of being easily and graphically dramatized to the public)—are the best way to bring in new members and supporters. It is a waste of time for any struggling volunteer-run and motivated group to try to get “enough” members first, and then join battle: it works the other way around. We must set out—stand and fight—first... then those who care will come, and flock to our banner. That’s how human nature really works I believed, because that’s the way I had seen it work in the successful campaigns in Washington state already.

So, where were they—these tough but graphic issues where the stakes were the highest, the places the most threatened? Where were the special and beautiful places that would surely be lost if we did not make our stand, those places where, nevertheless, we still had a chance of winning, thus building our movement in the process?

Two such areas had already fixed our attention and aroused our passions in those early years: French Pete Creek on the west side, and Hells Canyon on the eastside. Little

did I realize during that first springtime visit that these very different spots, each precious, rare, and spectacular in its own special way, would become such all-consuming battlegrounds, whose victories profoundly and permanently helped our cause, enabling future successes.

How was this? Perhaps not so coincidentally, each turned out in its own special way to be an issue which we not only did win, but which also became the vehicle for shifting conservationists’ power relationships in the state of Oregon—vs. the timber industry in the case of French Pete, and the river-damming ‘industry’ in the case of Hells Canyon... not only reversing them for good, but for the good!

I couldn’t fully grasp then just how deeply the time-drain and intense demands of these two issues would affect me personally, and my overall perception of conservationist needs in Oregon. They just had to be won, but in the meantime, many other important issues, also needing conservationists’ attention, were surfacing all over the state. Let’s take a closer look at the French Pete Creek campaign and learn how the strategies developed and played out:

Part III.

I saw my role in this one, as it often seems to be elsewhere, even after all these years, as one of first, getting the campaign to rescue the place re-motivated and restarted; second, creating a set of words (“message”) to explain the issue to the public succinctly yet dramatically; third, planning and strat-

egizing (with many others) the best tactics and methods to ensure the campaign's success; and finally, to the maximum extent of time and resources available, help support and guide the whole effort through the hostile shoals of those first desperate years when success or failure seemed to hang by the slenderest of threads... all the way to final victory eleven years later.

It is important to understand that in 1967, there was no campaign to do anything about French Pete—despite the fact that some very brave and talented Oregonians had fought hard for it over the years previous, after the valley was removed by the Forest Service from wilderness protection in 1957. People like Karl Onthank, Holly Jones, Win and Dick Noyes, Sandy Tepfer, Bill Oberteuffer... as remarkable, savvy, passionate, and devoted a band of conservationists as ever sprung up from the Northwest land. I felt it was just an honor to be around them, and from them I learned much.

But, unfortunately, their state was Oregon, and their time was the late 50s-early 60s... a time when *Timber Was Really King*, a time when logging and wood processing drove much of the state's economy, a time when nearly all Oregon politicians paid obeisance, a time when the Portland *Oregonian* was stridently pro-logging and anti-wilderness, a time when the Forest Service—custodian of French Pete and so many other wonderful places—declared that getting logs out of the forests was their main action program, even ran pictures of speeding logging trucks in their brochures. Even geography

worked against our cause then, because the relatively gentle terrain and more benign climate of Oregon (compared to, say, the North Cascades), made it all that much easier to log more quickly.

What was at stake in French Pete Creek was a microcosm of the stakes in, the ultimate fate of, the whole of the Oregon Cascades: the forest primeval. This little (25,000 acres) valley was a very lovely remnant of that magnificent forest, still untouched—the only place in the western part of the state where a person could stand on a high place (e.g., Lowder Mountain), and gaze across miles and miles of uncut old Oregon forests, not a road or clearcut anywhere. Even then one of the rarest sights in the whole state, it was just a remnant of what had been—yet well worth saving; and—almost as important—if we could save French Pete Creek, that action might serve as a rally-point for future battles, reminding those who ached at the losses already, that other places could be rescued too. We all knew that if someone did nothing, then within a decade or two at the current pace of logging, there would, literally, be almost nothing left in Oregon to save. That was the general setting, political and emotional, when I ventured down to Eugene the first time, about May 1967, for a meeting with the local Sierra Club folks—who included almost all of the great names mentioned above. I had heard about French Pete, and after the meeting hiked several miles up into it from the campground. It was special, and beautiful, and it must—just must—be protected, I thought. But the older and wiser

“Rachel with Joshua.”

Joshua, our oldest, was born in 1969. I still remember how we camped among the big trees of the French Pete campground. At the height of the campaign, we were hoping to save that forest for him and his generation. They visit here with an activist from Eugene.



ones, veterans of too many previous losing campaigns over the “missing 53,000 acres” (the sum total of all the lands the Forest Service had removed from the Three Sisters Primitive Area in 1957, including the French Pete valley) were worn out emotionally after a decade of defeats. “We hate to see it logged, but it can’t be saved” I was told over and over.

This was unhappy information, and I brooded about it over the summer, even consulted North Cascades friends for advice about possible new approaches to the prob-

lem which might win this time... to no avail. I couldn’t return until that October, because our recent entry into the struggle over dams in Hells Canyon, (see Ch 12) and the North Cascades campaign, then nearing its climax, were consuming nearly all my time. I asked the Eugenians for another meeting to discuss the fate of French Pete, and they all came. The memory of what happened next is still so etched into my brain that I can never forget it: they all gathered in the Noyes’ living room sitting in a circle, about 20 of the old timers, veterans all. I stood up first, offered a short little speech to the effect that “the first timber sale is scheduled for next June... we must try again, I believe we can win this time... I and the Sierra Club will help with everything in our power.” Then I sat down, heart pounding... because they were the ones who would have to carry the battle forward every day; I was too far away. I would help with all my heart and all my might, but these were the warriors who must bear the brunt of it all, the criticisms, the social pressures, the hard slogging work required in any successful campaign.

What would it be—life or death—for that lovely little valley?

There followed a long silence; the loudest noise I heard was the pounding of my own heart. We had come to a crucial point in this meeting, one that I have since come to recognize in almost all our conservation battles, anywhere they occur—and the question is always the same: “Shall we stand and fight now, no matter what are the terrors, disappointments, and dangers we know will be out

there...or shall we step aside and just let it go, take on some other cause perhaps later?”

It was Sandy Tepfer, U of O chemistry professor—a smallish dynamic man, heart and soul as large as the wilderness he loved—who broke the silence: “OK, Brock, I will, if you will too...” I kept my silence then, but my heart leapt for joy! Sandy’s words carried the decision around the room, each of the experienced older hands speaking up in their turn, “Yes, I will too...” That powerful moment was the turning-point, became the *sine qua non*, the vital essential key to our final victory years later... for without that commitment at that critical moment in time, little else could have ever happened; it would have been too late. To my impressionable mind, the whole scene was like some epic tale straight out of the Middle Ages: there was a certain potent magic in that room that seemed to be encapsulated in the hearts of everyone there at that special moment... and as I watched, my mind’s eye saw each of these grand, courageous, scarred, and veteran, warriors, reach up to take their old battered shields down from the castle wall one more time. From that moment on, I felt that the die was cast—we could never be beaten now. The stirring words from Shakespeare’s play, *Henry V*, flooded through me—“Once more unto the breach, dear comrades...” “Oh, thank God, we are saved,” I thought silently to myself. And that was how the French Pete Campaign was revived, this time not to be denied, this time all the way through to the final victory, eleven years later.

Of course, that moment was just the beginning of a powerful and intense drama, years of ups and downs, tears, aches, anxieties, hopes dashed, then raised up again, everything so often seeming to hang by a thread, then revived, time after time: dramatic events, like the 2000-person march of (mostly) students underneath the Forest Service offices in downtown Eugene in 1972, led by a then unknown real estate developer named Jim Weaver (later Eugene’s Congressman), a passionate logger/poet from Astoria named Bob Ziak, and myself; legislation finally introduced, stormy hearings—even one conducted by U of O students, who hired a court stenographer to take testimony just the way they did in Congress—complete with a nameplate for Senator Mark Hatfield, who refused to show up in person... passionate protests, appeals, letters, great tensions. But now at least we had set out: now at last we had a real campaign.

Part IV.

My role after the new and reinvigorated campaign was launched became more political, strategic—what should be the best combination of people and proposals and slogans and events to finally save this valley from those who were determined to log it—in just a few months’ time, remember—and how could we put it all together? First things first: we had to buy more time. Working mostly with Dick Noyes, I prepared, and filed, a formal appeal of that scheduled June 1968 timber sale, which gave us a precious 1-year delay.

Next, we must organize ourselves, spread the word: plant our banner, raise it high, so that all who cared would know we were there, and rally 'round. We formed the Save French Pete Committee, and the news stories, letters to the editor, and strategy meetings began.

But what should be our slogan, rallying cry—or in today's terms, our message? It wouldn't be anywhere effective enough in the Oregon of the 1960s to simply say 'Please don't log this pretty place.' That's what we were expected to say, and that kind of appeal would once again likely be dismissed by most Oregonians, who had long since been conditioned to believe the Forest Service, which always said 'don't worry, there's plenty out there....' We who loved and hiked in the forests knew this wasn't so—it was all being destroyed, and very quickly... but how to explain this fact in a pithy, yet dramatic—and 'grabby'—way?

An idea had been percolating in me ever since the previous summer, when I saw firsthand the logging damage creeping into every valley in Oregon—far worse even than in Washington: play up the longstanding rivalry between the two states. Could we perhaps dramatize what was at stake in French Pete via unflattering—'shameful,' some would say—comparisons of forest protection in the Oregon Cascades with the much better protected federal forests in the hated rival, Washington? It seemed from my visual observation to be a correct—and appallingly adverse—comparison, but we would have to prove it. Oregonians had always seemed

to assume that because they had attractive (though small) state parks next to the major highways, this must also mean that they had a lot else too... but did they really?

Only research could prove it, yes or no. I drove down to Eugene again in January 1968. Sleeping on the Noyes' floor, camping out in their study for ten days, I pored over their maps of all the National Forests in the Oregon Cascades. I was looking for other valleys—any other valleys—similar to French Pete... that is, a valley at least ten miles long which still had no roads (and therefore no logging) anywhere inside it. The detailed research revealed the unhappy answer: there was almost nothing else like it, anywhere, even then. I had counted 70 valleys at least ten miles long in the whole length of Oregon Cascades. Of these 70, only three existed, still roadless, by 1967. Only three: Eagle Creek, flowing over the cliffs into the Columbia near Mt. Hood; Separation Creek where it flowed through the Three Sisters Wilderness (though at a higher elevation)—and, French Pete. That was it, and all who learned this—including our opponents—were shocked. It was as if a bubble—the myth that Oregon was really protecting its wild natural places—had been exploded. This fact especially grabbed the public when compared with rival Washington State, which already had—under full protection—at least twenty-five similar valleys chock full of ancient forests. As it later turned out, this new information became not only a crucial part of the French Pete campaign, but also was of considerable aid in subsequent struggles over

the future of the remaining ancient forests of the Beaver state. That's because, in one stroke, the "three out of seventy" factoid also demolished the credibility of the Forest Service—formerly so high among Oregonians. Henceforth, when in every other battle (for they always opposed preservation and always supported logging) they claimed there was already "a lot protected," they were simply no longer believed. This simple fact had political consequences too, because it meant that pro-timber politicians like Senator Hatfield, and pro-logging newspapers like *The Oregonian* could no longer blindly parrot the Forest Service's claims as a way of soothing an increasingly savvy, and angry, rising, newer and younger, generation of Oregonians.

Now we had our slogan, and our rallying cry: "French Pete is one of only three left... It is practically unique and we must save it."

Part V.

So we had our appeal, and our delay; we had our rallying cry, and we had our new organization, dedicated to fighting for only this cause. But now what? How exactly could we save the place from an agency still determined to log it, and still backed up by powerful politicians and a powerful industry? The logical answer would be to just, somehow, seek legislation adding the pristine valley back into the Wilderness from which it had been so rudely torn a decade before. But to do so required an Act of Congress, and the politics weren't there—yet.

With the Forest Service adamantly opposed, no politician would yet touch the issue. Next step: create a favorable 'climate' which could give 'cover' for a better political situation to emerge, later.

So Richard Noyes and Co. came up with a creative new idea: a French Pete Intermediate Recreation Area, essentially protecting the whole valley as if it was wilderness, but not saying so, plus adding some enhanced recreation opportunities around the edges. The original of this proposal, complete with pictures and map, is in the archives, either at the U of O library, or in the "Brock Evans Papers" at the University of Washington's Special Collections Division. It became the basic document I used when I argued our formal appeal of the French Pete timber sale before the Forest Service's official Hearing Officer in Washington DC, in the summer of 1969.

We of course didn't win that appeal—never expected to—but we had gotten our precious delay, we had our counterproposal, we had our rallying cry, Earth Day was coming, and a whole new, and much more aware, younger generation of Oregonians was becoming aroused. All these new 'facts' finally succeeded in creating that desired new 'climate,' which in turn attracted sufficient political support that protective legislation could at least be introduced. That bold step happened when Oregon's new Senator, Bob Packwood stepped forward in 1969.

Our cause, begun so boldly yet without very good prospects in 1967, now had come of age. We had the momentum and the pub-

lic's sympathies. It wasn't all over by a long shot; the Forest Supervisor even announced a new logging plan in 1969. But as the campaign developed and we grew stronger, I had begun to see a larger potential in the French Pete struggle. It could become, indeed had become, a symbol for all that was wrong with federal forestry policies across Oregon, not just in its Cascade Mountains. But our opponents, both within the agency and without, refused to give up; perhaps blinded by all the past decades of practically unchallengeable logging, there had developed a certain *hubris*: that they could never permit themselves to be "beaten" by "up-start" conservationists.

Well then, so be it. If they were going to persist, arguing ever more fiercely to log even this precious little place, even in face of rising public disagreement, then we could take the next big step too. We would escalate—something undreamed of even just a few years before—and take the whole question of over-logging to a larger forum—the whole state. To my mind, French Pete could, and soon did, become the "Verdun" of the timber industry's credibility and previously unchallenged domination of the Oregon Cascades. In other words, drawing upon the analogy of that terrible battle of WWI, French Pete—which we were now practically certain to hold on to—could also function politically as a larger battleground, forcing the industry and its supporters to 'bleed themselves white' as they tried to get their log trucks back in there. This new escalation

first took form in our community's campaign for an Oregon Cascades National Park Study, ably sparked and led by Larry Williams. **The aim was to make logging 'special places' across the whole Cascades the issue; to accompany and dramatize the problem, Larry and I drafted a full page ad proposed to run in all the major papers of the state on the same day.** [See pages 184 and 185]

They wanted more battles on the same old battleground? So be it. By this time, and because of French Pete, the tide was turning in our favor. Its name and its memory was what had largely discredited the old cause of "logging everything," an issue which—demonstrated most dramatically in the "ancient forest" campaigns of the late 80s—they had now lost irretrievably. Logging they would still do, but never anywhere near at the levels of the past. Cutting big trees in Oregon, especially in its wild places, was no longer socially acceptable.

The rescue of French Pete had two other dramatic impacts on Oregon environmental politics, in my opinion: first, it awakened Oregonians, as perhaps no other forest issue could have, to what was really happening 'out there'—thus serving as a beacon of hope during those following painful (but largely successful) "ancient forest wars" of 1982-95... and second, the long drawn-out struggle empowered and ennobled a whole new generation of Oregonians, by showing them that they could make a difference. Now we were really on the move across the state, gaining public support and sympathies daily.

CONFIDENTIAL MEMORANDUM

FROM: BROCK EVANS, NORTHWEST REPRESENTATIVE

TO: OREGON AND OTHER NORTHWEST CONSERVATION LEADERS

RE: OREGON CASCADES CAMPAIGN

1. As you all know, we are facing the final test of protection of areas in the Oregon Cascades which have been of historical interest to us for fifteen or twenty years. The Forest Service has scheduled a series of timber sales, from Cupit Mary Mountain in the Waldo Lake country on the south, up to Devil's Ridge in the Mt. Jefferson country to the north, all of which penetrate deeply into areas that we have proposed for protection from logging for two decades. We have fought long and hard, and have saved a little bit; but if we did more, perhaps we could save what really needs to be saved. If the timber sales succeed, we have lost nearly everything. Even though Oregon is a tough state for conservation, it is my belief that we do not have to lose: there is a chance of reversing this tide.

2. This is the time for one last test of strength in Oregon. We need to find out whether the general public of Oregon really wants to see everything logged off or not. With this in mind, as you know, we are preparing a series of full page ads to be run in major Oregon newspapers on Sunday May 11. The ad will tell the people of Oregon what is happening; it will point out that it need not happen, and that we can have both timber we need and save what remains of our wilderness also. It will ask for help.

3. The ad is coming at a bad time. The full scale timber industry assault upon the park and wilderness system, and even upon national forests is reaching its heights. They have succeeded in getting the message across to many that the choice is either between more wilderness areas and parks, or "houses" for the American people. This is a phony issue. and there are answers to it. We must make them. This is why the ad comes at a bad time, because we have not made our answers loud enough yet. But there is no other choice; the ad must be run now, or the places are lost.

4. In order to insure the maximum possible opportunity for success of the ad, it is necessary to follow up most vigorously. Hopefully, the ad will get some results in the form of coupons and letters from the general public to the Oregon Congressional delegation. But we cannot rely on this alone; we must also make sure that our own members write in. This is the only thing that will save us.

5. The following things must be done as a central part of this followup:

a. As soon as the ad appears, or preferably a day or so sooner(e.g., May 9 or 10) a mailing should be made to each of our members in the name of our organization. A mailing should enclose a copy of the ad, or refer to it, and request a flow of letters and telegrams immediately and urgently.

b. A letter to the editor campaign should begin right away. Our mailing should request letters to the editor on this subject. Each one of us should also take it upon himself to write a dozen letters himself, and make sure that a dozen of his friends sign it and send it in to the local newspaper. This will serve to keep the issue alive, and draw newspaper editors' attention to it.

c. Contact should be made with appropriate newspapers and media on this situation. Our viewpoint should be explained. Contentions of anti-wilderness and anti-scenic beauty, particularly the timber industry, must be answered. See the attached question and answer sheet on the timber supply shortage and the conservation situation in Oregon for answers.

[April, 1969?]

"Confidential Memorandum."

To prepare Northwest conservation leaders for the full page newspaper ad scheduled to appear in May I drafted and sent them this text describing our historical context and offering my suggestions for maximizing the effects of the bold May 11, 1969 ad in the public press.

Is it all going to be cut down while we do nothing?

One by one... year by year... the last portions of Oregon's vast virgin forests are being cut down. The U. S. Forest Service has announced plans to turn over seven of the last few remaining stands of virgin forest in Oregon to logging. We think that these places should not be logged; they are of more value to the nation and to us as places of quiet, scenic beauty.

"Is It All Going To Be Cut Down While We Do Nothing?"
Published May 11, 1969, in the Sunday Oregonian and probably other Oregon newspapers, this headline and full page newspaper ad challenged the always "sacred" timber industry, and intended to rouse a whole new generation of public opinion. It gave us enormous new credibility. (Scott Daniels, OHS, email 3/4/20)

Maybe you've seen some of the pretty picture books about Oregon lately, or the travel ads about how beautiful our state is.

And it's true! Oregon is still a beautiful state. Beaches, mountains, rivers, forests—they are still there. Or are they?

Better go back again and take another look. It's really not there—the great way it used to be. Especially the great primeval forests that once stretched from the mountains to the sea.

All we ask to save is a total of 1.3% of our remaining forests for future generations... leaving over 98% of our timber available for cutting.

Is that really too much? If you care, please read the facts and act.

Not long ago the civilized world was horrified to read of the attack on a young girl while crowds of people stood idly by.

Right now the same thing is happening to our Oregon wilderness. The last of the wild Oregon forests are being destroyed while good citizens stand motionless.

If you don't act now, you will never have another chance.

Not long ago this Oregon was a fabled land of unbroken beaches... vast areas of endless forest... filled with wildlife and beauty on every hand. Wasn't that one of the reasons that we and our fathers before us came here to enjoy a better life?

What has happened since?

Just fifteen years ago we had over one million acres of quiet wilderness in the national forests—your forests—of the Cascades. Already 1/2 of this is gone forever. (1)

How will your children or grandchildren see Oregon?

In ten years we have lost over 1000 miles of wilderness trails in our mountains. (2)

We will never get them back.

Forty years ago there were more than 270 peaceful timbered valleys in the Cascades (3) neither logged or cut up by dusty roads and speedways.

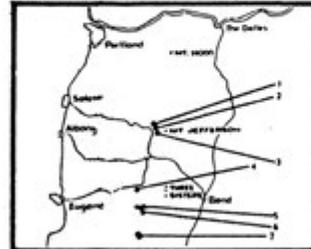
Now there are only seven uncut valleys left. That's all there ever can be. The rest are gone forever.

We are already logging 99% of our forests. Is it really too much to ask that we save 3 of 1% more? (4) (see graph). Is our timber industry really going to fail if they can't have these last scraps?

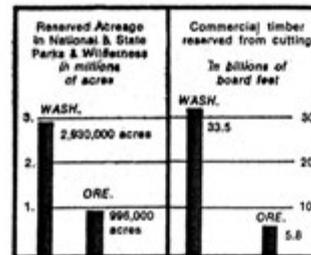
Up in Washington State they don't think it's too much. They take better care of their land than we do. Washington has much more of its land protected for scenic beauty and wilderness than we do. All the protected parks and wilderness in Oregon are just barely the size of one national park in Washington (Olympic). (5)

(1) Source: Forest Service maps and reports 1953-68.
(2) Source: Oregon National Forest official records 1958-68.
(3) Source: FWC Study, January 1968.

Planned Sacrifice of 7 Virgin Forests



1. Devil's Ridge—Clear cut with unnecessary permanent logging road on ridge.
2. Chest Creek—Planned clear cut will wipe out some trail approach to Wildsheep Meadow.
3. Woodpecker Ridge—Destruction of ridge trail within 2 miles of Mt. Jefferson timberline.
4. Castel Rock—"Selective logging" here threatens scenery from McKenzie Highway.
5. Mesquite Creek—Should have been left in Three Sisters Wilderness and not clear cut.
6. French Pete Valley—One of the last uncut or unroaded valleys left in Oregon. The Forest Supervisor made the decision in March to log this valley.
7. Capt. May—Very high elevation clear cut near the west side of Waldo Lake.



Yes, Oregon has a great system of roadside parks—

But Washington has just as much as we do. But what of the primeval forests? We log ours; in Washington, they save the most beautiful for all the people to enjoy. They have set aside 9% of their forests (volume) for scenic beauty; we have saved only 1%.

We are only asking for .3 of 1% more to be saved.

But we are called selfish because we care about the future in this way. What do you think? Is this too big a heritage to leave to future generations?

What's wrong with logging?

Nothing if we don't do it everywhere.

This year of 1969 Oregon may lose seven beautiful natural forests... another 35,000 acres of your national heritage gone forever... unless you act.

There is nothing the matter with logging. We need wood and paper. But we need other things too—things like scenic beauty, quiet places, clean air and clear streams. We are losing these places in Oregon—particularly the beauty and quiet places. We are losing them because we are logging them everywhere under the mistaken idea that we must—when the fact is that we can have both wood and natural scenic beauty.

(4) Source: Comparison of total volume in state open to cutting (DFA Report 1967) with volume in areas to be saved.
(5) Source: State and Federal statistics for Oregon and Washington.

Picture the New Oregon... if you do nothing:

... a vast stump land checkered with patches of well ordered trees, all crisscrossed by a spaghetti-like network of dusty logging roads!

Picture Mt. Jefferson that towered once over a vast unbroken forest. The setting is going fast. Better look quick for you'll not see it long, if you don't act now.

It does not have to be this way;

We don't have to live in this kind of world. We can still save what is left and have enough wood for other uses.

Do you care enough to help?

Everybody must speak out if we are to stop what is happening to us.

If you do care, write a letter today in your own words to the people listed. We have little time left to stop these timber sales (shown on the map). If you don't wish to write a letter, the next best thing is to send one or all the coupons already addressed for you.

What we save now is all we'll ever save.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT SAVING FORESTS

1. Q: Won't cut over land be replanted for future forests?

A: Usually trees do grow back after logging but no one will let them grow back six feet thick and 200 feet tall ever again. We are trying to save just tiny remnants of a once-great wild forest. There isn't much of this left.

2. Q: With the growing demand for lumber can we afford to save any wilderness and scenic beauty?

A: The trees we are trying to save in Oregon contain only .3 of 1% of all the available timber now being cut in this state. The total amount is less than we ship to Japan in one year. If recent timber industry ads are true, we will be growing far more trees on land now open to logging than could ever be cut from the areas we seek to save.

3. Q: Why do we need to save anymore? Doesn't Oregon have big recreation areas?

A: No, Oregon has less land truly protected for recreation and scenic beauty than any other Western State except Nevada. But we have more people than all but two of these ten Western States. You are being short changed at the same time that the demand for wilderness and parks is doubling every five years.

4. Q: Why lock up the land for a few strong hikers and wealthy vacationists?

A: Go up and take a look someday at our small existing wilderness areas. You'll see babies and grandmothers, people of all ages and sizes from every walk of life trying to enjoy what a bit of Oregon used to be. To walk in the forest and enjoy the beauty costs less than any other form of recreation you can imagine. A great many people are doing it. 98% of the land will still be left open to other uses.

5. Q: If we save this, won't it destroy a lot of work for loggers?

A: We estimate that about twenty direct jobs might be endangered by stopping logging in the areas asked to be protected. Automation in the industry will remove far more jobs than this. And to offset this, our tourist business alone hires added hundreds each year. It is the second producer of income for this state. A given recreation area often will produce many times the potential income from logging and do it year after year forever. Washington, which has set aside far more land for recreation than we can ever hope to, enjoys a booming timber industry and a tourist business larger than Oregon's.

To: Senator Mark O. Hatfield
Senate Office Building
Washington, D. C.

I am alarmed at the rate we are losing the scenic beauty of the Oregon Cascades. I urge you to use every means in your power to stop the pending timber sales which endanger the last fragments of our unspoiled recreation lands.

I also would like to add my voice in support of the bill to study the Oregon Cascades that will establish long range standards for true protection of Oregon's finest mountain scenery. I commend your initial efforts toward the study and urge you to pursue it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

To: Senator Robert Packwood
Senate Office Building
Washington, D. C.

I am alarmed at the rate we are losing the scenic beauty of the Oregon Cascades. I urge you to use every means in your power to stop the recent timber sales which endanger the last fragments of our unspoiled recreation lands.

I also would like to add my voice in support of the bill to study the Oregon Cascades that will establish long range standards for true protection of Oregon's finest mountain scenery. I commend your initial efforts toward the study and urge you to pursue it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

To: Mr. Clifford Hardin
Secretary of Agriculture
Department of Agriculture
Washington, D. C.

I am opposed to the Forest Service's plan to road and log French Pete Valley and the scenic wilderness west of Mt. Jefferson. French Pete is one of the last remaining timbered valleys in Oregon which has not been roaded or logged. I urge you to act at once to stop the Forest Service from spoiling these outstanding lowland recreation areas. Oregon's virgin forests are almost gone. Can we not afford to set aside an additional 3/10 of 1% of our forests in Oregon for all the people to enjoy?

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

To: Mr. Lawrence Williams, Vice President
Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs
1403 S. E. 27th #226
Milwaukie, Oregon 97222

I would like to learn more about the conservation organizations working in Oregon to save some of our Northwest's beauty.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$_____ for the Oregon Conservation Fund to help in the fight to save some of our forests. Checks can be made out to the Oregon Conservation Fund.

Fold for by: Pacific Northwest Chapter Sierra Club, Save French Pete Creek Committee, Committee for the Volcanic Cascades Study, Friends of the Three Sisters Wilderness, Oregon Environmental Council, Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, Eugene National History Society, The Oshlans.

Part VI.

There was much else to this story, but the above is what I have thought to be my own contributions to the crusade: get it (re) started, motivate and inspire, urge on and encourage the new leaders, do the basic research, become a public advocate for it, both in Oregon and nationally... and keep it moving, faster and faster. By the time I left the Northwest for my new job as head of the Sierra Club's office in DC (1973), I felt that, even if we hadn't yet gotten full protection for French Pete, it was politically "safe"—meaning that the Forest Service wouldn't dare to log it now. If we could continue to hold the line a few more years, the time would be ripe to give it back the full protection it once had enjoyed—back into the Wilderness (where it finally went in 1978), in a brilliant campaign led and sparked by many others, 'newcomers... no longer just the old grand Originals, the Eugene Warriors, but a whole new generation of vibrant younger Oregonians—Larry Williams of the OEC, Jim Weaver, Ron Eber and Maradel

and Richard Gale, of Eugene; Joe Walicki, Oregon Rep for the Wilderness Society; Roger Mellem, dynamic U of O student with a talent for organizing... and my own successor in the Northwest office, Doug Scott. It was Doug's master mind that dreamed up the proposed "Endangered American Wilderness Bill," which included about a dozen great wild places across America which were not only beautiful, but also "politically ripe," meaning that they at last could pass through the legislative gauntlet. French Pete was in that bill, finally and totally becoming safe again, after 20 years of battle.

Our early work was to first, just rescue it from the immediate danger—so that it even could be a place worth saving... then to build support across Oregon until it became just "obvious" that it should be protected. What a change from just eleven years before! I have always considered the French Pete Campaign to be one of the happiest of my career, because it seemed so impossible when we started out, the odds were so long... but we saved it anyway.



At last, the words had been said—in public. We were there. We would fight to the finish for the great gorges of the Snake.... There would be no turning back now.

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 12

(1967—1975) *Hells Canyon Campaign: Counsel for the Snake*

In the springtime of 1967, I had just left my law practice in Seattle to take on a new position as Northwest Representative of the Sierra Club—the only paid, full-time conservationist position (we weren’t called environmentalists until after Earth Day, 1970) north of San Francisco. My territory, as my boss David Brower said, was from North Pole to San Francisco, from Yellowstone to Alaska, from the North Cascades to the Oregon Cascades, from the Sawtooths to the Flathead to the Wind Rivers, and every place in between. (He had a rather loose management style!)

I had actually *heard of* Hells Canyon for the first time the year before. By a strange turn of fate, the major client of the law firm I worked for was the Washington Public Power Supply System (WPPSS)—one of two premier dam-building entities in the Northwest—and mortal rivals of the other dam-builders: the equally powerful private power companies. The struggles between these two forces over who got to plug up the great northwest rivers seem grotesque to us

today, but those were the realities of that not so distant past—when the words “wild river” were subjects of scorn and derision from all the Northwest powers-that-be. The struggle between these two dam-building titans first introduced me to Hells Canyon—a strange-sounding, mysterious place, a whisper of an echo of something ancient and far-off, forbidding....

“Brock, we just got our appeal to the Supreme Court approved to build a big dam in Hells Canyon, flooding out the last 120 miles of inner gorge. We’d like you to work on the brief for us,” said one of my firm’s senior partners. My firm had challenged a license recently granted by the Federal Power Commission (FPC) to the present Federal Energy Regulator Commission (FERC) and to Pacific Northwest Power Council (PNPC), a combine of private power companies.

A brief before the Supreme Court—every young lawyer’s dream! But I hated dams—the whole idea of dams—and I knew I just could not do it. I begged off, wanting no part of what I considered a dirty business. A

AT LEFT:
“Near Saddle Creek.”
Downstream view of the free-flowing Snake River in Hells Canyon. For millennia this rugged magnificent place was part of the sacred Nez Perce Nation homeland. Their tribal members played important roles in stopping the dam—a powerful victory. (Dave Jensen Photo. 2/22/14)

year later, the wheel of fate turned again. As new Sierra Club Northwest Representative, I attended my first meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pacific Northwest Chapter at a member's home on Puget Sound. The club was much smaller in those days—about 40,000 members nationwide—and our tiny membership in the Northwest was almost exclusively located in the “westside” Seattle-Portland-Eugene axis. Although knowledgeable and determined on issues west of the Cascades—wilderness, parks, and forests—few knew much about the vast deserts, rivers, wild mountains, and forests of the Northwest interior, and few had ever visited there.

On that bright spring morning, a visitor from “darkest Idaho” came across the rivers and the deserts and the mountains—one Floyd Harvey. Longtime Lewiston boatman and guide in the canyon, Floyd loved the great river, knew every bend and cove and cliff. His quiet earnestness, eloquence, and passion moved us all as he told us of the loss if the High Mountain Sheep dam was built, and pleaded with us to try to save the great living Snake River.

“OK Brock—take a look and see what we can do,” said my Executive Committee. Yeah, sure, I thought. I hate this river-killing dam, the whole idea of it, but what could be done at this late date? The license had already been granted, and the only issue before the Supreme Court was now only about who *got to build* the terrible dam, not *whether it should be built*. For weeks I was morose and unhappy about my charge, but given our

very few resources, I could come up with no solution to the problem.

Then hope came—from a totally unexpected place: the Supreme Court itself. That June, a small headline in the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* screamed out at me: “Hells Canyon Case Sent Back by Court for More Hearings.” (This was long before there was any such thing as “environmental law.”)

What's this?

What happened, it turned out, was a now-famous opinion of the great justice William O. Douglas—one which had nothing to do with any of the legal arguments presented by those who argued the case. But Supreme Court justices don't have to worry about such niceties; it is they who decide what the law is. Justice Douglas' opinion (known in Latin legalese as an opinion *obiter dictum*—outside the parameters of the case itself—was a landmark in American environment history. For me and our tiny band who wanted to save the canyon, that opinion represented hope, a fighting chance—if we could seize it. Douglas said that “the Court will not now make a decision on who gets to build this dam. The first question that must be answered is whether there should be any dam at all. Therefore, we remand this case back to the FPC for a determination on this one point: should there be a dam or not.” The very words themselves amounted to a stunning legal precedent: never before had the Supreme Court—any court—ever even questioned the ‘common wisdom’ of dam-building.

Aha, I thought: I'm a lawyer. I know what *remand* means! It means a whole new hear-

ing, new witnesses, a new trial. Yes! At least that's what it ought to be. (I did not know then that the FPC trial judge was not only furious about this decision, but that he was irrevocably pro-dam, determined to issue a new license no matter what.) So now, what to do? We weren't parties to the previous proceeding; would there be any chance that they would let the upstart Sierra Club into the case now?

Remember: there was no such thing in 1967 as "environmental law." National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA) and the Clean Air Act (CAA) were a full three years away; the Clean Water Act (CWA), five, the Endangered Species Act (ESA) not even a gleam. There was nothing out there—no guidance, no precedents, no law review articles—nothing. Not even the word "environment." Nevertheless, I wrote a letter to the Supreme Court. It read something like, "Hey, you never heard of me before, but I just read this opinion, see, and I have a question: if the case has been remanded for a new trial, does that mean that any new parties can *intervene*, i.e., get involved?" I can only imagine the bemused contempt at such temerity from the provinces on the part of the court official who saw the letter! A month later, I got a response: "Well yeah sonny, I guess you can intervene if you want to...."

OK, here we go, I thought to myself: I'm a lawyer; I know how to do these things. I did what I had always done in my (few) years of law practice—marched right down to the King County (Seattle) Courthouse, went up to the clerk's desk and said: "Get me the

Form Book for Petitions for Intervention before the Federal Power Commission, please." Eyebrows raised. "Sonny, what on earth are you talking about?" About then, I began to realize: whatever was to be done would have to be created, in its entirety—by me. There was no body of environmental law, no Pacific Northwest cases, no procedures—no nuttin'. This was to be, in lawyerspeak, a case entirely *de novo* (brand new).

OK. I went back to my office, read all the materials I could find about the canyon and its values, read some of the literature about rivers, and dictated a Petition of my own, with a whole lot of "where as" and a lot of reasons why the Sierra Club—which to my knowledge had not ever been involved in any sort of legal proceeding before—was qualified to present the evidence that the canyon was more valuable to the public as a free-flowing river.

Then another consideration started to dawn: this is going to be more than just a legal proceeding. Given the overwhelming pro-dam climate of the times, we were certain to be fiercely attacked by politicians and media. We must demonstrate that we have local support, too, which meant I've got to find more *plaintiffs*, a legal term I also had to explain—in those innocent days.

That took some doing. It was early August, and the deadline for filing the petition was the 31st. Hurry, hurry, much to do. I tracked down the President of the Sierra Club, and the President of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs (FWOC)—which represented many local northwest groups.

After obtaining their permission, (much easier then than the cumbersome processes of today), I searched Idaho for likely “true local” candidates.

I found them in the Idaho Alpine Club (IAC)—an FWOC member group based in Idaho Falls. It turned out that I had, inadvertently, also stumbled onto some of the finest ecowarriors in the whole state: Jerry Jayne, Russ Brown, Boyd Norton, Pete Renault, Al McGlinsky, Jack Barry, and Jim Campbell. They agreed to sign on IAC as a party—then went on a few months later to formally create the organization that became the

passionate heart and soul of our whole campaign thenceforth: the Hells Canyon Preservation Council (HCPC).

Now time was very short. The deadline pressed in, and many other issues were simultaneously overwhelming my one-person operation. No such thing as desktop publishing in 1967! This was the age of typewriters and rotary phones, mimeograph machines and carbon paper. Everything was cumbersome, all logistics painfully slow. The Petition somehow did get finished and I assembled the required thirty duplicate copies of the following six-part document:

The Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, the Idaho Alpine Club, and the Sierra Club, appearing by and through their attorney, M. Brock Evans, respectfully petition the Federal Power Commission for permission to intervene in the above-captioned proceeding as interested parties, and show the Commission that:

I

U.S.C. Section 825 (G)(49 stat.858), as supplemented by Section 1.8 “Rules of Practice and Procedure” of the Federal Power Commission, effective January 1, 1966, permits the Commission to admit as a party to any proceedings before it any person whose participation in that proceeding may be in the public interest; and that by an order in this proceeding, dated July 31, 1967, the Federal Power Commission provided for notices of intervention by additional interested parties.

II

The Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs was founded in 1932 as an association of conservation and outdoor recreation oriented organizations, and it was incorporated in 1958. Among its purposes, as set forth in its constitution, is the aim of preservation of the forests, wildlife, and natural features of this country and the aim of assistance to public and private groups in the conservation of natural resources. The Federation has general offices in San Bernardino, California, and offices in the state of Washington located at 4534-1/2 University Way Northeast, Seattle Washington 98105. The Federation represents approximately 60,000 members and 46 outdoor clubs in eight western states. The Idaho Alpine Club is an association of several hundred individuals with membership restricted to Idaho, and whose purposes are the same as that of the Federation. The general offices of the Idaho Alpine Club are in Idaho Falls, Idaho, and it also has offices in the state of Washington at the above address. The Sierra Club was founded and incorporated in 1892 and has general offices in San Francisco, California, and offices in the state of Washington at the above address. Its purposes are the same as those set forth for the Federation, and its membership is approximately 55,000 individuals across the country.

III

That the individuals and organizations represented by the Federation, the Idaho Alpine Club, and the Sierra Club, in common with many members of the general public, are active users of the opportunities for recreational and wilderness-type experiences offered by the unspoiled natural features of this country, including its natural lakes and rivers. These individuals and groups believe that the continuing availability for opportunities for such experiences is of great and increasing value to the public at large. They further believe that some places in the nation have such unique scenic, geological, wildlife or other natural features, or combinations of them, that they constitute a cultural asset which should belong to the whole nation in a natural and undamaged state. They believe that one such place is the Hells Canyon of the Snake River.

IV

That Pacific Northwest Power Company and Washington Public Power Supply System have filed applications with the Commission for licenses to construct certain waterworks and hydropower developments in a certain portion of the Hells Canyon of the Snake River known as the High Mountain Sheep site. That these development projects, if constructed, would, among other things, halt the natural flow of a portion of the Snake River, cause the inundation of a significant portion of the gorge of that river, including outstanding scenic and geologic features, destroy or alter the presently existing wilderness environment of the river in the inundated portion, and alter or destroy much of the habitat of the presently existing fish and wildlife resources of that part of the river.

V

That that portion of the Hells Canyon of the Snake River both above and below the High Mountain Sheep dam site possesses scenic, geological, wilderness, and wildlife resources and features which have primary value to the nation in their present state. In its present state, the undammed portion of the Hells Canyon of the Snake River is a prime scenic and recreational attraction, offering the spectacle of a wild river tumbling through one of the deepest gorges on the North American continent. Its geologic and wildlife features also are of great scientific interest and importance, in their present unaltered state.

VI

By reason of all the foregoing, the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, the Idaho Alpine Club, and the Sierra Club believe that this project is not in the public interest and that no further dams should be licensed in the Hells Canyon of the Snake River. If constructed, the High Mountain Sheep project would wipe out and destroy a portion of the natural environment of Northwest America which is of unusual and unique scenic beauty, geological significance, and recreational and wildlife importance. These parties believe that what presently remains of Hells Canyon is a unique and irreplaceable national treasure; it is a cultural asset to the entire nation. These parties believe that there are other places and methods by which adequate power supply needs for the future can be met; and that there is an increasing scarcity of scenic canyons and undammed primitive rivers everywhere in the nation.

Wherefore, the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, the Idaho Alpine Club, and the Sierra Club, believe that they are proper parties of interest to these proceedings, and that they have interests of such a nature that their participation is in the public interest; and they pray for permission of this Commission to allow them to intervene in these proceedings.

M. Brock Evans _____
Counsel for Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs,
Idaho Alpine Club, and the Sierra Club.

At Sea Tac Airport, 11:40 PM, August 31, 1967, I deposited all the duly stamped and dated the following Petitions at the post office desk for the next flight to Washington, FPC headquarters. It was done. Now, at least we had a chance to fight for the canyon we loved. As far as I knew, no one had ever tried to bring a legal action of any kind to rescue a precious place anywhere in the Northwest. This Petition for Intervention was a first in the region.

I really didn't know what I was doing! As the Sierra Club's new Northwest Representative under orders to "do something" to save Hells Canyon from the pending dams, this Petition seemed like the best—the only—tool to even slow down the concrete juggernaut. This was the apogee of the dam-building era; to even utter the phrase "wild river" was a no-no.

I wasn't sure what would happen next, but I found out right after the filed papers were opened in Washington DC. Stuff really hit the fan! Seems like the dam-builders, both public and private, were very cozy with the trial judge appointed by the FPC to decide the question: which private or public company(s) would get to build the dam? The good old boys figured they could work it out, just as they had many times before. But now here came this upstart Sierra Club and Idaho Alpine Club filing this case, saying the Snake ought to be a wild river. The outrage, the heresy of it all! Many well-fed jowls quivered in righteous indignation above expensive three-piece suits in cushy law offices, from Portland to Boise.

First call came from the senior partner in the Seattle law firm I had left just a few months before. They were representing the WPPSS, a consortium of public power companies that were challenging the license already awarded to the private companies. Jack was very nice as he queried me: just who and what was this Sierra Club, and what, really, did we want. Seems that he had gotten an angry call from Hugh Smith, lead attorney in Portland for the private companies. Hugh got my name out of *Martindale-Hubbell*, the book listing all attorneys everywhere. I was still named as a part of the Seattle firm.

I thought to myself, Oh-oh. This is the Big Time! Now what am I gonna do? I politely told Jack that dams had killed too many of the great rivers of the Northwest already. We were going to fight, and convince the FPC that the license should be rejected. We were going to put on a case which argued that the Snake should be a wild river forever. I didn't tell him how we were going to do it, because I hadn't the slightest idea myself. No one had ever done it before in the Pacific Northwest.

Next thing I got was a Summons from the trial judge: "You will appear (with all the other parties) at a Preliminary Hearing at the Portland Federal Courthouse on September 27." My heart sank further. What does one do at a Preliminary Hearing in a federal court? I hadn't the slightest idea about that either! I was not a real lawyer-lawyer anymore. My responsibility was to be the Sierra Club Representative of the whole Northwest—from the North Pole to California!

The North Cascades Park/Wilderness bill was soon to get marked up in the Senate; much lobbying to be done there. On Oregon's westside, I was trying to rally folks to make one last effort to save the magnificent forests of French Pete Creek from the chainsaw. The struggle over monster freeways in Seattle was at a fever pitch. I had to find some help.

I called up my hiking and climbing friend, Tom Brucker. Tom was about five years older, a very experienced trial lawyer, calm and confident. "Can you help? We can't pay much," I said, "but we have a chance to save a whole river here." A great conservationist, Tom liked the idea. I told him all I could about this mysterious great canyon that I had still not yet seen, about Justice Douglas' opinion, about my conviction that the FPC proceeding was our only hope of slowing things down until we could fashion a political solution to save the Snake permanently. How and what to do we would just have to figure out as we went along. For now, we had to act, and play out the game—whatever that 'game' was.

September 27, 1967. Old Federal Courthouse, Portland. 9 AM. Thirty attorneys gathered in the ancient dark-oak paneled courtroom. Represented were not just the contenders for the 'honor' of actually building the dam, but also those who wanted to make sure they got their share of the final goodies: three lower Snake River states, plus just about every Chamber of Commerce, Labor Union, Indian tribe, irrigation interest, and power user in the region. These were the

'players' who had divided up, then plugged the Northwest's great rivers for the previous three decades. Twenty-eight of the thirty favored the dam. It was quite intimidating, and I felt very alone. All attorneys assembled in a semicircle under the Judge's bench, Tom and I at the far end. The judge scowled down at us, then began at the other end. "Each party will now make its opening statement."

I listened for clues about what we were up against, both politically and legally. After awhile I realized that my friend and I were receiving a daunting yet fascinating insight into the psyches of those who held the power to destroy the Northwest's rivers, and had done so. Lawyer after lawyer recited his clients' interests and their stake in the proposed dam in Hells Canyon, and why it had to be built. Some supported one builder, others the other. All delivered the most compelling speeches about why there simply had to be this one last dam. It took all morning.

Just before noon, the Judge finally got to me. He leaned over the bench, scowled again, saying harshly, "Mr. Evans, does the Sierra Club really have anything else to add to these proceedings?" "Well yes Your Honor, if it please the Court—" I stammered, sure that my voice was squeaking in some kind of falsetto—perhaps at least that might disguise the sound of my pounding heart: "The Sierra Club would like to make a statement. We believe that the highest and best use of the Snake River in Hells Canyon is in its free-flowing, natural state, and we intend to put on a case which will demonstrate this fact. We believe that there

are other ways to provide the electric power the Northwest needs, but there is no way to replace what will be lost if the dam is built.” I could almost feel the eyeballs rolling, hear the faint snorts of contempt, sense the head-shaking behind me, as the other lawyers audibly shifted in their seats. I thought I could hear their whispers: “This Sierra Club stuff is for real. He really means it! What idiocy!”

But now, at last, the words had been said—in public. We were there. We would fight to the finish for the great gorges of the Snake. I felt a strange exhilaration as I walked back to my chair, a sensation which overrode my foreboding of the huge and mostly unknown task ahead of us. There would be no turning back now. I was worried—29 years old, anxious, uncertain about what to do next, overwhelmed by the mag-

nitude of the task which lay ahead. I felt responsible for the fate of Hells Canyon—at least accountable for putting together a campaign that we all could rally around and have a chance of success. I hadn’t yet met anyone from the just-formed Hells Canyon Preservation Council (HCPC), so except for a small and courageous nucleus of local folks, I felt quite alone.

I had another concern, more personal. I loved the place. A week after filing the Petition, I enjoyed my first float trip down the Snake River. I was enchanted by Hells Canyon’s majesty and beauty, as though some old lost chord had been plucked inside. My heart sang to a new kind of music I hadn’t even known was there. I loved Hells Canyon, and vowed to give everything in my power to save it. As before, I kept a journal of my first float trip on the Snake:

September 5–7, 1967

Approach to the Snake River country: high flat plains, then the chasm, terraces, living river, great blue heron flapping and soaring, tawny cliffs, black and gold, gravel bars. Water is the crown of the river; the silent way it spills and ripples—deep powerful flow. The river lives. It gives life. Birds soar in clean formation, glide over the white sand beaches, cut the clean air of the blue western sky. Wisps of green, pastoral gentle the lower river. Great tawny hills, black-terraced ancient ziggurats—castles.

The chasm gets deeper. Great boulders tumble into the river, massive faces, no more terraces. (The sun will never again sparkle the same way.) Taste it now, the fresh, sweet smell of the living river. Terraces above Whitehorse Rapids widen out. Now the basalt is broken into small columns and blocks. The thinnest of soil covers these rocks This is new, raw land—harsh sometimes. The basalt columns are bent, revolving in a semi-circle like spokes in a wheel. This High Mountain Sheeo dam will drown the Nez Perce Crossing. Water worn rock always glistens. White-streaked. Pastoral and gentle around the Christmas Creek Ranch, the river widens out, then narrows again above Pittsburg Landing—masses of irregular rock shape; uniform tawny-points and curves. Suicide Point—tremendous masses of rock. Kirkwood Bar, where Senator Jordan was “a better shepherd than a senator.” Wispy little apple orchard trees, old, sweet, dry. Why shouldn’t the river live? It is the crown jewel of the canyon, the immense power of surges and swells.

Deeper into the bowels of the canyon, more rapids. Ponderosa groves around Rush Creek. Deeper and deeper, the valley steepens, the white water rapids start after Willow Creek—such

AT RIGHT:
“Rafters in Hells Canyon.”
If conservationists had not chosen to fight, this magical place—and the rest of the canyon—would now be under 700 feet of water.
(Dave Jensen Photo. 8/16/13)



power, fury, frothing, and foaming. Barnard Creek—so old, sweet the trees, the grass, the asters, the ancient wood in the bridge. Beyond, the river flattens but the walls are more massive. More trees and always the great incredibly smooth rocks and the living river.

Granite Creek Rapids are finally too much; we get out of the boat, struggle up the steep slopes to the river trail. The rock is granite now; talus, sheer cliffs, trail along the river. Granite Creek is glorious, clear, sparkling, cold. Lovely meadows. How sweet everything smells deep in the bowels of the earth. The existing dam is now five miles to the south, the river heart so remote, so wild.

This earth, this river: Where are we? Are we lost? Where did we come from? Crag and rim rock—immense solid masses of rock in all sizes and shapes, layer upon layer frosted like a cake. Small trees. The scale is immense; we are ants in a giant.

One morning I lay by its banks and listened to the river music. Sun high up, dark shadow-hollows, silent deep flow, rapids above and below me, then the canyon wren sang. Even the river spray is good, warm, gentle. It is a big river in wild country, but it is not a fearsome river. Gentle in many places—little ranches, old shacks tumble down at Kirkwood Bar, Barnard Creek. People have tried but have not succeeded. Mail Boat Camp—eight or so houses, shacks at Rivers Place. Geese and deer—so many deer right at the bank. Different kinds of rock—smaller blocks—Irish Pete at R's (?) Camp. More masses above. Here, curious broken off columns, cheat grass hills.

What is there about water—freshness, sweet smell, surges, power? It is life—the crown jewel of the river.

The few houses here for the most part blend into the land except at Willow Creek, the Game Department Camp, and the Mail Boat Camp. Terraces and terraces, points, and everywhere the shining rock—a grand pattern of line and form, rock upon rock, layer upon layer, color upon color .even though the colors are much the same—black, brown, gold, some green. They are different because of the grand light. Something there is about a river—a great river—that draws one into it, to become part of its life, pulse, beat, rhythm, exquisite harmony .

Arrow-clean flights of birds cut and wheel and arc through the evening river air. How different they are from us. Silent draws lead up from the canyon bottom to sheer rock wall faces, or back and out, then up into the mysterious back country. Great tilted fault-blocks march down into the river, leaving massive wall—fault-faces twenty to thirty feet high, shear into the water (104 feet deep maximum, usually 50 to 60 feet deep).

Around Thorn Creek (Deep Creek ?) fantastic shining, polished, streaked rocks with white stripes. Walls get more massive again, sensuous, curved pillow rocks, so polished. What of this will he left after a god damn reservoir! Core drilling one mile up from Dug Bar.

The river lives and it gives life. It alternates: wide, then deep and narrow, then wide, then hills, then the massive faces of walls—always life. Below Dug Bar it widens. The canyon and the deep terraces and pyramids are up there, set back beyond the gently rolling foreground, then deep into the canyon again, onto Whitehorse Rapids, the Imnaha, the Salmon. The canyon gets dark and massive again, a truly magnificent canyon between Whitehorse and the Imnaha where the ominous power lines are strung—those lines a portent of what is to come.

Rock castles and turrets, polished rock, little beaches, rock broken off in massive polished sheer sides and overhangs, like logs—cut ends facing down towards the water in their overhang . Quiet pools and great sheer faces, this stretch of canyon widens at the Imnaha, then narrows again. Nez Perces site—a delightful white beach, the massive blocks—a fine dam site, incredibly beautiful wild river, one of the loveliest beaches of all just below the Nez Perces Dam site.

Some flat stretches of water are long lines of smooth-flowing current; others, though flat, are soft swells and surges, welling up from the hidden depth below. What mysterious forces made this so? Whence come such power?

The beaches of fine white sand are like dunes in many places. River widens again, not quite so massive around Jim Creek. Interplay of massive forces, yes; square and blocky, but also sinuous weaving of line and curve, light and shadow. Each jumble, each pattern, each series, is different: pink, brown, light. Incredible illustration of this variation looking south at national forest boundary—just before the river widens out. Line on line, light on light, depth and curve jumble of rocks. Coon Hollow—delightful little beach and sand bar, a house, and two eagles now. Near the border at the Grande Ronde, we enter heron country again.

The thick-lined banks of willow and tamarisk bend in the wind. The river is much wider here. We stop at an empty beach and I listen to the wind play among the old trees and dried grass and whistle in the sand. Across the river, the great bare hills rise. Why does everything seem to me so old? So empty? So remote? So far off? There is in me not only great ambition, but also great love; I care, and I care very deeply about my earth and about my people. This great river just must not be lost. This dam must not happen.

* * *

But now what? We were in the case at least, much to the disgust and ill-disguised contempt of the cabal of dam-builders and hangers-on who had dominated river politics in the Northwest for decades. We were there, and now we had to prove ourselves. We had to do well in the case, if we hoped even to just slow down the dam juggernaut.

The odds were daunting, because everyone knew that the trial judge would eventually issue another dam(n) license to one of the contending parties. I was just a kid; what did I know? Dam proponents were bringing an awesome array of political and financial power and bought expertise. We had to do well. We had to raise an issue (wild river) never raised before, and in a hostile forum. We had to just start out, but we also had to have some sort of plan, if we hoped eventually to win.

Our small band, including HCPC leaders, met that fall. We worked out a two-part strategy: (1) build the FPC trial case immediately; (2) follow with the political effort—as

we gained support. The FPC case was vital to our hopes, because it would not only give us time to show the world the beauty of Hells Canyon, but also to demonstrate that our fight was *not* a hopeless lost cause: the river could be saved.

We knew we had to do much more. Only a new law could permanently save the great river and its magnificent setting too. However, the odds against the supreme political effort required to do this seemed even more intimidating than the legal case. Northwest politics were still dominated by the “rivers want to work” philosophy, incomprehensible as that may seem now. Dams were the accepted wisdom; any notion of a ‘wild river’ was heresy. Hostility to anything “preservationist” in conservative eastern Oregon and Idaho was even stronger then than now. Only a few brave local persons like Ken Witty and John Barker dared to buck the conventional wisdom. Oregon Senators Hatfield and Morse and Idaho’s Len Jordan were firm dam supporters. Idaho’s Frank Church, a conserva-

tion hero, seemed possible, but with an election coming up, he was very cautious. The political establishments of both states lined up *for* the dams, and opposed to the upstarts who dared to challenge the existing order.

What to do? First things first. FPC proceedings were re-starting, and we had to put on a strong case *for* a wild river on the Snake. *That* was our one opening, our window to the other world out there, the world of public opinion. We knew there was such an opportunity because the struggle over dams in the Grand Canyon was being waged in the national media at the time. We would try to tap into the public outrage about that one.

But how? As I and co-counsel Tom Brucker began to search for potential witnesses for a credible case for a wild river, the enormity of the task seemed daunting. Although we located good witnesses to speak about the river's wildlife and stunning geology, and persuaded famed scientist Luna Leopold to contribute a seminal work quantifying the economic and social values of a wild river for the first time, so much more was needed.

We also had to be credible about the "electric power" issue, since we had dared to challenge the received wisdom. "You're against this wonderful dam; so what's your alternative? How are you going to provide for the electricity that the Northwest needs?" Large tomes prepared by paid experts were produced by the companies to "prove" that if the Northwest didn't get electricity from this dam, the whole economy would collapse.

We had to answer these claims with something tangible; conservation was deemed inconsequential then. Only one other possibility presented itself: nuclear power. In those innocent times, this seemed like a good option. Nearly all the early movers and shakers within HCPC itself were Idahoans employed by the National Reactor Testing Site (NRTS), so there was strong support. Thus in 1967, the Sierra Club advocated for nuclear power in a court of law! That was the strategic and human context of those high-stress yet exhilarating times.

As 1968 began, not many people thought we could win. But we were young and hopeful, and we were there. We had a chance, and we seized it. We attracted a key ally in FPC professional staff. When FPC proceedings began in Washington DC., we could not afford to travel there. I demanded public as well as legal hearings in the northwest. We got them in Lewiston and Portland. I spent the summer of 1968 traveling throughout Idaho and eastern Oregon, attempting to organize strong turnouts—in Lewiston especially, the home turf of the dam-builders. We expended considerable effort persuading an older group of often-defeated veterans of previous battles that we really could win this time.

In the Lewiston hearing, we held our own. HCPC folks, led by John Barker, Russ Brown, Floyd Harvey, Pete Henault, Jerry Jayne, Russ Mager, and Al McGlinsky in Idaho, and Carmelita Holland and Steve Moen in Oregon, did outstanding organizing, speaking, and publicity. In the Portland

hearing, we smashed them. Public opinion became aroused, started to turn. By day I cross-examined witnesses; at night I exhorted the public on TV. The power company attorney tried to get me barred from the legal proceedings because I was “too political.” I explained that I was the only one able to do the double duty. I was readmitted. We agreed again that we needed comprehensive legislation to protect not only the main river and gorge but also the side canyon areas, watersheds, and tributaries—not just the main river. But how? Who will be our champion?

Bad news: Johnson Administration Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall came out for a dam, and at a different site—Appaloosa. Federal government became a pro-dam player. Good news: fall elections brought in Senator Packwood, replacing Senator Morse.

In early 1969, I traveled to Washington to see if we could get new the Nixon Administration to reverse Johnson’s pro-dam position, knocking the government out of the case. Enlisting the assistance of John Erlichmann (“I am a fanatic environmentalist, Brock.”), Nixon’s aide got me in to see Undersecretary Russ Train. Train came out against the dams. Better yet, Senator Packwood told us he wanted to save the canyon. We had found our champion! We started to work on potential legislation, but it was not yet introduced. Meanwhile, the feuding pro-dam titans, public and private power companies, joined forces in a remarkable “peace treaty,” together proposing a “jointly owned” dam for the FPC license. That was

not good news, but it sent a signal that we had a strong case and they had a weak one.

By Earth Day 1970, the Hells Canyon issue moved onto a national stage. In May HCPC leaders and I accompanied Senator Packwood and NBC film crew on a high-visibility float trip through the canyon. The Snake was in full flood (May, 1970) and there was a large party of us: three boats filled with NBC TV crews, plus a decent sprinkling of Packwood staffers and us enviros—HCPC folks, myself, and Rachel. After the first day’s float down the Snake, we camped at Granite Creek Campground. On a damp evening we were all huddled around the campfire, listening to the roar of the greatest rapids of all—Granite Creek—which we would have to run tomorrow. Lots of beer drinking—the senator loved his beer—joking, laughing, story telling. At some point Packwood said to me:

“Brock, just what is it exactly that you guys want here in this so-called national river? What are the boundaries?”

“Anyone got a map?” I said. Someone produced a highway map of Oregon and Idaho. “Anyone got a pen?” I said. A felt tip pen was produced. So, on that map, I drew in the boundaries which we—HCPC, my legal clients, SC, FWOC, IAC—had agreed upon some months/years earlier. North, south, east, west: I made sure to include not only the great river and its canyon, but also as much of those wonderful tributaries and their uplands, meadows, and forests which we hoped to also protect: Imnaha, Rapid River, Lower Salmon, Grande Ronde.

So as I drew those lines, a cluster of our veterans crowded around, and one said, “Down there on the SE corner you have included the Goldbar Mine. Are you sure we want that too?” “No, we have no issue with them,” I said, and crossed out that part, maybe 5,000 acres.

When I presented the map to Packwood, I explained to him that we needed all the other places. because—all together—they represented one grand wild and scenic whole—652,000 ACRES.

Packwood later recounted how he took the map back to DC, and gave it to the Legislative Counsel to draft a bill including those campfire boundaries with the appropriate legal language. That map would become the content of the bill he would soon introduce.

A few days after delivering the map, as Packwood tells the story, Legislative Counsel came back to him: “Senator, these boundaries were drawn with a felt tip pen. On the scale of that highway map, they are 1/4 of a mile wide! Where shall the final boundaries be on your map—inside the felt tip line or on the outer edge?” Packwood chuckled, and said, “On the outside—everywhere! As much as we can get.” The final boundaries of the HCNRA very closely parallel the lines on that map drawn so long ago. I have often wondered if that original map is still languishing somewhere in the Senate archives?

When the float trip TV special was later broadcast, it provoked a huge national outcry against the dams. Packwood introduced

a bill to create a “Hells Canyon National Recreation Area.” Idaho became a “conservation state.” The proposed open pit mine in White Clouds and Hells Canyon dam(s) became major issues in gubernatorial election, pitting pro-development Governor Don Samuelson against conservationist challenger Cecil Andrus. Andrus won—big. Hells Canyon had another champion.

In 1971, hearings were held on Packwood’s senate bill. Senator Church came out against dams. No House counterpart bill yet. Public sentiment was swinging our way. Still, there was strong pro-dam sentiment in eastern Oregon. When the FPC hearings ended in 1972, the FPC trial judge issued his opinion: he granted a dam(n) license to the now-unified applicants, but surprisingly, he said the license would not take effect until the end of 1975, allowing us three years grace to get our bill through Congress—if we could.

In addition to those changes, Congressman Al Ullman introduced legislation to protect forests of the Lower Minam River in Eastern Oregon, and that bill passed Congress. Since Ullman’s support was crucial to our Hells Canyon strategy, we were encouraged. Others in Eastern Oregon were motivated to speak out, joining ranks with the brave early ones like Ken Witty, Carmelita Holland, Loren Hughes, and Forest Service employees like Wade Hall.

In 1973, I moved to Washington, DC to head up Sierra Club office there. While I stayed strongly involved, my northwest Sierra Club successor Doug Scott took up

the daily lobbying tasks and did a superb job building support and raising the pressure. Congressman Ullman introduced his own version of the Recreation Area bill. It forbid dams on the Snake, weakened protections for the wilderness on the plateau, and allowed a road all along the rim. Hearings on the Ullman bill were controversial, but we did well in Eastern Oregon and overwhelmed in Portland, thanks to organizing by HCPC and others. HCPC President Pete Henault was a regular fixture in Washington DC, as was Doug Scott. Cecil Andrus' support was hugely influential.

In December 1974, congressman Teno Roncalio (D-WY), a strong dam proponent, saw that we had the votes in the House Interior Committee to pass the Ullman bill—so he walked out, thus preventing a quorum. For that session of Congress, our bill failed.

In 1975, we started all over again with a new Congress. After intense lobbying by all sides, Packwood's leadership carried the day. The Senate bill passed again. Roncalio still obstructed, but thanks to Ullman and pressure from many others, the bill finally passed the House. On December 31, 1975, President Ford signed the final bill into law. The Snake River was declared Wild and Scenic. Wilderness areas were created in Seven Devils, Inner Canyon, Imnaha, and other tributaries were included in the 700,000 acre Recreation Area.

We had won! We had done what once seemed impossible. Problems remained, but they were in the future, waiting for the next generation to take on. But now at least, there was something to take on, to fight for: the great river was finally safe, flowing freely forever; much wilderness was protected, and the stage was set for more to come.

* * *



“Visitors in Canoe Waters.” *Keynote speech, Congaree Action NOW Rally, Columbia, South Carolina, September 20, 1975. Rpt. Congaree Chronicle, South Carolina Sierra Club, Vol. 8.5 Sept 1985: 5-6. Exploring the lush forests of huge coastal cypress and great pines that John James Audubon once reveled in is still possible. (Photo: Open Parks Network K #2982 3/10/86)*

*As long as I can see/ I will keep looking
As long as I can walk/ I will keep moving
[As long as there is the Earth/ I will love it.]*

—after RENNY RUSSELL, *On the Loose*

CHAPTER 13

Congaree Swamp and the Southern Earth

Iwant to tell you something right now. It's been my honor and privilege to go to lots of meetings around the country, from Alabama to Alaska, Arizona to Maine, and everywhere in between. But this is the finest I've ever been to; I've never seen such great enthusiasm. And I want you to know that I'm going to carry the word back with me, back to Washington and wherever else I go: that in South Carolina, they care. They care about their land. and they are going to fight for it.

I was sitting among you in the audience this morning, thinking about this place, and remembering my first time in Congaree. It was in February, almost two years ago and we had spent a long day walking through the forest and canoeing down the creeks.

It had been a very beautiful day, and we had seen enough to cause me to feel certain that Congaree should be a national park—it was easily that spectacular and unique in my experience. So it had all been quite pleasant and rewarding... but I still felt myself to be a visitor, an outlander. I'd seen something

nice, commented on it, and then was going to move on.

But that night, something changed. Something happened inside of me and touched me deeply. It changed forever my understanding of the South, and what its rich earth means to all of us as a part of the American experience.

We were spending the night in a lodge, deep in the Swamp; late that evening, I left the others and walked outside. It was winter—not too chilly, sort of cool... and I walked down by a slough and gazed into the depths of the dark forest.

A pale winter moon loomed ghost-like through the stark branches of the great trees; its light made the place all the more mysterious. I gazed deeper into the gloom, trying to penetrate the secrets of the Swamp. What in truth was out there?

My only answer was the croaking of the frogs and the hoot of an owl far off...and other strange noises I could not recognize.

My only answer was the same sounds, the same smells, the same feelings and sense

of place, the same rhythms and emotions that must have been there for all those centuries since the Swamp began.

A chill shiver ran through me that was more than just cold.... I was beginning to understand.

What is out there indeed, I asked myself as I walked deeper into the forest. Just this: Here in this magnificent wilderness swamp is one more piece—one more part—of that life force that pulses through every living thing, including ourselves. The great Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore said it better. He said, “The same life that pulses through my veins runs and dances through world in rhythmic measures....”

A very old and ancient primeval part of ourselves—of our memories of the human race—is buried, remains back in swamps like that, I suspect. And old lost chords twinged deep inside me that mysterious night—chords I didn’t even know I had. I have not been the same since.

And from that moment, I fell in love with southern swamps... and more, with the whole richness and unique beauty of this very special part of the American earth—the South, the lush South with its big rivers, fertile lands, forests, and wildlife.

Well, nearly two years have passed, and I have done a lot of traveling since then. I’ve been to other places in the South and elsewhere, beautiful places, and they need help.

But I keep coming back here, back to Congaree, for I must tell you, as you’ve heard today—there really is no place quite like this. There is nothing else quite like it anywhere.

I feel lucky. It has been my honor—no—it has been my joy to have worked with other people like yourselves around this nation who are fighting to save their forests too: the great rain forests of the Pacific Northwest, where I cut my environmental teeth ten years ago, the big spruces of southeast Alaska, the Douglas fir forests of Oregon, the ponderosa forests of Idaho, the hardwoods of New England, and the redwoods of California. There have been lots of battles fought, lots of people who care, and who love their earth. Lots of people who were not afraid to fight for it—and they won. Lots of places are safe now in other parts of the nation. And they were important and beautiful places, but no more so than what you have right here, right in your own back yard.

Well, I don’t feel so much like an outlander now. The richness and lushness of your southern earth is a part of me now too; it makes me even prouder to be an American, and to know that this is also a part of my country.

But in the end, it’s your place. You who live right here must in the end save it, if it is to be saved. We national organizations will help—we’ll raise the whole nation, and we are, but mostly that’s the way all these battles go. The force to save the Congaree must come from you. You must care enough to do it.

To me there’s no question that it must be done, just simply must. On the scale of natural wonders, Congaree ranks easily in terms of uniqueness with any other place in America.

Other places are famous now: The Everglades, Yosemite, Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, the Redwoods... and rightly so. But Congaree Swamp, that magnificent virgin forest just fifteen miles away from where we sit—well, there’s just nothing else quite like it anywhere.

It’s just too bad that some people can’t see anything but board feet in Congaree. But that doesn’t change the fact that it is a national treasure. The place belongs to all of us, and the idea of cutting it for lumber is as incomprehensible as the idea of melting down the Liberty Bell and using the metal to make spoons and forks. We will have to pay for Congaree—and we should of course, pay a fair price, but it must be made safe.

Also, there’s no question that it can be saved. I know, from what I read about it and talking to some of you, that it seems tough. It’s not public land. It’s owned by a company that wants to destroy it—that is destroying it. The state government is not too sympathetic. The Congressional delegation is not moving at all. And the trees are being cut down day in and day out.

Well, what I can tell you: I’ve been in these battles across the nation for ten years now. Dozens and dozens of them. And I have never yet been in one that wasn’t considered by all the smart people to be a lost cause when we started out. “Oh you can’t do that; it’s impossible,” they’d say. And they’d give all sorts of reasons why it was true and we couldn’t. And then they would go back to their T.V. sets.

But there were other people, luckily for you and me, who didn’t accept that. They went out and fought for their earth, and because they did, because they cared enough—loved enough—all the rest of us Americans have beautiful places to visit now as part of our national memory and experience.

Back in the 1890s, the giant sequoias were used to make grape stakes, but John Muir and a few others in the new Sierra Club thought there was a better use. There was a very long struggle, but now those trees are a great national park.

The people in east Texas felt the same way about their Big Thicket, just as the people in northern California did about their redwoods. These places were privately owned by lumber companies which were also destroying them.

The people who cared were abused and criticized in their own communities, and were told it was impossible. They suffered for years, and saw some places they loved get cut down. But they stayed in there, didn’t quit, and finally won.

There’s a North Cascades National Park in the state of Washington now—some of the finest scenery on this continent. Ten years ago, it was being logged off, too. Do you know how they saved it? They went into the logging towns and the larger towns in the key Congressional districts. They went from door to door with petitions and traveled all over the state with county fair exhibits. They got tens of thousands of names on the petitions, and made the local congressmen aware that the people were

serious, and that they were going to fight for their place.

There's another little place up in the far northeast corner of the state of Washington, next to Idaho, called the Salmo River. It is 20,000 acres of superb river bottom cedar forest. Five years ago, it was a goner. It was set for logging but to a fireman named Ray Kreseck in Spokane, Washington, the nearest city—this was his place. He turned the whole city upside down with his letters and protests, and galvanized it into action. Now, the Salmo is a wilderness study area and safe.

We just won a big one the day before yesterday up in Washington, DC. There was a crucial vote in the House Interior Committee on a bill to save Hells Canyon, the famous gorges of the Snake River between Oregon and Idaho. The vote was 32-4, a resounding triumph. Hells Canyon will soon be safe, because a bill has already passed the Senate. But it took eight years to get there. In 1967, Hells Canyon was gone for sure. Power company dams were expected to be approved very soon. I remember going to the hearings on dams that year, feeling as if I was going to my own execution; there was just no chance. But the tiny band of people who loved the place stuck together and kept on trying. You know what they did? They went out and made it a state-wide issue in Idaho—and defeated the incumbent governor who favored the dams. Their effort broke the power of the opposition, forever. And the Canyon will be safe now in another few weeks.

All across the nation there are countless stories like this: I could go on and on. But the message is that we can do it here in Congaree, too. We've taken on strong opposition before and won. And this is very important to keep in mind—because we have strengths too—the strength and the will of the people. Luckily for us, the American political system still gives a chance for those of us who don't have great financial resources to be heard. We have only our determination, and our love for the earth. But in the end, as I think you will find out, that's everything.

How do we do it? Well, every issue is different, each place has its own formula and approach. You are very well organized down here in South Carolina; you have a lot of awareness of the issue and problems. You've come a tremendous way in working on this issue since two years ago when I first got involved in helping. You have very good leadership, and I feel very good about how you're doing right now.

But still, as we all know, we face a race against time; there are just a few years left. We must work fast. Even though each place is different and has its own formula, it also seems to me that certain common principles and axioms have a general application in battles like this, and I've seen them work elsewhere across the country. I'll suggest them to you for what they're worth here.

The first principle is the most important; it's the one I feel necessary to tell our people all across the country: Don't be afraid. I know it seems as if the odds are always great,

and that the other side always has lots of power and resources.

But we have power too—the power of the people, the power of the vote. We just have to learn how to use it. The whole history of the environmental movement—and everyone in this room is now a member of the environmental movement—is the history of people who are too dumb to be afraid or to know that they were beaten before they started. They just went out anyhow and did it, and that is why we’re winning battles just as tough as this all over the country, and with the same odds.

And we also have something else, don’t we? Something that our opponents don’t have: we are right. Those trees should not be cut; it’s wrong to do it. Our opponents know it, and I hope they don’t sleep well at night.

The second principle is what I call the principle of continuity—or translated—Hang in there. Don’t quit. It may take a few more years to do this, but you must not be discouraged. It took eleven years to get a North Cascades National Park, eight years to save Hells Canyon, five years for the eastern wilderness bill that many of you right here worked on. It probably won’t take that long for Congaree, but you must not get discouraged. You must keep on plugging. Nothing comes easy, but it is oh so worthwhile.

The third principle has been beautifully demonstrated here today: know your facts. We always win when we have better facts than our opponents, and we certainly have that here.

“The fourth principle is fundamental: environment is politics. This is a political issue because politicians—or administrators responsible to politicians—are making decisions about Congaree. We have to get involved in the political process, and never let up.

Your elected officials can save this swamp for us if they want to, and if they keep hearing from you, and if you never let up. Never forget that. So these are some of the ways it can be done, ways other places have been saved. You’re organized, you’re smart, you’re growing stronger. You’re on the way.

There’s one thing more though and I want to suggest it to you. I suggest to you that it is your duty. It is your duty to the rest of your country to save Congaree for the nation, to make it also a part of our national memories. Those great forests don’t belong just to that lumber company—they belong to them least of all, in fact, because they have other timber, and we have no other place. Nor does Congaree really belong just to you. The forest there belongs to the nation, as a part of our heritage.

Every place in this nation that is now safe for all of us didn’t just happen. There’s a long story behind each one. And there was heavy and bitter opposition every time. But just as there were devoted people who loved their places and fought for them in other parts of the nation so that we now enjoy them, so too must you now fight for your place, for all of us.

It has always made me sad that there is not enough of the beauty of the South—this

magnificent, lush, rich landscape—protected. And Congaree is the finest opportunity we have left.

I was thinking about this again, flying in here yesterday from Washington. You fly over miles and miles of countryside, roads, villages, woodlands—rather average and typical. But just before you get here, the plane wheels around the bend—and there it is: this great dark forest, with this mighty red river winding and bending and twisting through it, like the Amazon. It is a magnificent sight, unique in my experience.

And I thought yesterday there on the plane, sadly: This is how it all used to be, this whole rich southland. But where are the other places now?

You and I both know the answer, and we can call off the Roll of the Dead; the great southern rivers, their superb forests, the places that John James Audubon and Marion the Swamp Fox knew—are all gone. Only Congaree is left of all this magnificence.

So I say to you: Go out and save it. Go out and save your rich earth. Go now. Go into all your towns and villages, and spread the word. Save it for all of us.

I think you will do it. And you will in the end, because you have one other thing that our opponents cannot understand. And this is the greatest force of all. It is what keeps us going day after day. It is what keeps us going at nights and weekends when other people are at parties and picnics.

It's a force called love. Love for our earth. Love enough to fight for it. Love enough to never quit.

And you have this; I feel it all through this room today. And that is why I know you will do it. The fact of your being here is proof. But everybody in this room knows that being here today is just the beginning. Now, you must go on.

When I think of what lies ahead, and what we must do, I think of some beautiful lines from a Sierra Club book, *On The Loose*, which I took the liberty of paraphrasing the other day. It goes something like this:

As long as I can see, I will keep looking

As long as I can stand, I will keep walking

As long as there is the earth, I will love it.

Go out then, and save your rich beautiful southern earth. Save it for your country. I know you can do it. Godspeed.

* * *





*I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable...*

—T.S. ELIOT, *Four Quartets*

CHAPTER 14

John Day River: Floating—A Journey of the Soul (1969)

The John Day River rises high in the Blue and Ochoco Mountains of central Oregon and winds through several hundred miles of strange high desert country before it finally empties into the great dead lake which is the reservoir on the Columbia River behind John Day Dam. The bridge of busy Interstate Highway 84 crosses the John Day at this point; thousands of cars pass by daily. I have passed that way often myself, and each time before have looked up the river as it comes out of the brown dry hills and wondered how so much water could come from such a barren, desolate, austere place. I have often wondered what lay in the mysterious interior, but I doubted that I would ever be there. But now I have been and I know: this place is far more fantastic and beautiful, far more teeming and full of life than I or any of the millions of casual travelers who drive this way could ever believe.

There are many ways in which a person can experience a river, feel its pulse and rhythm and harmonies. Some feel the most excitement when running white water rapids, matching their skill against the fury of the river. Others find great pleasure in observing the wildlife, collecting plants, or seeing archeological remnants of man's past along its banks. Still others seek simply to be in places where few others go. The John Day offers all of these experiences. What follows is a series of notes taken in 1969 while actually floating the river, expressing the impact such an experience can have upon the feelings and soul of one person, feelings which surely have been echoed in one form or another by all who have passed before or who will pass by this way since.

The John Day flows through a sere and strange country, the Oregon High Desert—barren hills and fantastic eroded shapes. Off in the distance from the river, we see the

“Horseshoe Bend, John Day River.” Little known but most beautiful, this free-flowing river twists and turns through the mountains, basalt canyons, plateaus, and deserts of central Oregon. Text reprinted from The Conifer, 1969: 22-24. (Dave Jensen Photo. 3/26/09)

bare strange hills, green now from recent rains, and topped by curious mesas and buttes. And down here by the river— life; the only place in this land where there really is life, teeming and full. Yet, twenty feet away, the stark desert begins.

There is the endless hot sun as we wind through the dark basalt canyons; curious Basalt Rapid, the round forms of rocks, scattered there like a giant's pebbles beneath the towering narrow wall. This is the place known as Red Wall Canyon—massive turrets and battlements, all dark red. Sweet, this sort of experience, not a memory of the world outside beyond these walls, not a care, nothing at all except the river and its murmur, walls, birds, wild life.

Basalt—massive columns rise right out of the water, great stone shapes—something speaks here of such power, of the time when the earth was formed. See the incredible changes and patterns of stone as we round a bend: who can imagine the stresses in the earth as these huge layers, one on top of the other, cooled. There are overhangs and flowers—life growing on the sheerest cliffs seeking out even the tiniest ledge to grow on.

We round another bend and look back at Red Walls for the last time—the great frowning turrets and walls half-hidden in the shadow early now in the morning as we drift through time.

We drift on, deeper yet into the unknown. It is just the beginning of the day, another day with no thoughts other than the light and shadow, the sound of the river, its own light and sound and power.

My soul deepens and wanders into depths scarcely known or explored. Now, a vast healing does truly begin. I cannot even remember the date. There is only the rise and set of the sun, light and shadow, and endless pure crystal sky drenched and sprinkled with stars at night.

Perhaps it is the sheer massiveness of these canyon walls that makes the John Day so different from the other rivers of the Northwest; the immense blocks and curves and rounded turret walls of basalt give this land its shape and character, contrasting it with the weird eroded red towers upstream.

There are green sage hills, sweet-scented; birds and juniper and mulberry trees. The largest juniper I've ever seen was at Old Wagon Camp—at least four feet in diameter and probably sixty feet high. At Mulberry Springs Camp, there is an immense mulberry tree about the same size as the juniper. It was ripe and heavy with fruit, and we gorged ourselves.

There is an endless variety of basalt formations, all corning from millions of years ago as each different layer cooled in a different way.

There is also the heat, the eternal sun, burning as soon as it touches you, weaving slowly across the blazing blue sky. Yet it burns clean and nicely and it is cool when you are on the river. We jump in often and swim and drift from time to time, feeling the great river's powerful current pull and tug. It is surprisingly deep and broad for a desert river.

An austere line of banks is sharply etched against the clear western sky. The air so pure for days and days, my lungs hardly know what to do with such air. We find arrowheads and Indian relics at Old Wagon Camp, which must be a centuries-old campground.

In all this, there is the sweet scent, the crickets chirping with joy of life. I too would sing all day and each day, if I could live in such a place.

I cannot begin to describe the eagles and the wildlife, the nests perched on incredible ledges high upon the cliffs. Early in the morning is the best, and we float and drift along with no upstream wind. It is cool and clear, lovely in the shadows as the light plays on the morning river. And, always, the blue blue sky of my beloved West.

Stone quiet, we drift on: it seems this journey has never begun and will never end. I cannot adequately describe the contrast of dark basalt wall, steep-fractured columns into the water on the shadowed side, etched sharply against the green brown tawny hills on the other. So still and peaceful it is, not even a murmur, except for the birds singing.

Forty million years of lava here cooled and crystallized with a fantastic array of shape and form: miles of fluted columns form walls into the river and over them, piled up logs and shapes looking as if they were carved by a forgotten race of primeval giants.

Ten miles past Wagon Camp, the river winds and twists and we come face to face with another enormous basalt wall: huge temple-forms and doors, carved out high

up, brownish red, terraced back and back and back.

This is a great land of immense walls and huge overhangs, massive fortresses and turret towers. The river made all of this. Such a play of form in rock, *massive* is the only way to describe it, and it becomes a much over-used word.

And high up, an eagle's nest in the great cliffs; and right over the river, millions of cliff swallows make their curious mud nests. There is about this place a spell, a sense of the utter primeval and of ancient things: old men and forgotten peoples, camp fires and death, lives from long ago.

I have heard nothing yet in all my life so pure and indescribably sweet as the song of the canyon birds singing deep down in the gorges, songs echoing off the walls. And always, the crickets never stop, and wind me back into memories of summers in soft Ohio nights.

The last night, we camped on a bar, a sage flat behind, and just across the river another immense frowning terraced wall. The sun played on the faces and walls, the buttresses and pinnacles, the grand play of light and form and shadow. We watched a pair of prairie falcons wheel and arc high in the intense sky, soaring across the river and battlements, calling to each other and dancing on the wind for the fierce joy of life and song. We also saw a flock of seventy ravens soaring and dancing in the evening breezes, teaching the young ones how to fly, calling out again for the sheer ecstasy of being alive.

This particular trip was made in June of 1969, with about seventy members of the Columbia Group of the Sierra Club, and the Mazamas, both from the Portland area. The trip had very much a conservation purpose; for there was one other very striking fact about the John Day River in 1969: it has no dam whatsoever along its entire length. And, of course, as one might expect, there are agencies and interests which consider this to be an enormous “waste.”

The Army Corps of Engineers has commenced an “investigation” of the John Day River Basin, proceeding in the usual manner by working through local politicians and local people who generally favor exploitation of their river resource. The Corps insists that it is only making this study because Congress authorized it to do so—the same argument the Corps makes for every area where it proposes dams. So far, the Corps has identified three potential dam sites: at Butte Creek, just above Red Wall Canyon, at Immigrant, and at Mikkalo, river miles 11 and 27. All of them would flood out great canyons; all of them would affect the area described above.

Dams in a place like this are wrong. They should be stopped. But we are going to have a fight to see that they are stopped. The Engineers are proceeding with their conflicted “studies”: they recently agreed “that the John Day River is a great resource in its present natural state, we also believe that, with proper management, it could be more valuable for mankind in the future.”

There is something else. We have lost much, too much, in our effort to save remnants of the great forests in western Oregon. There are still places which we must save and it must be done in the next few years. From the great Antelope Range and canyons of the Owyhee in the southeast, to the Wallawas in the northeast, to the Lava Cast Forest, to Klamath Lake, to the high desert, to Steens Mountain in the Malheur country, and to the gorges of the John Day, eastern Oregon holds scenic and spiritual resources unmatched anywhere else in the Northwest. Perhaps it is not too early to start thinking in terms of a several million acre “string of pearls” National Monument, or some similar designation embracing each of these and other significant units, keeping forever for all of us the strangeness and the beauty of this vast empty land.

* * *

“Drift Boaters on the John Day.” When driving along the Columbia, I would often gaze up the John Day canyon, and wonder how so much water could pour out of that sere watershed. I have been there; now I know.” (Dave Jensen Photo 6/13/14)







I write a great deal.... Last year, I wrote 42 separate pieces... and dictated several thousand business letters to my two secretaries. A few years ago I kept count: my office put out about 50,000 words per month.

—BROCK EVANS

(ASILOMAR,
SEPTEMBER, 1972)

CHAPTER 15

Address to the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs

This year, as with each past one, I plan to discuss a variety of things with you. I want to discuss my office and what I do as your Northwest Representative.

First, about my office: just what do I do in Seattle? In the first place, I'm not in Seattle much, as I must not be in order to do an effective job. Not counting a five-week trip to Europe this summer—my first real vacation in five years—I was out of town a total of 122 days last year, one-third of the time. That's a little bit down from the normal 45-50% of the time away from home that I spent traveling about the Northwest and the country in the past.

These trips are for all kinds of things: several trips back to Washington, D.C., to testify at hearings and to lobby, trips all over the Northwest to give speeches, to attend meetings and most importantly, I think—to organize, to plan and to take action, for one of the most interesting parts of my work is that I not only work with our own groups and people wherever they are, but also organize new groups, and get new people involved.

I do this on the theory that the most successful kind of group is the local action group dedicated to saving or fighting for a specific thing, somewhere, or a group can be a special committee within an existing organization. The way to get people involved is to get them working on the kinds of things that they care most about, because they are all volunteers and have only a limited amount of time to give. In recent months, I have helped put together two new organizations: the Mt. St. Helens Protective Association in the state of Washington, to secure National Monument status for the wilderness around that beautiful mountain, and the Upper Methow Valley Landowners Protective Association, to protect the ranching style of life that may be adversely affected by the coming of the North Cross-State Highway, also in Washington. Over my past five years on this job, I have directly organized or founded about 3 dozen new organizations, some of the most successful of which are the Washington Environmental Council, the Oregon Environmental Council, the Idaho En-

AT LEFT:
“Strategy Session” I’m meeting here with a member of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs (FWOC) Annual Convention, University of Montana, Missoula, 1970. From 1967 to 1973, I served as Sierra Club Northwest representative with this organization. (PH Coll666.5 UW 40374)

vironmental Council, and the Alpine Lakes Protection Society.

My travels also take me on field trips to places that we are fighting for, because I believe I must have some working knowledge of all areas or issues with which I deal. Of course, this is impossible to do in a total sense. Most people I deal with are involved in two or three places or issues, but I must know—know well enough to testify, write letters, or explain to the press—several hundred different issues and places. This takes years and is a constant process. For example, last year I took about 40 field trips to places in the Northwest and northern California to see first-hand, and to feel the places that we love. This is very important, because nearly always a Congressman or a Senator at a hearing will ask me: “Have you actually been there yourself, Brock?” It is much better if I can answer “Yes.”

Not all of these trips are long two or three-day hikes. I count airplane flights over new areas as field trips, if they give me new perspectives on the places so I understand them better. I count driving trips where I am able to hike in and out of an area not in the interior. And often that’s all the time there is—there is much to do, many places to see; and I must keep moving.

But it is most important to get a feel for the place, to be able to grasp its essence, because my job is to convey that feeling, that essence, to others, and to persuade them of that place’s value. My experience has been that others are not persuaded so much by inventories and analyses as they are by the

feelings about a place. They want to know: why do we really want it to be saved? And, of course, that is because of the feeling, the love that we have for it. We must convey this. Also, over the years—as I have been able to see so many places—I think I have developed a good eye for comparison, a sense of judgment, a sense of what a place will be like, and an ability to size it up and analyze its qualities in a rather short time.

Some of my travel involves hearings—from Washington, D.C. on the Native Claims Act in Alaska last year, to testimony on Hells Canyon and the Oregon Dunes, to log export hearings in Salem, to hearings on freeways in Seattle. There are dozens of hearings every month. I can’t make them all, so I try to make sure that we are represented. I attended and spoke at about 15 hearing last year all around the country. But for those dozens and dozens which I could not attend in person, I made sure that we were represented by a formal written statement, which is often just as good. Last year was an extremely heavy year, and I sent in 122 statements in our name to 122 different hearings on a variety of subjects from preservation of the Tule elk in California to offshore oil, from clearcutting to irrigation cost-benefit ratios, to new highway regulations.

There were 41 national forests in the four Northwest states which held roadless area inventory “meetings” this past spring, and 3 more national forests in Alaska which held “multiple use plan meetings” at the same time. I sent in statements reflecting our position and desires for more wilder-

ness to every single one of these. And that is one of the biggest actions in the Northwest this year—as it is in California—which most deeply and vitally affects all of us: the de facto wilderness inventory. I estimate that there are something like 15-20 million acres of potential new wilderness in the Northwest states alone and literally every acre at stake. I estimate we may only have 4 or 5 more years to protect it all.

My travels also take me to give speeches all over the Northwest—although last year I went as far away as El Paso, Texas, and Washington, D.C. If I can, I always try to get someone else to pay my way wherever I go.

Last year I gave a total of 63 speeches. Frankly, I am coming to doubt the utility of many of them—especially when I speak to hostile groups, which I do a lot. There have been some pretty rough times in places like Coos Bay and Astoria, Oregon. That’s all right, but I feel that no one’s mind is fundamentally changed by a speech that I or anyone else may give. It is important, however, to show the flag, to let them know that we exist, that we care, and that we must be taken into account. Also, a speech is often good publicity, and the press turns out.

But I would much rather talk to our own people, because then we can talk about action and strategy and plans. I would rather talk to young ones, too, because there, I think, is much hope. I do a lot of that. That gets kind of nerve-wracking, too, and I still remember vividly the time I had to address the Monday morning assembly of South Salem High School: 2,000 students gath-

ered in a basketball court, and me with a microphone right in the middle of the gym. I was supposed to stir them up about environment, and I can’t imagine a tougher job at that hour and with that kind of crowd.

One of the main things that I do—that we all do and you cannot be a conservationist without—is to go to meetings. There are endless meetings: large ones, small ones, crowded ones, empty ones, heated ones, quiet ones. But we must go to these gatherings, because that is the way we communicate. Last year, by my count I attended 42 specific meetings with organizations of one kind or another; I had 68 separate meetings with agency officials of one kind or another, explaining our viewpoint; I had 314 meetings in what I call the “other” category. This latter category includes anything in which something significant is decided or takes place. For example, if the president of the North Cascades Conservation Council calls me and we discuss a new timber sale, and decide on a course of action—this, to me, is the same as going to a meeting. It takes my time in the same way, and something is done. Of course, most of my meetings are actual face-to-face contacts. I prefer to do as much as possible of my business by telephone—because it saves precious time. And I go to great lengths to protect that time. I spend about 40% of my time on the phone. And only as a last resort do I ask people to come into the office, because somehow that always takes much more time than is necessary.

The latest series of meetings I had were more of the typical kind, however, since I



“Celebrating Victory with Dingell.” In January 1970, led by our Congressman hero John Dingell (D-MI), we enviros celebrated defeating the National Timber Supply Act. Leading my first fight, I spearheaded the organizations and comrades whose heavy lobbying completely turned the odds around in just 4-5 days.

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mike McCloskey, Sierra Club; Brock Evans, Sierra Club; Congressman John Dingell; ___ young woman, Secretary from Sierra Club, San Francisco; Peeps Carney, Wilderness Society; ___ cannot remember last young(er) man. **SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:** Charlie Callison, National Audubon Society; Tom Kimball, National Wildlife Federation; John McComb, Sierra Club; Art Wright, Wilderness Society; ___ young woman from Sierra Club; Cynthia Wilson, National Audubon; Dave Vandemark, Sierra Club; Francis Walcott, Sierra Club; Lloyd Tupling, Sierra Club; Cliff Merritt, Wilderness Society; Jonathan Ela, Sierra Club; Ernie Dickerman, Wilderness Society.

May 15, 2014

Dear John:

It was a pleasure and delight to meet with you the other day, and to recall some of our great conservation victories when you were our Leader.

One of those campaigns was the effort in the House to defeat the National Timber Supply Act, January 1970.

You did not know it then, but, in my capacity as the Pacific Northwest Representative for the Sierra Club, that campaign with you was the first one I ever led, on the conservation side.

That's because, as the Club's man on the spot, who had witnessed (and fought against) so many logging-losses in our National Forests in the 1960s, I was the person who knew most about what would be destroyed. So I had argued that we – our whole community – just had to oppose it, or disaster loomed ahead for the entire National Forest system.

That is why I had the great privilege of working with you daily on that one. You were our great champion, who knew how things operated in the House. I have never forgotten those lessons, learned by the side of the Real Master (you!) himself.

That's what this photograph is all about: it was taken soon after the vote, where, thanks to your leadership, and also that of your Republican counterpart, John Saylor, we soundly thrashed the timber industry, by a vote of over 2:1.

Thanks again for your outstanding leadership of us novices, in one of the greatest conservation victories ever!

Sincerely, Brock Evans, President, Endangered Species Coalition, Washington D.C.



“Letter to Dingell.”

This 2014 letter was inspired by some kind of Dingell event, so it was my chance to thank him again. The original letter was discovered behind the picture during disassembly for scanning.

just came back from a 9-day swing through Oregon. I stopped in a small café to see Frank Moore at Steamboat, to talk about problems and get his advice about logging in key areas of the Umpqua National Forest. I stopped in The offices of the Siskiyou and Rogue River National Forests to talk to the supervisors, to show the flag, to let them know we were there and interested, and to ask questions. I attended a meeting of the Southern Oregon-Northern California Wilderness Coalition, and had many private talks with various leaders down there on various specific issues. I took a long hike through a new proposed wilderness area there around the border. And then we stopped in Eugene for another meeting with our group leaders from all over Oregon, and meetings with Senator Mark Hatfield and candidate Wayne Morse.

I also meet with elected officials, because this is a must. These include city councilmen, senators, and everyone in between. I cultivate friendships with them over the years, so they can learn to trust me, to call me up for advice or for help, both of which I try to give. It is imperative that someone in my position always be accurate, and get a reputation for being accurate.

Sometimes these meetings broadly reveal the political process and the power of one small effort to get something done. I remember a meeting with Senator Frank Church of Idaho last February. I was in his office in D.C. when the Senate bell rang late in the evening, and it was time to go out for a vote; so he asked me to walk over with him. We talk-

ed about many things, and especially about the Sawtooth Recreation Area bill then pending. The Pioneer Mountain Range is one of the most beautiful in the region, but it had been left out of all proposals for some reason. I told the Senator that we just had to have the Pioneers in the bill, that it was vital and critical, and how beautiful it was. He said it couldn't be done, but I pressed and pressed. I don't know what happened after that, but when the bill finally came out of the Senate, the Pioneers were in—and they are in right now. There are lots of other stories like this, too.

I write a great deal, but not as much as I would like to or should. Last year, I wrote 42 separate pieces, from alerts on hearings to be mailed to our own people—and there is a very special art to this—to letters to the editor. This is a different burden, when I know the paper will print what I say. And I wrote articles for the *Sierra Club Bulletin* and other magazines.

I am not counting here the several thousand letters that I dictate in the course of business. A few years ago I kept count, and the output from my office was about 50,000 words per month. This requires two full-time secretary-assistants, who are busy all the time with many things. I try to curb a lawyer's habit of being wordy, but still there are too many things to be done, and much that must be said.

There are a lot of other things being done. For example, we keep track of all Army Corps of Engineers mailings and applications for permits for the three Northwest

districts—several thousand permits a year. We keep track of all Forest

Service timber sales—over 2,000 of them last year in the Northwest. I have two people working full-time on tracking agencies, who are incredibly dedicated, and we are able to pay them only \$60 a month.

As some of you know, I have a full-time forester who is almost always in the field. There are others, too, equally dedicated, who are working on special projects. I have a full-time intern from the University of Oregon with whom I am very pleased, and I would like to have a full-time assistant.

Now, about issues: **In Idaho**, one of the big ones was the Sawtooth issue, which had lots of twists and turns, and which took several thousand dollars in phone calls from this office last October, but we finally got a pretty decent Recreation Area bill which stopped mining and subdivisions in the worst places. We dealt with Hells Canyon, and the dams are dead for the time being. We took on the Teton Dam project, which is still a big and hot issue, and I don't know how that is going to come out.

In Montana, wilderness and logging, particularly in north Montana, have become a tremendous issue of deep political consequence. A series of hearings have been held there, which I think have stabilized the situation and have forced the Forest Service and the timber industry to realize that the forests were being overcut, and that they had to stop.

In Alaska: after I left you last year, I went directly back to Washington to lobby on

the Native Claims Act, and I think we have gained a reasonably fair settlement. We're still fighting the pipeline, and I don't know how that's going to turn out. And, in Southeast Alaska, we continue to organize new groups, to present new proposals to the Forest Service, and to keep moving ahead as we must to protect that country.

In Washington, the Alpine Lakes question is moving up to final Congressional resolution in the next two or three years, and so is Cougar Lakes. Things have stabilized in the North Cascades, and we have new groups to protect Mt. St. Helens. The question of oil in Puget Sound, and shoreline management are still very hot issues.

In Oregon, wilderness and forestry continue to be the big issues, as much of the prime resources of that state are being gradually eroded away by excessive logging and roading. But we have groups organized and active on every level there, to do something about this if we can. A great deal rides on the election campaign between Morse and Hatfield this year. Many of us feel that if Hatfield wins, since he is so close to the timber industry, wilderness is in trouble.

In British Columbia and Alberta, recent elections have made significant changes and opportunities for the environment. In both provinces in the last year or so, extraction and exploitation governments have been turned out by the people in favor of governments much more liberal and much more sensitive to demands to protect the environment. I have been involved in both these provinces, including a special effort to

get a field office like mine set up and staffed by Canadians.

In California, I see a special case. Even though I am the Northwest Representative of the Federation, I have always felt a special affinity and responsibility for what happens in California. I try to get my office involved here as much as I can. I helped to put together the Southern Oregon-Northern California Wilderness Coalition to deal with the fabulous wilderness resource we have in northern California. I have been expanding my contacts with California in this critical area.

In the field of offshore oil, the same problems exist in the Northwest as in California; I am in constant contact with California organizations like Get Oil. Out, and others working on this.

My forester has made several trips into northern California to help people there working on forestry problems, and this is a continuing contact. I make field trips myself, for example, to the Butte Fork of the Applegate River, which is mostly in California:

I have sent statements to hearings on California issues, such as marine sanctuaries, the Tule elk, wilderness in Yosemite National Park, and, of course, many of the things we work on here affect us all: the Public Land Law Review Commission, land use legislation, coastal management, mining, and wilderness legislation. Some Northwest senators are in a great position to help Californians on their issues, as is Senator Jackson, Chairman of the Senate Interior Committee. We often ask him to help California legislation move along.

Finally, I have always felt that one of the best things the Northwest can do for California is to keep the Northwest a good place to visit, keep our wilderness and our parks safe and clean and big, a place where there is less crowding than in California. I hope it is of benefit to all of us to have that magnificent country up there to visit—just as it is a benefit to those living there.

I will try to finish with some sort of look at the future. What is in the wind for us—for the environmental movement, for the nation?

There are two major issues that I see now—one affects us and our interests directly and vitally: the issue of de facto wilderness. The other is more a feel for the drift of things, and perhaps a warning for the future, in the sense of new assaults being mounted on existing legislation.

On the subject of de facto wilderness, the time of final resolution is at hand. After two generations of awareness of the idea, with many battles and many laws passed, final decisions are being made. Lines are being drawn, sides are chosen for, I think, the very last time.

This is because of two things: first, the enormous and growing pressure of the wilderness movement. There are more people back in the woods, and they want more area to protect. Second, it is the result of the Forest Service's attempt to deal with this process, and they have made some attempts, as you know. They called a series of "meetings" all around the Northwest and the country to hear what the people wanted done with the remaining unprotected wilderness. We

disagreed strongly with their process and the manner in which they went about it. They held the hearings quickly, with only a few weeks' notice, literally "up and down" with just a month or two for total input. The hearings for the most part were held in pro-industry towns, and they were held in the winter, when the snow was in the areas being discussed.

We have now obtained an injunction against the Forest Service, forbidding all logging and road-building on these lands until we can have more time for study and input. There will be a trial on this in December. If the injunction is dissolved, the wilderness is in terrible trouble.

The timber industry, of course, is alarmed, and has out alerts throughout the Northwest, mostly in timber towns. They had a special meeting last spring and agreed to spend \$4-5 million on ads telling people how we don't like wilderness any more. They are mounting a full-scale counter-attack on us, and I have seen it already in small Northwest towns. Special efforts have been made to close mills down, and get the loggers to the hearings. There have been fistfights. A Chamber of Commerce in Superior, Montana, appropriated \$100 to buy drinks for all the loggers before the hearing to get them drunk so they would be more likely to disrupt the meeting and intimidate our people.

It is a bitter thing, and the lines certainly are being drawn all over the rural West. So far, we have not done badly. Our organizations are stronger, and local action groups

everywhere are documenting the areas we need. But this is the last time we shall have a chance. We are weakest in northern California—there are magnificent places at stake around the Trinities, the Siskiyou, and the coast ranges. We must not lose these places by default.

There is another matter, which is more of a feeling and a sense of things than something tangible. It's too easy to talk of watersheds and crossroads, and I don't like to do it. But there is a pervasive feeling among our people in Washington, D.C., that the environmental movement is perhaps at that point where our opponents have realized we aren't going to go away, that we cannot be PR'd to death by buying more ads. (The simple buying of more ads by industry telling how many dollars they are spending to clean up won't change minds, and they are beginning to realize it.) So, they have turned to new tactics. They realize we're serious, and so are they. This is really nothing new, but we are certainly going to be put to the test more than ever. Industry is digging in everywhere, and if they can't buy ads to convince the people, maybe they can influence the politicians.

Some signs of this new tactic are new assaults being mounted on the National Environmental Policy Act. They were started this year, and failed; but they are sure to renew again. An "energy crisis" is building, and there are more and more expressions in Congress that we have to "get on with efforts to provide more energy," and to run over the objections of environmentalists

who see the harm in nuclear power plants. Industry is fostering this with its own public relations campaigns.

I don't know how to read the future, but I do feel our movement has a much broader base and is much more pervasive than many others who are also working for justice at the political level. The problems are more visible and obvious in the environmental field, and they are not going to go away.

All we can really promise ourselves is what Winston Churchill said in the 2nd World War: "More blood, sweat and tears."

This seems too bad in a way. Why do we always have to work so hard with no end to it? Why do we always have to fight and struggle without ever any relief? I don't know the answer, but I do know this—and there is also great satisfaction in our struggle: to tramp along a beach and know that it is safe, and will not be subdivided because of what we did; to walk through an ancient forest, to smell it and touch the great trees—

and to know it will be there for our children and grandchildren; to float down a river that is now safe from dams, and to walk in the high places up in the sun, to smell the clean air and know that that, too, is safe forever—because of what we did. These are my rewards, and I hope that they are yours, too.

Finally, I want you to know this one thing: it has been my privilege and my honor to do this work with you and for you. It has been my privilege to know the places you know, to go to meetings together, to get to know you, and to fight and share our battles together. It has been my honor and privilege, but it is something much more than that, too: it has also been my love and my joy. It has been my love to taste and feel the Northwest rain forest, the awesome peaks and the high passes, to float down the great rivers. It has been my love to know you, and to sense and feel the common bond of love for the earth that we all share. That's why we're here and that is what keeps us going.

* * *



© Brock Evans

I feel somehow as if my life is no longer my own to do as I want with anymore. I feel that if I have something to give, then I must give it...

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 16

(DECEMBER 21, 1972)

Leaving the Northwest: Farewell and Retrospect

After accepting the Sierra Club position in Washington, DC, I wrote the following letter—transcribed verbatim—responding to Seattle friends. Their letter to me had been written on Committee

on Prisoner Rehabilitation letterhead, which has me listed as a Board Member and Membership Chairman. At the time, Rachel and Josh and I were preparing to move to D.C. at the end of January 1973.

Dear Don and Eve,

Your lovely note has been on my mind these days, and I want you to know how happy and good it made us feel. Something about the quiet and warm, touching—feeling kind of touching—way you put things.

It has been most painful as you might imagine; first to decide to leave at all, leave my lover, my beloved Northwest... and now, to face the reality that in a little over a month it will be so; and there is perhaps no turning back ever to what will always be my home, right here.

The tears are mostly over now though; and it was a voluntary choice—I did not have to go. But somehow, during those weeks of thinking about it, I felt as if I must, I just must. Perhaps we can break the *destructive* power of the timber industry forever, perhaps we can save a few more places at least; and perhaps we can then come back feeling that maybe some more of it is safe. I think it will be an experience at least.

I have curious feelings, which I would like to share with you. I feel somehow as if my life is no longer my own, to do as I want with anymore. I feel that if I have something to give, then I must give it. And I remember a rainy June night, back in 1959, in D.C. for the first time... and I had my friend let me off in front of the memorial to my hero, Lincoln. And I stood there in front of him all alone in the rain, some strange passion buzzing in the air; and I thought to myself—I shall return here one day to save the nation just as you have done...

AT LEFT:

“The View from Home.”

Every morning in the Madrona District, we awoke to this view of Mt. Rainier and Lake Washington. For ten years we felt the inspiration and exaltation of Seattle, our house and home in our adopted city. MOHAI, Seattle, 1960. (Josef Scaylea 1993-20.173)

And now I remember that and I ask myself: Is this how it was meant to be? Is this what I understood even then? It's really not much more than the romanticism of being young, but that too was a part of it—and I cannot get it out of my head, the perhaps-continuity of then and now, I mean.

We think the world of you also, and will always remember you as two of the gentlest and most sensitive people we know. Your poem brought chills down my spine, it so perfectly captured the mood, the essence of the cold wind and the event. Write some more. Write of the Northwest and send it to us. Let us not lose each other.

Warm touch,
[Brock and Rachel]



“The Family Ready for Washington, DC.”

L-R: Rachel, Noah, Brock, Josh.

* * *

“On My Way.”

Taken in Seattle sometime in the early 1970s, this portrait with mustache, suit jacket, white shirt and tie suggest my formal appointment and persona as Sierra Club lobbyist for the Pacific Northwest, Alaska, and California. Next stop, Washington, DC.



Early in 1973, after we had just left Seattle for the new job in DC, I wrote the following retrospective analysis in my diary while flying to Utah:

This is my *Reformation* time. [My term for a period of great personal and professional life change.] It is most difficult. I have made a fundamental shift in place, and therefore, for me, in ultimate future prospects. It is a shift of form, but there is substance too, although it is not as dramatic as a change in careers—it is not that, yet.

But as I have behind me what was the safe and secure world of the Northwest, other things are happening; the whole structure of the past is tumbling down, shifting and changing.

The most obvious fact is the loss of financial security. Never rich, at least we could live very well within my income. No costs were really high and there were many friends to shelter us and always the land itself, our home.

Here, it has been nothing but a series of economic disasters: an overpriced house, a DC income tax, a new tax bracket, water heater, car repairs... and just a much higher cost of living (plus the new baby) with a salary that does not compensate, few friends and none to protect us, and no longer the wonderful land, my final refuge and source of comfort.

And there is such a class society here in the East, so much wealth—but we cannot have any of it; and we are envious as we would not be in the Northwest, where it matters so much less, where it is clean, and there is the land.

And I begin to think: our life is at least half a *married financial* burden, and my job cannot help much. Nor can the tax structure, which hinders the middle class; I can't even make enough surplus to invest.

We cannot move back—we are stuck here. It seems we cannot live decently here, nothing near the life style in the Northwest. And there seems to be no way out—not a grinding cycle of poverty, but seeming now to be far below my reasonable thoughts or expectations. And I get both more disturbed and more thoughtful about what I must do, more anxious about the future and the proper way to protect myself and my family in the years of social and economic upheaval which I see ahead.

I took what I knew was a calculated gamble: a chance to go into the Big Time, to try a larger arena, to maximize future chances, but it's just an illusion, now in which we live much worse off, without even the basic things we dreamed of?

* * *



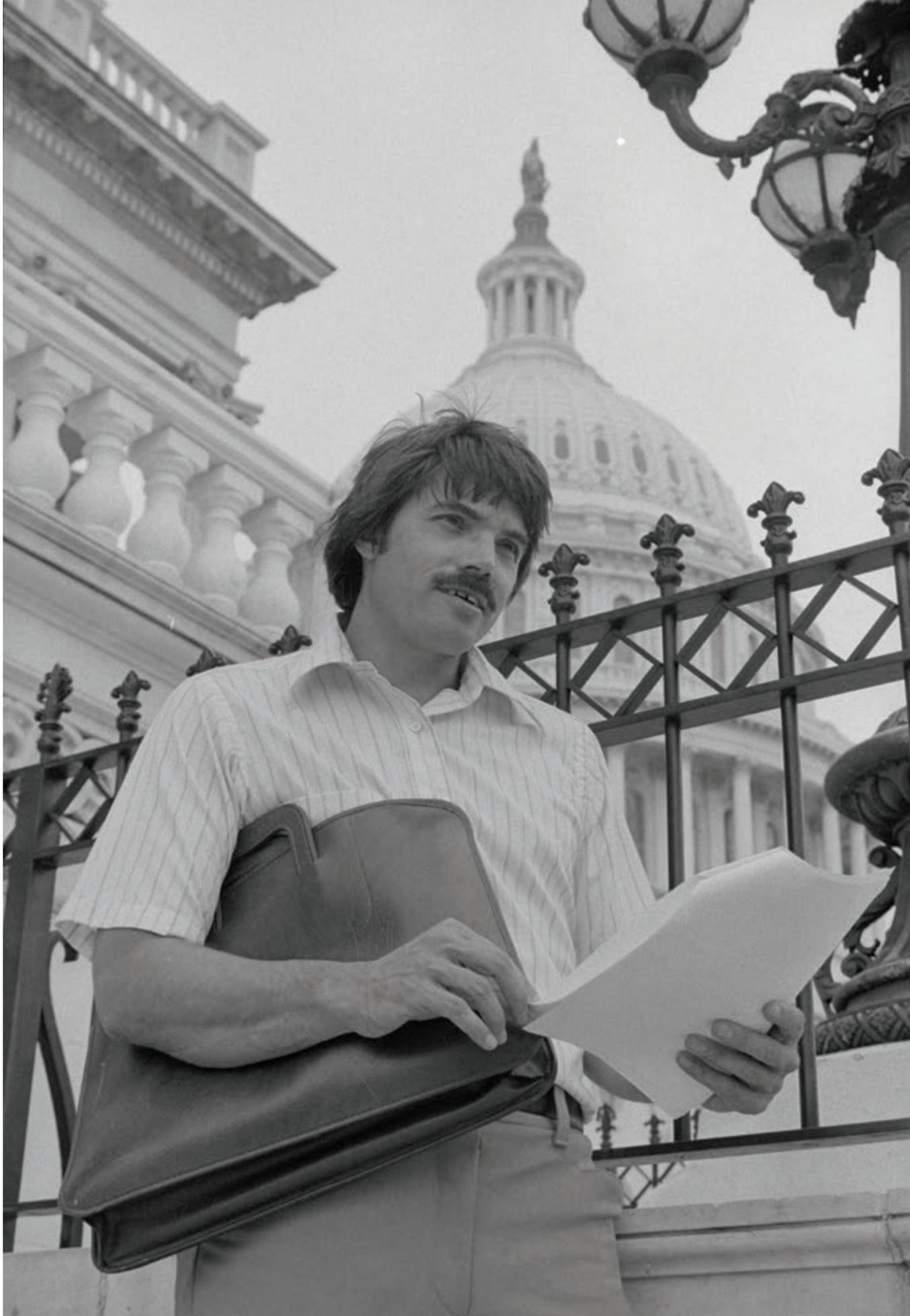
PART III
(1973 – 1981) ***Director, Washington, DC Sierra Club***

Brock Evans Areas Protected by Year and State

Campaigns Begun Late 1960s

*Wenaha-Tucannon—1968-84	WA
*Admiralty Island—1968-80	AK
*West Chichagof—1968-80	AK
*Lincoln Scapegoat Wilderness—1968-70s	MT
*Salmo Priest Wilderness—1969	W/ID
*Sawtooths/Queens River—1969-72	ID
*Boulder Mts/White Clouds—1969-72	ID
*Sawtooth Valley—1969-72	ID
*Nitnat Triangle—1969-73	BC

*one of campaign leaders



*Events are always there, in spite of anything I do and I am not their master.
All one can hope for is to steer a safe and successful course on them.*

—after OTTO VON BISMARCK (1815–1898)

CHAPTER 17

(1973) *Washington Lobbyist: A World of Money and Power*

In September 1972 Sierra Club leaders asked me to move to Washington, DC, to become Director of the Washington Sierra Club office—then more a listening post than a source of much advocacy. When I arrived in January of 1973 (with a very tired wife, Rachel; a three-year-old toddler, Joshua; plus our second-born, ten-day-old Noah), my major assignment from the Club was to “do whatever you can to stop the routing of that proposed Alaska Pipeline down across those earthquake zones and dangerous mountains to the sea. Big Oil just wants to sell it for export—and do all you can to secure a more enviro-friendly routing along the existing Alcan Highway to the Midwest, which needs and wants that new oil.”

My introduction to being a lobbyist had happened some years earlier when David Brower asked me to offer testimony (along with himself, and Jeff Ingram, our Southwest Representative) on why there should be no dams in the Grand Canyon. I spent ten days talking to every expert I could find, absorbing 50 years’ worth of documents and controver-

sies, then arrived, exhausted after a grueling redeye flight from Seattle, at 5 AM on a cold March morning. Brower had us set up in a cheap motel room overlooking the Capitol building. When I arrived there, he waved impatiently at me: “OK, get that typewriter and put your testimony together....” That was my introduction to Dave’s management style. Later, I approached him properly, I thought, the way a green subordinate would approach the wise and all-knowing boss:

“Private Evans reporting for duty as ordered, Sir!” (I had been discharged several years before from active duty with the Marine Corps).

“What are you talking about, Evans?”

“Sir, well, here I am, your Northwest Representative, and we have this big battle going on in the North Cascades, and a lot is going on, sir.... and I think I need to see the plans and know what our strategy is, sir!”

“What do you mean, Evans?” (Of course, this wasn’t the actual dialogue, since we spoke totally informally—but this was how I felt inside).

AT LEFT:

“The Lobbyist (1977).”

Four years after I’d been working in Washington, D.C. as full-time Sierra Club lobbyist, Thomas O’Halloran, a photographer from U.S. News and World Report, asked me to take time for this picture enroute to the capital. At the time I was 40 and becoming known for my successful environmental advocacy. (Library of Congress Photo)

“Well, sir, we are the Sierra Club and we are leading the battle up there—at least that’s what everyone thinks, so there must be a plan and a strategy... just show me what it is, Sir, explain the plans to me, give me your orders. I am your chosen instrument, and I will carry them out, all of them.”

“Evans, there is no plan.”

“Well, sir, then what do I do?”

“I don’t know, Evans—what do you want to do?”

“Well,” I said, “How about this...” and I outlined to him—the Great Man—what I thought we should do.

“Fine,” he said. “Go and do it.”

Oh what a lesson that was for me: I was free, free to lobby, to testify, to hire and fire, to travel, to do anything and everything in my power to save all the places I loved. That was Dave’s management style—hire good dedicated people and let them go free. That lesson governed my own way of doing things ever since.

So, as new director and manager of the Sierra Club Washington D.C. office—the largest regional office of any national con-

servation organization in those years with a membership soon to rise to 400,000—I supervised a paid staff of up to six persons and budgets (in 1970s dollars) of up to \$300,000. My major responsibilities were innumerable: to develop strategies, to conduct training programs, to teach seminars, to complete personnel evaluations, to prepare growing budgets from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 yearly (in 1970s dollars), and to coordinate and supervise activities of several hundred national volunteers who worked on legislation. Our success depended not only on constant coordination and interaction with members of Congress, but also with good relations among administrative agencies, state and local governments, environmental, and other interest groups. Starting with a total office workforce of three in 1973, there were 25 FTEs when I left in 1981.

After my first two years in Washington, I decided to publicly report to Sierra Club members about being and becoming a lobbyist, so the *Sierra Club National Bulletin* (11-12-1973) published the following article, “Lobbying: A Question of Resources:”

According to *Time* magazine, lobbying is now a big business in Washington. An estimated 15,000 people here now spend about \$2 billion a year on the gentle art of persuading all branches of government that the cause they represent should receive favorable treatment. There are 20,000 lawyers who are now members of the District of Columbia Bar Association... serving a city population of about 700,000 people. One can be sure they aren’t all drafting wills and going to court.

It is easy to see why this is so. Every year the power of the federal government increases, as does its ability to touch and influence the lives and fortunes of nearly all of us. Tens of thousands of new regulations, each with the force of law, are issued each year by the hundreds of federal agencies and departments that inhabit the vast, warren-like buildings along Independence Avenue and are scattered elsewhere throughout “downtown.” The legislative branch is not idle either: some

20,000 bills are introduced each session of Congress that deal with virtually every subject under the sun—even including the sun: several dozen bills were introduced this last session that involve solar energy. A thousand or so of these bills see the light of day in some way, and each of them affects some group's interest in a substantial way.

To the fact of the awesome and growing power of the federal government in all branches must be added a necessary concomitant: the fact that this power is fairly easily influenced. Other countries, even other democratic countries, of course, have powerful and expanding federal governments. But very few, if any, divide power as we do between the executive and legislative branches. In other words, if you can't influence one, you might influence and get the same result from the other. Our whole legislative structure—powerful committee chairmen, lack of party discipline, and independent-minded representatives who come from many parts of a pluralistic society—is made to order for getting special-interest bills passed and unfavorable ones stopped, and for influencing vital decisions.

You can see tangible evidence of the concentration of people who flock here to influence decisions by taking a brief walking tour downtown, a tour not in the standard tour books. Start at the ten-story building of the National Coal Association, all done up in coal black, and walk just a few blocks to the ten-story building of the National Forest Products Association, the chief lobbying arm of that industry, with its redwood trim in front to remind you of what they cut down.

But this is just the beginning. A book called *The Washington Influence Directory* lists the names and addresses of some 6,000 lobbying interests, from the China Trade Association to the American Hellenic Institute and everything in between. The AFL-CIO has 300 employees in a modern glass and steel building just across the park from the White House. Its chief rival, the National Chamber of Commerce, true to style, is just as close to the White House but in a dignified stone building. The Chamber of Commerce has a \$3 million annual budget and is heavily engaged, as is the AFL-CIO, in opposing many environmental laws and regulations. The salary for one of Washington's chief oil industry lobbyists—about \$200,000—is not much less than the total budget of the Sierra Club Washington office.

This little walking tour through the world of the rich and the powerful gives a flavor of the millions of dollars behind these interests: money to buy expensive media campaigns to influence opinion; money to run expensive computerized mailings at the flick of a button; money to attend \$1000-a-table—fund-raising parties for the reelection of a powerful congressman whose committee affects their special interest. This tour also gives some hint of the thousands of employees behind these interests: research economists who crank out “facts”; public relations flacks to rebut any criticism; and, of course, the high-priced lobbyists themselves who speak and deal with Congress and the Administration.

But this world of money and power is not all there is in Washington: there are also several hundred “public interest groups” such as the Sierra Club. Their quarters are usually very different—dingy rooms in upstairs walk-ups—and the resources available are vastly different also: no researchers, no public relations, no unlimited telephone or mailing budgets, and few lobbyists. But we must be there, because it is Congress that ultimately decides which areas shall be logged and which shall remain wild: it is the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) that promulgates the vital air and water pollution regulations; and the President himself and his aides who, by a phone call, can often determine the fate of a bill in Congress or a policy in the bureaucracy.

In this world of money and power, the Sierra Club does whatever it can and uses whatever tools are available to help pass good environmental laws and regulations and stop bad ones. That is the primary mission of the Washington office. To do this, the Club employs a total of ten people, including lobbyists and support staff located on the second floor of an old building on Capitol Hill, about three blocks from the U.S. Capitol. There are no economists, no researchers, no public relations specialists; whatever must be done is done by the *lobbyist-staff* as they find time.

Obviously we cannot work on every one of the several hundred environmental bills or issues that come before Congress or the Administration each year. A lengthy, complicated and sophisticated process of consultation between staff and Club leadership across the country takes place in the late fall of each year, and the board of directors itself sets priorities based on the results of this process. This year, for example, subjects to receive major attention from the Washington office staff were mining law reform, forestry regulations, the National Energy Act, Redwood National Park, outer-continental-shelf legislation, the Highway Trust Fund, Alaska, wilderness legislation, park omnibus legislation, water projects legislation, implementation of the Water Pollution Control Act amendments and urban-policy legislation.

But the process does not and cannot end here. Some issues such as “wilderness” involve dozens or even hundreds of areas, each with special problems, constituency, and opposition. Of the others, such as urban legislation and the National Energy Act, each embraces several different and highly technical, complicated subjects. In addition and just as important, several hundred issues, bills, crises, or new regulations are brought to the attention of the Washington office each year. *Most of them affect our vital interests in some way too*, and each requires us to “do something.” This might mean making a phone call, signing a joint letter prepared by another group, going to a press conference; it may mean testifying at a hearing, calling constituents in a key state to contact their congressional representatives, or all of these things.

But we concentrate on the major issues, and these are divided among the professional staff at the beginning of each year, after the board meets. They are generally divided according to the staff person’s particular interest or expertise because knowledge is one of the most important attributes of a successful lobbyist and such knowledge takes years to develop. Once a lobbyist is considered an expert in his or her field, and once the necessary contacts with key congressional and administration staff and members have been developed, then that lobbyist is well on the way to helping shape policy.

Once an issue is assigned, each staff person is expected to follow it in whatever form it takes, or to shape it if possible. This may mean drafting bills or amendments, writing speeches of introduction to be given by congresspeople, persuading committee chairmen to schedule hearings and mark-ups, testifying, calling local Sierra Club groups and chapters to alert them to what is going on and asking them to send witnesses or volunteer lobbyists, or organizing coalitions of other environmental groups to work together for the same issue. All these things are required for the successful passage of a bill, and all are done every day in one form or another.

There are several basic rules that good lobbyists must follow, or they will soon lose their effectiveness and have to find other lines of work:

(1) *One must be absolutely honest: credibility is the most important asset of all.* One must always tell the truth to everybody, even if it seems to hurt the interest espoused. If a lobbyist ever gets a reputation for misleading, no one will listen to him or her again.

(2) *A good lobbyist must know the subject thoroughly.* The Sierra Club cannot and does not send lobbyists into congressional offices unless we are sure they know the issue backwards and forwards. Otherwise, they are of no service.

(3) *Lobbyists must be articulate.* All the knowledge and honesty in the world doesn't help if one can't explain the subject in simple terms.

(4) *Style of dress must conform to the expectations of Congress.* A good lobbyist is not trying to project or advocate lifestyle or personal preferences; he or she is trying to articulate a point of view and get that across. If a senator's attention is distracted by the oddity of someone's dress, he or she won't concentrate on what is being said.

Because the Sierra Club Washington office has such a small staff to deal with such an enormous number of issues, we must rely heavily on knowledgeable volunteer leaders for help. Calls for help go out every day to various groups and chapters who are involved in certain issues. If local leaders come to testify, they are asked to stay on a few more days in order to go lobbying with us on their issue. Some local leaders have developed such good reputations as lobbyists that we often call them in and ask them to help us on issues outside their own states. If resources were ever available, much more could be done to increase the effectiveness of the Club's operation in Washington.

Lobbying in Washington is a fascinating and exciting experience, and we have the constant feeling that we are helping to save the places we love, helping to make a better environment. At the same time, the issues are so numerous and so technical, the opposition from sophisticated opponents is so fierce and intense, and the demands and pressures on time are so great, that lobbying can be very frustrating. We know that much more could be done more effectively if we had resources anywhere near matching those of our many opponents.

Nevertheless, a look at the record over the past seven or eight years shows what many consider to be a stunning string of victories, considering our resources: the Clean Air Act, the Toxic Substances Control Act, the Endangered American Wilderness Act, the expansion of Redwood National Park, and hundreds of other bills. All were hard-fought and nearly complete victories won in the face of sophisticated and intense opposition. This is a real tribute to the unique blend and interaction of staff and volunteer that characterize the Sierra Club.

One quiet afternoon during a congressional recess, I took a break from those myriad official duties, sat down and wrote the following letter to my father back in Ohio. In three typed pages, I gave him a much

more personal, intimate, and revealing account of my impressions and internal life which, of course, could not be shared with thousands of Sierra Club members.

January 7, 1974

Dear Dad,

I have been meaning to write for so long; but the pace of events has simply danced on so fast that there is barely time to think. Now is a sort of quiet time during the Congressional recess: licking our wounds, renewing contacts, meetings to plan strategy, to get ready for the next onslaught.

But something funny happened. When we licked our wounds, we found out that it was mostly blood—the cuts weren't that deep after all. It is not at all as bad as the press may have been making out (I don't know what you have been reading there). But it so far, has been mostly sound and fury, and little substance. For example, they did not pass the Emergency Energy Act, which turned into one of the most blatant and shameful giveaways to the special interests I have seen in a long time; the scene of all the industry lobbyists clustered around the House entrance during the debate was straight out of Boss Tweed.

But they did not pass it. And now there is a time for cooling off. Now there is time to mount a counteroffensive. Because the people still aren't buying it. A congressional aide told me the other day that there has been a deluge of mail, but most of it blames Nixon and the oil companies. People get angrier yet when they read the recent exposes which show photos of all the oil tankers clustered outside East Coast ports, refusing to come in until the price goes up some more. The Federal Trade Commission announced yesterday that they are investigating the oil industry ad campaign, which has been going on for years now, for misrepresentations in blaming us for it all. And the latest poll I saw still showed that 8 out of 10 people still think we need tougher laws than we have to protect the land, air, and water.

We aren't out of the woods yet by a darn sight, and Congress probably will pass something not so good. But it won't be a disaster, and we are very much alive and quite well. I tend to judge these issues by the feeling I get in the pit of my stomach, and I feel nowhere near as anxious about it as I did earlier in the fall. Indeed, many of the things we have been advocating for years (more mass transit and less freeway, better energy conservation, less waste, cleaner sources of fuel, etc) are now law or regulation or the obvious thing.

It is a fascinating time in a fascinating city; I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I still waver a good deal about whether I am really up to the job or not, whether I am or can do a good job here. There is so much to know, so much is expected, and there is never any time to learn it all—I just can only react every day, endless, on everything. And all the while, I oversee things, make sure it runs right, hire new people, make sure we have adequate budget, delegate work, try to anticipate what is coming ahead and how to meet it. But other times, every now and then, and with I guess increasing frequency, I *do* sometimes feel in control, and as if I am getting, a grasp of it. It is very frustrating, because I know what ought to be done; I have dozens of ideas, plans, projects... but always there is the need to deal with everyday things too, and so their fulfillment is a slow process. I have finally learned to cope with these feelings by simply every day or so just sitting down and *doing something* about one of my ideas. (Tonight, for instance, I am calling a meeting of all our volunteers in an effort to get them better organized to help in the campaigns coming up). I feel that if I can survive here another year or so, I will finally know my job as I should, and will have enough contacts to do it properly. It is a slow process.

I can feel myself getting older, and understanding better, searching, as I know you have done all your own life, to understand the fundamental shape of reality. Thank you for that gift, my father—the gift of being able to perceive of events in that context, the feeling that the world is perhaps more than we know, but that somehow there is a form out there, to be put into shape by one who understands.

In this context, I read a biography of Bismark the other day, and was fascinated. He wandered around not doing anything until he was 36! And he just got started then. He searched his soul all the time, just as I do; he wept and was emotional, just as I am, he had his foibles and failings just as I do, he doubted himself just as I do. And he succeeded too, in spite of it. It was a revelation. I must read more of the lives of other people. We are all human, after all, aren't we?

The thing that struck me most about it was one of his statements: “The events are always there, in spite of anything I do, and I am not their master. All one can hope for is to steer a safe and successful course on them.” (I am paraphrasing). And that is of course what he did, starting as a conservative, allying with liberals, whatever suited his purpose (which never really changed), depending in the nature of the times.

It is so true. And that is exactly how it is here. The pace of events always sweeps on and on, and it is always the last thing we think of that happens: who would have ever dreamed that Congress would not have passed the Emergency Energy Bill with all that pressure? The most carefully planned strategies will not succeed, or will be blown away, unless these things are understood, and we always remain flexible. My aim is unwavering and never changes: to save the earth. Only the methods or means change.

I think of you all the time. Look at what is happening now. The dollar is stronger than ever. The Yen is way down. So is the mark. There has been a test—the Arab embargo; and we, not Germany and Japan, have proven to be stronger and better able to take it. There really has been a war, hasn't there, probably not over yet, between us and those two, not to mention the rest of the world in some way; and we are plainly winning it now. Your predictions are once more coming true. It is simply incredible to read the paper these days, with your perspective, and to watch it all happening.

There is a definite shift in mood here too. I think people are getting pissed off—at the Arabs, at being “pushed around.” The unthinkable—military action—is being discussed more and more. My prediction is that Iran, as our surrogate in the Gulf, or some European country, may take the first action in the next 5 years. And Russia will not interfere.

I am not unhappy at home. Rachel is attractive, and pretty easy to live with. She certainly seems to be crazy about me, if words and gestures, and all the rest mean anything. Life is comfortable and pleasant as we settle into our house, make friends, go on lovely trips as a family. My two little boys are adorable—that perhaps is the most of it. I do not want to lose this time of my life, which is very peaceful and satisfying: a challenging job, a learning environment, a comfortable home, and an attractive wife, and watching my boys grow up. So—it is a good time now, and life seems very rich and full... perhaps the end of my Reformation-time, or maybe still just in the middle of it. I feel in my bones that this is not the end of it, that more things of which I have not yet

dreamed, are still to come—just as I have felt all my life. Still swelling, still filling out, expanding, soaring...the end is not yet; and it is good, oh so good....

And yet at the same time, there is also the feeling that there is tragedy to come too, and that all the goodness cannot last. But perhaps that is just the way of the world; there is always the duality, and we secretly would not be happy without it.

Write soon and tell me how you are, my father.
I miss you. And love you.

Brock

* * *

After being immediately plunged into struggle to defeat/reroute the Alaska Oil Pipeline, my new staff and I took on a host of legislation: Wilderness Bills, National Land Use Act, Clean Air & Water Acts, Endangered Species, Congaree National Park, Boundary Waters in Minnesota, and many other legislative campaigns. All these were heady and intense times full of ups and downs, mostly ups.

My duties also included assuming positions of leadership within the larger environmental community when needed: as a leader in the first Alaska Coalition (1973-74) opposed to the proposed routing of the Alaska Pipeline); as Chair of Second Alaska Coalition (1976-77) to influence the

route of proposed Natural Gas Pipeline); as Chair of the National Forest Management Act (1974-76) community umbrella group; as chair of the Natural Resources Council of America (1977-79); as informal chair of the environmental community's Ancient Forest Campaign (1988-95); as Vice President for National Issues of the National Audubon Society's Citizen Mobilization Campaign (1981-82). In this last position, I supervised, directed, and assisted about fifty Audubon employees to organize, design, and mobilize their campaign to educate their (then) 500,000 National Audubon members about current environmental problems. Managed a budget of about \$1,000,000.

For all of this successful work, I was eventually recognized in various ways: On July 25, 1977, for example, *U.S. News & World Report* published an article by Andrew Beimiller, “A Look at Seven Lobbyists with Clout.” After introducing the seven lobbyists, Beimiller goes on: “The names

and faces of the lobbyists who ply their trade on Capitol Hill are known to few outside Congress. Yet these professionals sometimes play a bigger role in shaping legislation than any single legislator.” After listing and briefly describing six other lobbyists, he came to the Sierra Club Director:

Brock Evans is in the forefront of any environmental controversy on Capitol Hill. Since 1973, the 40-year-old lawyer has been the top Washington lobbyist of the Sierra Club, a national conservation group. Evans brings to the job an undergraduate degree from Princeton, a law degree from the University of Michigan, and a background as a Seattle lawyer committed to saving the picture-postcard grandeur of the Pacific Northwest.” (32)

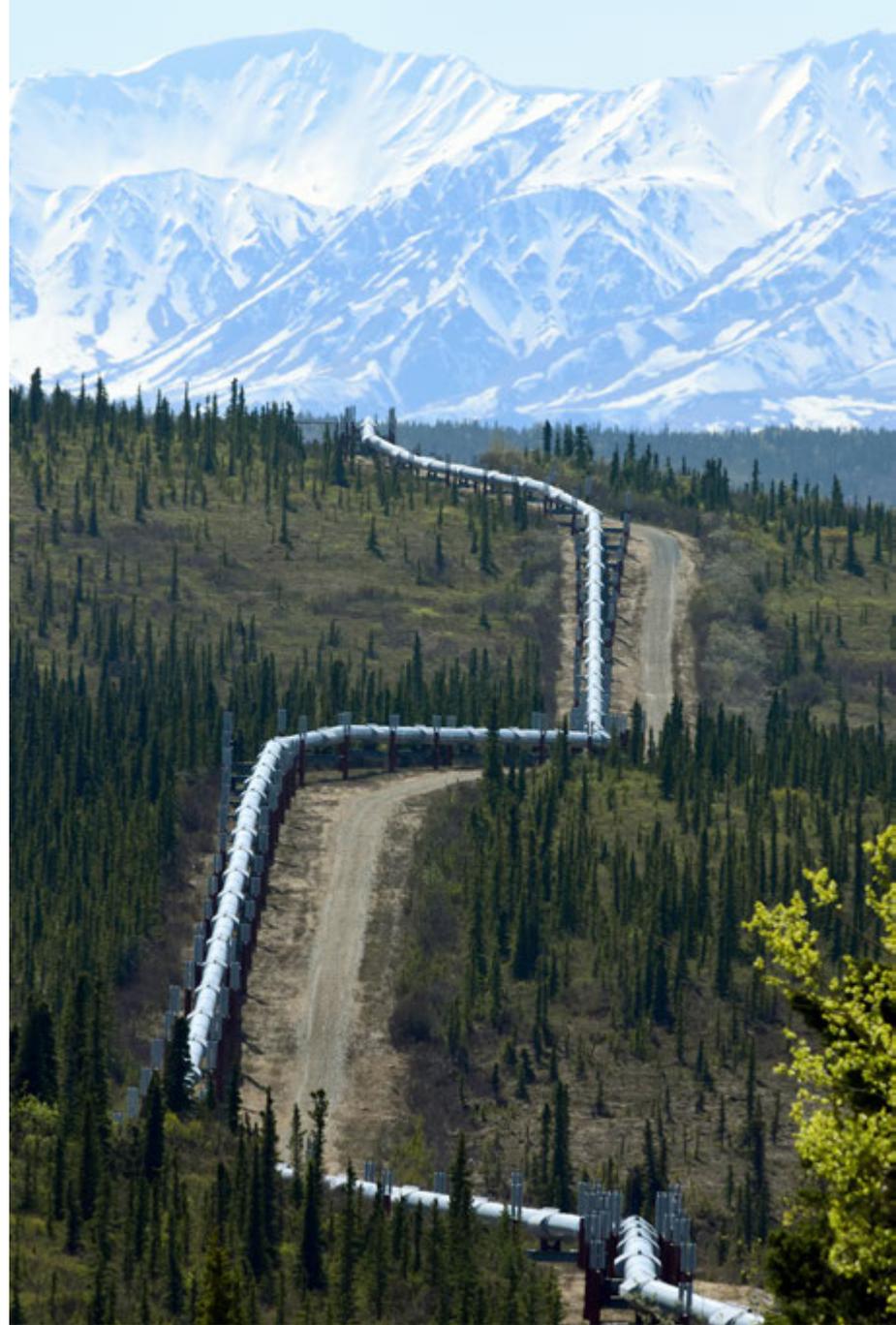
After four years in Washington, this was one of the first honorific judgments regarding my lobbying to save the earth. That would eventually be followed by other honors and awards from across the United States. To everyone who enabled me to

spend my whole time doing what I loved—fighting for what I believed in along side the grassroots people who were the heart and soul of each campaign—I say “Thank you” and blessings for what you have done and will do.”

* * *



“Mona Lisa Wins the Battle (1974).” *Opposing the new Arctic gas line required imaginative arguments to dramatize our opposition. These contrasting photos of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR) native habitat and oil pipeline development show the violation of wilderness that a second gas line would cause if allowed. (Photo: Martin Schneider, Dreamstime.org ID 108784780)*



We would focus on the one fact they could not answer—wilderness.

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 18

(1974—1977) *Alaska Coalition: Mona Lisa Wins the Battle*

After losing the 1973 Alaska oil pipeline battle, the next struggle—over a parallel gas line route—started up just a year later. From 1974-77, a large consortium of all the major oil companies pushed very hard to build a gas line across the very heart of the Arctic Refuge’s coastal plain, to connect with Canadian fields, and of course, to open up the whole Refuge to oil & gas exploration, once its pristine wilderness had been damaged.

In haste, we formed ourselves into the “Second Alaska Coalition”—an effort paralleling the then-forming environmentalist Alaska Lands Bill Coalition—and worked closely with them.

Again, our driving aim was to prevent *any* line from violating the unique wilderness of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge; and again we fought most strongly to save this place we loved. “If there is going to be a gas line,” we argued, “then let it parallel the now-existing oil line, not the only and certainly the best, of our remaining Arctic wilderness.” The major argument we advanced

in those tense years of the Gas Pipeline Fight (1974-77) was that the Refuge was still wilderness, thus a symbolic landscape for all of us—that is certainly what it was then, and still is now. Of course, the gas and oil companies were arguing, as they do to this day, that “the pipeline is just a thin little sliver; hardly takes much actual land at all; wildlife can and do adapt to it; see how the caribou wander around the Prudhoe Bay fields...” A true argument, but one which missed the whole point.

I always felt that we would ultimately lose if we restricted our arguments too much, *only* to the splendid wildlife resources of this “American Serengeti”—which it most certainly was—a great concentration and diversity of birds and animals, perhaps the greatest remaining such combination in all of North America.

So, the energy companies could truthfully claim that some portion of the wildlife could survive among the oil rigs. And, they had the bucks to run the ads to make the argument that animal populations could

survive—even if not flourish. Of course, we always-struggling enviros had almost no money to run any ads or the like. Therefore, in order to convince decision-makers, we must at least come up with one single message, which would explain our whole case in easily understandable terms. And there was such a message: “*It is the whole thing—the wildlife and the immense wilderness, all together: that is what is at stake here.*”

So as a basic strategy. I insisted that we would never mention “caribou” by itself, in the abstract. Too easy to nickel and dime that one down, muddy up the real point.

Rather we would, and must, focus on that one environmental claim that they could make: there were caribou to be found wandering in between some of Prudhoe’s oil rigs on the Arctic coastal plain.... “So, what’s the big deal; its just a thin pipeline?”

To answer that one, we needed to demonstrate that something far grander was at stake than just individual animals, not even just the spectacular scenic backdrop which will be wrecked if they build this line (or explore and drill): it was the *whole* of it, the sight and the experience of the great herds migrating back and forth against the stunning backdrop of those huge Arctic mountains so close to the sea... and all of it wild, utterly wild: those were the facts and the real values at stake here. There was just nothing else like it anywhere else across the entire Arctic. Perhaps now (2020) not anywhere else like it in the whole world.

But we had to do more: we had to prove our case against the alleged “thin sliver”

argument they were certain to make. To do so, we sought out experts on both visual and noise pollution. The line would have air compressors pushing the gas along every few miles: How much noise was that? How far did that noise reach across the plain beyond the physical footprint?

And about the light: there were going to be lights, spotlights sometimes, lights everywhere along the line, and airplanes patrolling over it every day: How much light and noise was that? How much would that amount to another “taking” of the wilderness?

When this detailed information was applied to our maps of the coastal plain by a professional artist, the effect was astounding: it looked like a noisy and bright series of atomic bombs exploding across the whole plain. Scarcely an acre was not affected.

When Jimmy Carter’s energy czar, Frank Zarb, saw this map in a private presentation, he covered his eyes and said, “Get that thing out of here!” The clincher came I think when we produced, at one of the hearings (to accompany those “atomic maps”), a blown up picture of the “Mona Lisa” with a crack across her smile, drawn to scale, with the slogan, “It’s just a tiny sliver!”

We finally won that one—after many hearings and much controversy—when the companies threw in the towel after Carter came to office. So the natural gas never did come out of Prudhoe Bay; instead, it was all flared off as far as I know—not a great thing either. Then, at least the Refuge remained safe enough to remain the centerpiece of all the later struggles, from ANILCA on through

the 6-7 additional specific legislative assaults on the Refuge since, including now [2020].

There were other reasons that we won the Gas Pipeline Fight, but as I wrote later to David Czamanske and Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs officers, “that conflict was probably the first time we argued to save

the Refuge exclusively on the grounds of its irreplaceable and unique combination of wildlife, scenery, and vast wilderness. And we also won because the public eventually grasped the real stakes: they wanted no such intrusion into this, their special sacred and symbolic place.”

* * *



To Beach - With Thanks
Neil

Perhaps we cannot avoid the temptation to get into cosmic issues again and again, but we should really re-think who we are and who we are not.

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 19

(1976) *Forestry Battle: Guerrillas Analyze Their Defeat*

On August 21, 1975, the 4th Circuit Court rendered what became known as the “Monongahela Lawsuit” which essentially banned clearcutting—a major court victory for we environmentalists. As eager young lawyers, we were inspired by that courtroom victory, but we did not understand that such stunning legal success could also trigger powerful political

backlash. Immediately, the Forest Service counterattacked: they shut down all timber sales in the southeast states. That attack continued on many fronts in Congress, and as I summarized for my colleagues in 12 pages below, our “Weaver Marginal Lands” amendment was defeated by extensive and complex forces—agencies, industry, politics, and our own naivete.

AT LEFT:

“Al Gore, and the NFMA Setback (1976-77).”

In February, 1976, Gore won the Democratic primary, a House seat, and eventually became the 45th Vice President. In the photo, myself, Mike McCloskey, Bill Futrell, and Gore staff are meeting in Gore’s new House office perhaps to discuss the disappointing defeat of our version of the National Forest Management Act (NFMA) bill on September 17, 1976. After that, I sent a 14-page guerilla analysis to Sierra Club officers and staff from which I quote and summarize here. Gore became a powerful Sierra Club ally and international environmental advocate. Photo inscription: “To Brock—With Thanks.”

Vignettes

- The halls of Congress literally black with industry lobbyists; sometimes I have to stand by on the stairs to let them (and the labor people) by.
- The discovery of the industry hotline, and the Forest Service publicizing it. Industry seems to know everything we are doing as soon as we do it.
- Trying to find congressmen to speak up actively for us, and how hard it was (e.g., McHugh, and others—who were running a tight race). Their lumber dealers had gotten to them.
- Three days before the vote, the word that NAACP and Urban League had come out against us; the industry black person on retainer had done her job.
- The industry telegram, 8 feet long, 130 organizations on it.
- Evie Dubrow, lobbying for the garment workers, standing out in front of the Democratic entrance to the House chamber at “the gauntlet” the morning of the vote, buttonholing congressmen. She walks up to the industry lobbyists, and says “Here I am—what do I say?” They fill her in, and the

next two hours, she is buttonholing all the congressmen she knows by name, chirping gaily about irresponsible environmentalists and the need for housing and jobs.

- Several congressmen coming up to the industry lobbyists, and saying, “Now what is it you want me to be against—the Weaver Amendment, or the whole thing?”
- The day before the vote, word goes out that Weaver wants to cave in on the economic tests section of the marginal lands provision. We all race up there, and he says to his aide, “I thought you cleared this? Okay, then put it back in.” Typical of countless little brush fires we had to put out constantly to keep our own supporters strong.
- The vision of the American flag waving above the Capitol in the bright blue sky on that perfect day (September 17) of the vote. Standing there in the “gauntlet” trying to catch congressmen on our side, my mind kept shifting back into the memories of other blue skies, and trails winding through the pines in the high country of the West... this is what is at stake—millions and millions of acres of de facto wilderness would be protected by the marginal lands amendment; that is what is at stake; it is all being decided right here by that crowd of industry lobbyists across the gauntlet, and the labor lobbyists who don’t even know what they’re talking about.
- The endless strategy meetings we had among ourselves, and the building of the coalition to get the wildlife groups in. But we started late with them, and their full force was not brought to bear until the very end.
- “We don’t want those g-d damn preservationists taking around our letter.” A comment of National Rifle Association lobbyists to Congressman Weaver’s office, when asked how to handle getting out the word that they were supporting our amendment.
- The Rules Committee scramble, staying up all night, after we were able to get the Interior Committee to demand sequential referral. Preparing arguments for Seiberling and others to make, hoping to get one or two more days precious delay, only to learn that the terms of the referral required them to discharge it by 7:00 pm the next day in any event.
- Swirling, dancing, racing back and forth to the office; everything had to be done at once, all at the same time; everything had to be put together before anything else could work. No sleep for days and days.
- The Republicans are on the House floor waiting to vote down the amendment, chanting “Vote, Vote...” when they knew that they had enough members to defeat us on a division, and that we probably could not get a quorum to stand up.

After those telling vignettes, I offered two assessments, summarized as follows: (1) Where we are now? and (2) If the worst happens, what will we have lost? With those narratives developed, I offered my analysis under these critical headings:

- (1) How did we get here? This I answered and developed with a page-length narrative of historical strategies that worked:
- (2) What we did right: offered a sound and defensible amendment; built a successful coalition; used Sierra Club mailings.

I then discussed the factors that led to our defeat:

- (1) the press of time;
- (2) failure to build a wider coalition earlier;
- (3) our congressional champions were not particularly vigorous;
- (4) internal problems with the Coalition to Save Our National Forests;

As I explained, “with the advantage of hindsight, we see several things we might have done better early on: make our peace with the wildlife/hunting groups and concentrate only on the subjects of sustained yield and marginal lands; broaden our coalition on this basis to reach out to other groups if we could; and enlist the aid of more “name” congressmen early on and brief them well enough to carry the ball on the House floor. For various reasons, these things were not done, primarily because of, first, the prevailing belief in July and most of August that there would be no bills this year; and secondly, because of a perceived need to go with our friends, Congressmen Weaver and Brown, who did not appear to want any help or any one else to take the leadership. And in spite of these failures, we did have a coalition, we did have champions, and we did have good arguments.”

* * *

With that background and analysis, I listed and explained the most fundamental points that led to our defeat:

- (1) The enormous power of the industry coalition;
- (2) Industry was powerfully aroused as never before;
- (3) This fear and panic translated into direct political action;
- (4) Industry’s organization was much stronger;
- (5) Industry’s financial resources were superior;

* * *

After 10 pages of analysis and evaluation, I then offered my conclusions, rendered below as direct quotation of pages 10-14 of that memo:

“What are the conclusions to be drawn from *this* recent effort? They come in two parts: (A) regarding this particular campaign, and (B)— more important—for us, and *any* future efforts.

A. Conclusions regarding THIS campaign. Several strengths of industry and several weaknesses of ourselves combined to result in our loss:

Industry’s vital interest was affected more than ours. At first, this doesn’t sound right; our vital interest is in the national forests, as well as theirs. But ours, above everything else, is in the saving of **specific places** with the specific attachments of people involved in them; it is what we do best. Important as it is to have “better forestry management,” it is still somewhat abstract to talk about clearcuts silting up of streams, and

damage to wildlife. These are all real things, and they occur; but unless they are place-related, they are not specific enough to fire our people up, as do crusades to save redwoods or specific wilderness areas.

Contrast this relatively more abstract concern on our part with that of industry. The shock of the court decision, and the shutdown of all timber sales in the Fourth Circuit which accompanied it, sent a shock wave throughout the entire industry. *They* might be next; *they*, elsewhere, might have jobs affected and mills shut down as well; *their* source of *big-log* supply could be drastically curtailed. And, we kept on filing lawsuits and winning them in places. (It is true the Sierra Club did not, and we stopped those which our overeager members wanted to bring, but we were blamed for it anyhow.) For example, the results of the Texas lawsuit, coming down just a month before the final vote, precipitated another violent reaction among the Texas delegation, and guaranteed we would have no support there.

So, their vital interest was affected, or perceived to be affected, in such a way that the whole industry was galvanized and united behind a great crusade to overturn the court decision, as never before. Jobs were lost, and threatened, and so were timber supplies because of the court decisions. We were fighting for an ideal, and valid goals, but which were essentially still somewhat of an abstraction; they were fighting for what they believed to be a very tangible fear of disaster.

Industry built better coalitions, and made them more effective. The coalition

with labor, as already noted, is very hard to beat. Combination of the fourth largest industry in the country plus the united support of the major labor combine, had a potent effect. Industry can get the conservatives, and labor can get many of the liberals, at least the machine liberals. And it can make the rest of the liberals think many times before deciding to support us and stick their necks out.

It is true that it was basically the Carpenters, and Building and Construction trades unions, who fought us; but because of the peculiarities of the way that AFL-CIO works, they were able to get the active support of the others too. It is similar to one of our own chapters lobbying hard inside our own organization to get the whole organization to take a stand and to work for their specific position. The others didn't care (and rarely even knew what they were talking about!) but they would support their brothers, and they did so very effectively. Add on to that their ability to reach out to teachers groups, credit associations, and some Black organizations, and you have a most potent combination indeed—which shook our traditional liberal support to its very foundations, and made us spend most of our time trying to shore it up and get people enthusiastic about supporting us.

Contrast that with the polarization over clearcutting which created the split between the “traditional” and the more “moderate” environmental groups, up until the last week or so. We worked with consumer and Black groups, but did not have the sustained

resources to continue and to get data and materials to support our position, much less eminent and respected people from within their own ranks,

Industry's organization was much superior. I have already mentioned the district committees, the computer tapes for mailings, the batteries of researchers, and the endless material turned out over the past year. But it had its effect and force, and that, plus the millions that they spent on this, simply wore us down in what turned out to be a full-fledged war of attrition over a year's time.

B. Conclusions for us OVER THE LONG RUN. I see some signs and perhaps lessons for us in all of this, which should cause us at least to pause and reexamine our traditional ways of doing things, which have been reasonably successful in the past. They may not be so any more—at least here in the national arena. Here are my initial conclusions, not in any special order:

The “mailing game” may not be an effective tool for us anymore. We have relied always in the past for our mass mailings to our membership, who are very articulate and responsive. If we get a mailing out on time, and if it deals with a “sexy” issue for us—the response has always been enormous. That is how we smashed the industry six years ago in the Timber Supply Act campaign, as you know. And the mail came in very well for us on this issue, too; it was only that which gave us any kind of fighting chance at all. However, the industry has learned that they too can play the game of grass roots mail-

ing. The National Chamber of Commerce guys, the NAM, and all the other lobbying associations around town have caught onto this game, and have brought their own vast resources into play. I have referred often to the flood of pro-industry mail; it was “grass roots” mail, even though it was organized. It helped industry a great deal to shake us in our very foundation of support—the people. “Being right” has always been one of our strong points, and we have always been able to point to the support of the people, as demonstrated by the mails. Because of the industry campaign this time, we cannot always count on “being right” on all contested environmental issues, at least via the mails.

The consequences for us here are that we may be in a “no win—always lose” proposition. In other words, now we will always have to get mail out on every issue, just to hold our own, because the industry will be doing it as well

A further consequence that became painfully apparent when we were calling around the country is the fact that our telephone networks are not very well organized. If industry can get names on computer tapes, if they can somehow get district committees to get mail in on issues, then so can we. We really must spend more time training our leaders in essential techniques of setting up telephone trees, and how to do it We must spend more time training our leaders about the importance of national issues, and how to respond to them.

Our leadership is tired and battered on too many issues. This is no secret to all of

us, but again and again, we encounter this. Always we are relying on our several thousand members who are the core of our leadership to respond again and again to a bewildering variety and multiplicity of issues, some of which they can be expected to have little understanding. When we call them and ask them to contact others, they wearily respond that they will, but then they just may make a few phone calls to other leadership that they know, instead of reaching into the general membership. We are giving them too many things to do, too often and too much.

We have too many major priorities. I know this is no secret to you, and that you are concerned too, but I say it once again: we simply cannot continue with two dozen major priorities each session of Congress. Not even industry, with many hundreds of times the resources we have, does anything like this. I think we would be far better off to concentrate on say, one half dozen major priorities, and win each one, than to concentrate on two dozen or more, and win five or ten. We make more impact if we win everything we set out to do, than if we just try to do everything and try to be all things to all people. We cannot do it.

We cannot survive without broad alliances. I have said this many times before, but I came full face with its consequences this time as never before. Our alliance was not broad enough, not even within our own community; theirs was overwhelming, and covered most elements of society. (They even had a few “sportsmen’s” groups on their telegram.) We must do more in an active

way, at all levels of our top leadership, to branch out and reach out to other groups. I have tried to do this, and so have all of us; we must somehow do more. And if there is any way to keep a unified spectrum of interest within the environmental community itself, between right and left, we should certainly do more of this.

We need more financial resources. This is obvious; but it needs to be said again. If we choose to continue with the strategy of fighting in direct confrontations with large powerful industries on “cosmic” issues of national scope at the rate of at least several a year, we cannot hope to even begin to always prevail without more financial resources. I do not mean just resources for mailings; I also mean resources for consultants; resources to turn out data and information the instant we need it, resources to reach out to other groups, to deliver the “Black vote,” the “labor vote,” the “southern vote,” or whatever else it may be. Industry had all of these things.

If we came so close to winning this anyhow on almost nothing, how well could we have done with a Black person employed full time for a year to deliver those groups, or a consumer person for the same purpose? And so on. Or, how about a person just to meet the press, issue releases, and prepare briefings and materials? Now, we (“I” on this issue) have to do all of it ourselves, in addition to all of the other issues we work on too. It simply cannot be done in any kind of successful way.

We must do something about the mindless power of labor. We have come to expect

the implacable opposition of the building and construction trades, but perhaps we should not permit this to taint and color the whole approach of the AFL-CIO on almost every issue. We should once again seek ways, real meaningful and concerted ways, to at least befriend and neutralize labor on these issues. I know efforts have been made, but they are somehow going to have to be better.

Guerrilla warfare: Let us think—and rethink—about going back to what we do best. We should face the fact that we are a small organization with limited resources and manpower, relative to those who are our opponents here on the national scene. To use a military analogy, we are the guerrillas; they are the regular organized armies. Guerrillas can and do win wars and campaigns, from the Peninsular War in Spain to Vietnam, and many others. But how do they do it? Not by facing the regular armies out on the plains, where all the artillery and power of the opposition can be brought to bear against smaller forces. Rather, they do it by biding their time, by choosing the place and time of attack, and by making very certain that they are able to bring stronger numbers to bear at those points. That is how guerrillas win their wars. That is how we must win ours.

We have a classic example of the success of this strategy in our long campaign to create more Wilderness areas and parks. The success of the Alpine-Lakes and Hells Canyon in just the last year alone demonstrates this. In each of these cases, we worked the local politics for many years before we moved into the national arena—where we

would have surely been defeated if we had tried to move right away. In each case, we spent years developing arguments, gathering data, widening and broadening our base of support. When finally the time came to move into the national arena, we were ready. We had localized the issues sufficiently so that industry could not bring its vast national power to bear, and we had gained enough local support so that we could neutralize them, and move on to our broader national base. We have done this again and again over the years, and it is very successful. We do not do so well, and we expend vastly more blood and treasure when we try to move into the “cosmic” issues in the national scene. We can and do win them, it is true, but the results are more often bloody stalemates at best, and defeats with serious psychological and national implications at other times.

Perhaps we cannot avoid the temptation to get into cosmic issues again and again; but we should really re-think who we are, and who we are not. We are not as omnipotent as some think.

We should be more careful with our court cases. I am aware that many people think that this is the most spectacular avenue for victories, but I think that even the lawyers will admit these are temporary victories, good as they may be. We back here at the political end are still the ones who have to then fight to uphold them. And, as here, and in the case of the Alaska pipeline, sometimes the whirlwind of counter-reaction is too much and we cannot withstand *its* force. And we get a worse result than we had be-

fore. If we finally end-up losing the forestry legislation, this will be a classic case in point.

Short of requiring every environmental lawyer to come back here and lobby for a while against such odds as a good preventative to lawsuits which we don't need, I would urge at least much more consultation between the political people and the legal people at the very beginning. We really ought to sit down and try to organize some coherent strategy here, so that we do not continue to reap the whirlwind and turn a great victory into a stunning defeat. We should do what we can to keep it the other way.

Summary and Final Thoughts

We are not without strengths; we have many, and we have sustained defeats in the past, and won victories anyhow. But we must learn to work these strengths better, do what we do best—the winning of individual battles on a piece by piece basis across the nation—a return to the “guerrilla strat-

egy,” if you will. This is successful, very cost efficient, and has a maximum payoff.

Certainly as far as the forest industry is concerned, we should not provoke another major confrontation to give them a chance once again to test their networks or to build more coalitions. We should let it die down, while we return to the daily wars in the field on the forestry issue.

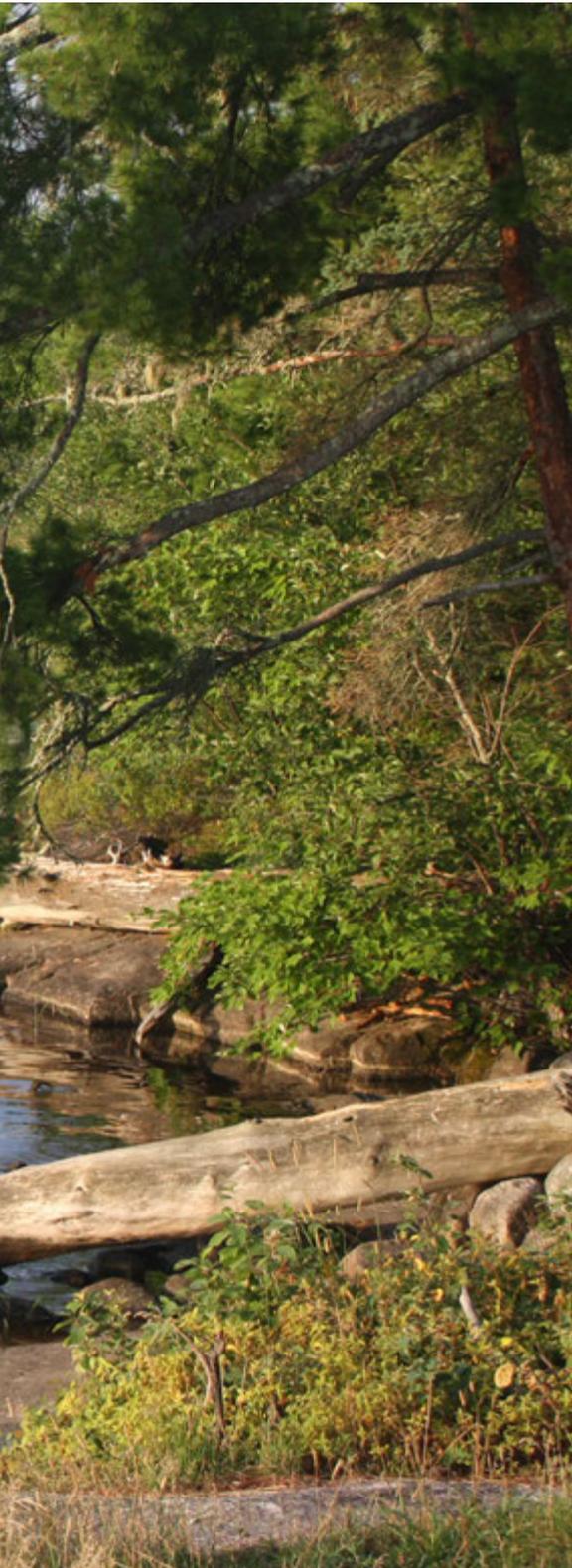
Our networks are intact, our leadership is good and of high quality; it responds well. It is a very powerful instrument, and has done much good on the national scene.

We should go back again to the basics, and build upon this leadership. Let us rethink our strategy of many priorities and many cosmic confrontations, and see if we really can sustain them. And as to the National Forests, let us build once again for the day to come, when perhaps we are able to once more come down out of the hills and to face their “regular armies” on the field of battle, having learned from our defeat here.

* * *



“Boundary Waters Poem.” *Probably composed on the plane enroute to DC after a Boundary Waters meeting.
To me the place felt like a temple, a million acres of sacred unprotected wilderness.
(Photo: Boundary Waters Area Wilderness. Kevin Proescholdt Photo)*



For The Boundary Waters: A Poem

(with apologies to Carl Sandburg & Walt Whitman)

They cut off the top of Michigan, sent it down the river.
They cut off the top of Wisconsin, sent it down the river.
They cut off the top of Minnesota, sent it down the river.

Cut off the top—
of the North Country. Tore it by the roots
sent it down the river. Built the Nation.
Built the cities of the Heartland.
100 million acres—gone down the river.

*They took away the places of our Fathers—
Left nothing to remember.
Took away the pines.
Took away the spruce.
100 million acres—gone down the river.*

*All is gone now—
In the places of our Fathers.
Cry of the loon—gone in the lake country.
Roots of our people—gone in the lake country.
100 million acres—gone down the river.*

Went to build cities—
Cities of the Heartland.
They left us one scrap—not on purpose.
They left us one piece—by accident.
In the Boundary Canoe Country.

Said this will do—
For the places of our Fathers.
For the roots of our Nation
For the soul of North Country people
100 million acres—gone down the river.

Told us it was safe—
They would not log.
Told us it was safe: they would not mine.
Put it in the wilderness.
100 million acres—gone down the river.

But now—
They log.
But now—they mine.
But now—they take this too.
100 million acres—gone down the river.

— BROCK EVANS, July 27, 1974



“The Boundary Waters Advocates (1978).” I worked with these four major figures and their fine photographer to pass the 1978 Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness Act (BWCAW). Left to right: Rep. Bruce Vento (D-MN), Bud and Fran Heinselman, and Rep. Phil Burton (D-CA). (Kevin Proescholdt Photo)

Wheeling, dancing, racing from one place to the next, no time to think: just drawing on reservoirs of past experience and instinct, hoping I'm right—with one call after another....

—BROCK EVANS DIARY

CHAPTER 21

(1978) *Boundary Waters: The Sweetest Ending of All*

The battle over the Boundary Waters Canoe Area (BWCA) was perhaps the most contentious wilderness fight over all lands east of the Rockies. My personal diary shows conservationists began on April 2 in the House to mount a successful campaign: shaping arguments, counting votes, identifying opposition, drafting the bill, considering amendments, finding a champion. There were fiery arguments, offers, counter offers, threats, pressures over the bill's proposed 750,000 acre wilderness and the 227,000 National Recreation Area. During those days—and sometimes sleepless nights—I wrote 7,000 words about legislative

maneuvering, clauses, and amendments banning mining and logging and regulations on lakes and motorized boating. By June 26, the House voted 324-29 to pass the bill. On July 10, I started another 7,000 word diary. That same day, the Senate took up the BWCA bill, and for almost three months, they engaged, once more, in democratic wrangling—mark-ups, revisions, strategies, head counts, bluffs, disasters, debates, hostilities. The text below from my diary is a verbatim quotation of the final days of Senate deliberations that culminated in final passage by the most fortuitous 're-education' vote of Sen. Nelson on October 15, 1978. Truly a great victory!

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1978
WASHINGTON, DC

Last days, last days. Today was one of those incredible only-in-Washington days—wheeling, spinning, dancing, racing from meeting to meeting, place to place, the phone ringing all the time, exciting events happening everywhere: a strategy meeting on the omnibus bill in the morning, in the middle of which we learn that a new bill is already been sent over to the Senate—hope after all; then on over to the House Oversight Committee to talk about new projects for next year, then catch a cab to get down to the CEQ luncheon, where all the talk and buzzing is of the President's impending veto of the water projects bill and what will happen, then take the subway back, race over to the Capitol building in the rain, just in time to hear the last of the debate and work the doors for the vote on the veto override. A powerful, moving time: one of the best in all my years here.

The galleries and the floor were packed; we all stood tensely outside waiting and counting down the minutes and the votes...finally—a stunning victory—223 to 190, almost a majority. We have broken the power of the water lobby, perhaps forever, then raced back here for a sandwich, raced back over to Cleve's for more on the Omnibus bill. Things are moving now; things are happening. Then back here for Boundary Waters strategy meeting, then a final celebration that night of the victory.

The Boundary Waters report is now complete, but disturbing rumors are cropping up: Wendy [Senator Wendell Anderson] is not really trying to get this done and is just putting up a smoke-screen, according to rumor. Apparently he told the mayor of Ely not to worry about this; there's no time to get it through right now. Another rumor: [Senator] McClure's making trouble on it.

Let's put Wendy to the test: try to open every door to him and see if he really will work for it. I call up Kit during the meeting, and she assures me that McClure is concerned, but doesn't plan to offer any amendments or make any problem of this type. Apparently Anderson and Hatfield did work out the snowmobile language to their mutual satisfaction.

Time is getting very short, and we must get it through the Senate quickly to get it back over to the House again. Burton and Cleve have been meeting with Bud and others, and there are ways to get around the Oberstar problem. He will kill us on unanimous consent, and there are no roll call votes in the House on Tuesday or Wednesday. Thursday would be the first day for it. If we can get a bill over to the House by Tuesday, we can make it. Apparently the three day rule has also been waived, and we might be able to demand a conference if Oberstar makes trouble, and then go to a majority vote. We also might be able to pull another "Phil Burton Special"—attach it to some other bill and flip it right back.

Lots of possibilities: we agree to call in the final reserves, remaining troops back in Minnesota, and bring them in. Once more into the breach. The peak of our lobbying efforts will be in the House then, not the Senate, for the Tuesday-Wednesday blitz. We talk about fact sheets, Dear Colleagues, and target lists. Let us see.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1978

Bud and I back and forth on the phone all day, trying to smoke out another disturbing rumor: Anderson's people are saying that McClure is holding things up, and can we find out about that. I try to call Kit all day, can get no response, finally reach her at the end of the day. She expresses surprise, says she spoke to the Senator on the floor this morning, and he repeated his concerns, but said he wasn't going to offer any amendments. Further, he's going to be out-of-town.

I call Susan with that news, who says thanks, Kit was next on her list. In passing, she says I wonder why the Republican Policy Committee is saying that Senator McClure has a hold on it. I call Bud, who is disturbed at the news. We have Bud talk to Tony Bevenuto, who says he has heard the rumors too, but can't place them. I then suggest that Bud call the Republican Policy Committee,

which he does—no result. We are on the rumor mill now, and no one knows exactly what is happening any more. Just got to keep pushing and working it down.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1978

Last days, last days. Sitting in my office in the morning, wrestling with a stream of phone calls about the fate of the Omnibus bill, trying to sort out the tangle. I get a call from Pat: “Good news this time—they succeeded in getting unanimous consent to go to conference this morning.” I was glad she told me it was good news right away, because usually when I get calls it is usually bad news and my heart sinks.

Apparently, when they failed yesterday to get unanimous consent because a Louisiana congressman objected. Later we learned that same congressman was put up to it by Quie (Minnesota Republican). The Minnesota papers got hold of it and printed the story, so this morning Quie hastily withdrew his opposition and the unanimous consent went through. Now we go to conference today, and with a little luck, may even vote on it tomorrow.

Problem: what about the three day rule on conference reports? I am under the impression that it has been waived already. Pat thought it was supposed to have been, but was not. We’ll have to wait and see. But I sense, I feel it in my bones, that Oberstar’s being beaten back at every turn. We are pressing him, pressing hard... we are pressing him to the wall and he is going to look sillier and sillier fighting this any more. Now all the big guns are turned on this one last phase and I feel it in my bones: these last final days we are really going to get it.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1978

Last days, last days. Every day gets more intense as the pressure builds toward the end of the session. I walk into the office in the morning, and it is a whole hour before I can even get back to my room. On the phone constantly out in front: calls from Los Angeles—trying to find out what happened to Santa Monicas; Boundary Waters calls; Endangered Species Act up soon; RARE II—the pressure gets more and more enormous. I can’t even think anymore, much less try to describe at the end of the day what I was doing all day. Wheeling, dancing, spinning, racing from one place to the next, no time to think; just drawing on reservoirs of past experience and instinct, hoping I’m right, with one call after another.

Carol calls with the news that the conference will finally be held—Room S-146 in the Capitol Building, 2:00 p.m. I do not want to miss it, and wander through that great marvelous building with its innumerable little passageways and corridors until I find the tiny little room tucked away across from the old Supreme Court room. I walk in, and the small but plush room is already packed.

There are Bud and Fran, the devoted warriors, Kevin Purseley, the press, Chairman of the Boundary Waters Alliance, Cleve and Clay and a few others. Carol and Melissa and some of the others walk in later and stand around the edges as well.

It is an historic moment, and we all know it. At about ten minutes after two nearly everybody is there: Udall, Burton, Skubitz (comes later), Seiberling, Vento for the House; Abourezk, Weicker,

Anderson, and Jackson (who comes in late and has to bang on the door to be let in) for the Senate. When Abourezk walks in, Burton says “Boo—come here and sit on my right, Jim: that’s where you belong politically.” He says it all very friendly and everybody laughs. The reason is that Abourezk has been holding up Burton’s omnibus parks bill because he doesn’t like the buy-back provision for the Disney ski development in Mineral King. In a long, rambling strategy session the night before, Burton had told us about this problem and asked us to see Abourezk about it. But Abourezk, who is retiring, is a very staunch, pure liberal and is not easily swayed by anything, so we didn’t make much headway. There was a lot of banter and laughing back and forth, and then it was almost done. The Senators and Congressmen took six minutes, each one speaking it turn, to give much praise to Wendell Anderson for his “statesmanship” and then the seventh minute for the House to recede to the Senate version. And then it was done, a momentous occasion.

But it is not over yet. Time is crowding in. We have to get it through as quickly as possible. Oberstar is lying in wait and we don’t know exactly what he is going to do. Larry Romans decides that we need to get out another joint letter, so Steve and I walk back. Sally drops everything else and gets it out. Quickly, we xerox it and the Boundary Waters troops drop it off later that afternoon. Meet with Burton at 5:00 for another long, rambling “political science seminar” dealing with Boundary Waters, Omnibus bill, and everything else. Fascinating. We organize telephone nets to make calls the next morning, expecting the vote to be Thursday afternoon. I leave at the end of the day thinking, finally, we are almost there.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1978

Last days, last days. Getting up in the morning, feeling pretty good—I think everything is going to ultimately break our way. I can palpably feel the pressure building. Something is going to burst soon. October 12th is a good date for our bill, after all this long time.

But it doesn’t happen. I get a call from Carol saying that the vote ought to be around 2:00, and I go over to the Gallery. Sit with Bud and Pat and Maitland and Fran and we sit and we sit and we sit, for two hours listening to the fiery and exciting debates over the tax cut bill, and the CIA surveillance legislation. But I get glassy-eyed after a while, and finally realize that maybe nothing will happen. For a while, a long while, we see Vento on the floor: chewing his nails and reading his speech and pacing back and forth. Then Oberstar comes in, then Burton—we may be up next. Fran leaves to check and says we probably are. But then the debate drones on and nothing happens. We see Cleve and Clay standing outside the members’ door and then they are gone too. Then we know it isn’t going to happen, and we go over for the 5:00 meeting with Burton. He talks at length about BWCA, saying he still thinks it is OK, and that the other bills which came up ahead of it were legitimate enough. He thinks it may happen late tonight or tomorrow, doesn’t know. We do get the word that labor has backed off entirely. Now it is just Oberstar. But he might be able to do it.

**“Boundary Waters Canoe Area
Wilderness (1978).”**
*As Sierra Club lobbyist, I worked
hard to pass the 1978 act that
enlarged this area’s wilderness,
prohibited logging and mining,
and limited motorized recreation.
See following diary for details.
(Photo courtesy Kevin Proescholdt)*



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1978

Last days, last days. It's Friday the 13th and I don't like it. The first call in the morning is from Bud: bad news. Apparently the reason it was pulled off yesterday was that O'Neill put a 24 hour hold on it to give Oberstar a chance to get his act together. Son of a bitch! Dirty pool, and now we may lose everything.

Right in the middle of all this, I get an excited call from Krebs' office: S. 791, the whole Omnibus bill with Mineral King, Santa Monica, Tocks Island, Pine Barrens—the whole lot is on its way to the President! Magnificent! At the same time Pat Goggin is holding on the other line and I burst through with the news which she already knew and she has other news: now Boundary Waters is locked in last in the calendar behind 17 regular bills and 15 suspensions. Jesus! Double Jesus! We've got to do something to spring this because the scenario which we now foresee is one which we dread: our bill bought up at 2:00 AM getting shouted down by voice vote. We must not let this come to pass, but that's what can happen.

We have to somehow get to O'Neill. I call John McComb. He has a personal friendship with Udall and that's one route. John says Udall is closeted with Jackson, negotiating on Alaska. He also reminds me of the famous "Tonkin Gulf" resolution that Udall got about two days ago. This resolution authorizes Udall to do anything necessary to expedite the bills reported by his Committee, including Alaska, Boundary Waters, and the others. This may be our avenue, but we can't get to Udall just yet.

Then I called Gail Harrison at Mondale's. Get him to talk to Tip, too. Leave a message: "Boundary Waters in big trouble."

I walk into Vento's office about 2:00. Gloom! We're being moved farther and farther back down the calendar. I call Chuck on his beeper. He calls back and tells me how to get to the room where the Alaska people are all holed up. Very complicated, hidden way back there in one of those ornate galleries. There is a crowd hanging around the door, and I ask: How can we get inside to get to Udall? We have to wait until the buzzer rings for a House vote, then we might try.

Fifteen minutes later there is such a buzzer, and after a while, Udall does come out. I catch him and walk with him down to the staircase, spilling it out as fast as I can. He says he'll talk to O'Neill.

Now we're frustrated—we've got to do more. Too much of this business of relying on other people to do things, the hardest part about lobbying, I think. We wander down to the House door where a great crowd is milling around, and there see Dick Conlon. We huddle hastily in the swirl and babble and he thinks that we might try to get Wendell Anderson to talk to Kennedy to have Kennedy call O'Neill.

We go over to the Senate floor, send our cards in; the word comes back—he isn't there. More rush. We walk quickly over to Anderson's office, talking about autumn in the north country. At Anderson's, we ask to see Peter Cove and while we're waiting, the receptionist casually remarks that "Oh, Peter is in the Senator's office talking to the Senator." The Senator is there! That's who we want to see. I go out into the hall to watch the Senator's office door just to make sure he doesn't slip out so we can catch him. While I'm standing there, Peter comes out and so does Susan, and we talk and I tell the news. They promise to do something and we go back.

Later on, another long session with Burton about the Omnibus bill. Burton assures Bud and me that we have nothing to worry about, that it's all greased and fixed, that it's impossible for anyone to vote against it. We aren't so sure. But what can we do?

After dinner, I go the gallery and sit there for a couple of hours grinding my teeth in frustration, watching an interminable debate over abortion funding, with Congressman Dornan offering fruitless amendment after fruitless amendment, just eating up time, for no reason. We are still way down the list.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1978

Perhaps this is the day. But the morning starts out badly—Bud calls at nine to say there is definitely something funny going on. We need to get to O'Neill more. Could I come in and join with the others to see O'Neill? Of course, I will, but I am furious—that S.O.B. O'Neill, still playing Oberstar's game for him. It just isn't fair. But what is fair about this business?

I gnash my teeth all the way over to Sears to get a new battery, and all the way back while I am installing it. I had a lot of things planned to do today that I have put off all week. But I must go.

My phone keeps ringing off the hook with other people calling: strategy, planning, what should we do? I really don't know what to do, but I know I'm madder than hell. I want to tell Spencer Smith if I see him that if Tip does this to us I'm going to spread it in every newspaper in the land.

I get into the office about 1:30, and I check in with Bud. This time he has better news. He says that Vento put up Noland to talk to O'Neill, and O'Neill's near-direct quote was, "Vento has been camping on my doorstep for two days. Tell him I'm going to get that god-damned bill out for him." That sounds better, and other advice is that we should not intimidate or put pressure on O'Neill. It will be okay. I spend the rest of the afternoon prowling the Capitol corridors waiting and talking. I wait around until about 6:00, then have to go home; a long put-off family evening.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1978

Victory, victory, victory, victory! Sleep fitfully all night, tossing and turning, dreaming about motions and amendments and procedures. Wake up in the morning with a great anxiety: no call from Bud yet. That's bad. He would call if it was good news. Maybe it got defeated, maybe, maybe. My anxiety and dread grows; I call the Republican cloakroom. Get the same monotonous recitation of all the issues yet to come—including Boundary Waters. What's going on? I call Vento's immediately and they say "We won—it happened about a half-hour ago. 248 to 111...." Oh, thank God.

The House was in session all night, taking up item after item, but not ours. Finally about 8:30 am, it looked ready to go, but the room was packed full of Oberstar's people. There was a long and fierce debate, Oberstar making all the points, Steve Symms trying to help but saying the usual dumb things about locking up areas from logging and lost jobs etc. They let him run on a long time, and finally someone pointed out that even Mr. Oberstar's bill prevented logging. That shut that up.

But then the time for vote came, and the place was packed with Oberstar's friends. Burton surveyed the scene, and instead of asking for a voice vote, immediately shouted as loud as possible so all could hear: "I want a record vote." We would have probably lost on a voice vote, maybe lost

everything. And we sat in the gallery with our hearts in our mouths, watching the first tally, which showed it: 40 to 40—much too close. But then the other members started coming in, and finally the vote total crashed through.

Then we were assured by Peter Gove that Anderson's people would take it up as soon as it got over to the Senate. This was important, because we all felt that the Senate was going to adjourn any minute, not knowing they were going to continue longer. We went over to the Senate gallery and waited and waited and waited and waited. But nothing happened. After an hour of this tension, we went back over to the House, and found out that the House Clerk had put Boundary Waters in the pile of bills to go to the President, and not back to the Senate! Jesus! Every little tiny thing. We got it back on track, and then went back to the Senate.

Sitting in the gallery then, we saw that it was finally brought up. But Senator Stevens reserved the right to object and started asking questions about it—he didn't know anything about it. Jesus! More hassles. Will this ever end? Finally someone shows him the list of conferees, and he withdraws his objections, apparently trusting what they did. But then Senator Nelson gets up, starts talking about it, saying he doesn't know about this, saying the Senate has other business to attend to, let's set it aside and come back to it later. And it is set aside. Good God. I've never seen such an issue; can't stand this much longer. Jonathan Ela and Bud race down and pull Nelson off the floor, and explain to him that the bill is okay. "Oh, I didn't know," says Nelson. "I thought it had already been sent to the President, and now they're trying to screw us somehow." Obviously no one had briefed him—Anderson didn't do his job. But Nelson goes back to the floor, gets it back on, and at five minutes to twelve on this Sunday, the Boundary Waters has finally passed the Senate, and is sent to the President.

And so, full of peace and happiness, I go off with the family into the mountains that bright afternoon in the fall sunlight, and feel that same deep savage joy that I have known in other campaigns. This was one of the sweetest campaigns though, because it was so hard fought, and went through so many incredible twists and turns. This was probably one of the toughest issues I have ever been involved in, not because it was complex, but because it was so bitterly fought by the local Congressman and the local people, and became so incredibly embroiled in the tangle and morass of Minnesota politics.

I think it is very lucky that we got even this, and it is truly a great victory. It could never have happened without the love and devotion of the hundreds of Minnesota people who gave their time, their money, their careers in some cases, and most of all their love to doing this. There are so many who played their part, I cannot name them all accurately: Chuck, Erica, Steve, Carol, Kevin Proscheoldt, Bob Conklin, Kevin Purseley, Paul Nachman, John Waters; Steve Payne shuttling between here and Minnesota, Dan Engstrom of the Friends, Trish Record and Jonathan Ela of our midwest office, working on it for years; the people here—the Washington lobbyists: Maitland Sharpe of Izaak Walton, Pat Coggin of NWF—they were the ones most constantly there; Don Fraser and all his

people; Rip Rapson, Bruce Vento and Larry Romans, Phil Burton; above all—Bud. Bud and Fran Heinselman. Their love and devotion, their courage and sacrifice were what finally did it. They inspired all the rest of us.

Wandering there through the forest high up on the Blue Ridge that bright afternoon, I think through the long roll of beautiful places made safe that I have been honored and privileged to have a part in: North Cascades, Hells Canyon, Alpine Lakes, French Pete, Congaree Swamp, the Flathead, the Missouri, the Eastern Wilderness, Sawtooth, how many others? And now Boundary Waters, another treasured spot of my beloved American earth. Yes, it has been my honor and my privilege to be able to work on these things. But much more than that: it has been my *joy*. And it has been my love. To be a part of a movement like this, which brings out these beautiful people to work on these beautiful things, and to make them happen...that is the greatest joy of all. We have suffered and sweated and agonized over every twist and turn of this incredible legislation.

We have fought for it every step of the way, and every step has been very difficult. But we have come through it, and now the Boundary Waters is safe—safe forever.

* * *



“Saving Alaska (1978).” *This spectacular photo shows a part of the Misty Fjords National Monument we saved by a surprise salvo of intercontinental phone calls. The Behm Canal is in the background. (Revised from Portland Audubon Society, Conservation Action News Letter No. 1, Winter, 1997. Michael Stecker Photo)*

“Sorry fellows, I’m afraid I can’t help you this time.” ...We stumbled back to my office shaking our heads. Now, what were we going to do? Not much time.

—CONGRESSMAN FLORIO (D-NJ)

CHAPTER 22

(1978) *Grassroots Power by Phone: Saving Misty Fjords*

Every now and then, some bright young person, usually an aide to a congressman or a senator, will write yet another book about “how things really get done” inside the Beltway—in other words, how laws really get made. Of course, they are always tales of this or that Senator—and of course, the aides—cutting deals, shaving a bit here and there, high priced lobbyists, lots of name dropping, something having to do with the White House thrown in for good measure... then the deal was cut, the law was passed, and the congressmen and senators go on to other deals, other machinations of power politics. The aide, either stays along for a few more such “deals,” or simply moves downtown into some lobby firm.

To read all this stuff, one would think that ordinary people just don’t count for anything. It’s all power politics, just the way the books and movies say. But that is not so, and that is not really how it works at all. At least, that is not my world, and not what I have seen these past thirty years. I know it

is done differently, because I have seen over and over again how it really works—at least for citizen environmentalists, for us. You see, we environmentalists don’t have enough money to take anybody out to lunch, or play raw power politics, or to buy ads, or give fancy campaign contributions.

And that is my story, the story of how five people in New Jersey saved two million acres in Alaska, if you can believe that. You should, because it really happened. I know, because I was there. If you don’t believe me, just take a look at a map sometime—of this country or any state—and look at all those little green areas in the parks, refuges, wilderness areas... all safe, all protected. Do you think that they happened because of deals inside the Beltway, or application of raw power/money politics? Uh uh! They happened because of love and courage, passion and commitment, because of the willingness of perfectly ordinary people to stand up and be counted when their time came. None of these places were ever given to us by any

politician out of the goodness of their own hearts; yes, these worthies did finally pass the laws that we now have.

Here is my story.

In October, 1969, I first traveled all over Alaska—Kenai, Prince William Sound, Fairbanks, Anchorage, Valdez—trying to organize local opposition to the Trans-Alaska Pipeline in time for the BLM hearings in September. After that 15 day reconnaissance of the wild landscape, political climate, and conservation community, I wrote a 10-page report concluding that “there was a rising tide of environmental concern... [offset by] an increasingly rampant and active technology, a rapacious state government,” and a divided and fearful Sierra Club chapter.

In 1971, the government began to allocate Alaska’s 375 million acres by passing a bill allocating tens of millions of acres to the native peoples under the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act (ANCSA). At that point, we conservationists said to ourselves: look, there is a lot more magnificent and important public land in Alaska, which ought to be national parks, wilderness areas, wildlife refuges... and this is our great opportunity. Calling this opportunity “America’s Last Great First Chance,” we had—by 1973—drafted legislation to protect over 119 million acres of the best of Alaska’s lands which included 62 million acres for great new systems of national parks, refuges, and the rest. Our whole environmental community embarked upon a national crusade to save Alaska. I became a leader of the 1st Alaska Coalition (1973-74) and Chair of the 2nd

Alaska Coalition (1976-77)—both positions responsible for opposing and/or rerouting oil and gas pipelines.

Well, you can imagine what it was like after that. A ferocious struggle ensued because mining companies, timber companies, oil companies, and all the rest didn’t like our idea at all. There was heavy opposition. In 1977, I flew town to town across Alaska in a tiny bush plane. Crossing the Brooks Range through howling early September blizzards to meetings with conservationists, federal agencies, oilmen, miners, loggers, industrialists, my diary shows I first felt terrified, awed, intimidated, by the vast land and frozen weather. When buffeted on later flights, I no longer cringed, sweated, called out, sickened, as I did that first scary time. And so, after years of negotiating, we were finally able to get our Alaska Lands bills introduced, find many members of Congress to support them, and we started grinding them through the political process.

My tale picks up about 1979 or so—to what then was known as the House Interior Committee of the House of Representatives in Washington, DC. The time finally came for our Alaska Lands Act to be “marked up” by the House Interior Committee. Now you can imagine that any piece of legislation which is dealing with 100 million acres of land is a very long and complicated piece of work. This particular bill was at least 150 pages long. And I think you all know what a markup session is: the legislators actually sit down with a piece of legislation and literally “mark it up”—that is, go over it page by page,

word by word. Typically, the committee chairman will bring the meeting to order with his gavel, and say, “OK, so today we are going to take up section 3, line 13, paragraph 2. All in favor say ‘Aye.’” Then another member will jump up or raise his/her hand and say, “Wait a minute, Mr. Chairman, I want to make an amendment.” And then the debate starts, maybe goes on for hours and hours. That’s what a markup session is.

Now, the House Interior Committee had about 43 members in this particular year, divided between the two parties, and because protecting Alaska was so controversial, and because the mining and oil and timber companies had so much political influence, the votes were very, very close on our Alaska Lands Act legislation. The Committee would meet, they would take up place after place, debate the merits of park after park, then they would take the vote. The numbers were always very close: 18 to 20, 21 to 22, sometimes tie votes. So you can imagine that we who were the lobbyists, who knew and loved these places, were sitting on the edges of our chairs, holding our breath every time they called the roll for a vote. It was very, very close, and always very tense.

And so the markup session ground on, day after day, week after week. It actually went on about two months, every day just like that. While all of the votes were very close, we were winning most of them, and beautiful places were getting approved and put into the final bill, then one morning we noticed something interesting happening. A liberal Democratic congressman from

New Jersey on the Committee started voting against us, and voting with the other side. The issues he was voting on weren’t too important that particular day, but we were worried and alarmed, because tomorrow some very important votes were coming up, especially for a place which we called Misty Fjords National Park, a vital place to us.

Where is this Misty Fjords? Why is it so important? Well, to help you imagine it, think about famous Yosemite National Park in California. Now imagine four Yosemite National Parks, all rolled into one, and all at tidewater, all right on the ocean. Magnificent deep forested valleys, great mountains, lakes, wild and beautiful—that’s Misty Fjords. Mining and logging companies, of course, wanted it and were fiercely opposed to protecting it.

Well, we watched the congressman who had been on our side starting to vote against us that day, and so we all went up to see him when the session was over.

“Hi fellas. What can I do for you?” he said cheerily.

“Congressman, we noticed that you started voting against the environmental side today. What’s going on?”

“Look fellas, you know I can’t be with you all the time. These issues aren’t terribly important to my constituents, and you know that’s just politics; sometimes I have to give something to the other side.”

“Well, we understand that, Congressman, but how are you going to vote tomorrow when Misty Fjords National Park comes up?”

“Sorry fellas, I’m afraid I can’t help you this time.”

And so that was the word. We stumbled back to my office shaking our heads. Now what were we going to do? Not much time, not much time. And so we sat around my office and someone said, “Where is he from?” We looked him up in our Congressional District handbooks. Turned out he was from Camden, New Jersey; that’s the major city in his district. Well, Camden, New Jersey, is definitely not a garden spot in America, not even in New Jersey! But that’s where he was from. So, like good lobbyists, we got out our membership lists: Wilderness Society, Audubon, Sierra Club. And we looked for area code 609—that was the Camden code—and we found about twenty or so people from Camden who were also members of our organizations. After dividing up their names, so each of us would call four or five of them, we picked up the phone, got the number through information, and called them up.

Well, you can imagine what those phone calls were like: “Hi, you don’t know me and I’m from Washington, D.C., but how would you like to do us a big favor that’s going to cost you some money (to make the phone call)?” You can imagine the reaction we thought we might get! Actually, of the twenty or so people, many were out shopping or going to PTA or not there or something, but we did reach about five or six people who were at home. None of them had ever heard of Misty Fjords, but they had heard about the Alaska issue, and they were willing to help. “Look, here’s what you’ve got to do...

no time for a letter or a telegram...you must make a personal phone call to the Congressman at his office tomorrow morning about 8:30. That’s when we think he will be there. And please tell his staff that you want him to vote in favor of protecting Misty Fjords.” Well, that was all we could do. That was our last and only hope if we were going to save Misty Fjords. And so we went home to bed, and I know that I did not sleep very much that night.

The next morning about 8:30 a knot of us lobbyists gathered outside the congressman’s door, because that’s what lobbyists for the environment do. If we worked for an oil company, we probably would have taken him out to dinner the night before, and certainly taken him to breakfast at a fancy restaurant that morning! But we can’t do that; we can’t afford it; we just don’t operate that way. So there we stood, waiting outside his office. The door opened and he came out.

“Hi fellas. How are you this morning?”

“Well, can we walk with you to the hearing room, congressman?”

You see, that’s what environmental lobbyists do. We get to walk with him the several hundred feet to the hearing room, and that’s how we do our lobbying. Believe me, we live and move in a very different world than industry lobbyists.

We were walking down the hall, and the congressman was talking cheerily about this or that subject, but I wasn’t so cheery; my heart sank right down to my toes. “Oh my goodness, we’ve lost it...no one called,” I thought. “Goodbye Misty Fjords!” Just

about that time, the congressman's young aide came running down the hall after him, stopped him, whispered something in his ear. The congressman said, "Wait for me fellows; I'll be right back." And he went back to his office.

Well, we all waited out there in the hall, wondering what was going on. After about seven or eight minutes, the congressman came out and he was all smiles. "Well, you guys sure did your homework. That was five of my constituents, and I'm going to vote with you for Misty Fjords this morning."

And that is how five people in Camden, New Jersey, saved two million acres of a beautiful place in Alaska they had never seen. And on December 1, 1978, President Carter finished their good work by declaring "Misty Fjords National Monument," a title and status that remained in the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act (1980).

Never let anyone tell you that people can't make a difference in our struggles to protect our beautiful American earth. People are the only force that has ever made a difference—for the whole history of our movement.

* * *



“White House Meeting (1977-78).” President Jimmy Carter (left center) called on national environmental organizations to support his pro-environmental policies, including the Endangered American Wilderness Act introduced by Rep. Morris Udall (D-AZ) in early 1977. That bill or similar legislation may have been under discussion in the Cabinet Room that day. Next to me (on right) is Tom Kimball, President of the National Wildlife Federation. Those attending (anon) were probably other leaders and staff. (Signature: “Best wishes to Brock Evans, Jimmy Carter”)

*Heroes are not giant statues framed against a red sky. They are people who say:
“This is my community, and it is my responsibility to make it better.”*

—TOM MCCALL, Governor of Oregon

CHAPTER 23

(1978) ***Bottle Bill Testimony: Against the Throwaway System***

We support S. 276, the Hatfield proposal to place a mandatory deposit on soft drink and beer bottles and cans. As you know, the Sierra Club has a long tradition of concern: that we husband the nation’s rich heritage of natural resources, avoiding wherever possible unnecessary abuses on the environment.

This issue has such strong popularity among many of our members because it speaks to several of our nation’s important environmental problems. A return to a returnable system would save energy and natural resources, and herald the nation’s shift toward a real conservation ethic.

We have moved rapidly from all-returnable system in recent years to one in which shoppers must ferret out refillable bottles on market shelves, or ask store managers to carry them in the first place. Today we are provided with a wide selection of throwaway containers, ranging from bimetal or aluminum to the plastic bottle. The throwaway has pushed the refillable bottle off many

market shelves, and the volume of these throwaways has grown to the unbelievable number of 70 billion, not million, bottles and cans last year. If these containers were placed end to end, they would circle the globe nearly 200 times! Still more will *be* produced each year, reaching over 100 billion throwaways by 1980. And for what? For the convenience of not having to return the container back to the store on the next shopping trip.

The following numbers illustrate the enormous cost of “buying” these containers under the current system, as opposed to “borrowing” them if we had a returnable system:

(1) Nearly 45 per cent of the beverage industry’s energy use in 1980 will be devoted to manufacturing throwaway containers;

(2) Approximately 40 per cent of the litter which scars the nation is *in* bottles and cans: about 4 per cent of the solid waste which we must dispose of somehow—at a cost of over \$200 million a year to local governments, is bottles and cans;

(3) On the average, shoppers pay 30 per cent more for a throwaway than a returnable, because they must purchase the container as well as the liquid;

(4) About 150,000 jobs have been lost through the increasingly centralized production system as companies ship greater distances and manufacture in fewer, more highly automated plants;

(5) From 6 to 10 per cent of the total US primary aluminum needs go to making throwaways, one half per cent to steel production;

(6) Pollution emissions associated with container production are 50 per cent greater under the current system than they would be if the nation adopted a national deposit law.

Why do we have a throwaway system despite these costs?

According to the beverage industry, shoppers want to pay for the convenience of throwing away the container. However, the industry initiated this shift to throwaways in the absence of consumer demand. It was instead a calculated decision to market both a beverage and a container, a system which would be more lucrative than merely loaning out a bottle containing the drink.

In recent years, the people themselves have strongly contradicted this “consumer convenience” argument. A national poll carried out for the FEA concluded that more than 7 out of 10 Americans want to adopt a national deposit law. In 1976, despite costly campaigns launched by the industry, referenda mandating deposit laws were passed overwhelmingly in both Michigan and



Maine. In Massachusetts, the measure lost by less than 7/10ths of one per cent, demonstrating that nearly half of that state's residents favor a deposit law.

Finally, the most recent testing ground is in our National Parks, which have recently adopted deposits on all containers sold on their grounds. Yosemite National Park in California pioneered the system in 1976, achieving high return rates despite the fact that the average visitor stays there only 2 and 1 half days. Return rates con-

tinue to be high, and sales even increased by 15 percent in 1977, a healthy sign of an effective system.

Although most other park programs are only three to six months old, there are already a number of other successful examples.

Placing a deposit on bottles and cans, to recover them for refilling or recycling, makes sense and has been shown to work. We can take a real first step in the direction of better conserving our energy and natural resources with this one simple measure.

* * *

AT LEFT:

“Oregon Bottle Bill (1970).”

In this February 1970 photo, Gov. Tom McCall and Mrs. Joe Rand celebrate the gathering of empties at a YWCA pro-recycling event in Portland. Oregon’s “Bottle Bill” was passed in 1971. Encouraged by Oregon’s lead, I gave this testimony in January, 1978, at a Senate Committee hearing on the proposed federal “Beverage Container Reuse and Recycling Act.” (Congress Digest, pp 92-94.) That federal legislation left recycling to the states. (Photo courtesy Oregon Historical Society Research Library, cno12697)



“RARE II Letter (1979-80).” I sent this text from Washington, D.C. to be read at the 48th annual convention of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs. From 1967 to 1973, I served as Sierra Club Northwest representative with this organization. (Outdoors West, Winter, 1979-1980 Photo: Clearcuts in the Pacific Northwest. shutterstock.com 89278915 pp 92-94.)

We have much more work to do... too many beautiful places are still not safe. We know the places and we know what we have to do.

—BROCK EVANS LETTER

CHAPTER 24

(1978) *Is There Life After RARE II?: Brock Evans' Reply*

“RARE I AND RARE II.” Two acronyms designate two high pressure campaigns mounted by our community. Begun in 1967, the Forest Service reviewed all roadless lands and by 1972 had found 12,300,000 acres suitable to be designated as wilderness. Named **RARE I (Roadless Area Review Evaluation)**, those recommendations were abandoned by the Forest Service. We environmentalists knew there was more wilderness out there and the courts agreed: the agency had not sufficiently complied with the regulations of the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA). After a legal fight, **RARE II (Roadless Area Review Evaluation)** was initiated in 1977: that study recommended wilderness for 15,000,000 acres of national forest land and further study for another 10,800,000 acres. RARE II was not the end of the “Forest Wars,” but became a landmark achievement for our side. As my letter shows, the question became clear: what would happen next?

Dear Friends:

Once again I am very sorry that I am unable to make the [Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs's] convention this year. I want you to know, however, that my heart, thoughts, and deepest affection are with you this weekend. I would dearly love to come back and mingle with you and see all my old friends again and some new ones as well. I hope that sometime, perhaps within the next few years I will be able to come out West again. Even though I am enjoying Washington a great deal, my heart and sense of where home really is, has not changed.

I would have particularly liked the opportunity to address the subject of “Is There Life After RARE II?” I have very strong feelings on the subject, and would have liked the chance to say—yes, yes—there certainly is. There is life; we are stronger than ever. We must continue until every scrap of wilderness is made safe, no matter what it takes.

In this context, RARE II is only the latest battle in a war that has been going on for a hundred years in this country, and certainly for at least the last twenty in an active stage. Many

of you have memories which go back to the desperate early struggles over the Three Sisters Primitive Area and Glacier Peak Wilderness in the 1950s, the early battles over the Golden Trout, the Sky Lakes, the Minam, the Cougar Lakes, and so many others.

We have won most of those battles now. The North Cascades are now a Park; the Lincoln-Sagegoat, the Absaroka Beartooth, Great Bear, Sawtooths, Minam, Alpine Lakes, Golden Trout, are wildernesses. Many of us remember those times in the late 50s and early 60s when all seemed dark and lost, when we moved in an essentially hostile environment in our own states, when there seemed to be no chance of anything. But the point is that we faced those battles and fought them and won them even when all seemed difficult or impossible.

There is one more point: places that we never even considered or thought of or dreamed of in the late 60s are now also parts of the wilderness system.

This is the background and the context against which we should see RARE II. RARE II was our effort to force the Forest Service to get into the question of *de facto* roadless lands in a larger and more comprehensive

way. In that context we succeeded. We had inventories which identified far more acres—70 million almost—than we'd ever dreamed were there before. We focused public attention on them until RARE II is now a commonplace name and term on all levels of government. Those are positive successes. Even the Forest Service has recommended about 15 million more acres of land to be protected than they would even have thought of ten years ago.

So is there life after RARE II? Yes, because there must be. Yes, because we have much more work to do. Yes, because too many beautiful places are still not safe. We know the places and we know what we have to do.

The past twenty years of struggle, resulting in an unbroken string of brilliant successes, tell us that we can do it. We are stronger now; we are wise; we are veterans; we have large public support. That is why I say—yes, yes—there is life after RARE II. Go out and fight as you have always done. Fight with love and devotion and courage, as you have always done. And I know you will win, as you have always done.

Love,
Brock

* * *



PART IV
(1981 – 1984) *Audubon Vice President—National Issues*

Brock Evans Areas Protected by Year and State

Campaigns Begun Early 1970s

Sleeping Bear Dunes Lakeshore—1970	MI
Apostle Islands Lakeshore—1970	WI
*Norse Peak—1970-84	WA
*Missouri River—1970s	MT
*Mission Mountains Additions—1970	MT
Kootenai/Cabinets—1970s	MT
*Sky Lakes Wilderness—1970-84	OR
*Great Bear Wilderness—1972-78	MT
Cumberland Island Seashore—1972	GA

*one of campaign leaders

“Negev Desert (1979).” *Drenched with history and memories for both Arabs and Israelis, the Negev also holds ancient Egyptian copper mines.*



Rich with ancient history, Egyptian copper mines, and contemporary Israeli memory, the Negev region is storied, arid, dramatic.

—BROCK EVANS

CHAPTER 25

(1979) ***Israel Diary: Jerusalem is Mine...***



SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18—FLYING OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN

Nothing but a vast sea of clouds since we crossed the English Channel, then off in the distance, a large volcano, an island: What could it be? Only one thing I excitedly think—Sicily and the Straits of Messina! And the clouds part some more and sure enough there it is—the great toe of the Italian boot, the large and beautiful island across the Straits, there it is: the place where Odysseus sailed so long ago, the place where the allies chased the Germans just within my lifetime. We are getting there now.

We arrive in the Land of Israel in the dark, 6:00 PM Sunday. At home it is a bright morning and my wife and children are just finishing breakfast. All passengers singing “Hatikvah,” the Israel national anthem, as we land—very stirring and moving. I can’t believe we’re here. Even though I have been up for nearly thirty-six straight hours, I cannot sleep, so I walk the streets of Tel Aviv at night—cafes and coffee shops, strollers, palm trees, a soft bustle of activity along beautiful tree-lined streets long into the soft Mediterranean night.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19—TEL AVIV

So much like California, soft and gentle: handsome Sabra men, dark voluptuous women—very beautiful, everyone talking Hebrew, only speaking English in bad accents. Everyone is a Jew: Jewish police and Jewish police cars, Jewish soldiers, Jewish taxi, Jewish bankers, Jewish fireman and Jewish fire trucks, Jewish hotel managers, hotel clerks, tour guides, painters, prostitutes, barmaids. Soldiers everywhere on the street, most with their guns clearly visible.

We pay a visit to Ben Gurion’s house, a modest place on a quiet side street. There is a full library and pictures and trophies from everywhere, an air raid shelter in the back yard, memories of the war of liberation of 1948—symbols of a lifetime of study and strife and creation of a new state, surely one of the most dramatic events of our time.

Many run down dilapidated houses because they are made of concrete; the town—actually a city of nearly a million people—is only seventy years old. The original Tel Aviv was an intellectual and workers settlement north of the Arab city of Jaffa. Still can’t get used to everything, all signs in Hebrew. They are bilingual when you are downtown, but nothing but Hebrew when you get on the outskirts where most of the population is.

We drive out of town to an Israeli women’s army base built along the low sprawling coastal plain, the gentle hills of Judea/Samaria in the distance—ancient way of history. Every army of ancient times and most of modern times have passed this way: Philistines and Canaanites, Egyptians and Hittites, Romans and Greeks. (The ancient battlefield of Armageddon is just a few miles away.) I can’t believe I am here. It is still rather difficult to visualize now, because so much is modern, so much has changed, so many new buildings and construction, as the Jews once again seek to reestablish their ancient hold on the land, and penetrate it this time forever.

Women’s army base in the ancient barracks of the Australian soldiers during the time of the Mandate—much more like army reserve than real military training, but they all sing folk songs of welcome

to us when we inspect one of their barracks. All these young girls, all in uniform, all together, marching and singing, moving and moving, learning to be soldiers to protect the state as well as to pass on the race. They go on from here to become teachers and social workers, because “the army in Israel is much more than just a military institution,” says our leader. “It is an instrument of the state, a teacher and healer.”

What is a Jewish face? Look around you: all these faces of the army girls—blonde, blue eyes, red heads, brunettes, olive skins—all these are Jewish faces. And it is true, there really is no such thing as a one “Jewish type” as I had thought for so long.

Hotel in Tel Aviv: Discussion with Mr. Azaria Alon, President, Israel Nature Protection Society:

Mount Sinai: anything to be done here will have to come from outside Israel, not within it. The Jewish intent when they occupied the Sinai region was to build as natural a way as possible, keeping buildings simple and honest, and as unseen as possible: “the spirit of that place is in the desert—and the wilderness.” (All this discussion is because of President Sadat’s apparent plans to build a large symbolic monastery, mosque, and synagogue on top of Mount Sinai—all totally alien to the place.)

Everything depends on where you put it, but if we approach Sadat, it cannot appear to have come from Israel. There has been very little consciousness up to now about the environment in Egypt. They have a great understanding of antiquities, but have paid little attention to other things.

The Israelis established an environmental field study center at the foot of Mount Sinai, a very active institution, lots of research and education, a lot of good work published out of the research into desert ecology. The Israel Nature Protection Society (SPNI) has taken over 100,000 people into the Sinai since the Israelis conquered it in 1967. This has resulted in a real contact with a real desert for people, and they learn to feel it, its thirst and its heat, not just in a tour bus. The educational work—the research into plants/animal/climate, and the history of the Sinai and the Bedouin peoples was outstanding. They are now in charge of publishing ten works on this subject.

Unclear whether the Egyptians will permit this to continue. They have said they will allow groups to enter, but not individuals. Single people will have to come and take Egyptian buses. It strikes me that we might want to try to mount an international campaign to save the Sinai, make it a World Desert Wilderness Preserve, or something similar. We could really make something of this; it would be a real chance for wilderness backpacking in a holy place, with not only magnificent desert scenery, but an incredible historical tradition. “The trouble with that,” says Azaria, is “that the Egyptians would think that such people were spys. And they have some basis, because look at all the English army officers in the times of the Turks and afterwards, well educated men, who posed as wanderers and explorers and archeologists (and they were in part) but also were spies against the Turks or the Arabs.” We will have a difficult time with this, perhaps.

Azaria thinks that outside of the necessary developments and infrastructure, such as roads, army bases, etc., the whole great remaining bulk of the Sinai ought to remain as a living wilderness. There

are really two parts to the Sinai: (1) Sinai proper, the triangle peninsula in the south, where the mountains are; and (2) the northern quadrangle which is flat, with low mountains spotting out of it from time to time. But if there is a necessity for protecting something across the area, the most important thing is the wilderness of the whole Sinai. "We shouldn't go to the Sinai to build a hotel like this" (the rich hotel we are in in Tel Aviv); there should be nothing but simple hostels there at most."

If these ideas come out of the ICUN or Sierra Club or similar institutions, the Egyptians might accept it. The Egyptians do have a plan to turn over administration of the area to "Suez Canal University" in Ismailia, a university more in the concept than in the reality. The Egyptians did accept the paper the Israelis gave them, suggesting the Israelis ideas for preservation of the area. However, one of the Egyptians said the concepts seemed too sophisticated for them.

Work of the Israel Nature Protection Society (SPNI):

Most of the education is done through 23 field study centers, five of them in the cities, the rest in the open. They have full facilities with dormitories, dining rooms, classrooms, kitchen, and have mostly high school students come to see them in groups for a number of days. They are taken out into the surroundings and the Society's ways of thinking are explained.

Three hundred thousand adults also come annually and pay the whole cost. Some of it is partly subsidized by the state, if the school lacks funds. The Ministry of Housing helps to build the centers, the Ministry of Education subsidizes the teachers. They have about a \$5 million turn over in funds each year, with a staff of 400 guides and research people. They have 30,000 members, and four publications: a big monthly for adults, two monthlies to kids, and an English quarterly, called Land and Nature. They have offices in Tel Aviv, and a field study center at Mount Meron (nature reserve).

Study centers were established in the beginning of the 1950s, with just seven people, no environmental laws, no nothing, no understanding. He says Israelis then didn't understand the simplest things: "Why keep a place for jackals; we need it for people." He came here at age six years old, has been a kibbutz member, loves flowers, and the kibbutz sent him to become a teacher of biology. As he engaged in the study of flowers, he saw that they were all in danger of being lost in the flood of development. He didn't know what to do, but they organized.

No one opposes their concepts now, and there has been an unbelievable change in development of things. Big problems now since the army has to leave the Sinai, and must go to the Negev, a relatively narrow strip compared to the whole Sinai.

Years ago, no one cared about nature reserves; no one would speak to them. But now, the army says "Gentlemen, we have nothing to do. We must have this place, even though nature will suffer. We're sorry." At least they care.

The main problem is the area to be settled in the north and the Arava Valley. The most interesting area is the desert of Judea and the inner and southern parts of the Negev. Two big airfields are being built down there, and tanks and artillery will also need room to maneuver. The army does under-

stand, he says, and it's much bigger than it was before. They are building big new sites, and it's a small country, but they are discussing every mile with the army, attempting to negotiate.

There is now an Israeli environmental service, an official status. The highest thing is the official Planning Committee, of which he is a member. This meets every month, and the environmental service also has a member on it.

A few months ago, the Planning Committee met to approve a system of nature reserves and parks, mostly on government land. But in those places where they were located on private lands, the Ministry of Finance opposed them because it would cost too much money. One prominent member of the Committee from the Ministry of Justice supported them—a big surprise. Now have 80,000 acres total for nature reserves outside of the Negev and the Judean desert. Nature reserves authority laws established in 1964, and now there is a Nature Reserve Authority.

They do some lobbying work in the Knesset. Got a “poster” (billboard) law passed in May, 1979. One half of the year was given to phase out billboards, except in municipalities, then they were declared illegal. They just took them down, no compensation. Philosophy was: billboard people made a lot of money out of them, so there was no need to compensate them any further. What a difference between them and us: “A year ago there was a plague of posters on the land; now, they were all down between July and September.” And it's true. I noticed nothing like this throughout the land.

Big battle over an electrical plant on the coast near Mount Carmel National Park. After a good deal of protest, it was moved to the south, further down near Netanya. This was considered a big environmental victory, happened about four or five years ago, and the whole process took two or three years. The main way it was done was by “persuading the authorities,” and not in the traditional lobbying way the way we do. The whole thing was planned by three people, including the Minister of Interior and Minister of Development, then approved by the Planning Committee. That is how it was originally approved. “But we persuaded it to consider the whole situation in quite a different way. We got experts to advise us, American experts advised against it, then a local committee was formed to argue against it. We raised a lot of noise about environmental problems and the Planning Committee reversed itself. They were badly burned on this and have learned lessons about power plant siting since then,” said Azaria.

The Planning Committee has forty people, meets once a month, and a permanent staff. It has representatives of all government ministries, and does planning. All the big cities (five) and a number of municipalities—their body—decides who represents them, and there are places for regional representatives as well. Engineer's and architect's association are members, and Azaria represents the central body of NGO's concerned with the environment. Life and the Environment is the umbrella environmental organization representing all of them.

Their techniques are to raise noise in the media, sometimes use petitions which go to governmental bodies. They don't use much mail and telegrams: “Things don't work that way here.”

Another good example of an environmental battle: proposed quarry in Mount Carmel National Park. The quarry people objected to the park idea, then applied to the Minister of Commerce and Industry for a permit to lower the top of Mount Carmel by fifty meters over a fifty year period: “We’re going to make it look better than it did before.” I laughed at that, and we had a good chuckle together, when I told him that’s what American developers always say too.

The permit was given, and put in the government gazette. But the SPNI told them it was against the law. You can’t just issue a regulation and undo a national park law. Please try to do it right: go through the Knesset and get the law changed. You can’t do this by a ministerial act. But the minister was afraid to try, and so the plan failed. Formerly, it was the Planning Committee which could change national park status like this, now only the Knesset can change.

There is very little action in the Knesset these days on environment, but they don’t need to, because there are no major problems; the poster effort was the last big one.

The SPNI does some work in trying to persuade the Committee, but the real work here is done by the Environmental Service. The SPNI does most of the work in environment in Israel. There is one small group which works on air pollution and noise, and one “Keep Israel Beautiful” group, but they have no real apparatus.

One of the first issues of SPNI, 1963-64, was to save wild flowers in Israel. They had then a combined law of nature reserves and protective nature elements (like an endangered species law). They had a law and regulations, and the minister can now, by regulation, declare a new species to be on the list. This can include stones and fossils. They once had a stone, not even a fossil declared a protected natural element—how different from us: There was a terrible picking of certain grasses which were carried out of Israel to the Arab states who valued them for some purpose. They got the regulations changed to declare them a protected species, only for personal use.

Back to the story of the flowers: They went into a whole campaign to explain to the people why they should not be picked. Then they took a few recalcitrant/violators to court and in a few years, everyone accepted the idea about saving and not picking the flowers, and of the endangered species. They are now safe.

So the main programs of SPNI: save the flowers, posters, lectures in schools, radio programs, people standing on roads during flower season with signs, and ten to twenty people sentenced. That is how they won this campaign. “We must keep our eyes open day and night,” said Azaria.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20—TOWARD JERUSALEM

40 (km) says the sign, in Hebrew and English. Jerusalem! Yerushalayim, Ur-u-salem... I just cannot believe it. I am here, I too am making the holy way to the place I have heard of, thought of, read about, dreamed of all my conscious life, for this is my city too, a part of my life and my culture. It may be what I am too... I regret it is by high speed bus, not quite the way of the Fathers.

Brand new freeway: Israelis have the highest death rate on highways in the world, our guide tells us. Bare rocky hills on the left, new forests on the right... climbing, always climbing: this is the historic way of 1948, the Latrun Salient, rusting armor cars lying on their sides, memories of the terrible battles of the war of independence.

A great monument on one of the hills on the road to Jerusalem. Impressive forests. New kibbutzim and old poultry farms in the hills, terraces and walls, every scrap of soil saved.

“I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord,” reads our guide as we pass through the hills of Judea. They are barren, but patched with new forests wherever the Jews are, “erasing the old borders which once tore us apart.”

Now there are new settlements ringing Jerusalem, and now, we are here, here, here: a lovely city, mostly low buildings, all in white stone—an old Ottoman law, still observed: all buildings must be built with stone, white and gold, Jerusalem limestone. “I don’t think there are half a dozen buildings in the whole city that are not built out of stone,” says Lee (our guide).

Finally we are assembled at the JNF (Jewish National Fund) headquarters for the political part of the trip. “We are in a race against time; history is in the making. You see around you vistas of what Israel will be: settlements in the north and in the south, the Negev and the Galilee, new population centers.” Dr. Sam Cohen, American Chairman of JNF.

Then we see a movie about the new settlements. Moshe Rivlin, the international Chairman then speaks: “What we do or do not do is the difference between light or—God forbid—darkness. The destiny of the Jewish people is in the hands of the Jewish people; what we do or do not do will tell the fate of the Jewish people. We cannot use the excuse this time if we fail, that it was because of what some goy or some government said we can’t do. We don’t want to take even one inch of lands which do not belong to us.

Plans for the Galil (Galilee): Mizpims (Look outs) or, better, “pre-settlement.” We must do this quickly. In the Negev, it is part of the state of Israel because in 1941, Joseph Weiz said, “We have to have a block,” and there were three settlements then, and in 1946, “pre-settlements.” That is what gave us the Negev.

We need 29 similar pre-settlements spread all over the Galilee, on stony hill tops (the worst place from an agricultural and cultural standpoint), but if we want to be masters of the Galil, it is the best place. And then we want to make new settlements, 100 kilometers of new road built under the most difficult conditions because we have to go around the Arab villages. It will cost over \$1 million for one settlement, just for the Jewish National Fund (JNF) preparatory work.”

Stage 1: 29 Mizpims, Stage 2: give us control of 100,000 acres more; \$3 million now for JNF work in the Negev in new settlements. He tells us the story of Demona (they called it 25 years ago Demonia—“imagination”—because it was so much of a fantasy. Now it is 30,000 people, 600 students in the university, tree lined streets. “It is not only your duty, but a privilege to be a part of it. Let us go out from here with a decision to bring light to the right place. “

That is how I learned the purpose of our group, the first Jewish National Fund “Peace Mission,” timed to coincide with the second anniversary of Sadat’s visit.

And now we see Jerusalem: the Valley of the Cross, fruit trees in some of the outlying valleys where the city has grown up around it, and always the white limestone, a military cemetery on Mount Herzl, Hadassah Hospital, Yad Vashem—all these places. We see the Jerusalem forest “a very large lung in the middle of the city,” says our guide.

Everywhere the steep hills are terraced to catch every patch of soil, terraces two thousand years old, back from the period of the second temple. Groves of olive trees, hundreds of years old—Jerusalem, Jerusalem....

We see the “Canada Forest”: incredible, absolutely incredible how the forest is growing out of these bare rocky inhospitable places, turning the land green and fruitful again, bringing it back to the way it was in the time of Jesus, or even before that, the time of David and the Patriarchs even before that, the time of the Canaanites and the Egyptians: all have passed through this land.

The climate is clear, warm, and sparkling. You can immediately feel the difference between the highlands and the hot lowlands whence we came. There was something strangely exhilarating about climbing out of the low coastal plain into the hills two or three thousand feet above upon which Jerusalem sits. It was like a holy way, a holy experience, going up and up and then down and winding around, higher and higher, the air getting more clear and more sparkling, leaving the heat of the corrupt cities behind us, then finally this lovely white and pink and gold city spread out on all these beautiful hills, vistas in every direction and the clean sparkling air. You could see, and one could even more, feel, how the city has made such a deep impact on so many millions for so many thousands of years. It is truly a city that belongs to the whole world, and if there ever was a place that should be the fountain of the world’s religions, it should be here. It cast a spell on me, as it has done on those who came before me. Now Jerusalem is mine also, now and forever....

They are planting Jerusalem pine in the Canada Forest, and also restoring the original forest of Mediterranean oak, pistachio, wherever they can. They are creating forest where none was before, “positive ecology.”

We look at the nature reserve, and see the ruins of the old crusader fort guarding the spring nearby. This is south of Jerusalem now as we go to the bicentennial park. David fought Goliath not so far west, and we see it later in the day. We have planted one million trees here trying to restore the original growth. Carob trees, native to the area, are being planted in large numbers. We go by a crossroads among the scattered agricultural settlements, and the sign says “Bethlehem—8”
...Bethlehem!

Now in the hills, many orchards, poultry, the climate a little too harsh for intensive agriculture. I am moved and struck by what I have seen today: this industrious people, planting even the scars from reconstruction from their own roads and villages; all slopes, even the bare ones, all planted with trees;

an investment in hope, a faith in the future. What a sweet and beautiful forest this will be in one hundred years; how much it has changed the face of the land already.

Many roads constructed, a lot for military purposes, so they have more access to Jerusalem than just the one, which was the cause of their tragic defeat in 1948. Also roads give more access to the five mountain villages which act as a sort of a defense perimeter to the south. We look across the hills to the one thousand acre developed park and a nature reserve of three thousand acres more. Somehow it seems much larger, and there is a sense of space, even in these thickly settled hills. The buildings everywhere of the new settlements blend very well into the surroundings, so unlike America. We look across from our village which is called Nes Harim—"Miracle of the Mountains." How poetic! We look across to the hills of Hebron, the scene of a tragic massacre of Jews by Arabs in 1948, the scene of much Arab agitation. Nes Harim settled by Kurds and Iraqi Jews, the massacre is called the "Way of the Thirty-five." They were going to the Etzion Block of isolated kibbutzim when they were killed. "We only plant where the area is not deemed fit for agriculture," because agriculture is so precious.

Now we start going down back into the coast, and we past the valley where David fought Goliath, and there it was—a simple little valley with forests coming halfway down, the Philistines arrayed on one side, and the Israelis on the other. Now there are some farms there.

We then passed through the eucalyptus lined roads near Bet Shemesh, a town important at the time of the kings of Israel: everywhere around us the hills of Judea; everywhere the rocks; everywhere the terraces from ancient times; everywhere, but more and more, the new forests coming back. Black goats are banned in the state of Israel for Jews at least, because they do so much damage to the land. They are the ones who deforested the place under previous rule.

It all looks so much like southern California, and there are lessons in this for us. Here now is an old Turkish fort which was established to protect emperor King Joseph of Austria when he came to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, where the opera Aida was first commissioned and performed.

Here we pass the place famous in the book of Joshua, where he made the sun stand still—the Ayallon Valley and the ancient city of Gezer, with its old crusader fort, and then the British fortress (Taggart) built at the entrance of the valley to control it... all this in the famous Latrun Salient.

We visit Canada Park, another part of it, and see the intensive efforts to plan and develop recreation facilities for the people, to reconstruct the old byzantine baths, preserving the forts and the archeology. Such a sensitive job they do. "Trees are a political statement, and they are creating new facts—Jewish facts," says Colonel Getroy, who accompanies us. The park benches, everything is so artfully done, so wonderfully blended into the land... keeping the old terraces and ribs and bones of the land, planting trees artfully around it.

This is the country where some of the famous battles of the Macabee times took place, because this valley is the north-south key to the city of Jerusalem.

Everyone talks about what a small country this is, but still, at least here (as we start passing down into the foothills west of Jerusalem) there is somehow a tremendous sense of space, a sense of vastness, hills rolling off to the distant horizon, much like our west; and the climate is just about that arid, much like the high plains of eastern Washington that I once knew so well, where I once roamed for all those years. Now we pass through the Modiin Block of settlements: here the rebellion against the Macabees started, here in this stark bare landscape, 2,500 years ago, They raise flowers for export, and the forests we see are called the forests of the Macabees, this ancient land, every inch of it is drenched with blood, history, memories....

The Jews love trees and they tell me a story from the Talmud: "If a man is in the middle of planting a tree and the Messiah is coming, he shouldn't stop and go to greet him. He should finish planting the tree first." That says it all, the love of this energetic, vibrant, creative people for their land, their determination to put roots in it, their intensity of feeling for it.

We passed now into the lowlands, and a big army camp planted artfully again in the middle of a large eucalyptus forest. They can even do something nice with army camps.

In one of the valleys, we passed a series of Arab farms—Arabs on their donkeys, women balancing jugs on their heads as in the olden days." Nothing is closer to the land than a good Arab farmer," says our guide and the land does look good. The Arabs of course have the best, because they were here before the Jews came back. Arab houses are always built on stilts, to let them add another floor below later for the man's sons.

Meet with Mr. Alon again that night:

We had many differences with foresters at first, because they only wanted timber, only wanted to log. I laughed and we compare notes about American foresters.

I comment on the incredible differences between Arab and Jewish lands that I saw today, the Jewish lands rich and fruitful and full of trees, the Arab lands rather barren. Yes, the Arabs used to plant trees, but only fruit trees. They don't understand the idea of trees, if they are not for economic purposes. The whole idea of afforestation was imported into this country though, and the Arabs have considered this to be an alien concept, and have learned that the Jews don't like it when they burn their forests. It's a way to fight them. They are not allowed to graze under the pine trees, so what good is it.

The greatest afforestation took place in the 1950s, when Jews were coming in from the middle eastern countries; it was a way to give them some work. The Askenazi Jews who came here from Europe felt "something was lacking"—i.e. forests, and wanted to do something about it. They of course were used to forests in Europe. Alon says we need to do a lot more thinning of the forests, and open up a lot more of them for recreation. There's just a little bit of wild forest left in a few of the nature reserves on Mount Carmel and in the Galilee.

I think: this is a beautiful land, already much more varied and interesting than I had ever dreamed, and it has an extra dimension to it, too, an extra something special because of the memories and histo-

ry behind it. You cannot go anywhere that something famous or important or moving, something significant has not happened or taken place; you cannot go any place and not look on something that was not seen by Jesus or Joshua or David or the Patriarchs or the Romans or the others.

At night, we go to a night club at Jaffa, the old Arab city inside the ancient Turkish fort by the sea. Israeli folk songs, people from four or five different countries: Switzerland, Italy, Germany, France, America, Israel—cosmopolitan and interesting.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21—TOWARD HAIFA

“You gave us land but no place to plant,” said the tribe of Ephraim to Joshua when they first came to Canaan.” “So cut down the trees,” said Joshua, and that is the story of this land, Joshua having come from the desert where all is stark and bare and having a desert person’s outlook about trees, as being something forbidding and dark and gloomy.

It was cut down by the Bedouins and others; it was cut down by the Turks to build their railroad a hundred years ago. It is only in the last seventy years that we have been changing this attitude of cut it down, tear it up, use up the land.

Now as we go along the ancient coast road north, north along the way of the conquerors, we see always the hills of Samaria not so far away, showing once again how dangerously small this country is, how so easily open to invasion it is. As we pass Mount Carmel, we get a strong conservation pitch from Lee, who tells us the story of the quarry, and bemoans the quarrying that is already scarring some of it. We see the ancient limestone quarry on either side of the road; lucky probably for history that the land is so stony. It means that the building materials are always at hand, and that is why so much is still preserved of the ancient times.

South of the great city of Haifa are magnificent beaches. Mount Carmel is no where near as big as I though it might be, really kind of nondescript. But there’s a magnificent hospital, and Haifa is very hilly, very steep: clean, neat, industrious, populated mostly with German settlers. Hilly, scenic, it looks a lot like San Francisco’s lovely tree-lined streets: “They have a mayor here that refuses to let any trees get cut down.” And the city hasn’t changed its attitude about this: Trees everywhere. There’s the upper part which is new—called Carmel, and then the port, which is quite polluted. “We can’t seem to solve the pollution problems here, because it means shutting down the cement plant and loss of 500 jobs in a time of very hard economic times.” Solar heaters everywhere, very simple affairs—we could learn a lot from them.

We go on up the coast, stopping near the ancient and beautiful city of Akko (Acre)...and we pass by the old Tel where the old city used to be. There is nothing there any more, not even any artifacts, because it was conquered and plundered 137 times. This ancient land. I look off up into the hills: there was Tel Makor, just beyond the plain. We are now on the ancient road to Damascus, between the Whispering Sea (Galilee) and the Roaring Sea (Mediterranean), as the ancients used to call it. The dividing line between the upper and lower Galilee.

A hundred and forty Arab villages in the upper Galilee. Jews are in the minority. Rock, rock everywhere—yet trees grow in it. No more running streams in the Galilee; all enclosed in water pipes. We are only three miles from the Lebanese border, and we stop at Itzar—a mizpah—only five weeks old. Settlers are not offered jobs here; they bring their own. Every year the settlement will get enlarged, and grow from fifteen to eighty to a hundred families.

TEFEN Industrial Park: these are never located on good agricultural land, the way ours are. It's on top of a stony hill. It makes batteries, plastics, chemicals, and all around me are the hills of the upper Galilee, looking very much like the Catskills without forests. Stones everywhere, I've never seen so many stones.

"We are building a stage and waiting for the actors to come to play. If we don't get more people to come to Israel, we can't do all these things. You must come; you must begin your aliyah (Jewish immigration)," says Lee.

This is Arab country; they have the best land; their stone fences divide everything into their plots. "We should be glad for the rocks—they kept the lands for us," says Lee. (Because the Arabs took the good land in the valley bottoms long ago), they left a lot of land on the hillsides, where the Jews now go.) There is a long waiting list of young Jewish families who want to come to the new settlements, because there is no housing in the cities. They complain that the new immigrants are getting first crack at the new settlements, and 1,300 families are now on the waiting list to settle in the Galil.

Because there is so little land available, they use new agricultural methods: greenhouses, specialty products such as flowers, etc. This dynamic, driven, industrious people, bound by their faith, are driven to create new Jewish facts in this land. "The Galil is our biggest problem: we've got to get people up here quick and cultivate it, claim it; No more fooling around. The ancient law is that if you cultivate it, it's yours."

Now near Safed (Zefat) we stop at their recreation site at Ein Zeitem, developed in a lovely forest on a hillside. The whole bus, young and old, climb out joyfully, and we all clamber up and down for an hour on the obstacle courses, up and down the bars, swinging from the swings, the chains, laughing and shrieking with delight to be out of the bus in such a beautiful gentle place. I run into my friend Milt Jacoby: "Milt?" "Brock?"—What are you doing here in the upper Galilee?" And we both laugh and clap each other on the back, not believing it.

The winding road climbs and twists all the long way up and down the ancient hills to Zefat—ancient town from at least the time of the second temple; perched high on its hill far above the valleys; old winding narrow streets and shops. We stop in an old restored Turkish caravanserai, now the Ramon Inn set into the hillside like a little jewel. This will be our home for the next two or three days. We are on the fabled road from Damascus to the sea.

The clean air is sharp and invigorating and everywhere about us are the rolling hills of the Galilee. The Galilee! Lecture tonight—"Forestry in the Upper Galilee." Transforming a nation from erosion and aridity to fertility; verdant, alive, and green; turning the country from brown to green. This coun-

try was not always brown: in the past, especially here in the north, it was always green in the upper Galilee—very wooded. The story of the forests reflects the story of the country—wars, destruction, overcutting, and overgrazing—but the Bible speaks of many forests.

In the early days of settlement, the settlers planted the forests to drain the swamps. And we decided to create a fund for planting more olive trees in the land. Afforestation was conceived as a part of the country and it was seen as a way to convert wasteland to more productive land, by checking erosion, providing shelters for man too.

One of the main aims also was to bring Israelis closer to the soil. We want them to plant trees, and that has been one of the biggest success of JNF (Jewish National Fund.) Five to fifteen percent of all persons employed in agriculture have also worked in forestry. We have established shelter belts, and afterwards crops have increased from two to forty percent—grapefruit, garlic, tomatoes.

We now produce fifteen percent of the total consumption of timber in this country. Certain forests produce an amount of timber, in the amount of \$50,000,000 a year, added to the state's economy. The main effort though is to provide recreation services to the public. Today, in the Galilee and Negev, we have fifty-one percent of Israel pre-1967 borders, as desert or semi-desert. But we are able to overcome this. He said that many tree plantings do not affect the water regime, but near the coast, where there are sandy soils it does. And there is no erosion at all in areas covered by forests after heavy rains. When there is only grazing, there is some erosion; when just strips of trees there is some erosion; and when it rains on modern agricultural lands, there is terrible erosion. Trees stop all this. "Forests are part of the infrastructure of the state," and that tells it all about Israel and its attitude about trees.

"Trees consume water, but its balanced, and also gives it back." It also provides other goods and services. We plan to plant 15,000 acres more in the Galilee in the next five years: one million dunams—250,000 acres of forest—or land under forest cover, either natural or planted, exists so far.

The Master Plan, which provides for all land use up to the year 2000, has now been approved, and calls for 75,000 acres more to be planted throughout the country. "Trees are an integral part of every new settlement in some way." Several acts of the Knesset in 1960 and 61: (1) land development authority; (2) land administration authority. The JNF is the sole afforestation and land management agency of Israel, and the fund belongs to the Jewish people throughout the world. Land cannot be sold in Israel; it is just leased on a forty-nine year basis—as provided in the Bible, at normal rates.

JNF slogan "Trees are Soldiers" and they do form a part of the security belts around the country. The Ministers of Interior and Agriculture have to approve the agency's plans. Ninety-eight percent of the forests are not irrigated. After a lively dinner in the restored great dining hall of the caravanserai, and after a lecture on forestry in the Galil, I walked by myself through the narrow twisted streets. The air is balmy like the purest most intoxicating wine; there is a certain quality to it, indescribable. I look straight up into the star-studded blackness of this Galilean night, the sharp outlines of the ancient battlements and cypresses etched against the night sky, the lights twinkling in the valleys far below.

Galilee, Galilee: not far from here is the place where Jesus walked, here's where he taught. I can't believe it; I am here, finally I am here.

THANKSGIVING DAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22

8:00 AM: they are not long in bed in my home so far away, when I am awakened by the sound of the towns roosters. I look about my room with the stained glass pointed windows, the vaulting arches, the tiled floor, and I step outside onto the terrace with its cascading bowers of grapevines, flowers of every description. Below me is stretched the hillside and an ocean of air and I look across the hills and mountains of the upper Galilee: the sweet tang of the air is beyond description; I am in the Holy Land; I am in the very heart of it; I am here, too.

Bus trip now to the Lebanese border: Zefat composed mostly of young and old, very religious young couples. First, Rosh Finna, founded in the 1880s by the Rothchilds, then we have our first view of the Sea of Galilee, glistening thousands of feet below us, miles off to the right. I can't believe this: it looks very much like the country around Lewiston, Idaho, or Lake Chelan—dry and brown, groves of trees spotted here and there. More and more soldiers as we drive up north into the “Finger of the Galilee,” the very rich lands of the Huleh Valley once “malarial marshes,” now drained for some of the richest farmland anywhere.” These Jewish lands were always under fire from the Syrians in the Golan Heights nearby until 1967. The area looks more and more like the landscape around the town of Salmon, Idaho.

Huleh Valley: 15,000 acres, cotton, orchards, twenty-three different kinds of birds stop here on their way north from Africa. Very lovely fertile land; eucalyptus groves along the roads; rich fields in the valley, like so many western valleys I have seen in eastern Oregon and Washington—the heavily cultivated valleys, and the arid hills just beyond.

Quiryat Shermona: here all the houses have an attached room with heavy roof and no windows for the children to sleep in every night, in all the long nineteen years 1948-67, when they were bombarded and shelled constantly from the surrounding hills all around. We are just two miles from the Lebanese border now and this is where the tragic attack of five years ago of the Palestinians took place, when fourteen or fifteen people were killed.

“We have learned how to plant avocados in stony soil, with drip irrigation and drip fertilizers.” We passed through the Temur Nature Preserve with a waterfall, and Mordecai talks about birds. There is so much feeling for the land among these Jews it is beautiful to hear. We pass through Metollah, and look at the UN observation posts and observation cars everywhere as we are now at the Lebanese border. We stop at the barbed wire fence, look off into the rolling hills of Lebanon—“Fatahland”—, and watch the Arabs come through the fence to get medical treatment and work in Israel. The Jews here are allied with the Christian Arabs, 150,000 strong. We stop in a pleasant little shop and see the leader of the Christian Arabs (Colonel Haddad) in a cafe there planning strategy. The military presence, given the circumstances, is actually quite low. We see soldiers everywhere, but few vehicles or tanks. They are all out of sight.

Tel Dan: this is where the saying comes from “from the Dan to Bersheba” (from north to south), and this is the northern most part of Israel. It looks so much like California on the edge of the central valley, or really any of the irrigated valleys of the arid west, and then we wind up the ancient Golan Heights, scene of all the wars of the last thirty years. Druze villages, up and up, almost exactly like the Snake River country—heavy basalt rock formations just the same. Once only three roads climbed the Golan in 1967; now there are eleven. Lots of trees and orchards on top; no where near as barren as I had thought. The Israelis have twenty-eight settlements in the Golan Heights, and the JNF has reclaimed 40,000 acres here; 2,500 feet above sea level they are raising potatoes and apples. Good rainfall and eight artificial lakes—much greener and nicer where irrigated than I had ever remembered or thought it would be.

We passed through the brand new very attractive city of Katzrin, commercial center. One gets the idea there is no intention of giving up the Golan. We stop at the site of the Talmudic town, passing everywhere monuments to the fallen, rusting tanks, memories of the war six years and one month ago...we see an SPNI field school.

A dry wind rustles through the eucalyptus where I stand out of the hot sun, watching the ten Jewish men stand together in prayer, stand in the ruins of the ancient synagogue chanting ancient Hebrew prayers: baruch ato adonai. For five thousand years they have been present in this land; five thousand years they have lived in it; every place has its memories of this ancient and stubborn people and now we descend the slopes where Jesus walked, down to the Whispering Sea, the Lake of Kinneret, where he once preached.

Later, a walking tour of the ancient winding streets of Zefat, center of so much Jewish history and the kabalistic period (16th century). Many ideas such as “Welcome to the Queen of the Shabat” developed right here; also, the gully—twisted loaves—fish on Friday night. Certain other shabat songs. Bad earthquake in 1834 ended the flowering period, by 1948, 13,000 Arabs and only 1,000 Jews. Terrible battle in 1948, when the Jews drove the Arabs out. Reconstructed in the early 1960s.

Thus, after wandering through the streets of this ancient city, I learned that it is not quite so “ancient,” having been largely destroyed in 1834, and again in 1948. But it has been so beautifully reconstructed, all the way it was, that it looks very “ancient.”

Sitting in my room in the old Turkish fort, I hear the bell toll—5:00. I know it will be almost dark, so I wander out to the terrace to see it once more: the soft folds of the Galilean hills rolling off to the south, waves of purple and mist towards Nazareth, the great bulk of Mount Moran off to the right, the sounds of the children playing in the houses far below, lofting up through the soft dusk. Oh it is so peaceful now, but it is not so in my heart.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23—TOWARD GALILEE

Shabat is coming! I awaken, and step out on the balcony draped with flowers. A balmy breeze wafts across from the ocean of air below me and the hills of Galilee roll off into the endless distance—an-

other incredibly bright sweet morning in the holy land. Our bus descends to the Sea of Galilee, and I only half listen to the lecture.

Then I perk up—the Horns of Hatin? Yes I remember the name now, the scene of the famous battle of Crusader times, when the Christians were defeated finally once and forever, on a terribly hot July day in 1187, really the end of the Crusades. They are a pair of old and collapsed volcanos these Horns, above an old dry wadi, looking for all the world like the dry Columbia River country on the way to Entiat, eastern Washington. A 10,000 dunam JNF park on the Galilee for recreation purpose mostly, heavily developed along the shorelines. We stop at the soft town of Tiberias on the Galilee, having passed the slopes where Jesus fed the multitudes, and we stop at an ancient third century synagogue looking at the curious zodiac and nude figures, totally out of the mainstream of Jewish culture which forbids representation of images. But here it is.

So soft and gentle down here by the Sea of Galilee as we look at the old synagogue! Soft and warm—is it really almost December? The Jordan Valley surprisingly larger than I thought it would be—vast and fertile, dark forests strangely mixed in with bananas and date palms and cotton. We pass a plywood kibbutz. But the wood for the plywood here comes from Scandinavia: “JNF doesn’t plant trees in order to harvest them.”

Now we are in one of the hottest areas on earth: low down in this farthest north extension of the great African Rift Valley, far below sea level. Off on the left are the mountains of Gilead in the Kingdom of Jordan. Then we climb and climb and climb high up to the old Crusader fort of Koshar Hayardon—“Belvoir” to the Christians. An incredible eyrie: eagle’s eye view of the surrounding country for tens of miles in every direction; the best natural fortress in all of Palestine; that is why it is here: huge ancient walls withstood a momentous siege by Saladin after the defeat at Hatin, and he never did take it. I can see why.

Over to the left famous Mount Tabor rises out of the Galilee, a famous place of the Book of Judges, where Deborah defeated Sisera, general of the Philistines. This also is the mountain of the Transfiguration, famous to Christians. And then I see it, the white buildings on the far hilltop—Nazareth: the fertile Jezreel Valley here, the beginning of the kibbutz movement where the first land was bought in 1910 and 1911 by Joshua Henkin, reclaimed in the 1920s. This is the valley that cuts Israel in two, and now we are in the lower Galilee, site of the ancient Kingdom of Israel.

We proceed on down the great wide Valley of the Jordan, and the land becomes drier, more barren, hotter, deeper gullies and wadis, and now we see the military presence in this troubled land, in the form of a wide “security belt”: a double strand of barbed wire with a carefully swept strip in between to detect the infiltrators from across the Valley on the Jordanian side. There were many killings here during the War of Attrition, 1967-70, when the Israeli army finally cleaned them out. And finally on the bus we get the pitch on politics and West Bank: “need to consolidate the eastern front.” They say they are not taking any private property for new Jewish settlements on the West Bank, but then all property changes here have been by the result of military action. “We need a great effort to make sure

that our presence remains here forever.” We passed through the tiny village of Bet-Shan: if ever there was a paradise, a garden of Eden, it was here: warm, plenty of water, a wide fertile warm rich land. And there off in the distance across the wide valley are the mountains of Gilboa, where King Saul lost his life and had his head impaled at the Gate of Bet-Shan.

It is a sere dry land now “but with proper site preparation and bringing in water, we can make this a Garden of Eden, the Hothouse of the Land of Israel.” It is drier and much more rugged now, the whole thing looks like the hills near Yakima, even unto the crisscrossed gullies, not flat at all now. We pass an abandoned Jordanian army camp—lots of barbed wire and military strong points. This ancient land; it looks so old. Here is where human history began and now I understand why, in my wandering through the northwest, I used to refer to those dry sere lands of the Pacific Northwest as “ancient” lands also. It just looks old.

Lots of planting under plastic cuts down on evaporation; each plant gets its drop of water and its nutrient at the same time. Farmers working the fields, children playing under canopies, and there is the road to Nablus winding up through the barren hills, under Alexandrion Mountain—a Macabean fortress. We pass near the Allenby Bridge, and we are told that more tourists, Arab and otherwise, come in via the bridges than through the Lydda (Ben Gurion) Airport. We stop and have lunch in the middle of this dry hot place, at a pleasant JNF park at the base of the great monument to the Jordan Valley Brigade, where 181 boys lost their lives in the War of Attrition. This war was not old; it just happened. We passed by abandoned Arab refuge camps where they “were living in photogenic poverty.” Finally I see off in the distance a great green oasis right in the middle of the sere plain—Jericho: oranges incredibly sweet, flies everywhere; Jericho the city of date palms. I’d always thought it was a barren place in the hills with old dry crumbling walls around it, but it is just the opposite: flat, large and spread out, green and lush everywhere.

And I look off to the south as the bus moves on, the great fault-block walls of the Rift march on and on, down into the hot lands where last I passed twenty years before. We are now 400 meters below sea level, as we begin our climb to 800 meters above, back to the city of Jerusalem, holy city. I think of the hot lands once more and my time twenty years ago and I remember what I said then about Lanah: “It is only done but not forgotten...”

And there, there is the Dead Sea: It looks so hot and desolate, but that is where history began—the bare, incredibly stark lower Judean hills. We pass through badlands, and as we get higher, we pass the old inn of the Good Samaritan, and then start dropping down into a wide brown valley, and there, high on the far hills, the walls, ridges, battlements and towers of Jerusalem, Jerusalem. As I read, listen, study here, look more about me and about the story of this Jewish people, the more I realize how deeply ingrained in me had been so many stereotypes: of Jews as small, pushy, even cowardly wizened tailors and moneylenders. Now I see them as a proud and tenacious people, farmers as well as money changers, firemen and soldiers as well as scholars and doctors, blondes and redheads as well as dark

and swarthy—very human and nice, others not so of course—but above all, a most remarkable people with a record of surviving, of passing through the most terrible trials unmatched in the history of our race, a passionate, creative, vibrant, and tenacious people.

We walked through the ancient and pleasant streets of the new city for a while, then come to the ancient walls of the old city itself. Passing through the famous Jaffa Gate, we step up and down many narrow, twisted, and covered streets, bazaars, steps, hidden passageways, until finally we round the bend, and there it was—a great stone plaza, one whole end of it stopped by an immense wall—the Western Wall they call it, the Wailing Wall of ancient days.

Imagine the scene: a soft dusk in the old ancient city of spires and turrets, the last rays of the sun turning the tops of the limestone buildings gold, then, exactly at dusk, the ancient cry of the Moslem muzzein calling the faithful to prayer, sounding through the narrow streets of the Souk, the bazaar.

Almost at the same time, at the far end of the plaza a chanting rises: hundreds of Yeshiva students, all in white shirts and dark pants, literally dance into the space, linked arm and arm, dancing through the great crowd gathered in front of it. The crowd, divided into men on one side and women on the other, is dressed in every sort of way—robes, fur hats, short sleeves, business suits, but most prevalent are the black suits, dark top hats, and long curly hair of the Hassidim, who are also divided up according to their sects.

Strangest of all is the fact that in the whole vast throng, at least a thousand people, there is no organized service. Little groups gather next to the wall, each one worshiping in their own way: here the Romanians dance in a circle while they chant their service; there the Poles come wearing their ancient fur hats as they bow and bob back and forth in the old manner; behind them a group of men in business suits are singing and turning around to the west to face the Queen of Shabat. Such a babble and confusion, people walking back and forth and many individuals also worshiping in their own way.

I stand there mesmerized, absorbed into the entirety: the confusions yet the similarity, the strange costumes, the ancient chant rising at the face of the old wall of King David, rising back up into the soft dusk that envelopes the Holy City. I am surrounded, engulfed by the timelessness of it all: each person, each group chanting in its own free way, yet each coming together in a common tradition that goes back at least three thousand years, each saying the same sacred words. I know somehow that I am at the root of something very deep and powerful, the sacred heart of the Judaic world, which was in turn the beginning for everything in our own culture today, everything that I am too.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24—JERUSALEM

Most things are closed, I go to the Israel Museum in the morning and see the superb display of archeology, the finest exhibition of Canaanite artifacts I have ever seen. A walking tour in the old city that afternoon, and a visit just at dusk at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the place where Christ was crucified. I am admitted through the great brass doors just at dusk, and am enveloped in the gloom of the great basilica over a millennium and a half old. I hear chanting and follow the sound, come upon

a large group of Armenian monks moving from holy station to holy station throughout the great church, chanting their strange sounds, wafting up and being absorbed in the gloom at the top of the church with its many passageways and alcoves, just as it has been so for 1700 years—a most moving sight and sound.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Meet with the President of Israel in the Israeli White House, a modern and very impressive building. Then lunch in the Knesset with Joseph Tamir, Chairman of the Committee on Environment, an interesting and charming man. They have done so much in such a short time, this vigorous vital industrious people: so many buildings, nurseries, museums, houses, settlements, in just thirty years.

Ninety-three to ninety-four percent of the land belongs to the state, the rest to individuals. JNF no longer buys land as it used to; it prepares it instead.

Two million graves, Jewish graves on Temple Mount, put there to be as close as possible when the Messiah comes. The Arabs destroyed and made devastation of most of it between 1948 and 1967. There is Al-Aksa Mosque—Sadat prayed here two years ago today.

Hebrew University, Mount Scopus; knocked off whole top of the mountain to build the University. Arabs and Jews, side by side, Hadassah Hospital. Mount of Olives/Mount Scopus/ French Hill—all the same place name, three high points on the same ridge.

When the Israelis build, first the archeologists come in. Only if they are finished and satisfied, then can the builders come.

Lots of open space left in the valleys between the new neighborhoods. It belongs to a kibbutz, and it's hard to take away their lands. We see the model of the city of Jerusalem, a fabulous sight, and in the temple model we see a green door and the guide says "Behind the Green Door" is the inner sanctum. Behind the green door! (That's the title of a pornographic movie; perhaps the makers of the movie thought of this—tongue in cheek)

CF Nisanor: bronze doors dropped into the sea, doors patinated naturally; that's why they're left that way. Note the pools of Bethesda.

Lunch with Josef Tamir, Chairman of Environment Committee, liberal party member of Likud Coalition: we have problems today in recycling, enforcing laws. Can't shut down cement plant because of jobs—energy problems and new power plants. "Nowadays everyone is aware of ecology and the environment, and the importance of what it is."

Other problems: everyone has to spend five to seven weeks in the army, insufficient housing, security, disruption of economy: strong correlation between these issues and environmental ones. "We can't have a strong society and willingness to defend Israel, without a stable society, a quality society..."

Karen Kemayet (Israeli name for Jewish National Fund) is not so well known in Israel. Twenty MK's are members of the Environmental Caucus in the Knesset (out of 120). "The abortion issue will not abort the government. Anti-abortionists are one percent of the government, but they do affect 50

percent of its policies. “I hope your next president will be a Democrat, and in case he’s a Republican, he will not be John Connally.”

Interview with editors of Jerusalem Post: all is not roses in Israel in the environment. Good job in nature preserves, but much more needs to be done with air pollution and noise. Must solve energy problem, which is approaching crisis proportions; only three percent of energy is solar.

NOVEMBER 26—TO THE NEGEV

Excerpts from book *Ecology and the Bible*: Psalm 104:1-24:

“Oh Lord how manifold are your works!/You make springs gush in the valleys”; Genesis 13:1-13. “The land would not support them... together...” Numbers 13:27. References to milk and honey. This refers to the forest wilderness, which was inhabited only by goats and pigs who foraged there and gave milk. Also bees./ Song of Songs 2:10-13 “Arise my love... flowers and doves.” Conveys message of love using progression of seasons. Hebrews have many festivals of the Seasons.

On the way to the Negev, via the West Bank and Hebron. We passed Kyrat Rachel, a suburb of Jerusalem. We drive south through the stony Judean hills, past Rachel’s tomb, Bethlehem: many donkeys, Arabs, terraced hillsides, more trees. Stones everywhere in this ancient land.

We passed through unfriendly Arab villages, and someone asked—“Why do we do this? Why not go around?” “We must not permit them to disrupt the normal patterns of life and we will pass through here as we please.”

We passed through Hebron, the worst, and she [guide] tells the story of the mayor who in the 1967 war, recalling previous massacres by Hebron residents of Jews, said, “I recommend we not fire a shot. The Jews are just looking for a reason to destroy us.” They did not, and the Jews therefore did not destroy them. Fifty thousand Arabs in Hebron, lots of new construction.

We now drive on past the 1957 border into relatively fertile land, the hills flattening out and the dry harsh lands stretch on out to the south. We can see now the shelter belts which mark the border-line at the Lahev Settlement. These are loess soils now, once good land, still could be.

We have been all morning following the way of the Patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac all passed this way. The land is flattened and changed; we have left the stony hills.

JNF plants copses of trees which are irrigated ingeniously by check dams which capture the two or three inches of rain a year, and lets them drip into the trees one by one.

Now we enter the surprisingly large (130,000) and pleasant city of Bersheva. In 1948, there were no Jews; now there is this whole city with lots of planting. Everything here is oriented to the desert, education, ways of life—everything. There is a strong musical conservatory, lots of culture, looks a lot older than twenty or thirty years old.

Then on the road from Bersheva to Azza (Gaza): Tremendous amount of cultivation, eucalyptus trees, soldiers everywhere. “You in America who live with trees all the time, you have no idea what it is like to live without trees. Here every tree is a project, a major effort to add to the quality of our lives.”

Note the traditions in Jewish culture: the Tree of Life which holds the Torah; the Menorah copied from a seven branch tree. All the time along the way, our bus our guide talks about the richness of their traditions and of their lands. Amazing is the life in this arid land: farms, forests, parks—not everywhere, but a lot. All the water from everywhere comes through the National Water Carrier, a system of pipes from the Sea of Galilee.

There are nice parks and recreation developments here, as in the Galilee, in the block of kibbutzim. We stop to see a new settlement being carved out of the harsh empty desert; it is literally nothing but sand and rolling hills, just a few scattered trees in moist places. Thirty-two hundred dunams and a hundred and twenty units for each settlement. All land is reclaimed before its use, making use of exact soil and topography charts for off drainage channels and the like. It takes a thousand cubic meters per dunam of cultivation to produce a crop; in California, 2500 cubic meters it would take for the equivalent crops. They are growing export crops here, anything to help the critical balance of payment situation. Some of the new lands are having sewage put on them to be developed later. They have clear skies here in the Negev 67 percent of the year, and make a lot of use of radiation to grow their crops.

Because of their new techniques, their use of water per crop is always going down and down, and constant research means they can use less and less. A farmer now uses 10,000 cubic meters (for ten dunams) and gets a good living. They think they can reduce it by one-half. They are also experimenting with using brackish or saline water, up to 12,000 milligrams per cubic liter of minerals in the water. It was formerly said that 400 milligrams per cubic liter was the upper limit beyond which you could not use for crops; but they have already increased that by three times.

One of the big difficulties with agriculture is that it gets too cold in the Negev sometimes to grow without artificial heating. In the Arava they did drill to find a hot spring to use the heat, then recycled it later for cooling to “grow lobsters for the goyim.” (Jews cannot eat shellfish.) They are also growing geese for pate, and France now imports its pate much of it from Israel.

The biggest problem in the Negev, previously mentioned, is that the army has to move back from the Sinai, and what is good land for them is also good for the agriculture as well. A real conflict. Menachem Perlmutter, Director of Jewish Agency projects in the area, former concentration camp inmate from Czechoslovakia shows us his tattoo. A wonderful man, speaking in broken English, tall and rangy: ‘If you live in a house, you aren’t close to the land, but if you have a farm, you are close to it.’ Arabs have better physical conditions for their land. They have the best land, but they do not have the same motivation as us. Jewish farmers are therefore better, knowing which lands are good for what, practice crop rotations every seventh year, as in the Bible.

He refers to the detailed soil maps and the way they scrape away the first three feet of sand and then bring in mixed sand and loess from the neighborhoods to form their own soil mixtures. They use the brackish water previously mentioned for irrigation, and it grows very sweet tomatoes in the Arava. Dates only grow in salty water they have found out, and they are doing that in the Rafah settlements,

the wedge of settlements designed to intrude in the ancient coastal road from El-Arish to Gaza, the ones they will now have to sadly evacuate.

We drive further into the desert, now into the Sinai, the place that will have to be evacuated in 1982 under the new peace treaty. They come upon the surprisingly modern and lovely village of Yamit—low houses blending into the land; a beautiful forest of date palms right along the blue Mediterranean Sea; magnificent beaches; miles and miles of orchards. On the way in, Colonel Getroy talks to us about war, because many of our party say “Why did you give this up? Why don’t you fight for it? What’s the matter with you?” They are old Americans, safe in their own country, always, as old people are, perfectly willing to fight with young peoples’ lives. Colonel Getroy points out: “Look, one day of war costs this country an average of 1000 casualties killed and wounded each day. It costs over a million dollars a day just to sustain it. Our small country simply can’t stand it. Real peace is worth one settlement, if we have real peace. The cost of one day of war is far more than all the settlements to be built and that’s of great concern in Israel. We can’t afford war.”

Coming into the Gaza Strip now we pass through the sandy desert “no green here.” “Not yet—but come back next year and it will be green like Kodak.”

Yamit: we crossed the border and ancient pathway of the armies in war: a series of settlements; 3300 dunams reclaimed; more vegetables, even fruit trees; more than I ever would have ever thought of; all since 1967. Living is very easy here, never hot, never cold, the water table is very high. Lots of new settlements, strawberry vines ten feet high, reclaimed land. It is indeed very depressing to think that it is all to be given back, this lovely fruitful series of settlements and happy people.

We pick up a squad of armed soldiers and go on a ride through the dread Gaza Strip. The Agriculture is very different: mostly orchards and sabra fences, tree-lined roads, names and famous memories of wars and past battles: Rafa, Kahn Yunis. On up this narrow basically fertile coastal plain, so much lushier than I had imagined, very near now the end of our long journey. Note the heavy commuter traffic of Arabs in their own cars working in Israel, and going back to Gaza Strip at the end of the day.

1967-73 was the best time for the environment, because people had a chance to look at the quality of life instead of just survival. There is a good future for things that are economic in implication, such as solar and recycling.

And that, that last evening in Jerusalem, ends the story of this incredible trip back through time and space and through everything I have ever known.

* * *



*The issue is not just who, but whether this dam should be built at all.
No one has talked about the values of a wild river...*

—WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

CHAPTER 26-A

(JANUARY 24, 1980)

Eulogy for Justice Douglas: Washington DC

**CHIEF JUSTICE
WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS**

The funeral will be at 11 a.m. Wednesday at the National Presbyterian Church, 4101 Nebraska Ave. NW, with burial at Arlington National Cemetery at 1 p.m. The body may be viewed at the church from noon Tuesday until the funeral.

Members of the high court will act as honorary pallbearers, with eulogies to be given by Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, former justice Abe Fortas and others.

President Carter ordered flags on federal buildings flown at half-mast until after the burial and said, “William O. Douglas was a lion-like defender of individual liberty. He was fiercely certain that the simple words of the Bill of Rights were meant to protect the humblest citizen from an exercise of arbitrary power, and he never deviated from that passionate conviction. Individual freedom in this country had no mightier champion.”

Members of the high court will act as honorary pallbearers, with eulogies to be given by Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, former justice Abe Fortas and others.

The nobles and the greats of this world are now sitting in the front rows of the National Presbyterian Church, but I wonder how well they knew him? Of course, most of them did, and loved him as we do, but how many of them acted on his beliefs? I am sitting in the back with some of my colleagues. We are not the nobles and the greats, but we remember, and we have acted.

The famous ones are eulogizing him, talking about his brilliant legal opinions, his world-reaching intellect and personality, his passion for the truth, and, yes, his efforts to protect nature. Eric Sevareid said it best: “How he loved this country... how he worried about it like an anxious parent...”

My memories are more direct, more specific, more personal... and they are mostly of the western land of which both of us, he and I, are the children. The western land, and the rivers, the mountains and forests, shaped both of us—that is what I thought, and those are my memories. He barely knew

AT LEFT:

“Chief Justice William O. Douglas (1969).”

Personal unpublished eulogy I composed during Douglas’ Washington, DC memorial. (Photo: MOHAI, Seattle PI Collection, 1986.5.50925.1)

me; we met only a few times. Coming of age in the Northwest of the 1960s, he helped shape our movement's consciousness; then riding *its* rising tide, we all went forth once more to do battle against the oppressors of the land, this beautiful American earth.

And my memories are very personal. I see bright sunlight dancing off the waters of the Yakima River, where Douglas led a float trip of all of us in 1966, to help gather support for a state wild rivers bill in the legislature, one of my first conservation battles.

I hear the roar of the rapids deep in the gorges of the Snake River Canyon, Hells Canyon. It was in July of 1967, just after I had started as a Northwest Representative for the Sierra Club, and his legal opinion on the Hells Canyon case before the Supreme Court came out. The only issue of the case was which of two contending parties were going to build the dam. But Douglas, in his opinion, said "Something has been left out: the issue is not just who, but whether this dam should be built at all. No one has talked about the values of a wild river...." That was all I needed as a young and inexperienced Northwest Representative, and I was able to take this opinion and make use of it, and file a Petition of Intervention before the Federal Power Commission on the case which had been remanded for further hearings on this subject. We fought in the court for five years, and we fought in Congress for seven, but now Hells Canyon is safe, safe forever, because we were able to win our battles, because Justice Douglas spoke up for the wild river and gave us time.

Yes, my memories are very personal. They go back again to my early days in the Northwest when he agreed to sponsor and give his blessing to our first state-wide grouping of the all the environmentalists, the first time we had ever come together, again over in his home territory of Yakima. We all came together, we all agreed that we must unite if we are to win our battles. And from that meeting I was able to go out and organize the Washington Environmental Council because the Justice was willing to lend his name and give his blessing to us.

Sitting through the service, they are singing "This Land is Your Land," and the memories crowd in on me now, pushing everything else out of the way: green sunlight filtering through the great trees along the forest trail at the entrance to the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area; the protest hike that he led and that I organized to draw attention to the dangers of an open pit copper mine there. We stopped that mine. Memories later of being inspired by his books which talked about his native Cougar Lakes country, memories of thinking about him in the summer of 1971 when I was down on my hands and knees in the Northwest Office drawing boundaries on the maps for the first official proposal for a Cougar Lakes Wilderness bill....

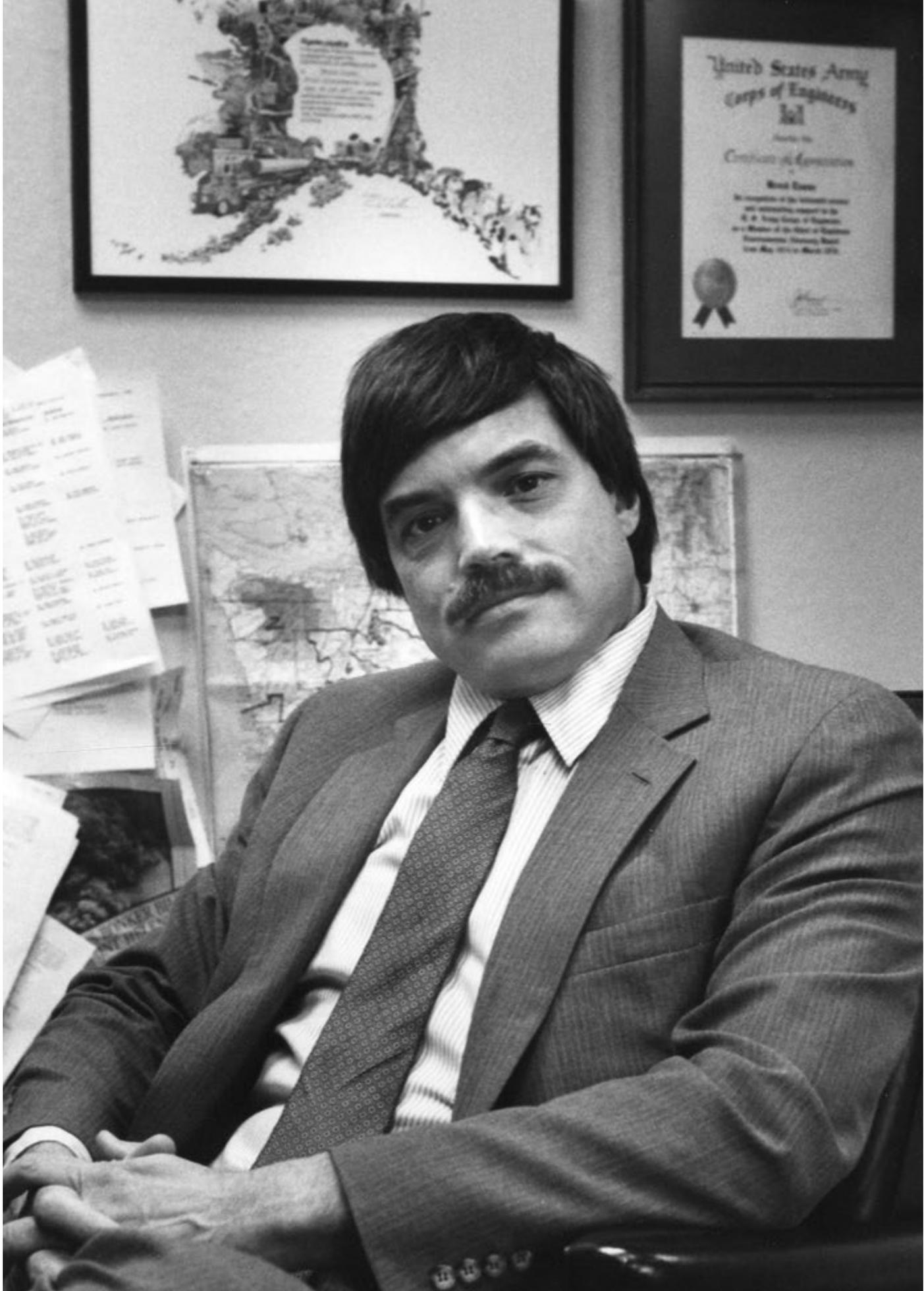
And before my time, memories passed on to me by the old-timers of how he led a hike up the famous wild Olympic Coast to protest proposals to build a road there. That coast is safe now, all part of a national park, one of the most superlative wilder-

ness areas on this planet, giving pleasure to millions over all the years... that is what he has done.

The speakers tell of little humorous incidents throughout his life, and also refer to the other well-known things he has done: his hike up the C & O Canal to save it from becoming a parkway; his opinion in the Mineral King case which gave us standing to speak out on behalf of the environment in the courts of the land; his name added to

many other causes of human rights, of personal liberty, of peace and understanding. All these things he did, too, but my mind and my heart keep coming back to those deep forests, to those wild rivers dancing in the sun, to the line of great peaks rising out of the prairies in the soft first light of day—these are the things of his beloved Northwest, and mine. They were the touchstones of all his life... and of mine. These are the things he has passed on.

* * *



And we did not quit. And we never will.

—DENNY SHAFFER

CHAPTER 26-B

(MAY 2, 1981) *Praise for Brock Evans: The John Muir Award*

By Denny Shaffer

Established in 1961, the John Muir Award honors a distinguished record of leadership in national conservation causes that continue Muir's work. Previous recipients of this award reflect that it is the Sierra Club's most prestigious. They include Will Colby, Ansel Adams, Olaus Murie, Walter Starr, Francis Farquhar, Harold Bradley, George Marshall, Ed Wayburn, Richard Leonard, John Oaks, Jacques Cousteau, William O. Douglas, David Brower, Phil Berry, Mike McCloskey, Paul Ehrlich.

This year's addition to that list is a man of equal stature.

He is a graduate of Princeton, the University of Michigan Law School, and the Marine Corps. After a few years of private practice in Seattle, he became the Sierra Club's Northwest Representative in 1967 and the Director of the Club's Washington office in 1973. Last year he assumed the position he now holds as Associate Executive Director of the Sierra Club. He will shortly leave the staff of the Sierra Club to accept a position as Vice President with the Audubon Society.

Which of his accomplishments do I mention?

The growth of the Sierra Club's Washington office to its present impressive strength under his leadership?

The personal recognition he has received as one of our capitol's most respected and effective lobbyists?

The conservation battles? The National Timber Supply Act, Hell's Canyon, Alpine Lakes, Olympic National Park, the first Alaskan Coalition, the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, and on and on and on?

They would set any man aside for this honor, but they are not his greatest accomplishments.

He has spoken of the Sierra Club Volunteers as the Club's soul... and perhaps we are... but Brock Evans is the voice of that soul.

AT LEFT:
"Brock Evans (1981)."
Speech text by Sierra Club's
Denny Shaffer on presenting
The John Muir Award,
May 2, 1981.

We of the Sierra Club are a very special group of people. Recently a retiring Director said, "The Sierra Club has been my church, a community of committed people." And we are.

Our shared concerns have brought us together. Our love of the earth... its life, its beauty, its wholeness is what makes us effective.

In a 1975 speech in Columbia, South Carolina, Brock said of the Congaree:

So I say to you, go out and save it. Go out and save your rich earth. Go now. Go into all your towns and villages and spread the word. Save it for all of us. You will do it. You will in the end, because you have one thing that our opponents cannot understand. And this is the greatest force of all. It is what keeps us going day after day. It is what keeps us going nights and weekends when other people are at parties and picnics. It's a force called love. Love for our earth. Love enough to fight for it. Love enough to never quit. [See Chapter 13]

And we did not quit. And we never will.

To this year's recipient of the John Muir Award, I would say this: Brock, you have inspired us and led us... organized us and taught us. You have helped us recognize, and value, that which is special within us... that which sets us apart from our enemies, that love that is the most unstoppable of all forces.

You have so often spoken of the Sierra Club as your family, of we members as your brothers and sisters. And so we shall forever be.

So it is from our admiration, respect, appreciation, and our love that your family, the Sierra Club, honors you here tonight.

* * *



*Would you / With your status in your pants /
Have me / give up my only chance / My one advantage?*
—LINDA GARCIA (1981)

CHAPTER 27

(1981) *Audubon, DC: New Life, New Love*

In January, 1980, everything began to change. David Brower had been fired. The Washington office became subordinate to the San Francisco office. And after eight years in Washington, I was appointed as the Sierra Club Associate Executive Director. (I thought it was about time I do something else; I was tired of worrying about Xeroxes and budgets.) The appointment, however, was a double-edged sword. On the one hand, there was great freedom, and all the speeches I wanted to give, and all the meetings I could go to, but I had no staff, I had no control. In Washington, where everybody quickly judges these nuances, my lobbyist colleagues in other groups didn't know what to make of it.

By the end of 1980, it became apparent to me that, while this new executive appointment would be a nice way to end my days and my conservation career, I was just 44—too young to be kicked that far upstairs. On April 30, 1981, I gave my farewell speech to the Sierra Club. A few days later, they presented me with The John Muir Award—their

highest honor. Two years later, I was elected by the Sierra Club membership to their national Board of Directors. (*Journal of Forest History*, 86.)

While I was leaving the Sierra Club, the National Audubon Society with 500,000 members was simultaneously reorganizing, and just by sheer coincidence, they offered me the job as Vice President for National Issues. I accepted. Glad to be working in a new organization, I was familiar with the process of building up—the same work I'd done in Seattle fifteen years ago. Now, I was more free to work with people and organizations on issues, too. My first in-house appointment was to chair and manage their new Audubon Citizen Mobilization Campaign. For two years, (1981-83) I supervised and directed about fifty Audubon employees—on detail from various departments—to organize, build up, mobilize, and educate the (then) 500,000 National Audubon members about current environmental problems. Managed a budget of about \$1,000,000.

AT LEFT:
“Linda Garcia with
‘Footer’ the Cat (1981).”
*This is the beautiful and intelligent
woman I met at the bus stop on
my way to work on February 24,
1981—a few months before I started
with Audubon. She forever changed
my life. (Photo by Lucia Turnbull)*

On my way to work in February, 1981—a few months before I started with Audubon—my life changed dramatically. It was a gray and wet morning in Washington, DC. Under construction for several years, the subway ended at Dupont Circle, so I always drove my car the 11 miles to my Sierra Club office on Capitol Hill. Much faster in those days, but not that morning! Car wouldn't start; spark plugs filled with water. I cussed a bit, wiped all the water out of the plug holes, tried, and dried. No dice.

So, no alternative but to take the main bus from my neighborhood (Chevy Chase, DC). Titled “Capitol Hill Express,” it was specifically intended to take folks like me right to the capitol in only four stops. Still took about an hour, but it worked. So, frustrated and less than delighted in mood, I grabbed a feeder bus over to Connecticut Avenue to catch the Express bus.

As I descended the feeder bus, my experienced eyes slowly swept the waiting passenger crowd of 20-25 people. My gaze jammed to a quick stop! Wow—the most beautiful woman's legs I had ever seen! She was wearing those stylish high heels. I had never seen her before. My heart pounded harder. Wow! Who is this? All those primal testosterone phermones now poured out of my deep self: Gotta have some of that, shouted those inner male voices. By then my relationship to Rachel Cohen had remained very friendly as always, but also more platonic.

What to do? How? The bus came, everyone filed on. The last to board, I fumbled for

change, paid, then walked down the aisle. There she was again, just opening up her dressy jacket (in the humid bus) which covered her proper white blouse. Right there! Wow, I gasped again: What a beautiful bosom! I wanted to get to know her—whatever is possible. But how? What to do? How to do it? Didn't dare sit next to her; that might scare her away. I could not throw away any slim chance. The seat behind her was empty, so I sat there to figure out what next. She seemed immersed in reading a paper about nuclear waste. Her hair—long, partly curly, almost glossy, dark, rich—billowed down to her very white and most beautiful shoulders. Because of the humidity, she was constantly brushing her hair to one side then the other of that swan-like neck! Her motion driving me crazy. Filled with passengers the bus bumped down the next few stops—standing room only.

Finally I could stand it no longer, so I reached out and tapped her on the shoulder: startled, she jumped a bit, and I said, “Pardon me Miss, does this bus go to Capitol Hill?” (The sign on the front of the bus said “Capitol Hill Express!”)

“Yes it does,” she said in the sweetest voice imaginable, and my heart pounded harder. And there I made my resolve: I will get off wherever she does. Then what? I will follow her to wherever she goes, note her location, and find out a way to get “fixed up” somehow.

The Capitol Hill Express had only four passenger “Exit Stops:” *Downtown; Judi-*

ciary Complex; Senate Office Buildings; The House—the final and my regular stop. No matter, I thought—wherever she gets off, there I will get off also.

As fate would have it, she did not get off at any of the first three stops; therefore, neither did I. Finally we bumped around to the last one—Library of Congress across from the great domed Capitol Building. There were just 3-4 of us left, including this most beautiful person, object of my most intense feelings that rainy morning!

She got off before me, I right behind, and I “accidentally” bumped into her. “Oh, excuse me Miss; sorry I bumped into you. I couldn’t help noticing that you were reading about nuclear waste. Could you maybe tell me bit about it?” (Note: As the Sierra Club’s lawyer, I had recently finished trying a whole legal case to stop a proposed hydro dam in Hells Canyon: nuclear power was our preferred method of electricity instead of that river-killing dam!)

So, about 9 AM that grey damp morning in 1981, this beautiful woman and I walked up Pennsylvania Avenue, she earnestly and intelligently explaining the ins and outs of nuclear waste issues to me—the once-nuclear supportive lawyer—as I, equally earnestly, nodded and exclaimed while absorbing my good fortune at having succeeded this far!

After 2-3 blocks we arrived at my office on the corner of 4th and Pennsylvania. (Hers was 2 more blocks up the street).

“How nice to meet you and talk,” we murmured. “Let’s continue again some more.” So we did what young professional people did in those bygone times—we exchanged business cards!

Then I found out this most lovely person’s name: *Linda Garcia*. A Latina, I thought. My heart jumped. Oh, I am so in love. (I found out later that her maiden name was Crosse; Garcia was her ex-husband’s last name.) And that is how I saw, then fell in immediate love with my One, my True Wife, then never gave up, so that we could meet.

As events turned out, Linda was on her way to work that February morning at “The Office of Technology Assessment (OTA),” the agency which researched and provided unbiased reports to the Congress. A prolific, sophisticated, and intelligent research assistant, she was on her way to becoming the Senior Associate and Director with the Communication Information Technologies Program (CIT) at Georgetown University where she’d taught hundreds of core classes for years. That same year we met, she was starting to write—as sole author and director—her first of seven official reports for Congress: *Institutional Options for Addressing Information Policy Issues* (1984).

For the next ten days I was busy traveling and speaking, so could not call her; two weeks later she called me, said she’d found a poem of hers to share:

In Defense of Flirting

Would you,
With your status in your pants,
Have me,
Give up my only chance,
My one advantage?
Would you have me,
Without some guarantee,
Renounce my charm,
and totally disarm,
No longer be disarming?
Should I disregard my resources,
Those mysterious, inner forces,
That to some can be alarming,
Although there's no intent at harming?
How could I then,
In this world of men and rakes,
Confront the snake,
Head on? I haven't any.
Lest yours be in suspense,
I flirt,
Because my skirt,
Is my one defense.

—LINDA GARCIA

Thus began a long series of lunches, a long love affair, many adventures. After many scrapes and ups and downs, yet always the deep, deep love, I moved in with Linda January 5, 1985 and we lived happily together—unmarried—for the next fourteen years. Looking back at that morning, I always felt our meeting was predestined and foreshadowed her selfless love and care during my recovery from an incurable disease two decades later.



“Linda’s Grandchildren.”
Sophie Garcia (left), Ben Garcia (right). The new family on Linda’s porch, Washington, DC.



“Brock’s Boys (ca 1976).”
The new family on Brock’s front porch: (left-right) Josh (1969), Noah (1973). Taken at 5470 31st Street, Washington, DC.

“Wedding Dancers.”

Married October 19, 1996, Linda and I dance at our Cosmos Club Wedding Reception, Washington, DC. Linda wears her golden wedding dress.



In 1987, the National Audubon Society appointed me as a Vice President for National Issues, and in that capacity to also serve as Chairman and Manager of its Ancient Forest Campaign. I had the primary responsibility for preparation, buildup, and mobilization of resources of the Society, plus resources of the 100+ member organizations of the Ancient Forest Alliance whose members understood that forming environmental groups nearly always increases their power to save places. Now, they had joined with Audubon to fight a major scientific, legal, and legislative campaign aimed at res-

cuing the remaining ancient forests on federal lands in Washington, Oregon, and California—then estimated to be about several million acres. At the peak of that campaign, I supervised paid staff of eleven individuals, plus approximately 200 paid consultants; coordinated staff and consultant activities with those of several hundred volunteers; raised funds; prepared and implemented budgets of up to \$500,000 annually; thus, held primary responsibility for all legal, scientific, political, and administrative efforts of Audubon and, more indirectly, of all the other groups.



“Washington Christmas (1982-83).” Linda’s employer, the federal Office of Technology Assessment (OTA) held an annual Christmas party. While we were celebrating the holiday inside that night, outside a whiteout snowstorm was blanketing her office at 600 Pennsylvania Ave.

Created by the Congress to provide invaluable information and impartial analyses of new technology, Linda served in that highly respected agency until it was defunded during the Gingrich Congress (1994-95). Republicans did not want such impartial assessments of whatever they were going to do next.

In my lifetime I've seen the total ruination of dozens of drainages and of some of the finest fish-spawning beds and elk habitat you ever saw.

—MORT BRIGHAM, Idaho lumberman

CHAPTER 28

(1983) ***Congressional Testimony: Our National Wood Factories***

In addition to public relations and regular lobbying responsibilities, I also continued the efforts of the 1970s by writing, presenting, and publishing speeches across the United States to various professional groups: On November 19, 1981, I delivered “The Environmental Community” to the National Symposium on Public Lands and the Reagan Administration; on January 26, 1983, I gave “Environmentalists and Utilities: Let’s Get Together” to the Environment and Energy Conference; on November 21, 1985, I presented “The Forest Products Industry:

Environmental Interests and Dialogue” to the America Pulpwood Association conference. These longer texts and others were published in law journals, newsletters, and the prestigious *Vital Speeches of the Day*. As I’d done for the Sierra Club and the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs in *The Alpine Lakes* (1971), I now became a messenger for Audubon and the conservation ethic to a national and professional audience: chapters in books, articles in magazines and newsletters, and testimony published in the *Congressional Record* such as the following:

Our National Wood Factories and The Great Northwest Forest

(3/23/83)

A cathedral of giants six feet thick and 200 feet high, an under story of lush ferns and moss, delicate as a Japanese garden, an awesome place of falling water and delightful glades and moist renewal, eternal cycles of life and death.

And then you see it: an enormous square chunk torn out of the green forest cover. And another and another, until finally it looks as if a great army of moths has attacked the forest mantle, sometimes so vigorously that the clearcuts blend into one great, gray-brown, indistinguishable mass.

These giant clearcuts are part of the ongoing timber sale program of the U.S. Forest Service. These are our national forests: 190 million acres in 155 forests from Alaska to Florida. The Forest Service, an agency of the Department of Agriculture, manages our lands under the terms of the Mul-

multiple-Use Sustained-Yield Act of 1960, which requires emphasis on five “uses”: watershed, forage, wildlife, recreation (including wilderness), and timber.

The patchwork of clearcuts stretches on for miles, visible on any flight over the Northwest. Elsewhere, too—in the Rocky Mountains, in Texas, the Appalachian, Missouri—this most visible effect of the Forest Service’s “multiple-use program” assaults the eye.

Idaho conservationist Mort Brigham, a designer of sawmills by trade, says, “In my lifetime I’ve seen the total ruination of dozens of drainages and of some of the finest fish-spawning beds and elk habitat you ever saw.”

This concern is shared by a growing number of others. Governor Ted Shwinden of Montana has objected to logging proposals in the Beaverhead National Forest which project a 99 percent increase in sediment production, threatening famous “blue-ribbon” trout streams.

What’s happening? The National Forest Management Act of 1976 requires each national forest to prepare plans, setting forth its policies for the next ten years. The plans, affecting nearly every corner of America, are just beginning to come out for public comment. The results so far are disastrous.

In the South, where public lands are scarce and untouched areas even more scarce, the Forest Service plans to increase its road building by nearly one-third, up to 1,600 miles a year.

It doesn’t even seem to matter that expenses for selling the timber exceed the revenue. In Colorado’s San Juan National Forest, where the plan calls for almost a 100 percent increase in logging, economists estimate there will be a return of only thirteen cents on each dollar invested.

Wildlife is being wiped out in a big way, too. Plans for Washington’s Okanogan National Forest would liquidate 80 percent of the virgin old growth, vital habitat for many wildlife species. Everywhere the pattern is the same.

Budget requests for 1983 emphasize this sad trend. The Reagan Administration asked for \$30 million more for timber sale administration and \$68 million more for logging roads than was allocated in the 1982 budget, while it cut funding for watershed protection by \$7.5 million.

The national forests were created in 1897 in response to public fears about wholesale logging of the western public domain. In 1905, the Forest Service was established, and early on it attempted to balance protection and exploitation pressures.

The balance fundamentally shifted after World War II, however, when a new breed of “sawlog foresters” took over, zealous adherents of a philosophy that the only important mission of the national forests is to produce wood. The amount of timber that was put up for sale tripled in the years 1950-70; dozens of areas that previously had been set aside were eliminated from protection. Millions of acres of prime hiking, hunting, and fishing country were bulldozed into the dust.

**“Our National
Wood Factories (1983).”**
*My testimony reprinted from
Congressional Record, House of
Representatives, March 23, 1983
Vol. 129, No. 38.*

Beginning in the late 1950s, citizen protests of the new policies began in the Pacific Northwest, and spread rapidly to the Rocky Mountain and Appalachian States as the ever-growing network of logging roads penetrated even the most remote vastness, even the best remaining wildlife habitats.

Responding to the chorus of alarm, Congress, in 1976, passed the National Forest Management Act. This law strengthened the requirements for multiple balanced use of the forest; it circumscribed clearcutting and guaranteed protection of wildlife diversity and habitat.

It forbade the Forest Service to log places where the trees would not grow back and directed the agency to draft regulation to implement the new law.

When the new regulations were finally promulgated in 1979, it seemed at last we were back to real balanced use, and away from the old timber-first policies. But with the election of President Reagan, the whole carefully built structure and network of forest laws, promises, and obligations came tumbling down. Reagan appointed lumberman John B. Crowell Jr. to be in charge of the Forest Service. One of his first activities was to appoint a lobbyist for the National Forest Products Association to be his deputy, and Crowell instructed him to rewrite the new regulations.

The rewrite, which was approved last September, has undone the intent of the 1979 legislation. And the makeup of the Forest Service makes it all that much easier for the Reagan Administration to plunder the national forests. The agency has only 309 scientists and 523 wildlife biologists, compared with 5,823 foresters and 1,345 logging engineers.

The timber industry, seeing its opportunity to reverse two decades of reforms, is pushing the Forest Service to de-emphasize wildlife. A recent article in a trade journal asked this question: "Is multiple use still a feasible concept to be used when addressing the large social costs incurred by wildlife habitat preservation? "Is there an optimal rate of extinction which is slower than the current rate, yet faster than the historic rate?"

The forests of Barclay Creek are gone now. And so are hundreds of other trails, countless camping places, fishing spots, bear dens, owl trees, elk meadows.

Yes, we need lumber and, yes, the national forests can produce some. But not here. Not from these places; they have higher value. Yes, we can have logging, but we can do it as they do in Europe with small clearcuts shaped into the land, protecting streams and trails.

Congress may soon hold hearings about this sad condition of our national forests and will need to know what the American people want and expect from its public forests: tree farms or balanced use. We had better speak out then, if we want our forests back.

* * *



“Campaigning for Congress with Mike Lowry (1984).” Mike was a supportive 7th District Congressman from Seattle. During my election campaign, he listened when I berated the seconds, the minutes, and the hours and days that were eternities of angst. Rep. Sala Burton (D-CA), the spouse of Rep. Phillip Burton, D-CA also aided my close but losing cause.

Whatever comes of his effort, and the 43-year-old candidate is favored to win the Democratic party nomination in September, its origins are green. The question facing Evans is whether he can build on that base.

—MARK FUNK, *Everett Herald* (1984)

CHAPTER 29

(1983-1984) ***Seattle Campaign: Fragments without Redemption***

In 1983 the Washington State Democratic Chair asked me to run for Congress, 1st Congressional District (Seattle). Planned and implemented by Campaign Manager Maria Cantwell, now a US Senator from Washington, this campaign was at that time reported to be “the best-run campaign ever conducted by a Democrat in the First Congressional District.” We organized a paid staff of thirteen and a volunteer force of several hundred to reach out to many different groups: business, labor, environmentalists, teachers, both peace and military organi-

zations, local governments, party leaders, independents. We raised nearly \$350,000 (in 1984 dollars) from 2,700 different individual donors, but the race results were clear: 110,000 of 230,000 votes cast. Reflecting on my defeat, I often said, “Maybe glad I did it; never want to do it again. I understand and sympathize with all politicians much better ever since.” The following newspaper account describing my early campaign shows accuracy and insight while omitting the great pain and anguish of every moment—a “Time of No Redemption.”

Demo Evans Building from Environmental Base

For Democrat Brock Evans, it had been another long day’s campaigning into night. At the crack of dawn, the 1st Congressional District candidate was greeting groggy commuters at a north King County park-and-ride lot. When most people were taking their morning coffee break, the lawyer was chatting with shopkeepers and patrons as he walked the length of Lake City Way’s business district. During lunch he ate meatloaf with members of a senior citizens’ group. By late afternoon, he was pounding the streets again, going house-to-house in Mountlake Terrace.

Evans last stop was Rapunzels, a funky neighborhood bar and grill near the University of Washington, the tavern of choice for many of the school’s academics.

“Seattle Campaign (1984).”

This story best describes the early tenor of my Congressional campaign. “Demo Evans Builds from Enviro Base.” By Mark Funk. Reprinted from Everett Herald courtesy of Philip O’Connor, 9/11/84: 3A.

It was a chance for Evans to pour himself a beer and relax, because he was meeting friends whose ideals he has fought for and shared ever since quitting a private law practice in 1967 to head the Northwest chapter of one of America's most potent environmental groups, the Sierra Club.

Evans has been one of the environmental movement's most effective lobbyists, leaving Seattle in 1973 to work for the Sierra Club in Washington, D.C., and eventually rising to become the National Audubon Society's vice president for national issues.

The cozy get-together at Rapunzel's captured the very essence of Evans' campaign, for the environmental movement is indisputably the seed from which it has grown. Whatever comes of his effort, and the 43-year-old candidate is favored to win the Democratic party nomination September, its origins are green.

The question facing Evans is whether he can build on that base, for conventional wisdom has it that the 1st District will return a Republican to Washington, D.C. this November.

This is no children's crusade," he told the dozen or so environmentalists at the bar and grill.

Evans, who has already amassed a campaign fund of more than \$100,000, may well be the Democrat with the best chance of winning in the 1st District since 1972, the year John Hempelmann, an attorney who once worked for Sen. Henry M. Jackson, was defeated by Republican Joel Pritchard.

When observers characterize 1st District politics, they tend to define it less in the context of party affiliation than in terms of Pritchard's record which was moderately conservative on economic issues and moderately liberal on social issues.

"Take a look at the 1st," says Tim Hibbits, a Portland-based pollster. "It is a little bit unusual in terms of Washington politics because it is more affluent than the state's other districts and because there are a higher number of urban professionals living up there.

"They lean Republican, but they are more liberal on social and environmental issues."

Pritchard probably would have retained his seat had he run this year, but he is keeping a promise he made to leave Washington, D.C. after six terms.

Basically, Evans agreed that a strongly partisan Democrat would have trouble winning in the 1st District.

But he added, "I have always felt that a moderate Democrat with a strong environmental background can get those Republican and independent votes that he would need to win the election here."

While environmentalists and their political action committees have donated the most money to Evans' campaign kitty, he has also gotten endorsements from groups that sometimes cross swords with the environmental movement. The Washington State Labor Council, the Snohomish County Labor Council, the joint Council of Teamsters and 10 other labor organizations are backing Evans, as is the Puget Sound chapter of SANE, a peace group.



“Making my Appeal for Votes (1984).”

Campaigning for Congress was one of the more powerful experiences of my life. I have often said, “Made me glad I did it; never want to do it again. I understand and sympathize with all politicians much better ever since.”

The word “coalition” is heard often at Evans’ north King County headquarters these days.

While assuring the environmentalists at Rapunzels that their cause was still his cause, Evans touched on broader themes that he hopes will give him wider appeal in the 1st District: his support for a bilateral, mutually verifiable nuclear freeze, more federal dollars for education, and revisions in the nation’s tax code that would benefit middle class Americans.

“Taxes should be raised only as a last resort,” he said.

Evans favors a tax reform proposal sponsored by Bill Bradley (D-New Jersey) and Rep. Richard Gephardt (D-Missouri) that would broaden the base of individual and corporate income taxes,

reduce tax rates, flatten individual income tax rate schedules, and simplify tax laws by eliminating most credits, deductions, and exclusions.

To reduce the federal deficit, Evans said he favors reducing Reagan administration defense increases, overhauling the Pentagon's procurement system and eliminating such weapons systems as the MX missile, the B-1 bomber and Cruise missiles.

He said he would also vote to reduce some agricultural subsidies, including those for tobacco sugar, and the dairy industries.

On social issues, Evans said he is pro-abortion rights, favors continued federal financing of abortions so they are available to all women regardless of economic status, is opposed to prayer in the public schools and favors a federal Equal Rights Amendment.

Political observers believe that the GOP nominee is likely to be one of four moderates; former state Sen. Sue Gould of Edmonds, ex-State Rep. John Rabel of Seattle, state Sen. Alan Bluechel of Kirkland, and former TV commentator John Miller.

Evans questioned whether any freshman Republican moderate could hope to be effective among GOP House members whose leadership, including Rep. Jack Kemp (R. New York) and Rep. Newt Gingrich, (R. Georgia), is increasingly committed to a conservative economic and social agenda. "Any Republican that wins in the 1st District is "going to have to back to Washington, DC. and caucus with the party that is opposed to the Equal Rights Amendment," Evans said.

Any Republican that wins will have to caucus with the party that is opposed to the nuclear freeze, any Republican will have to caucus with the party that is going right down the line in lockstep with Ronald Reagan."

"How effective can your be when A, you are in the minority party and B, you aren't in tune with the philosophy of the leadership of the minority party?"

Republicans are taking his campaign seriously if for no other reason than he has raised a significant amount of money, and because he carries the names of two of Washington state's most prominent politicians, former U.S. Rep. Brock Adams, who was secretary of transportation in the Carter administration, and Republican Senator Daniel J. Evans.

"Neither Brock Adams nor Dan Evans is going, to be on the ballot so it won't, be quite so bad," said Fred Asbell, a staff member of the National Republican Congressional Committee. "But it's potentially a tremendous problem for us."

"When we heard Brock Evans was getting into the race, we joked that he should put up signs in Democratic areas that read, "brock EVANS," GOP opponent John Rabel said.

* * *



PART V
(1985 – 1990) *Audubon Vice President—National Issues*

Brock Evans Areas Protected by Year and State
Campaigns Later 1970s

*Mt. St. Helens—1970s	WA
*Eastern Wilderness Act—1972-75	US
*Congaree National Park—1973-76	SC
*Big Thicket National Preserve—1974	TX
New River Gorge National River—1974	WV
*Boundary Waters Canoe Wilderness—1974-80	MN
*Misty Fiords National Monument—1975-80	AK
*Alpine Lakes Wilderness—1975-88	WA
*Pinelands National Preserve—1975-78	NJ
*Alaska (ANILCA)—1976-80	AK

*one of campaign leaders



“Protesting the Copper Mine, Seattle (1982).” *I flew back from Washington to Seattle to join with Mike Lowry and the famous mountaineer Jim Whittaker who were leading a protest against the huge open pit copper mine proposed at Image Lake, heart of the Glacier Peak Wilderness. (MOHAI, Seattle PI Collection, 2000.107.047.30.01)*

Once Germany had many great forests and no foresters; now she has many foresters and no great forests.

—HEINRICH COTTA, famous German forester, ca. 1809

CHAPTER 30

(1987) *Bleeding Oregon: A Law Conference Address*

If you love the great forests of the Northwest and the living creatures that depend on them, it is no fun to be in Oregon these days. Under the prodding of the state's congressional delegation, the Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management are selling off our national forests to lumber companies at the highest rate in 20 years.

One example: The great uncut forest of Devil's Ridge whose 10,000 acres make it the largest unprotected tract of giant trees remaining in the state... to wander beside the great trunks, listening for the call of the elusive and rare spotted owl, is to walk back into an ancient cathedral, from a time and beauty far beyond our own. It is all scheduled for logging—29 separate timber sales in the next three years alone.

It is the same everywhere else. Ignoring the warnings of agency professionals, northwest congressmen ordered the Forest Service to offer for sale 5.1 billion board feet this year—20 percent *more* than can possibly be sustained over any period of time, even if

one doesn't care about spotted owl or campsites or clean water or recreation trails.

What is happening in Oregon is very scary now, and the pattern is the same everywhere across the state: the Forest Service or BLM advertises an uncut wild forest for sale; a conservation group appeals it, then loses the appeal; then takes it to court, and loses again. Then the timber is sold, and the logging company moves in with bulldozers and chainsaws. Protestors line the roads, climb up in the trees, lay in front of the machines; they are finally dragged away, and put in jail. The timber sale is delayed a few days, but then the timber company files an "interference with contract" civil court action against the protestors, obtains a judgment, and bankrupts them.

This terrible pattern is escalating all over Oregon. The battle for the last of the great race of giants, the trees we dreamed about and thought about from the time we were children, is joined. It is not too much to say that in five years, at the present rates of

"Owl in the Balance (1987)."
I gave this speech at the Environmental Law Conference in Eugene, where Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund Lawyers hesitated to support listing the spotted owl under the ESA. Eventually, GreenWorld—26 national and regional organizations—joined the fight and won: the owl was listed. (Beverly Brown, In Timber Country, Temple U Press, 1995: 29-30)

logging and selling the best and the biggest first, there will simply be no old growth forest left. Yes, there will be trees—patches in between the clearcuts and next to the roads; but no real forests for the owl, the murrelet, the fisher, the marten—or for us.

There is a way to stop it. It is the Congress who actually sets and votes money to

finance the “allowable cut levels.” Congress can and does raise or lower the amount of timber cut in the Northwest, and everywhere else. If Congress appropriated less money, fewer big trees would be cut. It is as simple—and as hard—as that. But it is in the Congress that we must join the battle, before we lose it all.

* * *



“Badger Creek Wilderness (1984).” *Saved as part of the multi-state Oregon Wilderness Act, I first saw this eastside forest while hiking on Mt. Hood. It reminded me of French Pete. The Wilderness is a 29,057-acre area. My photo shows a view from Barlow Pass, a 4,155-foot highway crossing the Oregon Cascades. Driving home, I didn’t have time to hike in the wilderness that day, but I rejoiced in the place—just to know it was there—yet another forest made safe in an Oregon still dominated by timber interests.*

How can we carry out a major campaign, as a united environmental community, to better protect the remaining Northwest forests?

—NORTHWEST ENVIRONMENTALISTS (1988)

CHAPTER 31

(1988) *Going National: The Ancient Forest Alliance*

After two decades of fiery hearings and debates, lobbying and public education, Northwest activists and conservationists had won numerous forest protection victories. But after the 1984 victory, when three more wilderness laws protected yet more ancient forest, this confrontational “political warfare” came to an end. Why? Because the politicians told us so: “Look, we’re weary of these constant wilderness battles... and all the controversies. We can’t do much of it any more.”

While we were happy with what *had* been accomplished, there was still much more to do. So far, we had permanently saved about 10-20%—several million acres—of the remaining Northwest cathedral forests during those previous struggles. But that still left a lot, too much, to the chainsaws. In addition to forests being rare, beautiful, and spiritual, now there had also come to pass a whole new wave of scientific research and deeper understanding of these battered ancient forest ecosystems: as biological havens for endangered species, reservoirs of price-

less genetic material, pristine connecting “bridges” to other ecosystems, and the cleanest, best, salmon habitat anywhere on west coast states. We forest veterans rejoiced in all this new science, which added even more heft to our efforts.

But what now, what to do? How to keep all that now-powerfully mobilized public interest alive—long enough at least to make one last lunge to save what could be saved, before it was all gone?

That was the political situation in the mid-80s: a search for some new way, new thinking, about saving our forests—new “tools” which would include that “new science” about rare species, ecosystem behavior and richness, connectivity of habitats....

But how to begin what we all sensed would be our last major forest-protection campaign? The pace of logging was so quickly accelerating across the Pacific Northwest.

First: come together. So we called a special meeting of concerned groups to be held in Portland, September, 1988. This would be no ordinary conference. For lack of a better

Excerpted from my article “Saving Ancient Forests.” (April, 2017): 2-7 and from “Remembrances from the Conservation Struggles of the 1960s and 1970s” (2007). <https://oeconline.org/brock-evans>

term, we could call it a “Council of War” because there was only one subject: *How can we carry out a major campaign, as a united environmental community, to better protect the remaining Northwest forests?* We had to be very stingy about who was invited: we wanted only the Doers, the Warriors for this final push. About 125 people came, each person a proven veteran of forest protection campaigns from Alaska to California. Our first agreement was to *unite*: bind together the literally hundreds of groups fighting for their special places.

Second: find a better name. We needed to convey our message and identity to the public. We considered names like “primeval,” and “virgin”—seeking almost anything to replace that faintly pejorative forester’s term, “old growth.” After a short discussion, the word “ancient” popped into my head and I blurted it out. Colleagues’ reaction was instantaneous—“That’s it!” So at that moment we became the *Ancient Forest Alliance*... a most accurate and powerfully descriptive (and politically appealing!) name which has stood the test of time for 30 years now.

Third: identify our remedies. We wanted to halt the worst of the big tree logging, so this question was easily answered: it had to be a *whole new statute* covering everything we could properly define as “ancient” forest, given the new scientific understandings.

Fourth: find a champion. Should we stay reliant only on potential champions among regional northwest politicians—our standard procedure for the past two decades—or truly “go national” and seek out champions

in the whole Congress itself? Here the debate was most intense. The “Go National” side argued that all past efforts, while successful, were riddled with compromises, thus losses as well as gains. That’s because we had to deal with Northwest politicians only, and some, like Senators Mark Hatfield (OR) and Slade Gorton (WA), had shown themselves time and again to favor industry and more logging, not less. The “Go National” side argued: “We can no longer go that route: we must make our case at the national level; take our cause and show our forest treasures to the whole American people; make it a national campaign, just the way we did for Grand Canyon dams and the Redwoods National Park. If we had relied only on regional politicians, on the right Committees, to champion *those* issues, we would have lost; only the legislature of the whole people (Congress) saved them. And that is how we can save our treasure too—those unparalleled Northwest forests. Plus, the debate over a comprehensive bill will give our cause huge publicity.”

The “stay regional” side strongly disagreed: a “go-national” strategy could not work in this case, because our forests, even though “National Forests,” contribute too much to some local economies in the affected states, thus many Northwest politicians had to be pacified with compromises or they would block all legislation.

Finally, there was a show of hands. On that third day, a strong majority voted to “go national,” and try to win the whole people, escalate—as our Last Best Chance.

While I had taken an active part in the debate, I was sitting in the back of the room that last day, taking notes, absorbing the significance of it all. I wrote this note in my diary: “*I look around me at all these wonderful younger people, veterans now, although not yet at the national level—a much different social and political milieu. And I wonder? Am I the only one here who knows just how beautiful and how terrible will be these next few years, as we venture forth?*”

Now we were a true *national* campaign. That did not mean that every member group was automatically dedicated to follow a unified tactical or strategic plan. As always, the strength (and the weakness) of the environmental movement lies in its grassroots power, spread across the whole nation: very effective when mobilized, less so when independent groups follow their own direction.

So now on to 1989.

After that Portland meeting, we did draft a single bill, gave it a name—the “Ancient Forest Protection Act.” Made 19 drafts and revisions, and still much discussion over technical terms, but we had our bill, and immediately a champion stepped forward: Jim Jontz, Democrat from Northern Indiana, who had never before seen such a forest, but loved the idea. Gregarious and friendly, he was an immediate hit with all grassroots, and not only introduced the bill, but over the next few years, helped us gather many cosponsors.

A few months after our successful 1988 organizational meeting in Portland, we convened the first Oregon Ancient Forest Conference in Eugene in January, 1989. To motivate and prepare and inspire and build consensus among all the members of our new coalition for the battles ahead, I gave the following address at closing:

Address to the First Ancient Forest Conference

(January 15, 1989)

I am supposed to talk in these last few minutes about how to win an ancient forest campaign. But I don't need to do that—because you already know how to do it. I've heard your presentations at the workshops; I've listened to the sessions on legislation, economics, grassroots action: you know these things, and you don't need to hear them from me again. What is important now is to begin—to set out—and that's what I am going to speak about.

I am very full of emotion now; my fingertips feel like ice; my heart is pounding; my brain has been spinning so much the last few minutes that I can't think of anything to say directly, in the normal way. My heart is very full, and all that comes to me are sayings of other people, statements about similar situations in other times—that's all I can think of right now.

The first one is from Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*: “It was the best of times; it was the worst of times.” And that's how it is for us now too, isn't it? These are intense and passionate times for us in our campaign, yes, desperate times, even, but at least we have something to fight *for*, don't we? We have a good cause; that is a blessed thing. I believe that our struggles to come will enrich each of your lives forever, as past campaigns have enriched mine.

And from Daniel Burnham, 19th century Chicago architect: “Dream only large dreams, for only they have the power to fire peoples’ souls.” Yes. We have to talk about tactics and strategies, yes; we have to learn new techniques and reach out more; but never let us forget our vision, because it is a good one. What we are about is a *noble* cause, isn’t it? We are about rescuing the last of the ancient forest, a spiritual resource for all the American people, unmatched anywhere else on this planet. Let us never lose sight of this grand vision.

And another quote—I just heard it in the last session. I’m sorry I don’t know the gentleman’s name who said it, but he said: “Follow your heart, say what is right....” And I say yes, too, to that—because we *are* right, aren’t we? It is the *right* thing to do to save the ancient forest. So wherever you go, whatever you do, when you go forth from here, speak your heart. Say it. Say it truly, and often, and long. Others will hear it, and they will follow us.

Another saying comes to me, this one from World War I. Somehow it seems very apt for us now. It is from the battle of Verdun in 1916: you remember how the Germans hoped to capture Verdun, and bleed the French nation white in trying to defend it, for Verdun was a holy city to them. And the armies did fight, and it was a long terrible battle, and the French finally won. And they had a motto then, a saying that I want to pass on to you, as they said it of the enemy attackers: “They shall not pass.” They shall not pass—and that is what we must say too, isn’t it? They have logged off too much of our ancient forest—they cannot have anymore! Let us say then: “No more, no more! You can try to do it, and you might succeed—but it will be over our bodies, and over our hearts—no more!”

They shall not pass.

I come from my own harsh world, that seething cauldron that is Washington and national politics. I believe I have some insight into what lies ahead of us—a time of troubles, strife, confrontation. The way ahead, the way through all this and through the trials of the next year or two, will not be easy, and it is not clear. It is dark and murky indeed. Often people come to me and say: “What is the way? Show us the path. What is the formula? What are the dates, the time-lines, the metrics?” Well, it isn’t quite like that, and it never has been in any of our campaigns of the past.

But I think I know how to get there anyway. I believe I know how to pass through these dark times, and come out on the other side.

As Plato once said when he was asked the best way to Mt. Olympus, “I don’t know the best way perhaps, but I do know that you will get there if every step you take is in the same direction.” And let us not forget that, either. Let us remember even more what was said by Sir Edmund Hillary, the first man to climb Mt. Everest. He said: “The mere fact of committing yourself to something, *that in itself*, that act of commitment, creates a condition for new things to happen, things that you could not have imagined would occur, had you not taken that first step.”

And that is true for us, too, isn’t it? We must set forth; we must commit ourselves. The difficulties will pass away, or we will pass through them—*if* we do only this, and commit ourselves with all our hearts. And when they say to us in the months to come:

“What about the economy?”

I say—“We can work it out.”

“What about jobs?”

“We can work it out.”

“What about the allowable cut levels, the Senator Hatfield riders?”

“We can work it out.”

And we *can* work it out. There are answers to all these things. We only need to commit ourselves to setting forth, and the way will open up before us.

I guess I want to quote myself now. This is what I often say: “*We should never forget who we are, and where we have come from.*” We have come from a long and glorious tradition of others who went before us, who faced times just as tough and terrible as these, who stood up and fought when their time came, who did not shrink. And that long chain of beautiful wild places, now safe by law all across our Northwest—that is the truest testament to their courage and what they did.

And that is who *we* are, isn’t it? Let us never forget our strengths. If others have done it, so can we. And we will. We have many friends, and we are only just beginning to gather our power.

Well now, it has truly come time to end, time to set out on this journey, which we must make if we are to save our ancient forests. Let me tell you a final important story about what it means to set out: Back in the early years of the 18th century, there was a general who had the title of *Marechal de Saxe*—“Marshal of Saxony” (I don’t know his personal name). He was a great general of the King, and had won many battles for his King and for France, then finally went to an honorable retirement in Paris laden with all the honors that a grateful nation could bestow. And so there he was, passing the time, enjoying the declining years of his life.

But then France was invaded again from the North. An enemy host broke through the lines, and was coming to attack the capital. The *Marechal de Saxe* was asked if he would lead the troops once more, and he agreed. As the story goes, a friend of the aged general was watching as the great procession and the army left the city to go out and do battle. Regiment after regiment, drums beating, banners flying, the cavalry and the infantry, and the artillery, all passed by.

Then finally came a carriage carrying the old man. He was sick with gout, and could not walk. He was clearly feeble, and very old. His friend ran up to him and said, “Oh, *Marechal*, why do you do this? You know you do not need to: the nation loves you. You have all the honors you need, and no one will think the worse of you if you do not go. Go back. Let someone else do this thing.” But the old man looked at him, and said only this: “Ah, Monsieur, the important thing in life... is to set out.”

And so then, let us now set out. We have a long and rough year ahead of us; each of us knows it, all wish it was not so, but each of us knows also that we must go to it if we are to succeed. So let us march—the time has come.

Someone during our sessions said that we are a gentle people, we are too nice—and it is true: we are not harsh and bitter like so many of our opponents. But I say this: we can fight! We can fight with a terrible fury when we are aroused, can’t we? We’ve won many battles before, by fighting so hard—and we can do it again, can’t we?

And so the time has come. If we are in a war—and we are all using the language of war—then let us raise our banners. Let us beat the drums of war, let us muster our regiments and our armies—let us march! Let us set out.

And if it will be difficult, I say this: I cannot imagine a better band of companions, of warriors, to share it with than you. Let us all march together then. We are all in this now, and we are committed forever. We can never be stopped.

Thank you.

The new political front was off and running until June, 1994!

And there was also another path—the legal system.

During the 1990s, a new era of forest-protection lawsuits had simultaneously begun in earnest. Local Oregon groups had earlier gone to court to stop some timber sales, and won injunctions—only to see them overturned by a legislative device known as a “rider,” by their own Senator Hatfield, who had great power in the Senate Appropriations committee. He alone had insured that environmental laws no longer applied to federal agencies logging our ancient forests.

Since the 1980s, it had become obvious that rare birds like the spotted owl and the marbled murrelet were in trouble: their crucial survival habitats were *only* in the ancient forests. Equally obvious, the excessive logging was destroying this habitat. If a species got “put on the endangered list,” the logging would have to cease, or at least be greatly slowed down in all threatened habitats. Since these (and other) species had already been designated in forest management plans as “indicator species” (re the health of that forest), it was a less difficult legal task to require the agency to scale back its logging in those critical habitats.

A combination of national and local groups therefore sought an additional way to proceed. How? Decision: by obtaining court orders to force a reluctant government agency to list certain species as “endangered” under the terms of the Endangered Species Act—a very strong law which required the managing agency to take all steps necessary to protect, and recover that species. The Northern Spotted Owl was so listed in 1990, thus became a prime vehicle to require change in most previous forest logging policies and procedures and protect endangered habitats.

And the lawsuits began. By far the most significant and far-reaching, in its effect on the future survival of ancient forests, was an injunction (May 1991) issued by Seattle-based Judge William Dwyer. In a lawsuit brought by Seattle Audubon Society vs. the Forest Service, he issued an injunction to halt all logging in 60,000 acres of key spotted owl ancient forest habitat.

Effectively shutting down most ancient forest logging in the Northwest, this injunction sent a shock wave through the whole industry camp, and its political supporters. From then on, it was clear that environmen-

talists were not only here to stay, but—once again—that they had the facts, the science, and the law on their side.

The major turning point came as a result of the 1992 presidential election.

The candidates had taken opposite stands: Bush said he would increase logging; Clinton said he would “bring the parties together.” Clinton won big in the Northwest. Following through on his promise, Clinton held a hearing in Portland, April 1993. It was a major—seminal—event in the long and difficult history of the “Ancient Forest Wars.” The president himself, plus the vice president and 1/3 of his cabinet came to Portland for the occasion—surely one of the most unique hearings in Northwest conservation history, and certainly the first, and *only* time that the exceptional values of a true ancient forest were ever recognized by anybody in political power! Conservationists turned out in great and eloquent numbers. A crowd of 75,000 forest lovers were chanting and singing at a major rally throughout a very rainy afternoon.

After the hearing, Clinton directed the Forest Service to come up with a *new* forest management scheme for all Northwest national forests, one which would at last mark *finis* to the liquidation strategy, fully take into account the many unique values of ancient “old growth” forests, *and* devise ways and means of saving them as much as possible. The result was the Forest Service’s announcement of the “Northwest Forest Plan” in 1994.

By no means perfect, and still allowing more logging in ancient forests, the new plan was nonetheless a major victory for all the conservationists who had struggled for change for so long. The new plan created a new set of reserves: Late Successional, Riparian, and Matrices, each one allowing certain amounts of logging, but also each one restricting much of what had been ordinary logging practices before. The “Allowable Sales Quantities” for all northwest forests were greatly reduced, and remain so to this day.

Even despite subsequent “revisions,” things are no longer the same in northwest national forests. The once-intended liquidation of our precious ancient forest resource will never be threatened again. In plain words, the “Northwest Forest Plan” was yet another clear and certain victory in the long march towards a true ancient forest protection policy—which “march,”—remember—had begun in the late 1950s, when there was not only no such policy at all, but no hope of any either.

Now, there are still many lovely and precious places remaining, still uncut and unlogged, on Forest Service lands across the Pacific Northwest. The allowable cut levels of ancient trees once devoted to industrial management are at an all-time low. But the Forest Service was not done yet—not by a long shot: the agency was still heavily staffed and run by “professional foresters.” And most of these folks—however nice human beings they may be—still possessed the same mentality of fifty years ago: big old trees are

“decadent”—or to use today’s parlance, are “hazard trees, about to die,” which therefore must be logged as soon as possible, so that “healthier forests can take their place.”

* * *

During these critical years, (1987-95) I wrote and published numerous articles critical of the Forest Service, but my major responsibility would be to chair and manage the Ancient Forest Campaign, National Audubon Society. During this campaign I was responsible primarily for the following: prepare, build up, and mobilize the resources of the Society, plus the resources of the 100+ member organizations of the Ancient Forest Alliance. At the peak of the campaign, I supervised paid staff of eleven

individuals, plus approximately 200 paid consultants; coordinated staff/consultant activities with those of several hundred volunteers; raised funds; prepared and implemented budgets of up to \$500,000 annually; exercised primary responsibility for all legal, scientific, political, and administrative efforts of Audubon (and, more indirectly, of all the other groups). These efforts supported our major national campaign involving the entire environmental community. As above, this work resulted in The “Northwest Forest Plan,” which reduced the logging of Northwest ancient forests by about 95%, firmly protected millions of new acres, and set up scientific criteria and safeguards to guide future logging on public forests in the Pacific Northwest in a sustainable manner.

* * *



I guess I felt attached to my weakness. My pain and suffering too. Summer light, the smell of a breeze, the sound of cicadas—if I like these things, why should I apologize?

—HARUKI MURAKAMI (1982)

CHAPTER 32

(1987) *The Seventeenth Summer: Music of the Spheres*

For my son Noah

It is 17 summers since they were here last; somehow, there seems something very old in that thought. Seventeen years stretches my mind back to memories, only dim now. Seventeen summers ago was my son's first one on this earth. The next time they come, he will be in the full flush of his manhood, and I will be old.

I sit on my porch in the early morning, listen to their sound—I cannot call it a song. It is a sound unlike any other... like the whirring of a high pitched piece of machinery: it never stops, it fills the whole air, penetrates every nook, crevice, and crack of the trees, the houses, the streets... and my own soul. I will not hear its like again until well past the next millennium.

Recently, I thought there is something ancient and reassuring in that sound. I had taken my son to a soccer game, stood there watching in the heat of early summer. Nearby was a patch of woods and I walked up a hill to reach the trees, out of the sun. As I approached, the faint shouts of the game became blurred, then obliterated by the in-

credible primeval force and power of that sound, the song-sound of these ancient locust-creatures.

And it was there that I first heard its rhythm and its power, speaking of something far older and more majestic than ourselves. How many battles, symphonies, games, movies, how many loves, aches, joys, children laughing, old people playing cards... how many since the last time? They mate in the tops of their trees, cut their tiny holes in the twigs, and lay their eggs. Their young later come down to burrow back into the earth whence their parents came. They do no harm, and then they vanish for nearly two decades. How many construction projects uproot them? How many freezes and colds, how many rains drown them?

What is it... what is it that brings them up again? As I walk up toward that patch of woods near the soccer field, I see their holes, dozens, spaced across the hillside. What power is it that draws them out, changes them into these strange creatures and brings forth this incredible sound? I read the care-

“Cicadas Are Coming!”

Known as periodical cicadas, these long-lived insects—the longest-lived in North America—can be found only in the eastern half of the United States, surfacing between May and June in cycles of 13 or 17 years, depending on the species. (Double cicadas: shutterstock 1506140750; Single cicada: shutterstock 141026362)

ful and elaborate explanations of the biologists, couched in the most elegant language of modern science.... But somehow that is not enough. Why do I still have these goose bumps, these old stirrings inside? There must be another, larger meaning.

One flies into the car and I do not let my son squash it. "Give her to me," I say, "I will find her a place." I put her on a tree in the front yard and she rests there, looking at me with her five orange eyes. Somehow I feel as if we connect across that gulf of time and species and race-memory; we are, after all, inhabitants of the same planet, aren't we? I come back a few hours later and she is still there, perched on the trunk, not moving. When I return again, she is gone—but where? Perhaps it has come time to lay her eggs, then pass on. "Ugh," says my son. "They are ugly, and their sound is awful. I'm going to move to the West Coast before the next time comes around so I never have to hear it again."

But I am not going to move. What these strange beings sing to me each morning on my front porch is music to my ears—an ancient, mysterious, powerful kind of music. It speaks of things beyond us, and of things we can never quite understand. They sing of the irresistible, boundless power of nature to return, and return again, no matter what we do to this earth. With their song that fills this whole sultry air hour upon hour, day upon day, they tell us that there is—yes—a power and a rhythm and a timelessness to this planet after all, that is far beyond ourselves.

And somehow it also reaches deep into me and then beyond myself—back to that first magic summer of my son, back to his first crawling through the summer flowers so long ago... and then it reaches into me once more with that wrenching sadness that each of us feels about the passage of our time on this earth. For I know they will not come again until my time here is nearly done.

I call it the music of the spheres.

* * *



I was wrong 20 years ago when I felt Earth Day was at most a passing fad, all rhetoric and little substance.

—BROCK EVANS (1990)

CHAPTER 33

(1990) *Earth Day: 20 Years Ago, The Birth of a Movement*

It didn't seem like a big deal to me at the time. By April 22, 1970, we activists in the Pacific Northwest had already participated in dozens of local and regional campaigns: against freeways in Seattle and dams in Hells Canyon and the Grand Canyon, and for new national parks and wilderness areas in the redwood forests and the North Cascades, to mention just a few. In the Northwest, where activism was something of a tradition, we already sensed a favorable, if gradual, shift in public attitudes about the environment.

But my first reaction to the possibility of something major happening on Earth Day 1970 was skepticism, much the same as my reaction to the newly passed National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA) which President Nixon signed into law with a flourish, announcing the beginning of what he proclaimed “the environmental decade.” The law didn't seem to have teeth, and I thought it was just going to be more rhetoric, like the speeches that were sure to come on the day itself.

How wrong I was on both counts. While NEPA was perhaps not the statute we activists would have drafted ourselves, its artful requirement that all federal agencies set down in writing the environmental impact of their activities, with penalties if they don't comply, made it the most far-reaching statute of those years.

And as April 1970 drew near, words like “ecology,” “pollution,” and even a new one—“environmentalists” (we were called “conservationists” before)—were suddenly being spouted on television and radio. The status quo of a few citizens battling against overwhelming odds seemed to dissolve before my eyes.

Everyone seemed to have a strong opinion, as if they'd been environmentalists all along but just hadn't said so. There was an amusing scramble of politicians and bureaucrats trying to get in on the action, even among those who had been our most bitter opponents on park and wilderness legislation.

“Celebrating 20 Years Ago (1970).” Celebrated on April 22, the first day of spring, the first Earth Day was a time of genuine escalation, a national demonstration by 20 million Americans who publically supported the environment. From our base in Seattle, Sierra Club members, my clerical staff, Rachel, and I were giving speeches all over the Northwest to encourage this grassroots movement. Reprinted from Audubon Activist, March/April 1990, 12. (Photos: Earth Day, New York City (1970) / Portland, 4/22/70.png) Earth Day, Portland (1970)

We became aware that this movement was something different and larger than we could have imagined. We were deluged with speaking invitations from schools and groups everywhere. All of us who knew how to pronounce those “scientific” words were pressed into service, many of us giving speeches for the first time, always before eager audiences who desperately wanted to do something. Angry students buried cars in California, marched in New York, and demonstrated in front of corporate polluters’ offices in Chicago.

We expected to find activists on either coast, but in Illinois? Ohio? Texas?

In dozens of states and hundreds of cities, crowds of citizens spoke out, demanded change, set up recycling centers, pledged to live cleaner and joined environmental organizations. That’s when we started to realize that something profound was happening to the environmental cause in our country.

It was a heady time. Almost overnight we had become not only credible and acceptable, but powerful. Environmentalism had come of age. Congress responded, passing laws to match the public’s passion and fervor. On the heels of NEPA came the Clean Air Act, the Clean Water Act, and legislation creating new wilderness areas and parks. Activists learned that it pays to go to court: Judges actually enforced the law against the government itself, requiring agencies to write new regulations. and hire new people. The Environmental Protection Agency seemed an especially promising guardian of our nation’s health.

Twenty years later, as we mark Earth Day’s anniversary, how has it all turned out? There have been ups and downs. The Arab oil embargo of 1973 shored up the position of polluters, who tried to persuade Congress to amend just-passed environmental laws. They didn’t succeed, but that didn’t stop them from continuing their attacks on the laws in the ensuing years. Often, they were aided by powerful friends in Congress and the administration.

But even in the Reagan/Watt years, most of their attacks failed, and we passed even more laws, such as the Toxic Substances Control Act, the Federal Land Management Act, the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act, and the Alaska Lands Act. To this day, millions and millions of acres are being added to our great protective land systems.

Sometimes we have had to rally our forces and fight back—against President Carter’s ill-fated Energy Mobilization Board initiative of 1978, or President Reagan’s “Sagebrush Rebellion” of the early 1980s, but mostly we have kept moving forward and getting stronger. National Audubon’s membership doubled between 1970 and 1980, and doubled again in the next decade, as did the memberships of many other organizations. Our chapter network has expanded, and so has the skill of our political staff, matching the expertise of our science and education staffs.

So I was wrong 20 years ago when I felt Earth Day was at most a passing fad, all rhetoric and little substance. It was, in fact,

something more than even its promoters could have imagined in that far-off, innocent time: it was a key and a catalyst. Certainly, the decade before had been filled with citizen activism and victory. But Earth Day ignited all the latent passion and energy

Americans feel for their land, ravaged for decades by unrestrained development. Earth Day 1970 showed people they could do something to save the Earth they had cared about all along. We can expect no less from Earth Day 1990.

* * *



PART VI
(1990 – 1996) *Audubon Vice President—National Issues*

Brock Evans Areas Protected by Year and State

Campaigns Begun 1980s

Mt. Graham Coalition—1980s	AZ
Grand Canyon Additions—1980s	AZ
*New Wilderness Acts (federal)	OR, WA
New Wilderness Additions	NV

*one of campaign leaders



“Sierra Club Board Meeting, Seward, Alaska (ca 1986).” Buried in my archive, I found this rare unpublished photograph of what might have been an historic Sierra Club meeting in Alaska. Jack Hession, David Brower (back row), Hazel Wolf, Phil Berry, Larry Downing, Denny Schaffer, Mike McCloskey, Dr. Wayburn and many others neither the Sierra Club nor I can now identify, may have gathered to discuss ways and means to follow up the enviro community’s victory after passing the Alaska National Interest Lands (ANILCA 1975-1980), a campaign in which my staff and I were major players.

CHAPTER 34

(1988) *If I Should Die, Think Only This of Me*
after Rupert Brook

If there is to be a memory of me—let it be in the wind. Let my memorial be in the whisper of the wind across the high passes of the West. where it all began for me so long ago; let it be in the murmur of the desert rivers, deep in their cool gorges in the heat of the late afternoon; let it be, above all, in the golden streams of light slanting through the great massed trunks of my beloved Northwest forest, touching its soft earth like the fingers of God....

Oh, let my memory be in the thousand places that I have bled, and cried for, and fought for and let it be also in the places now made safe: the meadows of the High Pasayten, the wild Sawtooths, the vast sweep of unbroken green in French Pete, the forests of Deception and the Sauk; let it be in the depths of Hells Canyon and in the stillness of the Congaree....

But—oh—let my memories and my tears also be just as much among the broken bones of the lost places—Coulter Creek, McCue Ridge, Barclay Creek, Millennium Grove.... Poor ones, they need their mourning too. Let my grieving still, now and always, be also a part of them; at least in my tears let them yet live on.

Perhaps my legacy will not be in peace treaties or the high affairs of state, not in the world of men and women and their doings, which once I tried for; that was not to be my portion. Perhaps my gift to this little blue water planet that I have loved so well will be closer to it: in the glad brightness of a summer morning in the Montana mountains, or in just a whisper, faint sigh of the afternoon breeze high up in the tree tops of a forest made safe....

And so I ask you. friends, people who I have loved so much and with whom I shared so much together... I ask that I be remembered in this way: in the wind, and in the murmur of the waters: and yes, in that whole flood of golden light that dances over my beloved West... for there was the beginning, the fullness, and the final resting place of my passion and my life....

* * *

“Elegy (1988).”

This poem was written as a passenger in a plane flying through a thunderstorm over Utah, July 11, 1988.



“Harvard Office in Kennedy Center (1990).” Appointed as a Visiting Fellow, I taught 30-40 students a course on “Politics of the Environment” and audited three free courses: Aegean Archeology, Celtic Archeology, and Elementary Akkadian, the Old Babylonian language which I learned to read and write. One bright November morning while hurrying across Harvard Yard to class, I was passing the Widener Library when the bell began to ring on top of Memorial Chapel. Oh, I stopped to take it all in: the white spire against the bright, blue, clear New England sky, the dark bell rolling back and forth ringing the change of classes, the great clapper high in the belfry shaped like a man. Down and down my delighted gaze swept—the hurrying students under the great elms, the old brick buildings and oh, the goose-bumps came and the hair prickled the back of my neck and all was right with the world. How lucky I am to be a part of all this—oh how rich and how rare and how special this experience of a great university. (11/1/90)

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**TOTAL SOLUTION TO ANCIENT FOREST ISSUE
LEGISLATIVE COUNSEL DRAFT**

	<p>§ 54. 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55</p>	<p>§ 58. 60 65 70 75</p>	<p>§ 56. 40 45 50 55</p>	<p>§ 57. 45 50 55</p>	<p>XVI § 59. 5 § 60. 10</p>	<p>§ 61. 15 20 25 30 35</p>	<p>§ 62. 35 40 45</p>
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“Cuneiform Text (1990).”
 In my Akkadian course that taught “Old Babylonian” I learned to read and write cuneiform, a term designating the characters in ancient Babylonian and Persian inscriptions, including the Code of Hammurabi.... To entertain and confound my conservation friends, I copied this supposedly “top secret” cuneiform document, gave it a political title, and sent it to my friends as an inside joke.



The gladdest moment in human life, methinks, is a departure into unknown lands.

—SIR RICHARD BURTON

CHAPTER 35

(ca 1990) *Going International: Journeys to Canada and Israel*

After regularly flying back and forth from Washington, DC to Oregon during the Ancient Forest battle, that we finally won with the new “Northwest Forest Plan” adopted by the Forest Service in 1994, my collaborative leadership in that successful battle attracted the attention of environmental organizations at home and abroad. During the previous decade (1979-1989), I’d only flown once outside the United States—to Israel to lecture, learn, explore, and collaborate. So, I was ready to travel again—as I had been in 1973 when my Northwest Sierra Club appointment required I fly to Alaska. In fact, my Audubon work was so heavy in these days that flying cross country and looking out the window at green places we’d saved was often the only time I had to rest and reflect. Flying over Montana, for example, my lover’s memory would come to me. The ache for her was still there: it was so difficult sometimes to go on, to think that life must continue, and that I would have to deal with Montana in a different way, know new people there—people

who never knew her, or cared. Walking down a street or standing on a mountaintop, high up in the sun, a thought would flash across my mind—the air, the light, the clouds were just like this when we—And what was she doing now? How many children does she have by him? Oh it hurts and aches. I would fear to even move, knowing that if I did, then something very deep and very old would break and shatter inside me irreparably, and I could never pick up the pieces again.

On some of those many flights, I sometimes wrote diary notes or a vignette about that journey, the earliest being a 1972 summer trip to Europe with Rachel and our son Josh, then 2½. We spent a fascinating ten days aboard my father’s hand-crafted junk docked at the *Isle de Embiez* on the French Riviera. Heading north, we rented a car and explored southern France, western Italy, Switzerland, Germany, all the Black Forest—even 10 days in England. With Josh, we met many child-friendly Europeans, and Rachel said, “We must have played in nearly every sandbox-playground in western Europe....”

AT LEFT:
“Saving the Tatshenshini (1991).”
Invited on a fabulous float trip by my British Columbian friend Ric Carless, Linda and I stand here—high above the threatened Tatshenshini River—in the middle of our 12-day voyage down this wild and beautiful part of our planet. Text reprinted from Tatshenshini: River Wild. Westcliff: Englewood, 1993:105-106.

My environmental purpose was to see as much “European style forest management” as possible. After seeing a lot, I determined that, while European practice was far better than our corporate rape and plunder, it wasn’t all that great either.

To accommodate a decade of world travel with our professional schedules, Linda and I sometimes traveled together during the 1990s, and other times we traveled solo.

In 1990, for instance, Linda flew twice to Canada for professional meetings, then in 1991 we rafted the Tatshehishini River in northern British Columbia together, an epic wild river journey we undertook with a hardy Canadian crew, several gallons of liquor, whitewater rapids, wilderness, and fine cuisine. Afterward, I published the following article supporting the preservation of that remote river few had run before.

* * *

Something About A River

Something there is about a river—a great wild river—that reaches deep into me, tugs at the inmost recesses of my own soul. I felt its magic and its power over me in some of our great western rivers: the Snake, the John Day, the Colorado, the Missouri. I cannot explain exactly that peculiar combination of senses and action that come together to touch me in this way. Something more than just the grand play of light and shadow on rock cliffs, something beyond the distant roar of the rapids around the next bend, the lazy gyre of a hawk circling high up in the afternoon breeze. It is something insistent and incessant, tugging and pulling at me, bearing me on and on down around the next bend, the next place. Different than the grand wild mountain scenes of the climbing days of my youth, it is the sense that the river itself is alive, has motion, purpose, power, that attracts me.

And of all the rivers that I have known that have touched me in this way, the Tatshenshini is surely one of the greatest, the grandest, the wildest, easily at or near the top of the list of the greatest remaining free-flowing rivers on this planet. These were the emotions that swept through me two years ago, some time about the sixth or seventh day on the river. Starting when it was only a hundred yards wide or so, each day, each mile, was another bend and curve opening up incredible new vistas of great ice-hung black peaks, thousand foot waterfalls pouring down their sides, wild and savage tributary valleys reaching off on either side into the unknown. By the time it reaches its confluence with the even mightier Alsek and cuts through one of the great mountain ranges of the world on its way to the Gulf of Alaska, all of us mere humans, our minds, hearts, souls, have merged and become one with the most powerful sense of wildness I have yet experienced, in twenty five years of wandering about the beautiful places of this earth.

That is why the Tatshenshini simply must be made safe—unmarred by any human activity except the transient passage of we who travel with it to the sea. That is why its current potential fate—whether to preserve it or allow massive mining—has so caught the attention of the environmental communities of the United States and Canada together, and has led to an unprecedented joint effort to protect it—forever. Forming a narrow 2.5 million acre wedge between the great wilderness complexes of the Wrangell-St. Elias-Kluane Parks on the north and the U.S. Glacier Bay National Park complex on the south, to permit such a desecration would be an act for which future

generations could never forgive our own. If the wilderness of the Tatshenshini is breached here, it diminishes in equal measure the grandeur of the entire complex—north and south—that now exists. The wild rush of the Tatshenshini is the heart of this great international wilderness.

That is why, when the call came, it was so easy for American national organizations to join with our Canadian counterparts in the coalition to achieve preservation of this magnificent place. And that is why it was so easy, I suspect, for then-senator, now Vice President, Albert Gore and numerous of his colleagues in the U.S. House and Senate, to speak out so strongly in support.

The fate of the Tatshenshini has yet to be decided. I trust that the British Columbia government will also see the wisdom of protecting the Tatshenshini for the wildlife and fisheries of both nations are at stake. As we move increasingly towards global and continental cooperation in the areas of free trade, environment, and security, it is appropriate and natural to recognize that rivers on the grand scale of the Tatshenshini, and the projects that might threaten them, are beyond the “ownership” of just one nation.

The living wildness that is the Tatshenshini is a treasure that should be passed on, so that all who come in the future can feel that magic connection with something ancient, powerful, beyond us, something reaching far back in time. Tatshenshini is North America’s wildest river. If we in Canada and the United States have to fight to keep it this way, we must—and we will.

* * *

In 1992, Linda traveled solo to professional lectures in Japan and Poland, then we traveled together to the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro. A few months later I was invited to Jokmökk, Sweden, to attend the first world conference to discuss the fate of the earth’s fast-vanishing boreal forests. There, I was honored to become a member of the Taiga Rescue Network which worked to protect as much as possible of this great belt of forest surrounding the entire northern part of our planet. (*Taiga* means “boreal forest region” in Russian). In 1994, Linda presented in Austria while I lectured at the Russian Far East State University in Vladivostok. In 1995, I flew alone to Rome for the World Conference of Forest Ministers, where I was a member of the United States NGO delegation. That same year, Linda lectured in Tur-

key, Poland, and Japan on “The Internet and the Future of Networking.” Also, that year, I attended the 1995 World Environmental Leaders Conference, Eilat, Israel, where I gave the keynote address.

In 1996, the government of Slovakia invited Linda to teach a two week course for their parliament on “Communication and Information Technologies.” Lucky for me, I was free to go with her. In this former and newly independent communist state, we stayed in a dingy Stalinist hotel. Like most of the buildings there, ours was a mix of drab on the outside but individually distinctive on the inside. While Linda lectured the Parliament, I made daily explorations, often hopping on a bus going somewhere on the only road east to Bratislava, the capital city. I explored the old medieval city, met a woman in charge of the



movement to save the forest and the wolves (VLK), found an ATM embedded in a castle wall, met friends in Košice. In other journeys that busy year, Linda's last year of teaching, she also lectured in Germany, Italy, Syria, Belgium, and Japan—to name a few.

Probably one of our most memorable joint adventures was our 1998 trip to Israel. Back in 1979, I'd made friends with dynamic and effective Israeli environmental leaders like Yoav Sagi and Alon Tal. Now, nineteen years later, Alon Tal and his Arava Institute for Environmental Studies had in-

vited me to teach "Politics of Environmental Protection" at the Kibbutz Kentura. I'd taught a similar course as a Visiting Fellow at Harvard, but I'd never written a syllabus, so Linda helped me put one together. At first, she preferred not to go to Israel, but finally decided to go to see the universal places there. A few days after arriving at the Institute, we began to understand our tenuous situation: the Israeli kibbutzim and the Arava Institute were not on completely good terms. We would have preferred to stay in the kibbutz, but eventually we were

"Kibbutz Kentura (1998)."

An afternoon stroll on the sidewalk through the village: palm trees, patriotic fladry, flowering shrubs.

Linda and I lived here while I taught courses in environmental politics and environmental law to Arab and Jewish students of Arava Institute—all in English! A profound, life-changing experience! Only 223 permanent kibbutzniks, mostly American Jews who chose to migrate back to Israel.

accepted and the tenor of our days changed from tense to relaxed. The young men and women in my classes—both Jews and Arabs—were intrigued to be in the same room together. To promote unity, I tried to give quotes from both the Koran and the Old Testament in my lectures. One evening they held a party and put on a pornographic skit. Linda got a little drunk, fell over laughing. Another time, we took a most unusual ride—Jews and Arabs together in the same bus. Driving into Jerusalem, we toured Christian sites, rode up to Golan Heights, looked into Syria, explored the Arab Druze, took our photo in a field of

flowers. Linda remarked on how every inch of ground had a story, felt sacred. One evening toward the end of classes, my peaceful students unmasked, and there was a heated but controlled exchange between them over such issues as “The Wall,” Jerusalem, The Fence, Golan, and other controversies. One student finally offered an olive branch—a peacemaker in the tradition of Shimon Peres, winner of the Nobel Prize.

In February, 1998, after teaching and observing for several months. I wrote the following article, “President’s Message from Israel,” sent it home to *Outdoor West* where it appeared in the 1998 issue.

* * *

Since February, my wife Linda and I have been living in Israel. I was invited by my friend Alon Tal, Israeli lawyer to come and teach courses on environmental law and politics at his “Arava Institute for Environmental Studies.”

Our time here has been a most powerful and revealing life experience, enriching in ways that we still find difficult to articulate. The unique combination of history and cultural/ethnic diversity in this land is overwhelming to the mind and senses.

But what is happening to the land is deeply troubling. Much of it—especially the most famous and history-rich landscapes—is being destroyed.

Israel is a varied and beautiful land. Its topography ranges from 9000-foot Mt. Hermon down to the large, strange, Dead Sea, (1400 feet below sea level)—all within a distance of about 100 miles! Linking the Dead Sea and the coral reefs of subtropical Eilat on the Red Sea are the scenic canyons of the Negev desert. Kibbutz Ketura, home of the Arava Institute, is a little green oasis in this region.

Most of the population lives in the fertile and narrow Mediterranean coastal plain, in the cool Judean hills around Jerusalem, or in the lovely rolling landscapes of nearby Galilee. These are the lands of the Bible: Jesus and Moses, David and the Philistines, Romans and the Crusaders. And it is here that a combination of political and demographic forces have converged to overwhelm the green spaces, blotting them out forever in a sea of sprawl, malls, and freeways.

Israeli environmentalists are a dedicated and committed band, growing in numbers. Thanks to their earlier efforts, 20% of the country (mostly in the desert south) is dedicated to nature reserves. But they do not have the same political and legal tools to fight with that we enjoy. Public

**“President’s Message
from Israel (1998).”**

*Roaming president of the FWOC,
I wrote this report on my computer
at Kibbutz Ketura, where Linda and
I lived for six months in the middle
of Israel’s southern Negev Desert.
Reprinted from Outdoor West,
FWOC, Vol 1, 1998.*

participation in—much less any ability to influence—development decisions is almost non-existent. In all my career, I have never seen a modern government so ignore its citizens.

Friends here often say to me, “development in Israel is perceived as a sacred national duty... to build anything, or to increase the population by whatever means.”

The usual first charge against anyone who challenges this is that they are “anti-Israel.” The present right wing government has emasculated the Ministry of the Environment—whose current head Minister said recently that “if there is a problem with the ozone layer, we can fix it by just nailing boards over the hole there.” (seriously!)

Since Israel the state actually owns (and leases out) most of the land—and all future developments are promoted by “national planners,” controlled by the party in power. Citizens often do not even know when their next favorite open space will be paved over; they just are certain that it will be, someday.

The case of the famous “Jerusalem Forest” illustrates:

This 1200-acre “protected” area was created by the contributions of thousands of Jewish people in North America, who donated to “plant a tree in Israel.” Covering several scenic hills in the Western part of the Holy City, it was a source of pleasure and recreation over the years. But in 1990, the government declared an “emergency.” The new wave of immigrants from the Soviet Union “needed houses,” and Jerusalem was targeted as one of the locations for same.

“Golan Heights, Israel (1998).”

Here we stand among the flowers on the famous high ridge bordering Lebanon, Syria, and Israel. Sparsely populated, lush, and conflicted, Israelis won control of the protected park-like land in the 1967 war. The day we drove up there, it was still a closely guarded security zone.



Enter a new concept, learned well by me since I've been here: "political open space." This means "open space is had—someone else might get there first and we must build on it before they do." The 'other side' means the Palestinian Arab neighbors of the Jewish population, especially in and around Jerusalem. Each side claims it as 'theirs', and so the ruling Jewish authorities race to physically cover every tract with something—anything, in order to reinforce their own claim. The result is a smoggy, traffic-choked, horn honking, sprawling mess out of what used to be one of the most beautiful and tranquil urban sites in the world.

The environmental laws were suspended in 1990, and ugly new housing destroyed the Forest by 75%. Now, just 300 acres is left, spreading a last gentle green cloak on one hill next to the idyllic village of Ein Kerem. The "emergency" has long since passed; all the new immigrants have homes now. But the protective laws were never put back in place. The last Forest remnant will be the location of a new highway—to ease the transportation mess caused by all the other "planned" developments.

This same tragedy—of "planners" obsessed only by development—occurs everywhere. The coral reefs and beaches of Eilat have been ruined by monstrous "tourist hotels"; the Mediterranean beaches are walled off by equally grotesque high-rises; the pastoral Galilee is studded with stark new "housing developments," connected by a proliferating network of truck-clogged and hill-gouging freeways. There are citizen protests, but the mindless tide of concrete rolls on, because the government has so much power and there is so little to check it.

Israelis are a strong and vibrant people, whose energy, spirit, and determination to survive and prosper in a harsh political environment can only be greatly admired. I have loved my stay here.

But it aches inside to see all this pointless destruction. I am so glad that I at least was able to know most of the Holy Land before it was lost. I cherish those remembrances.

And I will be so glad to come home, where we still have something left to fight for—and a political system in which we can do it.

* * *

After that 1998 residency at Arava, we rented a car, took a long-deserved vacation: from April to June, we explored Crete, Greece, Israel, and Jordan, then flew home to catch up on everything that happened while we were gone. At Christmas, we rented another car, wandered Mesoamerican and Mexican sites. Before the turn of the century, we also toured the United Kingdom. In July and

August, 1999, we drove 250 km—Wales, Scotland, England. After the turn of the century, we toured Sicily, Andalucia, and Australia together, and Linda lectured in Perth, Korea, China, Austria, Venice, and Budapest. In the 1990s, we were all over the world—together and alone—sharing our expertise, making new friends, enjoying the universe of history, culture, language, geography—everywhere.

* * *



“Lake Hawthorne Cabin.”

The Garcia family’s rustic retreat is tucked into the forest at the edge of Lake Hawthorne. Whenever possible, we spent summer vacations here, a welcome escape from the demands of Washington, DC.

*At a certain point, you say to the woods, to the sea, to the mountains,
the world, Now I am ready. Now I will stop and be wholly attentive.
You empty yourself and wait, listening.*

—ANNIE DILLARD

CHAPTER 36

(1994) ***Lake Hawthorne and the Battle of Sparta Mountain***

Part I.

Preface: Lake Hawthorne, New Jersey

Our 18-month old puppy, Blossom, has a cold wet nose. Half-asleep, it's the first thing I feel nuzzling me just around dawn—saying “Time to get up!” in eager puppy-talk. With wife Linda, we three have been peacefully here for about a month now—our vacation cabin deep in the far-northwest corner of New Jersey—800,000 acres of forested ridges and lakes known as the Highlands.

Dawn, another midsummer morning in this idyllic place, I recall happily; each summer for 31 years now I have been returning here. Linda, still asleep, has known a whole lifetime entwined with this very spot: played here in this same bedroom with her sisters, swam the same lake as a little girl—as did her own parents and their parents and even their parents. Linda's great-grandparents, schoolteachers from Newark, purchased the place (with a group of friends) as a ‘recreational getaway’

in 1895. Result: a profound intermixing of human families, their history and their memories, together with the natural history of a beautiful and recovering landscape. I have not witnessed its like anywhere else in America.

Nature is coming back—in all its original Mid-Atlantic ecological richness... giant trees, lush undergrowth, the former scalped scrub left behind by 19th century logging “methods,” now recovering its former magnificent, forested park-like appearance. The old once-drained wetlands have returned; and always the wildlife—rich swamps. And these clear lakes.

Ah, the wildlife: two mama bears trailed by three cubs each, regularly (and separately!) come down to the cove next to us to eat raspberries and to have a drink. Seventy-pound Blossom, following her natural hound instincts, went nuts the first time, treeing the three cubs in the tallest tree, until we coaxed her back. Now when we hear that distinctive bear-bark, we keep her inside as the thirsty ursines amble by.

“Author Note.”

This narrative describes the way most land-use/wildlife protection battles are actually fought in the United States. Essay composed New Jersey Highlands, July-August 2012.

There is a resident blue heron which sails a graceful path past our porch each morning looking for a fish meal; at night we hear the coyotes yelping out in the hills. It is all coming back—but not without a struggle—intense at times, and, for us who live here now, with one aim always: to restore this place to its original beauty, and to keep it that way so that our children's children, and beyond, forever, can know it as we have.

After a bit more prodding from puppy-nose, I rise, just in time to savor the last melodic finis of the bird chorus in the deep forests around the cabin. On this sweet morning, as every morning since we arrived, a perfect coda, I thought, to the similar (in meaning, if not in sound) frog-chorus, ended just hours before—theirs a guttural tintinnabulation of territorial warnings, sent and re-sent by call and response, just before their dark slide back into the ooze along the shores of our little lake, which sparkles just 10 yards away through the big hemlocks and laurel bushes.

This has been my pattern these past three decades—and a most pleasant one it has been, so far removed in time and space from the clangor, stifling rooms, and press of the lowland megalopolises just 50 miles away—not to mention the daily political combats, the intense argumentation, and stresses of my own “Day Job” as an environmental advocate in Washington D.C., 200 miles south of this cool spot.

Time to prepare the coffee for my still-sleepy spouse; another daily ritual in a happy

lifetime of them, this one is the time when we reflect on the day just past, and plan for the one just beginning.

Dawn for me is always when the sun first peeks up over the treetops of the west ridge of Sparta Mountain, rising to form the east boundary of our lake. One lake of hundreds like it, nestled in between the hard-granite outcrops and promontories of this heavily forested semi-wilderness, it has been my refuge, my delight—a part of my ‘geography of hope’—for over a quarter of a century. For Linda, her parents and grandparents (and great grandparents) before her, now her children and grandchildren since, it has been always thus—a rather uniquely American kind of ‘forever,’ I muse.

It wasn't always so—not in the very beginning, nor, in one other more recent time either. Back in 1895, when the charcoal (for metal smelting) industry was at its height, the whole region was, literally, stripped of all its big trees by legions of “Paul Bunyans.” No one ever heard of endangered species, ever thought about vanishing biodiversity, much less cared one whit. This was the era when all the rest of the great forests of the East, from West Virginia to New Hampshire (Maine's scalping came a bit later) were logged off for whatever riches could be gained by their exploiters. It surprises many who know Civil War history to realize that most of the great Southeastern forests visited by John James Audubon, as well as most of the forests of the eastern mountains, with their huge virgin trees, were largely extant for a decade or two after that cataclysm.

And the loggers came...

Only the citizens of New York State, appalled by the stripping of their Adirondack wilderness—already famous from folklore—rose up against the new wave of destruction, and after a bitter statewide campaign decrying the loss of prime watershed and fearing massive floods, passed the famous “forever wild” section of its state constitution (1894). This landmark law declared that any state—owned lands located within a “Green Line,” encircling 6 million acres of Adirondack wildlands, would—once state owned—remain forever as wild/wilderness, never to be logged, mined or roaded. As of now about half the acreage is classified as such, and there are strict zoning controls controlling exploitation of the rest. The Adirondacks were saved, escaping the worst of the late 19th century excesses in the East.

Not so the mountains of New Jersey. There are a number of nice state reserves just south of the New York border, but they, like everywhere else in the Garden State (a surprisingly lush and beautiful place if you know where to look), are recovering from the cut and run policies of a century before.

Which brings me back to our peaceful and recovering Lake Hawthorne tract: by 1895, it was just 520 acres of heavily-logged scrub on three sides of a fifty acre lake. The east end, a heavily forested hillside and part of that Sparta Mountain west ridge, was not purchased.

It was scrubby, even rather barren, then. I know; I have seen the pictures of the

great-grandparents smiling happily around a lone bush among the rocks, where the original forest used to be.

Then, with perhaps some of that same special ‘American’ spirit and energy, so well described by De Toqueville sixty years earlier, these Newark schoolteachers, determined to create a real summer retreat for themselves and friends, proceeded to transform this bleak spot. No more logging of any kind around the lakeshore; a ‘tree farm,’ for tax purposes inland, but leave the big trees alone, only take the skinny crowding-out ones. Each of thirty one families has the right to build a cabin, but the lake community owns the underlying property, so it can never be sold to developers.

The “cabin” in which I rose that dawn a few weeks ago, was built in 1908, when the trees had just started to come back. It has five bedrooms, modern electricity and plumbing—but no air-conditioning. Very rustic! Our favorite times are the many hours spent on the fifty-foot long screened in porch, right out there among the huge hemlocks which we saved from a blight 20 years ago. A short tunnel through the blooming laurels takes us directly into the wonderfully cooling waters of the lake. At certain times of night, one can almost feel the dark and hear the silence—no motors are permitted. Earlier on come the frogs and katydids, as we drift off to await another peaceful day of dogs-playing and deer-running... and many books and deep conversations at cocktail hour, and pleasant dinners with friends, and writing, thinking, relaxed and happy.

Resting before the storm it sometimes seems—the inevitable return into that tumultuous world of the capital city with all its politics and its posturing, all the environmental laws to be defended once again from a resurgent and angry Tea Party, and back into the equally tumultuous world of the university, of students crowding around, syllabi to be created, long lists of reading, theses to be advised and graded... and yes, academic politics too.

But that is for later. Now, here in my chair, sipping my coffee, I gaze northeast, across our corner of the lake. Looking through the stately hemlocks just outside, my eyes drift on, across the morning-sparkling lake, over to that deeply forested eastern hillside. Ah, Sparta Mountain, I remember—and therein resides another community memory: a tale of a rather grim, hard-fought victory; an existential battle for the whole soul of this place; a triumph snatched at the last minute from almost certain defeat. In perhaps yet a new version, a kind of reprise, of that caring passion of the community's founders. This was a tale of their successors—also just regular folks who loved this place. But also who, when the time came, rose up to challenge the powers-that-be who would destroy our peace, and change forever the character of this lake-idyll—its powerful narrative already woven deep into the consciousness of five generations.

The battle of Sparta Mountain, 1994—a century after its beginning. I recall this tale like hundreds of others lived through, witnessed, even often led, by myself, pre-

vious parts of a lifetime of campaigns to rescue what we can of this lovely American earth—a tale well worth telling here, perhaps even more so here because this one occurred in New Jersey, a place of which not much is either expected or assumed by most conservationists. Not much of great moment, affecting the American land-protection movement, is supposed to happen here, some have opined. But much actually is. And what happened here nearly 20 years ago is both a metaphor for the daily struggles here in the Highlands—as well as a noble tale, in and of itself.

So let me tell it.

* * *

Part II.

The Battle of Sparta Mountain

Drifting and dreaming were my special outlets during an all-too brief vacation that summer of 1994. It was a particularly warm early August, so my most relaxing, meditative and “thought-full” moments came each evening, just after nightfall. Clambering onto our old rubber raft, I would paddle out to the middle of the lake, and just drift, spinning slowly round and round, and look up: always marveling at the startlingly bright encrustation of so many stars sprinkled across a blue-black cosmos, always so near to that teeming conurbation just beyond the eastern horizon, and in the same moment, always so far away from the truth of my heart, which is already out there wandering among

those stars. My own deepest self wrapped tight, held close it seemed, to the bosom of this, my own magical world—stars and lake and forest all as one.

I had a lot on my mind then, trying to briefly wind down a little bit. Back home, the “Ancient Forest Campaign”—the final (and ultimately successful) struggle of environmentalists to rescue the last of the Pacific Northwest’s giant trees from complete liquidation—was reaching its climax, and I was scheduled to make my first trip to Russia in a few weeks, there to take a look at the almost unknown (and then nearly untouched) great temperate forests of Siberia, and to address the students of the Far Eastern State University in Vladivostok about world forests and the many campaigns to save such.

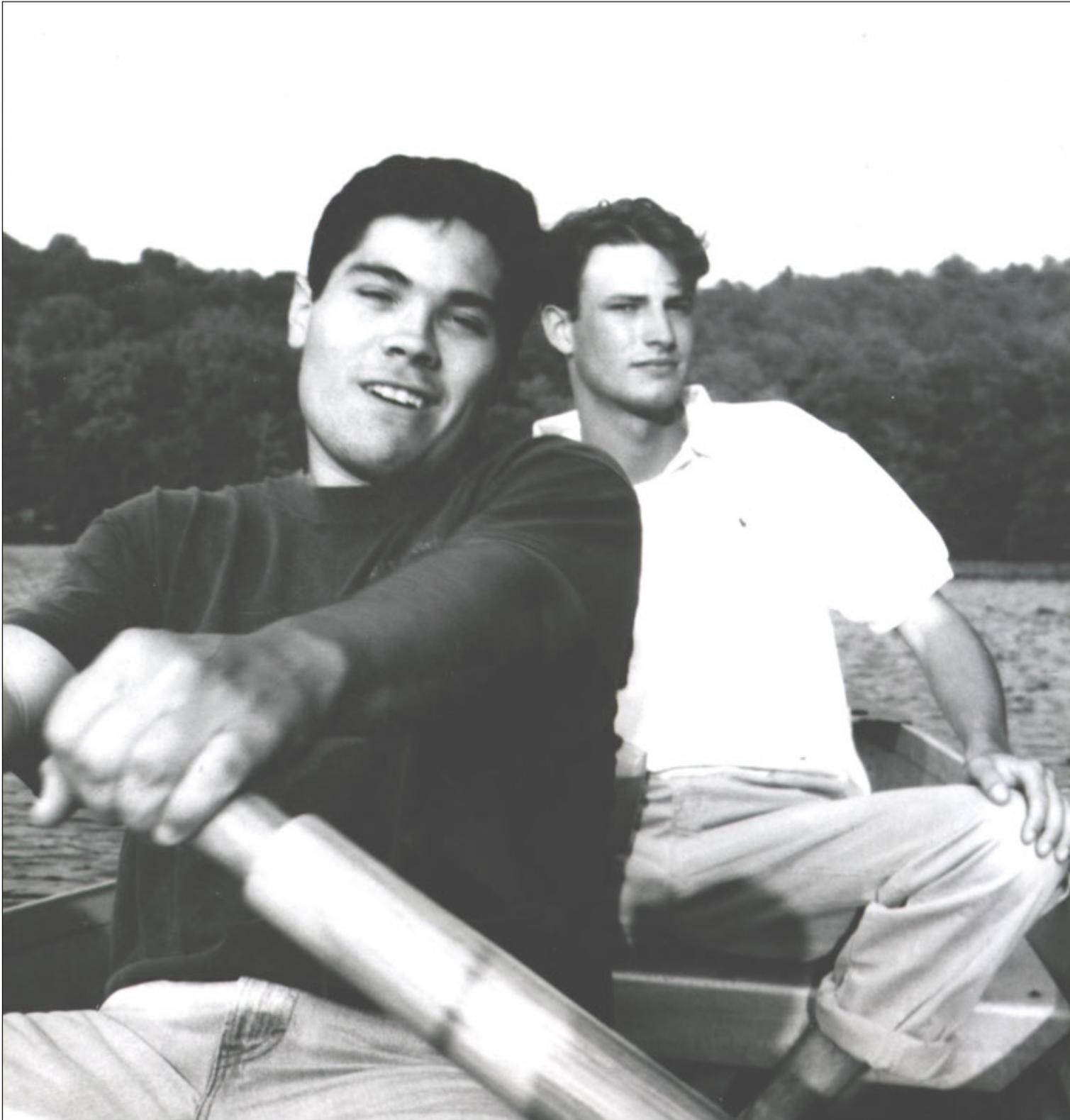
So the first time I learned about the Robinson proposal was from a neighbor, a week or so before. It didn’t register much. “Robinson” was the last name of a well-known and powerful developer who owned several thousand acres—the Glendon Tract—just above our holdings along the long ridge that is the top of Sparta Mountain.

“They say he’s going to put in 1,500 new houses, plus a golf course, some kind of shopping stores, who knows what else,” I was told. Like my friends I cringed over what we all knew were the implications of that: another ripped-down wild forest, new hordes of cars and trucks coming and going the twisting narrow mountaintop road, wildlife-rich wetlands filled-in—tough if you loved the natural world here, but part of what’s happened these past booming

decades in these once-remote highlands. Technology has changed; now they know how to build houses and sewers even in wild rocky places like this. Just another chapter in the seemingly unending struggles over the fate of these rugged hills—an ongoing saga for most of the past 20-30 years, I remembered. “It would be nice if something different could be done,” I remember saying to my friends. After all, New Jersey does have a land-acquisition program to protect just such precious places—the Green Acres Program: any possibility of that program here? Maybe connect it up with the Hamburg Mountain State Reserve just a few miles away—“What a great resource for the state’s citizens (not to mention its wildlife!) that would be!”

“No way,” I was told. “Robinson has it all wired with the Planning Board, and this is a very conservative county; developers have a lot more clout than ordinary folks like us. Can’t be done.” So I went back to my drifting and dreaming. A few days later, on a particularly warm night, I was sad about the Robinson thing, as I have been about so many destructions over the years. But what could be done? Besides I was an outsider from far away, here only a few weeks each year. Score one for the developers, and besides, it doesn’t actually affect us directly.

That was my frame of mind the next time I clambered out onto the raft. But this time, before I looked up to the stars, I glanced over again at the west side of the Sparta Mountain: those several hundred acres which rise sharply through ancient



forests, on our lake's eastern shore. We don't own that parcel; no one had thought much about it I guess. Now it was suddenly all different. I looked hard at that old familiar, wonderful total forest blackness that makes the whole dark here so special.

And the shock of it all, the new reality, washed over me. That hillside was part of the Glendon Tract, I was told. "To be developed too, because the technology has changed."

Then the enormity of what was about to happen—to us, to our lake, to its peace and utter darkness—the essence of what it meant to be here—to the soul of this place. For Glendon owned that part too, and he was going to build at least several dozen new "McMansions" right there. These, together with their connecting streets, traffic noise, unknown new residents with their new "lake view"—of us!—the spotlights every night, the noise, gears grinding, noisy gatherings. Every day, most likely.

My mind imagined the ads in all the New York papers: "Priceless lake view property, rustic New Jersey, just one hour getaway from the city."

"Lake view?" *Of us!*

Our little homogenous, close knit lake-idyll, its whole sense of community and the utter peacefulness which binds us all together would never, could never, be the same again. We may as well vacation in a zoo, a kind of rural lakeside Coney Island—the "lake view" for all those new residents of that now dark and precious hillside.

In that instant I realized we had, just had, to do something. But what? How? The

next day it was still as impossible political-ly when I again confronted my friends and neighbors, as it was the day when I was first told. "Still can't do anything. It's all wired," I was assured by the wiser (older) ones. "We agree with everything you say, Brock, but out here the developers always win these things. Wish we had known a few years ago. Now, too late, too late."

At first I despaired, because the neighbors presumably knew about New Jersey and its land development politics; who was I, the newcomer, to argue with such wisdom? "It's all been wired with the Planning Board—just a pro forma approval is the only next step."

But something inside rebelled, the way it had hundreds of times before: No, no—this just cannot be allowed to happen. It is too drastic, too destructive of just about everything we love and have fought to create and maintain all these past decades. There must be a way. Whether we lose or not, we just have to fight back. We can't just accept this without a struggle, without standing up for this place we love."

I sought out other friends, notably Wilma Frey, Highlands Organizer for the New Jersey Conservation Foundation, and veteran of many such battles over the Highlands, and very knowledgeable about these matters. We had dinner at the New Orleans Restaurant on the main highway crossing the county. With us was my wife's, (Linda) sister, Ann Bowman. Ann was a former County Planner, and had followed every detail of the Glendon plan as it was being developed. Also very un-

AT LEFT:

"Boys on the Lake."

Many family members frequently joined us for vacations at the lake. Here, Steve Garcia (24, left) and Noah Evans (21, right) have launched the rowboat for an easy morning cruise. The boathouse can be seen in the far left of the photo on page 374.

happy, Ann opposed the plan because of the losses of forest and wildlife—the same drastic consequences we anticipated. Like me, she wasn't sure that anything could be done to stop it at this late stage. File a protest, sure, but probably to no avail.

We talked late into the night. Wilma confirmed that Sussex County was indeed “developer heaven,” and that the plan, already far advanced, needed just one more approval before the bulldozers could begin to roar.

“What to do, what to do?” we asked ourselves. I thought back, searching for other campaigns somewhat like this: They all seem utterly hopeless in the beginning, every one of them, I remembered. But there is always a way, has to be a way. How can we most dramatically and forcefully surprise them with the force and genuine passion of our concerns? I mused. And then a sort of light bulb seemed to flash dimly in my brain: “How large is that hearing room where the Board is going to meet next week?”

No one knew, so on the way home, we drove by Sparta Town Hall, and peeked inside the ground floor window of the Zoning Board meeting room.

Aha! Holds only about 20-30 people. “There's our ticket,” I opined to my colleagues: “If we can show up with 2-3 times that many people, all demanding to be heard, that should cause quite a stir—maybe even put the skids to the developers' juggernaut, give us some more time, for that's what we need most: time to organize, time to raise the banner of opposition, time to

spread the word, time to convince many unhappy people that we *can* win.”

Thus motivated, and happier than anyone had been for weeks, we went to work door-to-door around our community: “Hearing next Thursday: Can you come? Don't need to say much, or anything; just *be* there, let the Board know you don't like this, don't want it. If you can speak out when they ask for comments, all the better. Here's a short list of what some of us are going to say. Join us if you can! *This is the battle which will decide the fate of our lake community.*”

We knew we needed allies, more than just our own stricken community; the issue we faced would surely happen to others nearby at some other time. So a few of us became emissaries to several of the other lake communities around Sparta Mountain—none quite as close-knit as ours, but all bound, as were we, by a deep love for the natural world up here, and by a deep dislike of the forces which seemed bent on destroying that world. I myself had the happiness of visiting with and meeting new, like-minded people from the powerful Beaver Lake community. Just a few miles away, several hundred homes around a larger lake, these people felt—as we were certain they would—the same as we did about these threats and they promised to show up.

By the time the hearing day came, I had to be back at my job in Washington, but our people showed up in droves, as promised—at least 50-60, I was told. And they made a most powerful impression on the Planning

Board who had heretofore been assured by Robinson that there was no opposition.

Oh yes there was! And we showed it with such intensity, passion, and caring that a shocked board chairman brought the gavel down and the hearing closed almost immediately, almost before it had begun. “We will reschedule this hearing for a month from now, and this time, in order to allow everyone who has an interest and who wants to be heard, time and space to speak, we will reconvene at the main auditorium here in the Town Hall next month.”

My own heart rejoiced at that good news: not only had my discouraged neighbors fought back, but their morale and will, *now*, to fight on, was vastly increased by their own success—the surest kind of motivator—as we see so often in the course of events. Just what our people needed; just at the right time too. It was almost an equal happiness to know that true democracy was actually alive and well in conservative Sussex County. This supposedly “wired” Board had recognized that an aroused citizenry has political rights, maybe even some power, too. I knew from past experience that we could build on this new-found power, and, not only to just rescue our own precious place.

Because now, now—and in league with our new-found allies and friends—we were beginning to acquire the political will (thus power) to go forward, and to protect much, much else of the wondrous beauty and the priceless habitats of this natural gem that is Sparta Mountain.

And that is exactly how it happened. Led by two of the most dynamic and savvy of our neighbors, businessman Phil Bishop and his equally articulate wife, Cheryl, they and Ann Bowman formed a new group: Friends of Sparta Mountain (FSM) very quickly became the dynamic and energetic nexus and vehicle for the rest of the struggle. Under its banner, all the lake communities of Sparta Mountain were allied together, now to pursue an even grander common cause: first to stop Robinson; second, to become the leading “political” power—joined by friends from the Beaver Lake, Sparta, and Morris Lake communities—to be reckoned with in all future land use decisions affecting the Sparta Mountain wildlands.

And the whole campaign was entirely citizen run and financed, which is the surest and best way these things work, so I have witnessed. Why? Because everyone in such a campaign is motivated to be there, and to give their time, by only one thing: their own hearts, their passion. Those qualities alone have proven again and again to be the greatest engine which succeeds for us in American land-use politics.

Back to that fateful decision time, early September 1994:

I was in Russia when the next hearing was held by the planning board, September 7—another, perhaps the greatest tipping point in the history of the Lake Hawthorne community. The auditorium held about 800 people, and it was packed—showing to all the world that, from henceforth, the future of not only the Glendon development, but

also the whole mountain itself was now a major subject in the mind of the whole public. They could not be denied a place at every table in the future.

The witnesses were overwhelmingly ours. [Linda and Steve, the young ones, read their letters.]

The rest of the fall, the campaign escalated. FSM members became more and more visible, offering data and preservation arguments, maps and sophisticated power point presentations (backed up by favorable watching audiences) at every new hearing. They called their own meetings, held fundraisers, and recruited many new members. Interest beyond the confines of the mountain itself was raised: The New Jersey Conservation Foundation, led by their expert organizer, Wilma Frey, with all her expertise and know-how, intervened. New Jersey Sierra Club weighed in with its thousands of members; New Jersey Audubon, noting the superb wildlife habitat in the Glendon tract, offered to manage it for the state if it remained free of development.

At first, Robinson dug in his heels: Glendon was going to be developed as planned; he was definitely not interested in selling to the State or to anybody else.

The battle swayed back and forth. Still seeming at the time to be an uneven struggle of bands of aroused citizens against a politically and economically entrenched developer, the eventual outcome seemed in doubt for months to come.

But in truth, the die had been cast by the time of that Town Hall meeting September 7,

when anti-development forces turned out in such huge numbers, 10: 1 for preservation, against more development. The genie—of ordinary people-power—had been let out of the bottle, and could not be put back in—could never again be denied, no matter how many hearings.

And so it came to pass, about six months later, that Robinson, finally having seen the light and felt his wallet, decided that the better part of valor was to sell nearly all (keeping a few lucrative properties higher up) to the State of New Jersey. This new property, now called “The Sparta Mountain Wildlife Management Area,” now is announced to all visitors as they turn from the back road to Sparta up the two-lane winding road to cross over the mountain to Lake Hawthorne and beyond. It gives such happiness, and pride, and renewed faith, every time I pass by.

3200 acres now, and counting... the (by now, next to last) newest link in a chain of wonderful wild & diverse places, forests, meadows, wetlands—protected by law—out there in the New Jersey Highlands. They can call it officially “The Sparta Mountain Wildlife Management Area” if they want. They could call it almost anything; I myself, and all the veterans of this once-seeming-desperate last ditch campaign, don’t really care about the official name. To us, it is a paradise, peace, a gift... above all, a gift, hard earned and fairly won against big odds—gifts of the personal courage and passion by those who decided to take a stand and fight for it that summer and autumn of 1994.

This is the story of just about all those now-protected places on the map of my own country, America. Anywhere you may travel and come upon such a place, ask any knowledgeable local person about that

special place; they will name neighbors or friends they know.

For those are the ones who actually *did* these things.

* * *



Tell ya somepin', sir: You guys is right about this thing!... This fuckin' government doesn't know what it's doin'... cuttin' down all the trees like they are. You guys is right, and you keep on goin', hear me?

—ANON, Josephine County Sheriff

CHAPTER 37

(1995) *Jailhouse Lesson*

December 31, 1995, age 58, my tenure at Audubon ended. The Ancient Forest Campaign involving the entire environmental community had been mostly won. Our demonstrations, arrests, persistence, leadership, and courage resulted in the “Northwest Forest Plan,” which reduced the logging of Northwest ancient forests by about 95 percent, firmly protected millions of new acres, and set up scientific criteria and safeguards to guide future logging on public forests in the Pacific Northwest in a sustainable manner. This was a major victory for environmentalists—everywhere. My unofficial Audubon finale and perhaps my final contribution to the Ancient Forest Campaign—being arrested for civil disobedience—I recorded in this unforgettable story I call “Jailhouse Lesson.”

* * *

On October 30, 1995, I and about 100 others were arrested for protesting a Forest Service proposed ancient forest timber sale.

(My first arrest—along with wife Linda and our two teen age sons—was in Washington, DC, summer 1985, after I had organized—then led—“Environmentalists Against Apartheid” in a demonstration at the South African Embassy.) Now, arrested again ten years later, I was held overnight in the Josephine County jail in Grants Pass while awaiting arraignment the next day. This Oregon arrest turned out to be an unexpected and most powerful experience because I had ironically dressed right for the battle!

It all started the day before when we all underwent the standard civil disobedience training required by the more experienced enviros, but that training left me wondering just what I should wear for being arrested.

The answer: my best dark business suit and black oxfords and best clean white shirt! That classy wardrobe would challenge the common media stereotype that any such protesters were only hippies or no-accounts who represented a tiny minority of public feelings. So the business suit could say, to anyone who watched or who was there, that all kinds of

AT LEFT:

“At the Protest (1995).”

At a rally the morning of October 30, a reporter recorded my reply to a heckler: “It’s a fine day to get arrested...” When another heckler asked about my suit, I said, “I’m wearing the same suit I wore to the White House when I spoke to the president about this same issue.” (Barbara Hahn, Daily Courier, 10/30-31/1995)

people cared enough to speak out, to stop this ongoing overcutting of our last—and irreplaceable—ancient forest treasures.

And the last—and most important attire item, it turned out—was my *necktie*! I chose my standard US Marine Corps red and gold tie for this one. That particular tie would state most clearly that we protesters were patriots too... willing to fight for the American lands we so loved... willing to risk much.

And so that crisp October morning about 100 of us marched to block a logging road, and to get arrested if we had to. After hours of singing and sitting, we were each dragged off by the Josephine County deputy sheriff, then handcuffed, back to back, on some down logs deep in that wonderful old forest.

In the evening, the protests over, the guards first loaded the high school kids into the 8-seater vans and drove them to the Josephine County jail 60 miles away in Grants Pass. So it was not until midnight that the Josephine County sheriff finally got down to us older ones. (I was 58 at the time.)

Once in the van, we persuaded our captors to uncuff us for a more comfortable ride, and they generously complied. We finally arrived at the jail around midnight, and were sent to a small standing-only room to begin further processing:

“Michael Brock Evans, step outside, put your hands against the wall....” That pose was to take away anything that we might use to hang ourselves, or whatever: belt, shoelaces, suspenders—and, that tie.

As the Sheriff was patting me down, he asked: “Where’d you get that tie, sir?” (They

were always uniformly polite, always said ‘sir or ma’am’; not exactly friendly, but not unfriendly either).

“I was in the Marine Corps,” I said, arms stretched out against that wall....

“Oh ya’ was, was you? What’s your MOS?” (That’s the standard acronym for “Military Occupational Specialty” assigned to every member of our military services, so that everyone can know instantly who you are and what you do.)

“I was a 0300,” I said trying to remember from 35 years before. Maybe a 0300 means “machine gunner,” ... and of course every Marine was also (as we termed ourselves) a “Grunt Rifleman,” that is, *infantry*—as everyone is always so trained.

“Well, I was a 2470,” he chuckled cordially, “and I was so mean that here I am pattin’ you down sir.”

I appreciated the gesture, and strained and exhausted as I then felt, did my best to chuckle back.

Then, all of us ‘patted-downers’ were directed across the hall into the jail’s large (say 100 x 150’) Holding Room to sleep any way we could while awaiting our court hearings in a few hours. No beds, no cots, no nuthin’—except that big bare floor. We were each given a blanket as a sleeping aid! Exhausted and tired, I stretched out on the cement floor, used my no-shoestring oxfords for a makeshift pillow, drew the blanket over my head. Of course the overhead bright lights were all on the whole night.

Then began a new set of experiences—most powerful lessons for me, about the

AT RIGHT:
“Arrested (1995).”

Singing “We Shall Overcome,” about 300 protesters marched to the gate on Grayback Road and about 90 of us sat down in the middle of the logging road and refused to leave. After reading a warning, Josephine County sheriffs’ deputies and U.S. Forest Service employees arrested us, dragged us away, handcuffed our hands behind our backs, chained us to trees for 6 hours before hauling us to Grants Pass jail. (Hahn, Daily Courier, 10/30-31); Hazel Wolf, FWOC Outdoors West, Winter, 1995, 16)



hidden, real *power* of our environmental forest-protection movement.

I had picked out a sleeping spot which happened to be just a few yards from the gated bars on our Holding Room Cell... so all through the rest of the night, guard after guard would come over and rattle and shake the bars to get my attention. I would open my eyes, and see... then walk over to the guard.

“Sir, was you really in the Marine Corps?”

“Yes I was and proud of it too.”

“Me too—*Semper Fi*, sir!”

After two or three such encounters, I began to think: Wow, is this amazing or what? My tie was having a disarming effect—even making friends.

Then to the bars came another huge formidable-looking guard. (Each officer seemed huge and intimidating, but not mean.) After noting his powerful bulk and seeing the written patch on his shoulder—“Josephine County Deputy Sheriff”—I saw the emblem of a logging truck right below the patch—sort of to show folks what they do in Josephine County. We “patted-downers” didn’t even think of messing with these folks!

This officer passed out what looked like some kind of official form for us arrested protesters to fill out: Who are you? Who is your organization if any? What’s your salary? Why are you here? etc. I filled it out—wasn’t long, rattled the cage, and as I gave it back, I thought to myself: OMG, what have I done? National Audubon Society is based in New York City; I am a Vice President, I make a decent salary. What’s this going to mean in the courtroom tomorrow? But I

had to fill out the form and give it back, no matter what.

A few minutes later, the officer rattled the bars again, and told me to come out and sit at a table with him while he checked out the whole file. Sitting across that table, no more than 2 feet away, I wondered what was going to happen next.

The officer looked down, read some of my words, then looked up.

“So, you’re one o’ them bigwigs, ain’tcha?”

“I don’t feel very big now, “ I squeaked.

The officer laughed, not unkindly.

“Tell ya some’pin sir: You guys is right about this thing! I’m a part time logger myself, and I can tell ya, this fuckin’ government doesn’t know what it’s doin’... cuttin’ down all the trees like they are. You guys is right, and you keep on goin’, hear me?”

I croaked some friendly thanks, and went back to my stone cot. And the next morning, each of us was charged with a misdemeanor, fined, and let go.

I have never forgotten the lesson of that powerful jail experience, and what it means: *we are right in what we are trying to do; there is—always—much more support for our crusade than we may realize.* Never quit. Never!

* * *

When new National Audubon President John Flicker was replacing management and staff at Audubon, I retired in 1996 and started my new life as an independent Washington lobbyist by hanging out my own shingle: “Brock Evans Associates: Environ-

mental Strategies and Media.” Though there were 44,000 lawyers in DC at the time, my private consulting business attracted clientele, supplemented my Audubon retirement package, kept me busy. But doing legal work for environmental golf courses wasn’t my passion. I was no longer fighting for a cause. I did help the Lummi Tribe to protect their sacred sites and forest issues, but otherwise I was not excited about what I was doing in that downtown office.

And there were pressing personal issues left from past years that I felt could now be addressed. In 1994, my wife Rachel and I finally completed a sad but necessary uncontested divorce, ending a marriage that just wasn’t working out.

We had to do more; our little boys were feeling emotionally separated. Finally, it seemed I had found a peaceful and loving way to live apart from Rachel and my two young sons, yet still be their Dad. Two years after the divorce was completed, I proposed to Linda at the Cosmos Club, and she agreed that our relationship could be formalized, so after confessing some past relationships to our tall woman priest, we were married at St.

Colomba’s Episcopal Church in Washington, DC, October 19, 1996 with the enthusiastic approval of a hand-clapping crowd.

No longer on a demanding rigid schedule in Washington, I could now take some time to relax at our Lake Hawthorne cabin in New Jersey, start writing my next long-desired book, and spend time with my sons Joshua and Noah, my new stepson Stephen Garcia, and later, my five grandchildren: Ben, Sophie, Kaydon, Talon, Ashlyn. A few years earlier, Maggie our first beloved dog had died in my arms, but I hadn’t yet played a lot with our new dog Diablo. I’d also put off surgery to repair inguinal hernias, so had those procedures done with plenty of time off for healing.

In the years after our wedding, everything began to change. The Endangered Species Coalition hired, then promoted me to Executive Director in 1999. In 1995, Linda’s position at the OTA ended, so in 1996, both Georgetown and Johns Hopkins Universities hired her to teach graduate courses in “International Telecommunications” while she finished and received her PhD from the University of Amsterdam in 1997.

* * *



“Sawtooth National Wilderness (1972).” The aging sawbuck drift fence here gives contrast to my closeup of the Sawtooth range and some part of the 217,088 acre Recreation Area/Wilderness. Behind me and out of the picture, tucked in a far southwest corner of that wilderness, are the Queens and Little Queens River valleys. When I discovered that the large and beautiful ponderosa forests in these valleys were not included in the wilderness bill, I persuaded then senator Jim McClure (R-ID) to add them back in, which he did.

In this universe we are given two gifts: the ability to love and the ability to question. Which are, at the same time, the fires that warm us and the fires that scorch us.

—MARY OLIVER

CHAPTER 38

(1997) *Green Earth: Finding Our National Soul*

In mid 1996, after my arrest in Southern Oregon, after all the assaults and riders, I began writing this manuscript. It felt important to tell my story, to remember and reveal and elaborate on my May, 1995, keynote speech, “A Time of Crisis: The Give-away of Our Public Lands.” Delivered to Project Managers of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Atlanta, that speech was later published in *Vital Speeches of the Day* (Vol LXI, No. 22 (1995)). As I wrote that political history (Part I), I realized that I also wanted to assert the rich history and values of the American environmental movement which had been so heavily under attack in the past eighteen months (Part II).

* * *

Part I.

Legislative Rider History (1986-1997)

In December 1994, it seemed to me and other leaders of the U.S. environmental movement as if the end was very near. Swept into

power for the first time in 40 years by an anti-President Clinton tide and by promises to “get the government off your backs,” the Republican Party seized control of both House and Senate. But this was no ordinary transfer of power. Almost without exception the new majority party Senators—and especially the 73-member House freshman class—represented the extreme right wing of their party.

The assault was not long in coming. The day after the election, I remember wandering into a crowded impromptu briefing in the Rayburn Building put together by Richard Luntz, pollster and architect of the Republican victory. The crowd was a mixture of ribald ecstatic partisans from the right, and about an equal, and much more silent, component of shell-shocked House Democratic staffers and representatives of the public interest groups such as myself. There was much breastbeating about the “Contract With America,” promises to quickly fulfill it. And always we heard those threatening phrases code: “We will get government off your backs.”

And so we waited that dark month of December, fearful: all knew the storm was coming, all dreaded it, but none knew just how to fight back, or where the first blows would fall. To me it seemed much like the rising of a great prairie storm far out there on the horizon: first there is only a faint darkness far off, distant rumblings and mutterings of thunder. Larger and larger the storm grows as it sweeps towards us, at first only a smudge of darker blue, then spreading to right and left, capped by towering thunderheads. Finally it dominates our entire vision: the lightning flashes make jagged slashes through the near-blackness; the terrifying roar and crash of the thunder drawing closer and closer; savage rain and hail. Soon it will be upon us—but just where will the lightning strike first? Where will the blows fall? What will it feel like? Almost mesmerized, we watch it somewhat as a bird watches the dancing head of a cobra, knowing somehow deep in its own core that it will be attacked, destroyed. Somehow, backed into a dreadful and deep dark corner of itself, it is too horrifying and fascinated to even move.

On January 4, 1995, the blows began to fall. Nothing was spared: the Clean Water Act, the Clean Air Act, the wetlands laws, the Endangered Species Act—all so carefully and painfully fashioned in the strife and debates of 25 years previous, and passed by large bi-partisan majorities. An avalanche of bills were introduced to undo all that we had worked for, and the storm descended.

And the blows rained down on us, and on everything we had believed in and fought

for in a generation of patient, painstaking, passionate battles: CAA, CWA, WRS WAS, NPS). Oh, they weren't called that now; in accord with the Contract With America—called by us the “Contract On America”—they were given euphemistic names such as the Wage Enhancement and Job Creation Act, etc. But they were aimed squarely at *us*, the environmentalists, and everything we had worked for. There was a bill to... and another to... even one to close down National Parks... but not just bills to undo... also, to reverse, and destroy forever. Writing about it and remembering seems strange now because not once did the Contract On America ever even use the word “environment,” much less the words “public lands.”

How could such a situation possibly have come to pass?

Part of the answer can be found by understanding that the new and much more far right Republicans had come of age in an atmosphere in which they perceived environmental laws and regulations as a hindrance to their own entrepreneurial ideas. The rest of the explanation lies in the special and peculiar nature of the American Congressional system itself. Under our “winner take all” set of political arrangements, the party in power, especially in the House, gets to rewrite all the rules, and takes control of all the relevant committees. And those who take these crucial posts are *not* the newly-elected freshmen, but members who have advanced up the ranks through seniority over many years. Coming from safe Republican districts, and

representing constituencies which by and large represent strong anti-environment and business interests, the effect of a scant 13-member Republican majority in the House of Representatives was incredibly magnified by the ascendancy of virulently anti-environmental congressmen like Don Young of Alaska (League of Conservation Voters (LCV) score: 0) taking control of the House Committee on Natural Resources—a title which he promptly changed to House Resources Committee, more befitting the timber/mining/stockgrazing clientele whom he had served so well for the past 25 years.

This pattern of anti-environmental Republicans becoming chairmen of all the key committees affected everything we had accomplished, and it was replicated throughout the entire House structure, full committee and subcommittee alike: Chairmanship of the entire Commerce Committee, with its crucial jurisdiction over the Clean Air Act, and the Clean Water Act with its wetlands, went to Bud Shuster of Pennsylvania (LCV score: 0), who immediately proceeded to introduce legislation to “reform” those laws, especially by radically eliminating protections for the 50 percent of American wetlands which still remained, and which had been protected since 1977 under Section 404 of the Clean Water Act. Chairmanship of the old Public Works Committee (renamed “Infrastructure”) went to John H. Chafee (R-RI) with authority over dams and highways; Richard Pombo, one of the strongest opponents of the Endangered Species Act in the entire Congress in previous sessions, was ap-

pointed to be chair of the specially-created “Endangered Species Act Task Force.” And the rains fell.

It was worse in the crucial Appropriations Committee, where the party leadership had decided to do most of their “legislating.” Appropriations bills are a particularly effective way for a skilled legislator and a determined leadership to attack or undo permanent statutes they don’t like, such as environmental laws, or to simply use their advantage to, literally, “make” *new* laws, without the need to go to the trouble of the normal process of hearings, markups, bill introductions, debates on the floor, and so on. This tactic is possible because, by definition, appropriations bills are “money” bills and, as each of the Appropriations Subcommittees deals with its assigned subject (e.g. Interior Subcommittee for all matters relating to parks, wildlife refuges, and national forests), there are literally dozens of specific “line-items”—individual items to be included in the final Appropriations bill which is voted on and becomes law. The opportunities presented to those who want to attack popular laws such as clean air and clean water or parks, for example, are very tempting: just insert at the appropriate place a “Rider”—an extraneous bit of substantive legislative language which usually has nothing to do with the intended monetary function of a typical appropriations statute—and, if passed through the entire process, it becomes a law as good as any other law.

House Republicans used the “Rider” legislative device in an unprecedented scale

throughout the legislative battles of 1995; by the end of the year, at least 72 had been attached to the environmental appropriations bills alone. Only President Clinton's timely vetoes prevented the entire lot from becoming the law of the land.

Legislation by Appropriations Rider has long been a favored tactic of the timber industry, especially in the 1980s and 1990s. That's because the industry's strongest champions—Senators Mark Hatfield (R-Oregon), Slade Gorton (R-Washington), Ted Stevens (R-Alaska), Larry Craig (R-Idaho), Representatives Norm Dicks (D-Washington), and Les AuCoin (D-Oregon)—had risen to prominence as senior members of their respective Appropriations Committees. The Rider device was perfected by Hatfield in the mid-1980s, when environmentalists, appalled at the severe overcutting of the remaining ancient forests of giant trees in Oregon and Washington, began filing lawsuits against the U.S. Forest Service—and winning them. For example, the so-called Mapleton lawsuit was brought by the National Wildlife Federation against a series of timber sales planned in Oregon's coastal Siuslaw National Forest on the Mapleton Ranger District. The lawsuit alleged that the timber sales in question would lead to severe overcutting on the unstable coastal mountains, and result in heavy erosion, damaging important fish-bearing rivers. When the judge agreed and issued an injunction barring any further timber sales until the environmental problems were corrected, Senator Hatfield simply inserted what was to become the first

of many Riders in the annual Appropriations Bill for that year (1986). The language of the Rider was deceptively simple: “notwithstanding any other provision of law... the timber sales program in the Mapleton Ranger District of the Siuslaw National Forest... shall proceed.” The consequences were enormous. In plain English, it simply meant that environmental laws no longer had any force or effect—they were null and void—in the Siuslaw National Forest..

Timber sales in the Mapleton Ranger District went ahead and the steep unstable slopes were clearcut. Thousands of tons of bare soil washed into the rivers of the Siuslaw during the winter storms and floods of 1996.

This pattern was repeated in 1987, 1988, 1989 by Hatfield, each time nullifying court decisions by language inserted into an Appropriations Bill for the U.S. Forest Service. But that's another story, not germane here except to point how “lawmakers” themselves can evade—or nullify—the very laws they pass, by following the much more arcane and behind-closed-doors procedure of the “Appropriations Process.” Until January of 1995, such riders were a little-used legislative device, and in the case of environmental laws, only by Mr. Hatfield and Gorton to support their timber industry clientele.

Until 1995, the Rider device was mostly a creature of the Senate, which essentially has no rules of process or procedure. To push such a device successfully through the much more rigidly structured House procedures was extremely difficult, because all Appropriations Bills had been historically

subjected to what is called, in legislature-speak, “a point of order on the basis of germaneness.” In other words, a bill authorizing or appropriating foreign aid monies to, say, Egypt, was required to deal with only that subject, and could not include, for example, provisions affecting education in Alabama or earthquakes in California.

Until 1995, that is.

One of the very first actions of the new House leadership was to rewrite the House rules of procedure, including, of course, the rules on germaneness. In the past, any member of the House could rise when a bill was being debated and strike the offending non-germane paragraphs under the “point of order rule,” but now the rules were rewritten so that only the Chair of the relevant committee affected by the non-germane paragraph could make such an objection. In the case of all environmental Riders attached to non-germane bills, this meant that all the power to object was in the hands of either Representative Don Young of Alaska or Representative Bud Shuster of Pennsylvania—and two more fierce and flamboyant pro-industry, pollution, and land destruction partisans would be hard to find. Thus, when the first of the infamous 72 riders came to the floor of the House on March 15, 1995—14 pages were stuck on to an Appropriations Recission Bill which included foreign aid to Jordan, Americorps, earthquake relief to California, and hundreds of other items. These 14 pages, however, ordered a doubling of the amount of logging in the public forests, and suspended all the environmental laws. Only

Representative Young had the right, under the newly-rewritten rules, to make such an objection. Of course he had no intention of doing so because this promoted his pro-logging agenda as well.

And so the Rider passed, the rule of law was gone in all of the national forests of the country, and the chainsaws have not stopped snarling and whining since.

So in the first three months of 1995, those who wanted to undo all of the environmental laws had everything going for them: fierce pro-development and pro-industry partisans were in power and in charge of the key committees in both Houses, with the leadership strongly committed to moving an agenda of “deregulation” and “getting the government off our backs.” Every industry and trade association from the National Chamber of Commerce to the National Association of Realtors was lined up behind, and in, many cases actually writing, the legislation for the young and inexperienced staffers of the new members. For the time being, public opinion was with them—though the public’s understanding of what was really going on was extremely limited. Bill Clinton was on the ropes; Democrats were a dirty word; “Liberal” was worse. The Revolution was at hand. And the storm washed over us all in a tide of anti-environmental legislation introduced and strongly advanced rapidly through the hearing stage...

But now, writing 18 months later, I survey the scene and notice that almost none of the Republican’s far right anti-environ-

mental agenda has come to pass. Of all the assaults mounted, from the Safe Drinking Water Act to wetlands to the Endangered Species Act to efforts to “reform” (read: eliminate) the national parks themselves, the only major gutting new “law” that actually sneaked through was that infamous Rider in the Appropriations Recissions Bill known to environmentalists as the “Logging Without Laws” Rider. And that only succeeded because it was rushed through halfway through the first “One Hundred Days.” It received President Clinton’s first veto on June 7, and was only finally jammed down an unwilling administration’s throat in late July, after a massive application of power politics. But as I write now, that action, terrible as it was, became the only truly destructive and bad law that passed, after all the breastbeating and vainglory of the early months of the “Revolution.”

Why was this? The answer is much larger, far more profound than the standard discussions of “inside the Beltway” politics, strategies, and tactics. To be sure, there were a number of very brave and very committed Democrats in both the House and Senate in those dark early days who stood up and fought back: Representatives George Miller (D-California), Sidney Yates (D-Illinois), Senator Paul Wellston (D-Minnesota), Patty Murray (D-Washington), and Barbara Boxer (D-California). They were a lonely crew, but they were there, and very courageous. And yes, after responding very slowly at first, the Clinton Administration finally realized the power of the environmental cause and began

vetoing and announcing it would veto some of the worst riders. And yes, also the organized environmental community located in the Capital responded with courage and poise from the very first dark days. We established a “War Room” which met every Friday morning in the offices of The Wilderness Society: this was subdivided into a Media Team and a Grassroots Team, and, augmented by an infusion of top level political and media strategists. We organized a carefully-targeted and orchestrated campaign, focusing first on the Senate, but then as time went on, on the White House, and finally into the House of Representatives itself. All these were significant factors as well.

* * *

Part II. Green Space Aerial Catalogue (1973-1997)

But none of this could have happened, none of the rather stunning victories of the past 18 months, without something else, far deeper and more fundamental. This is the spiritual dimension of it all; that is what I want to write about next.

Despite all of the characteristic emphases on “economic benefits” or “ecosystem management” or “biodiversity” which dominate the environmental literature of today—that is not what the American environmental movement has been all about during the 150-years of its existence. The new concepts are extremely important; they are accurate and they are the best science we



“Linda at Galena Summit (1996).” *Standing at 8,701 feet, Linda surveys the vast and unspoiled Sawtooth Valley (60,000 acres) and surrounding Sawtooth and Boulder Mountains. We were returning from a meeting at Carole King’s ranch on the East Fork of the Salmon River. A famous musician, celebrity, and passionate environmentalist, I first met King during the struggle over the White Clouds mine (1969-1970). On this occasion, she had invited about 20 leaders to meet at her ranch to strategize about future protections in the Rocky Mountains. At our meetings, she always took notes and spoke—all quite unpretentiously.*

now have, but they are not and have never been the driving motivators of our movement. And, by themselves, they have never been the entire reason for a single environmental victory. This is because the American environmental movement has never and will never be able to match the economic power and political influence of its many opponents with whom it has battled for a century and a half, and against which it has only been able to prevail by calling on the only other major source of political power available in our system—the people themselves, their votes, their love. Only when this power and passion has been mobilized—motivated—have any environmental victories at all been possible against such a formidable array of economic-power opposition. Since the movement has no financial rewards to offer anyone, its only hope is to appeal to the passions and spirit of the American people; its only chance for victory is to awaken their own love for the land and its healthy survival, in other words, to arouse their hearts so that they will be willing to take action against such strong odds.

To understand what I mean here, pull out a map of the United States, and take another look. Look especially at all those green areas on the map: the parks, the wildlife refuges, the wilderness areas, the wild and scenic rivers—all the protected places, county, state, and federal. It is in those green places that we can find the answer to the successes of the American environmental movement in its struggle to rescue the American land; and it is in them that we find our national soul.

A simple airplane flight from the East Coast to the West tells the story if you know the places and know their history. I have often idly looked out the window and pondered at the power of those green areas myself.

Northwest Airlines had a flight from Washington National Airport to Seattle, with connections in Minneapolis; I have taken it many times.

The plane circles, gains altitude, and heads northwest from the Capital up the Potomac River. The great city and its suburbs sprawl off in every direction—but not along the banks of the river itself, which are as green forested as they were in the time of Lord Fairfax in 1749—on the Maryland side all the way up to Cumberland 180 miles away, and on the Virginia side for ten miles or so. Why is this so? True enough, it started because Congress created the C & O Canal National Park in 1938 and that is a tale in itself, because as we will see, nothing is ever done, no piece of the American earth is ever protected, except that some small band of citizens had a vision and had the courage to fight for it and see it through and then defend it.

But that was not the end of the C & O Canal story, just because it was made a park. In the 1950s, local boosters wanted to build a major highway—“parkway”—up its entire length, a project heavily promoted by the business community, even the *Washington Post*. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas challenged the editor of the *Post* to a hike up the old towpath, to feel and sense its wildness reaching into the very heart of

the city. The publicity from the hike and the public outcry stopped the highway, and now for 180 miles thousands of walkers and bicyclists and canoeists can still feel and savor the power in the beauty of this river and its magnificent flood plain forest nearly as it was three centuries before.

The plane flies on, northwest, over the folded and forested ridges and hills of West Virginia—"Almost Heaven" is the state's motto. I agree, and look down again. There is the exquisite Dolly Sods Wilderness area named after an old pioneer, half deep forest down by Red Creek, half a glorious high meadow country, 4,000 feet up. We had to fight for it in the 1970s: the Forest Service wanted to log it; strip miners had the right to gouge out the coal beds underneath it; dam builders wanted to flood the valleys around it. In 1975 it became part of the National Wilderness Preservation System, along with its companion a few miles away, the deep-forested Otter Creek Wilderness. I look down and remember when my first born, Joshua, came home a few years ago on leave from Marine Corps boot camp at Parris Island. In his anguished letters to me during the trials he underwent, he would speak to me of the times we would camp together in the West Virginia wilderness when he was little, and I could feel the longing in his words. And so when he came home on leave, we threw a tarp and a couple of sleeping bags in the car, picked up some six packs of beer and some food on the way, splashed across Red Creek in the rain and sat for three days in the wilderness reading our letters to each other.

On we go, now over Ohio, sprawling Cleveland along the lake. But there is another river of green stretching south—Cuyahoga National Recreation Area, unit of the National Park System. To save it took a five year struggle of Cleveland and Akron environmentalists, led by John Sieberling, former president of the Akron chapter of the Sierra Club. Later, he became a Congressman and one of the greatest champions of not only Cuyahoga but many other places around the country. Now this precious river of green is there, safe forever from the sprawling of the developers all around it who surely would have engulfed it too.

Across Lake Michigan we go, and I look to the north along its eastern shoreline. There is Sleeping Bear Dunes National Seashore, 70,000 acres, 30 miles of untouched wild lake shore and islands. Created in 1966, just ahead of the forest of second homes which would have surely engulfed it otherwise, created because of the passion of Michiganders who saw the danger.

Then we land at Minneapolis and take off again, and I look first to the south, down the Mississippi, a great river even here this far north. Further down I remember the struggle over Lock and Dam 26, the scheme of the U.S. Corps of Engineers to so enlarge and reconfigure the river as to dredge out the wildlife-rich thousands of miles of sloughs on the eddies, oxbows, and flood plain forests that make the upper Mississippi one of the greatest migratory bird flyways on earth. The people of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota rose up, fought for, and

got change in the plans. Now there is the 155,000 acre Upper Mississippi Valley National Wildlife Refuge.

I look to the north as we gain altitude, and far off there on the horizon is the one million acre Boundary Waters Wilderness, a thousand lakes and giant ancient pines murmuring in the afternoon breeze. I remember the many struggles over this, the first unit of our National Wilderness Preservation System: in 1948, entrepreneurs wanted to raise the water levels of its elaborate chains of rivers and lakes, drowning out their cataracts, converting them into still, dead reservoirs. Minnesotans said “No” and fought back. In 1966, the U.S. Forest Service attempted to log much of the rest of the remaining old growth forest, the last remnants of the millions of acres which not so long ago covered this whole land. We fought another battle and won. In 1978 we had to rise up and fight again, this time for the lakes, whose solitude and peace were shattered every day by the din of increasing numbers of motorboats; we passed the Boundary Waters Wilderness Act in that year, over ferocious opposition from timber, mining, and motorboat interests, a struggle which cost one Minnesota senator and one congressman their seats because the acrimony of the battle so divided that states ruling Farm-Labor Party. But the wilderness was made safe, and the silence still remains even in the face of new assaults being mounted on it today.

We fly on, and I look far to the south. I cannot see it, but I know that over the horizon waits the Niobrara River, a glimmering

silver thread flowing through the hills and ranch country of central Nebraska. The scene of the proposed Norden Dam, it now flows free, thanks to the energy and passions of local ranchers such as Ron Klataske, also the Audubon Society’s representative in the region, and hundreds of local folks like Lone Werthman from Omaha, and Alys Reitan of Lincoln.

Still west we press on, and I see them on the horizon, the Black Hills, Paha Sapa as they were known to the Sioux, who thought it was paradise on earth. It is being carved up now by logging and tourist developments, but in the center is the Harney Peak Wilderness Area created in 1980.

On over Montana now, and as we approach Billings, I see the great peaks of the Absaroka Range gleaming off to the south, the borders of the Yellowstone Country: we fought battles there, and are still fighting them, but the 937,000 acre Absaroka-Beartooth Wilderness now is there, created in 1980 after a 15 year struggle. Fourteen years ago, I camped out there with my two young sons just above Rosebud Lake. And off to the right is the Missouri River country, now 120 miles of nationally protected river, free flowing just as it was in the days of Lewis and Clark. Instead of being flooded out under the proposed Cow Creek Dam, it was protected in 1971 because of the passion of Nels Thorsen, Great Falls rancher and former employee of the Montana Department of Fish and Game. I have been down on that river. I have sensed it, shouted my joy in the afternoon breeze carrying the freshwater

smells to me, and I have camped underneath the great white cliffs just as Lewis and Clark did, overcome by the sight of the last rays of the evening sun playing orange and pink on the rocks high above, just as did those explorers 200 years ago.

Now we cross the great Rocky Mountain Front, chain of mountains stretching for 2,000 miles, scene of struggle after struggle and battle after battle of those who came before me, and those I was privileged to know, as we tried to rescue its wildness, deep forests, clear flowing rivers: Mission Mountains Wilderness, 1970; Great Bear Wilderness, 1973; Lincoln-Scapegoat Wilderness, 1968—nearly a million acres right there—and down below me now another million acres: the great Bob Marshall Wilderness itself, the same one that Secretary of Interior James Watt attempted to open up for oil and gas exploration in 1981—but we stopped him and the wildness is still safe.

We cross into Idaho, more battles beyond count: there is “Area E,” 175,000 acres of the Upper Selway River wilderness that the Forest Service sought to open up for logging in the 1960s, and after a 15 year struggle finally capitulated, so now it is wild and safe. The one million acre River of No Return Wilderness is just to the south—20 years it took to protect and enlarge it. Down below now are the great gorges of the Snake River as it winds through Hell’s Canyon, and I remember—that would have been a slack-water reservoir by now if we had not intervened in the 1960s, fought the proposed dams to a standstill, and created a 700,000 acre Na-

tional Recreation Area for the free flowing river and for its surrounding beautiful peaks and valleys.

On and on we press now, across Washington State. Down below and off to the left is the 180,000 acre Wenaha-Tucannon Wilderness, just a dream in the heart of the Inland Empire Big Game Council leadership who hunted there in the 1960s, protected in 1977 after a bitter struggle with the timber industry which craved its rich Ponderosa pine forests. Down below now is the last free flowing stretch of the Columbia, the famous Hanford Reach still undammed. We stopped the proposed Ben Franklin Dam there, and now the Lower Columbia Basin Audubon Society chapter and others are struggling vigorously—and successfully—to give national and complete protection to this entire reach.

On and on, and there is the great front of the Cascade Range, we are getting close now to Seattle, my home. I know each one of the valleys and lakes and forests by heart, and the memories flood through me and drench my consciousness: my early mountaineering days 30 years ago when the Cascades were all on the chopping block; all the deep forested valleys of magnificent ancient trees slated for the chainsaw; all logging roads to penetrate even this wilderness, everywhere. But now, now... off to the south is the 220,000 acre William O. Douglas Wilderness, and just north of it, across from Mount Rainier, the 60,000 acre Norse Peak Wilderness created in 1984 after a 20 year struggle with the Forest Service, and its logging and dam-building con-

stituency. Just below me, the 400,000 acre Alpine Lakes Wilderness, a hopeless lost cause in the late 1960s, now safe as of 1976; to the north, the vastness of the Glacier Peak Wilderness, and beyond it the Pasayten Wilderness, and the jewel of them all—the North Cascades National Park created and enlarged in the successive struggles of 1968, 1977, 1984. In 1967, the Kennecott Copper Company had an open pit copper mine proposed for the heart of the Glacier Peak wilderness, a place called Image Lake. I remember Justice William O. Douglas led that hike of protest too, and I was so proud to be there in his presence.

And as we finally land over the sparkling waters and brilliant emerald and dark green colors of the Puget Sound country. I take one last look across at the jagged skyline to the west—Olympic National Park, holy of holies. And I remember all the struggles there too, the tales of how President Roosevelt himself, looking for the best of what he then called the “rain forest,” had aerial photographs of the wild Bogacheil Valley laid out on the floor of the Oval Office so that he could determine if that was the best. And it was, 60,000 acres of ancient wilderness rain forest, the like of which cannot be seen anywhere else on this planet. And I remembered by own feelings, my heart in my mouth, as I hiked up there again in the rain in March of 1966. Senator Jackson, at the behest of the timber industry, had floated a proposal to remove those same 60,000 acres of the wild Bogacheil from the park, to be turned over to the timber industry, as the “price” for possi-

ble creation of a North Cascades Park in the Cascades. We turned out at the hearings 20 to 1 that year in Seattle, my first ones; once again the people spoke and stood up and fought for their places, and the Bogacheil is still safe, wild, mysterious, and beautiful. I made a note to myself: I want to go back there in the rain again, see the black bark of the huge Sitka spruce shining in its wetness, as I did in November of 1984 with my best friend Larry Carter, just after my defeat in my election campaign for the U.S. Congress.

So, it is in these green places on the map that we seek and find the answers to what our environmental movement is all about. Here is the spiritual dimension: these places, large and small, every single one of them, and any one of them, were not given to us by the grace of God or by the power of any senator or congressman or local official. That came only after the people themselves made it their cause, loved it, bled for it, suffered for it, struggled for it, in whatever way and with whatever powers they had. And I say that this is the way of the whole: the American environmental movement is made up of small bands of people in every town and every place: too “dumb” to know they’re beaten before they start; too “simple” to understand the common wisdom that “you can’t beat the power;” too fearless to accept that places can’t be saved; too savvy to believe in the power of developers and loggers and mining companies; too literate to believe in money alone; too wise to be subjugated by riders and corrupt politics. These green areas are testament otherwise. They are the American

soul. There may have been a time when we latecomers—Europeans, Asians, Africans—to this continent could not say that we had any right to this continent or earned it; many

wrongs were committed by all of us as we invaded and settled. These are wrongs which must be made right, and hopefully, the long effort to do so is well underway.

* * *



PART VII
(1997 – 2006) *Director, Endangered Species Coalition*

Brock Evans Areas Protected by Year and State

Campaigns Begun 1990s+

*Tongass Timber Reform Act—1990	AK
*Tatshenshini River—1990-95	BC
Coastal Rainforest Park—1991-94	BC
*Sparta Mountain Wildlife Area—1994-95	NJ
Kalmiopsis/Rogue River—2004	OR

*one of campaign leaders



The question is whether any civilization can wage relentless war on life without destroying itself, and without losing the right to be called civilized.

—RACHEL CARSON

CHAPTER 39

(1997) *The ESA: A Noble and Visionary Law*

In 1997 I went back to full-time work as Campaign Manager and Executive Director of the Endangered Species Coalition (ESC). Founded in 1982 to defend the Endangered Species Act (ESA), I was no stranger to this organization and its mission, but early in my new position, I sat down and—for the first time—read the entire law—cover to cover. While I had been advocating for and explaining the ESA since a major

1993 speech—“The Endangered Species Act”—to the Seattle Rotary Club, I was still profoundly impressed. This legislation was noble, visionary, uniquely American, grand, and optimistic. Later reprinted in *Vital Speeches of the Day* (1993), the following excerpt from that early 5,000 word statement was probably my first attempt to clarify and assert the significance, role, and process of the ESA for a general audience:

Our own Endangered Species Act was one of the very first such laws ever passed, in 1973, making the best use of the knowledge we had at that time. It has three or four central parts to it. First, the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of Interior evaluates various species, and its scientists make a decision whether or not that species is in enough danger to be listed under the terms of the Act. Secondly, if it is listed, then all federal agencies have to conform their activities—logging, dam building, housing projects, whatever—to the intent of the Act to protect that species. That is where the controversy comes in, of course, as here in the Northwest where logging has had to be stopped in many places before the spotted owl and the 200 other species that depend on our ancient forest became extinct.

Next, the Endangered Species Act requires the government to prepare a recovery plan, to help the species come back from near-extinction. Another part also requires that government agencies who wish to proceed with the development projects, must first consult with the Fish and Wildlife Service to see if there are ways to harmonize the project and the species. As you may remember from what I have said before, only the tiniest fraction—less than one-tenth of one percent of all projects conceived, cannot be harmonized; all the rest do eventually go ahead, sometimes in a modified form.

AT LEFT:

“ESA Hearing (1997).”

Recently hired as new Endangered Species Coalition Director, a colleague and I are appearing at a House Committee hearing to testify about the two conflicting Endangered Species Act (ESA) reauthorization bills then working their way through both House and Senate. Mark-up by the full committee was yet to come. (Beth Baker, “Washington Watch: Endangered Species Legislation.” BioScience Vol. 47, No. 11 December, 1997, p. 733)

Well, has it worked? It has in part. It has brought us back the bald eagle, the peregrine falcon, the sea otter, the California condor, the brown pelican, and the alligator, just for example. Is the Endangered Species Act a perfect law? Absolutely not, and we environmentalists believe that it should be changed. Because of a lack of funding and for other reasons, we have a long list of species of all kinds going extinct. Also, because the government has not been able to act or been funded to act, there have been many fewer listings than we believe there should have been. And it is all being done on a species by species basis, instead of considering the whole ecosystem— the whole habitat—of the species being affected.

In other words, our Endangered Species Act right now operates sort of like the emergency care unit of a hospital. Just at the very last minute, when a species is about to go extinct—the California condor, for example—the Act is invoked, the species is listed, the sirens go off, the ambulance runs off, picks up the species, rushes the species to some intensive care unit—all at great expense and controversy—just like we are seeing now in the case of the spotted owl. While we may end up saving the species, we environmentalists do not believe that is the right way to do it.

But we most certainly should not weaken the Act either, because we do so only at the price of doing great damage to ourselves, our future health, our food supply, and, we believe, our survival. Rather, it should be strengthened. We should change the present emergency room approach to something much more systematic and analytical, better funded, where teams of scientists can go out across the land and identify—in advance—where dangers might lie with a certain species, then begin a process of consultation and negotiation with government agencies....

—“*The Endangered Species Act.*” Vol. LIX (March 1993) No. 11, pp 339.

I came to this admiration—and my new understanding—when the ESC had just *one* other full-time employee, poor morale, a mere \$25,000 in the bank, and no realistic prospects for more funding any time soon. Within six months, we turned the fiscal and staffing situation around, ending 1997 with adequate funding. In my 2001 “Report to Members,” I was delighted to be able to inform them that we’d worked out a merger with the Grassroots Environmental Effectiveness Network (GREEN), a strong sister group, which added six full-time paid regional Field Organizers (Northeast, Mid-Atlantic, Southeast, Heartland, Midwest, and Western), added three communications

specialists, and increased our available funds to about \$350,000. Most important, the ESC had been re-established as a “major player” in the minds of the environmental community and donors—and would play a strong role in the difficult campaigns of 2004-14, defending the ESA from attacks by Congress and the Bush II Administration (2000-2008).

In 1999, as a result of both my successful efforts and the collaboration of many others, the ESC board promoted me to Executive Director. To celebrate both our marriage and my promotion, Linda and I flew to England to take a long-deserved vacation. For July and August, we rented a car, explored the United Kingdom, logged 2,500 miles,

rambled the green countryside, enjoyed museums, castles, bed and breakfasts, historical sites. In later years (2000-2001), we took similar driving tours of Andalusia and Southern Spain, and back home again, we explored the magnificence of Utah.

In 2000 I returned to my ESC office, and in May, 2001, I composed our annual “Report to Members.” Written in my new “Executive Director’s” voice, this text best captures

the essence of ESC activities and my extensive ESC responsibilities as new Executive Director. Far different from the voice in my diary from this same period—May 2001—the text below is one more example of those thousands of newsletters and columns and reports perpetually required of environmental leaders. (For stark contrast, see May, 2001 excerpts of my personal diary in Chapter 42 “The Worst of Times.”)

May, 2001

Dear Colleagues:

Much has happened over the past twelve months. I need to get it down on paper now, because if I wait much longer, this report to you, our members, will fill too many pages!

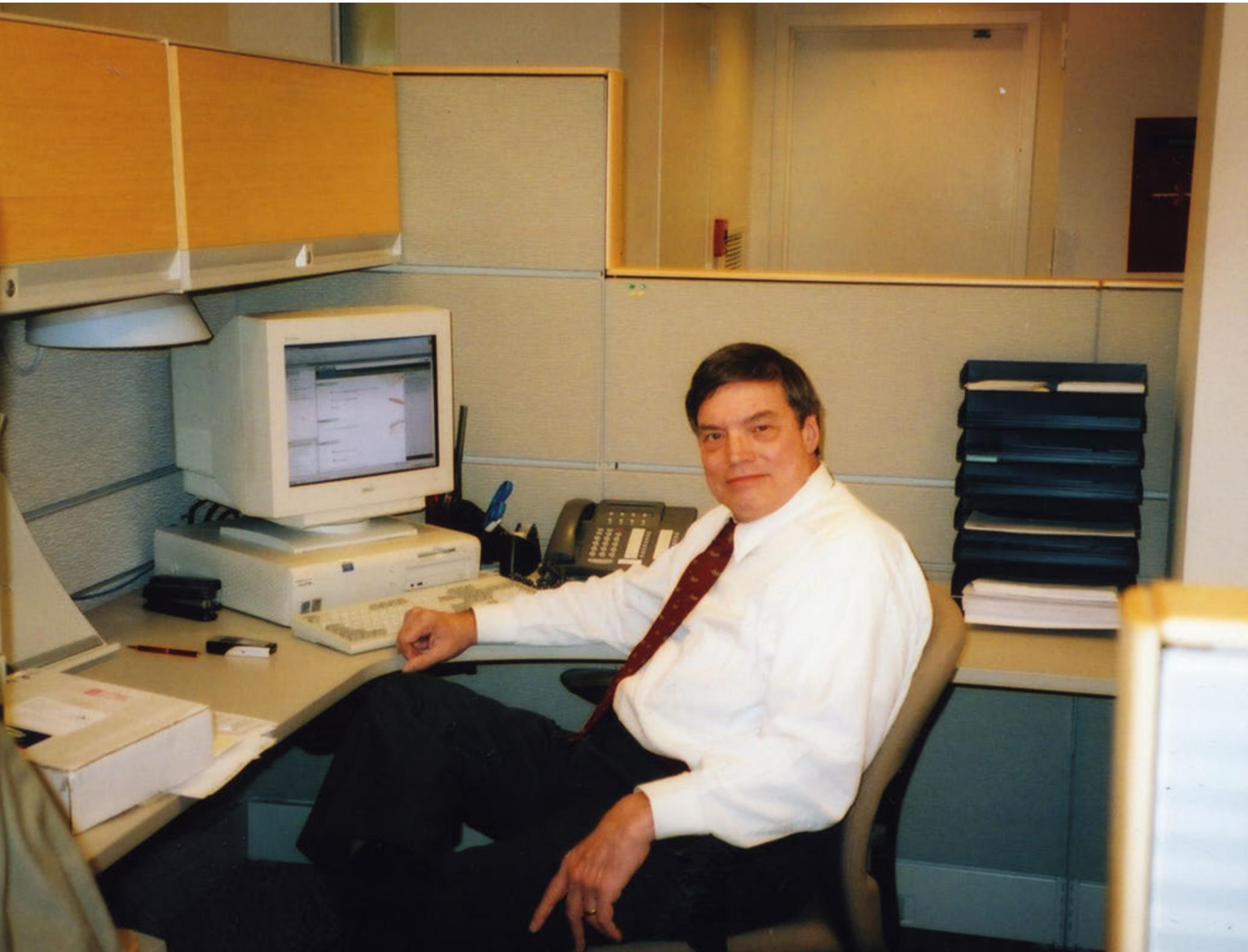
We’ve faced many challenges since the last time I wrote and I think you’ll agree, we have a nice string of accomplishments to show for our efforts. Our mission, working together with you and many others, is to protect and pass on into the future our nation’s rich biological heritage. Very often—especially recently—in order to accomplish this goal, we have been required to defend the Endangered Species Act from those who want to weaken or destroy it. The ESA, as you all know, remains still as our country’s best tool for protecting species (and their habitats) in trouble.

Our foremost concern as we go about our daily work is to represent our members and your interests in imperiled species, wherever you are. We do this in Washington, where the laws and rules are mostly made; and we also strive to take on and assist member groups on biodiversity issues across the country through our excellent staff of six full time Field Organizers. To the extent we have been successful in our mission of protecting species and defending the ESA, it is because of the unwavering support of you, our dedicated member organizations.

We also have some huge challenges ahead which I want to share with you. Read on!

A year ago, we were smaller: two full time, and six part-time staff. A not-always friendly Administration was in power, but we could often work with them. A Congress, led by definitely anti-ESA members was gearing up to pass at least four appropriations “riders”—each one removing legal protections for a critically endangered species. Among many battles over individual species, manatees were threatened in Florida, sea turtles in Texas, desert tortoises in California. Up north, our Canadian compatriots had asked for our help in defeating a seriously misnamed “Species At Risk Act,” which would have protected neither species nor their habitats.

Now a year has passed. We defeated each of the four riders after a prolonged struggle lasting (literally) to the last day of Congress in December, granting new leases on life to the Rio Grande silvery minnow, the Missouri River pallid sturgeon, the coho salmon, and the Stellar’s sea lion.



The Canadian law was defeated, after a major campaign in which we participated actively. At stake for us were the 46 US-protected species which face death or habitat destruction whenever they roam across the border. There is every indication that a better law will be enacted this year.

Using the well-honed skills of our Field Organizer and Communications staff, we were able to assist ESC member groups and other allies in numerous local and regional campaigns, including those to secure better protections for the piping plover, the sea turtle, the wolf, Pacific Northwest salmon, the Florida manatee, and the Yellowstone bison, among many others.

Our intervention to assist California colleagues in the matter of the Army's proposed expansion of its armored warfare training base at Fort Irwin not only resulted in forcing full compliance with environmental laws. It also caused us to take another look at an emerging threat to species across the whole 25 million acres of military reservations in the United States. These lands, whose obvious primary purpose is to assure military readiness, also happen to harbor some of the finest habitats for rare and endangered species anywhere. Although the Armed Services have so far done a good job of protecting those species, they are starting to feel restive and constrained as other urban encroachments on their borders begin to limit their ability to train inside the bases.

Because the maintenance of biodiversity on military lands is so important for so many species and because leading Republicans on Capitol Hill are inviting the military to request exemption from the ESA, the Endangered Species Coalition has begun a Military Services Species Initiative. Our purpose is to work out species and habitat issues with the Services before they reach a crisis stage. As of this writing, the Marine Corps has been most enthusiastic and receptive, and we are in the early stages of initiating a mutual "strategic partnership," aimed at protecting both training capacity and biodiversity around their huge base at Camp Lejeune, NC.

The biggest internal news for the ESC—greatly enhancing our effectiveness—was our merger with the Grassroots Environmental Effectiveness Network (GREEN), already a strong partner. The merger now gives us six full time regional Field Organizers (Northeast, Mid-Atlantic, Southeast, Heartland, Midwest, and Western), plus three crack communications/publications staff specialists. Consummated last summer, we saw the dramatic results of the union in the extra resources we were then able to pour into the "Rider battles" of 2000. Of course, our financial needs have also increased, but our enhanced ability to better serve our members makes it all worth it.

Challenges ahead. We all know what this means, don't we? All of you have received numerous appeals from us already. We have a new Administration in power, and it is the most hostile to all resource-based environmental values (not to mention the ESA) in over a century. In April the White House asked Congress for changes to the heart of the ESA (the listing process) which would render it into a voluntary, meaningless statute. On Capitol Hill, a parade of ESA-gutting legislation has been introduced, with hearings held—and "rider season" hasn't even started yet! See my column in your latest issue of *ESA Today* for more detail.

We cannot predict what the final result will be—only that the battles to save the ESA will be fierce and prolonged. But we also know this: the Endangered Species Coalition will be in the thick of the struggle, every day. We are stepping up our media, public outreach, education, and organizing efforts everywhere. With your support, we will pass safely through this crisis too.

* * *

AT LEFT:

"Audubon Office (1996)."

Dressed for my last year as a "Vice-President—National Issues" for Audubon, I'm ready to move my office. In early 1997 I went back to full-time work as Campaign Manager and Executive Director of the Endangered Species Coalition (ESC).



Gol-durn it, Brock—some of these congressmen are just too stupid to know that wilderness is good for their districts.

—ERNIE DICKERMAN

CHAPTER 40

(OCTOBER 3, 1998) *Indestructible Ernie: A Memorial*

“Uncle Ernie Memorial.”
I gave this memorial at Ernie’s farm in Buffalo Gap, VA (10/3/98)

AT LEFT:
“Ernie’s Last Words.”
“Ernest M. ‘Ernie’ Dickerman, a lifelong bachelor, died at the age of 87 by his own hand as he had long planned, on the little old farm in the Allegheny Mountains where he had lived since retiring in 1976. ‘Quit while you are ahead’ is sound philosophy, both in poker and in life. For over sixty years, as an amateur or as a professional, he was an active conservationist in wilderness preservation.” (McCue, Cathryn. (September 13, 1998.) The Knoxville News Sentinel. Retrieved June 16, 2010. Photo: Lynn Cameron (1997)

Ernie Dickerman taught me so much of what I know now: how to lobby, how to be effective in this seething capital city, where for better or worse, so many of the decisions about the fate of our American wilderness are made. It was around 1967, when I had just started my new job as Northwest Representative for the Sierra Club, that I first heard of him and the work that he and his colleagues at the Wilderness Society were doing in Washington.

And whenever my own business—trying to protect the Northwest wilderness—would take me back to the capital, my first stop would always be at the Wilderness Society, and the first person I would see was Ernie. He took me under his wing, and he showed me what an environmental lobbyist needed to know in order to survive in this town: always have your facts straight; always acknowledge the good points of the opposition (before refuting them!); always be courteous; never make any enemies—unless you really intend to; and never quit, or give in.

He taught me about the political power of sustained grassroots “people” pressure. In his correct view, we could not hope to establish new wilderness areas in the rural parts of the country, where all of them were located, without finding and encouraging at least a few dedicated local souls to stand up for their special place, and fight for it—in their region and in the language and terms of that region. That’s the way Ernie believed, and that’s what he taught me: to have tremendous faith in the people—our own people—and their power to get things done, to rescue this earth. The people themselves are the greatest force for wild places there is. The 15 wilderness areas now in the state of Virginia, and their strong network of daily defenders, in the form of the Virginia Wilderness Committee (which Ernie founded), is the truest testament to Ernie’s faith in and belief in the power of “just folks” to save the places they knew and loved.

Ernie and I lobbied Congress together many times on many issues, but the one that was most personally “his” was the bat-

tle to pass the Eastern Wilderness Act of 1975. As head of the Sierra Club office then, it was my privilege to work with Ernie and walk the halls with him, as we fought that bill through. We “found” suitable areas that qualified in just about every state east of the Mississippi; then it was our task to make sure that the area had local support—i.e., local citizens writing their congressperson in favor of its protection. Ernie and I spent a lot of time on the phone to local activists stimulating those letters; after a few weeks, we thought we had a pretty good set of great areas ready to be introduced. A number of local congressmen had told us privately that, while they couldn’t actively speak for an area in their district, if it was put into a larger package of many areas, they wouldn’t oppose it.

I was with Ernie the day we learned that John Melcher, Chair of the subcommittee handling the bill, announced that he would not put any area in the final bill unless the affected local member sent a letter stating in writing that he was positively for that area. It was the nearest thing to strong language I have ever heard from the normally unflappable, calm, and gentlemanly Ernie: “Gol-durn it, Brock—some of these congressmen are just too stupid to know that wilderness is good for their districts,” he drawled. Then we went back to work, and still were able to salvage most of the areas.

Ernie’s two greatest passions in life were the Great Smokys National Park and the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, and he did much to protect them, but I have always

thought that the Eastern Wilderness Act was his greatest achievement. And his truest monuments are those lovely little places, like Ramsey’s Draft, which was one of his first Virginia wilderness victories, and (I think) his first love (mine too), or the St. Mary’s River Wilderness, where he took me and Linda and our dog Maggie in 1987. I had just turned 50 and we went over to see Ernie for consolation. “I’ve got an idea, Brock... let’s celebrate this auspicious occasion—I can still hear his Tennessee accent—and go for a walk through the St. Mary’s Wilderness. We just protected it, and I’ll show you around.”

Well, it turned out to be a typical “Ernie Walk”—that is, a 10-mile “Death March,” most of it off the trail, hand over hand through the laurel hells, and lots of steep side-hilling, with 76-year old Ernie far in front, way ahead of us in his tank-top T shirt and the beat up straw hat he always wore out in the woods.

Every Memorial Day weekend for most of the 1970s and 1980s, our whole family would pack up and head out to the Ramsey’s Draft Wilderness, about 20 miles away from Ernie’s retirement farm at Buffalo



“Allegheny Summer.”
We eastern conservationists regularly attended summer gatherings at the Dickerman farm. Standing with Ernie at his Buffalo Gap farmhouse are Rachel Evans (left) and an unknown friend, perhaps our DC neighbor.

Gap. We would hike into the wilderness, camp out for two days and nights deep in the forest down by the lovely creek, then on Sunday, drive across the mountain to Ernie's place. He would hear us coming up the long steep driveway—I can still see him ambling out to meet us—then an evening of drinks on his porch, followed by a typically “Ernie Feast” of roast beef or pork chops—all sitting around the plain table in his plain country kitchen. I still see the plastic placemats with their country scenes, and I still visualize the books about Iceland on the shelves, gifts from his nephew Bob while on a tour of duty there as a Foreign Service officer.

Then a deep sleep, a big “Ernie Breakfast” of eggs and bacon and toast, followed by a walk through the forest up the hill. At the end of the walk, he would always take us to his prized and secret place where the lady-lippers grew, then off we would go.

My sons called him Uncle Ernie. I don't think they knew he had any other name.

Six months later Ernie would return the visit. Every Thanksgiving right up through last year—1997—he would make the 180-mile drive to our house. He would always arrive on Thanksgiving Day, around 1 PM, as we were preparing the feast. We would all eat together and there was always lots of good talk because we, loving lots of companions on such occasions, would invite an eclectic mix of family, old friends, and new ones—people with nowhere else to go—“strays” we called them, foreign visitors often, from places like Italy or Slovakia—then

afterwards, after we had all rested from the effects of too much good food—Ernie would pull out the Scrabble board. He always won, because he not only had a photographic memory, but he brought along lots of dictionaries—even a Scottish dictionary once. “They're part of the English language heritage, too,” he would say. My wife Linda was the only person who could beat him, usually winning (narrowly) about one game out of five.

We loved him, Uncle Ernie. And after he left to go back—always on Saturday morning, around 10, after his favorite breakfast of Linda's cranberry bread—we could expect, promptly, a thank you note, or more often, a letter. Written in the kind of elegant and gentlemanly prose that one rarely sees these hurried times, Ernie would find something nice to say about everyone there. His recall of the events of the weekend was amazing, and always exact. I have a treasure-chest of Ernie's letters.

Of all the wonderful anecdotes stretching over my 30 years with him, my favorite “Ernie story” is about the time in 1987 I introduced him to Hazel Wolf, a very well-known and vigorous environmental activist from Seattle. She was then almost 90 years old. She had arrived in town after 5 days riding the Freedom Train across the country to lobby Congress on a variety of “progressive” issues. Hazel, by the way, was the epitome of a “flaming liberal,” and probably as much to the left of every issue as Ernie, a social conservative, was to the right. (Environmental issues excepted, of course).

Ernie was staying with us for a few days in order to lobby Congress against a road into the Smokies wilderness. Linda was out of town, but had left me—a non-cook—a pot of homemade chili to serve. I was just stirring it up when the phone rang: “Brock, this is Hazel. Just got here on the Freedom

Train and the hotel doesn’t have a room. Can I stay at your house?” Of course, so I put the chili on the back burner, drove down to pick her up, and an hour later, walked back in the door. “Hazel, Ms. Famous Environmentalist from the West Coast, meet Ernie, Mr. Famous Environmentalist from the East



AT LEFT:

“Eternal Hazel (1898-2000).”

A Canadian by birth, a Communist Party member, then a naturalized US citizen, Hazel served as secretary of the Seattle Audubon Society for 35 years. An active environmental advocate, she received the national Audubon Medal of Excellence before her death at 103.

(Photo: “Hazel Wolf protesting in front of Federal Building (1986)” MOHAI 2000.107.232.20.03)

Coast,” I said—probably in words not exactly like that.

Naturally, I assumed that these two oldsters—one 76, the other about 90, each coming a long distance to fight for what they believed in, would have a lot in common and would soon be engaged in an animated conversation. But it was not quite to be that way. After a few pleasantries, I heard Ernie say, “These old people, you know... they use up too many resources; they just waste everyone’s time; they’re a burden on society; they take and take and don’t give anything back; they ought to be put away!”

Hazel—who the Eisenhower Administration tried to have deported back to her native Canada because she had belonged to the Communist Party in the 1930s—shot right back: “What do you mean? These old people have paid their dues already; they can do whatever they like; they should be allowed to play pinochle if they want to!”

And so the verbal struggle raged back and forth. It was an animated conversation all right, but not quite the idyllic and reflective sort that I had expected from these two passionate and committed people. Of course, it never occurred to either the 76-year old or the 90-year old that they themselves had any affinity whatsoever with those unknown “old people” whose right to exist and contributions to society they were so passionately arguing!

After Ernie returned home, within a few days came another “Ernie Thank-you Note.” In this one, Ernie acknowledged his meeting

with Hazel, and in his always courteous and generous way, said, “Well, I have to agree after talking to Hazel, that maybe she’s right: old people should not be put away; they should just agree to go voluntarily!”

For years, that was a funny story, which I have often told to others to help them share and understand some of Ernie’s passion, his commitment to the earth, and his total seeming unawareness of any age limits on himself at all, for he certainly seemed immortal to us in those years. It is still a great story: a testament to the fact that chronological age is never a barrier to persons who are dedicated to a cause, and live their lives accordingly. He was always Ernie, forever and always there Ernie, to me, my family, my colleagues.

But now I see that there was a warning in that story too, and a revelation of the soul of this unique man. It was of no matter, what we, his friends, may have thought about his condition; after all, we only knew that wonderful mind and sense of humor and always recalled his constant phrase—“Let’s have fun while we do this.” That’s what Ernie actually was, to us. But inside himself, where none of us could go, other thoughts were being processed: if he felt that he was not able to give anymore, then perhaps the time had come to follow his own strictures to Hazel, spoken so long ago.

Oh—it pains, me deep inside to think this. He will always be Uncle Ernie, Indestructible Ernie, to me.

* * *



“Saving the Tatshenshini (1993).” As Vice President of Audubon in Washington, DC, I was lobbyist and adviser to protect the Tatshenshini on both sides of the international border. A wild pristine transboundary river, the Tatshenshini was threatened by a proposed massive copper mine on the Canadian side from which huge amounts of acid mine pollution would have endangered US Glacier Bay National Park. Pictured here attending a Tatshenshini Slide Show Rally in San Francisco are (left to right): David Brower (Friends of the Earth), Ric Careless (Tatshenshini Wild/BC), and Ed Wayburn (Sierra Club President). The event was co-sponsored by Sierra Club and Patagonia.

I'm always impressed with what young people can do before older people tell them it's impossible.

—DAVID R. BROWER

CHAPTER 41

(NOVEMBER 16, 2000)

Go and Do It: A Memory of David Brower

I heard of him long before I ever saw him. It was the early 1960s, and I had recently moved to Seattle to make my living as a newly minted law school graduate. It wasn't long before I realized that something terrible was going on in my new home, as the chainsaws snarled and tore huge chunks out of the magnificent forests and wilderness that I had come to love.

The pain of these forest losses drove me to join the few local groups fighting to stop the destruction. And that is where I first heard his name: David Brower, head of a mysterious, distant, and very powerful organization called the “Sierra Club,” or some such, in far-off San Francisco. Some of my new “conservation” friends (we weren't called “environmentalists” until after Earth Day, 1970) actually knew him and told me stories about his courage, his eloquence, his willingness to stand up against all the powers destroying this earth, no matter what.

I read everything that he wrote and could lay my hands on, from old *Sierra* magazines to the new exhibit format books

just coming out. The pictures stirred me deeply, but it was his words that moved me to action. I dipped into meager savings to purchase a copy of his newest book *Grand Canyon: Time and the River Flowing* as a “Christmas present for my wife,” but it was really for me. That is how I became a passionate defender of the Grand Canyon, in addition to the North Cascades.

The year 1966 came: it seems so far away now, but every detail of those intense times is burned into my brain, engraved on my heart. The struggle over the wilderness of the North Cascades was at its height, and David came to address the Northwest Wilderness Conference. “He” was going to be there—in person! I could scarcely believe it!

I heard him speak, then at a break, I “arranged” to be standing next to him, pretending to be looking at one of the exhibits. I was much too shy to speak to him; what could I possibly have to say to someone like him? Just standing, just being there was enough for me. A few months later I actually did talk to him, struck then, as I have always been,

by his gentle manner and the softness of his voice—always a remarkable feature of this man so demonized by his many opponents in dambuilding and loggerland. They could not understand how so much eloquence could come from one so quiet in his manner.

The next spring David—via Mike McCloskey—asked me if I would come and work for the Club, as its Northwest Field Representative. To my amazement now, I actually pondered and wavered over my decision: giving up the “nobility and purity” of being an unpaid volunteer for a job that actually *paid* something? How crass—to my 1960s mentality!

It took about a day or so for sanity to take hold again: “Evans, why not get paid to do what you’re eating breathing and sleeping anyhow?” Yes.

Two weeks after I took the job, David directed me to get to Washington DC, and there to offer testimony (along with him, and Jeff Ingram, our Southwest Representative) on why there should be no dams in the Grand Canyon. I spent ten days talking to every expert I could find, absorbing 50 years worth of documents and controversies, then arrived exhausted at 5 AM on a cold March morning after a grueling redeye flight from Seattle. David had us set up in a cheap motel room overlooking the Capitol building. He waved impatiently at me when I arrived there: “OK, get that typewriter and put your testimony together.” That was my introduction to Dave’s “management style,” as it would be called in the terminology of a later era.

At some point, I sought to engage him about the struggle over the proposed new national park and new wilderness areas in the North Cascades, since I was after all, the Club’s Northwest Representative—therefore responsible for all that happened in my “territory.” Right? I approached him properly, I thought, the way a green subordinate would approach the wise and all-knowing boss:

“Private Evans, reporting for duty as ordered, Sir!” (I had recently been discharged from active duty with the Marine Corps).

“What are you talking about, Evans?”

“Sir, well, here I am, your Northwest Representative, and we have this big battle going on in the North Cascades, and a lot is going on sir. I think I need to see the plans and know what our strategy is, sir!”

“What do you mean, Evans?” (Of course this wasn’t the actual dialogue, since we spoke totally informally, but this was how I felt *inside*).

“Well, sir, we are the Sierra Club and we are leading the battle up there—at least that’s what everyone thinks—so there must be a plan and a strategy. Just show me what it is, Sir, explain the plans to me, give me your orders. I am your chosen instrument, and I will carry them out, all of them.”

“Evans, there is no plan.”

“Well, sir, then what do I do?”

“I don’t know, Evans—what do you want to do?”

“Well,” I said, “How about this...” and I outlined to him—the Great Man—what I thought we should do.

“Fine,” he said. “Go and do it.”



“David Brower and Brock Evans (1980-81).”
My first Sierra Club “boss,” David Brower hired me in 1967 to become the lobbyist in the Washington, DC office. Here we are attending one of many environmental conferences.

Oh what a lesson that was for me: I was free! Free to do anything—and everything in my power to save all the places I loved. That was Dave’s real management style—to hire good dedicated people and let them go free. That lesson has governed my own way of doing things ever since; that is how our movement can get the most energy out of the best asset we have: the passion and commitment of our troops.

We did save the North Cascades: after another fierce struggle in Congress, I had the privilege of attending President Johnson’s ceremony, signing the legislation in the East Wing of the White house in the autumn of 1968.

Dave basically supported everything I did, every initiative, such as intervening in the Hells Canyon dam proceedings with the first-ever environmental legal action in the Northwest; my campaign to revive David

Simons' dream of an Oregon Volcanic Cascades National Park and save the wild forest places there: "Just go, go and do it." He knew instinctively that was the way to get the most out of us. Years later, we stopped the dams and saved much of the forests.

He always dreamed big, and never hesitated to seize opportunities. In December 1968, with Lyndon Johnson going out of office and Nixon coming in, he arranged a meeting with Stewart Udall, the outgoing Secretary of Interior. Here was a chance, he thought, to talk the President into creating a bunch of new national monuments before the Republicans came to power.

I knew little of the realities of Washington then—all I knew was that here was a chance! I spent the whole week before on my hands and knees in my Seattle office, gloriously drawing lines on maps around about ten million acres of the best wild and beautiful places I knew of, to make them safe forever: Hells Canyon, Oregon Cascades, Alpine Lakes, Sawtooths. I was at last that "chosen instrument"—and we were going to make Dave's dream a reality!

We had the meeting with Udall. He was friendly, listened attentively as we rolled out all our maps and explained the full measure of the opportunity staring the Johnson Administration in the face. But it came to naught; Udall did take the idea to Johnson, who refused to go along without some acquiescence from his former friends in the Congress. Since unfortunately one of those was Wayne Aspinall, chief environmentalist *bete noire* and Chair of the House Interior

Committee, that was the end of our hopes that year, but not, not ever, of our dreams. Dave had taught us to dream, dream always—and dream big.

He taught us by example, as well as by words; and both shaped our whole rising generation of young eco-warriors.

I learned from him that we cannot ever give in, because a whole earth depends upon us. I learned that while compromise is often necessary, it must never originate with us: "Let us stand for what is the right thing," he would say. "Others will make the compromises if they must." I later refined that teaching in my own words, repeated in hundreds of speeches and our own inner councils: "These tables around which we sit are not bargaining tables; they are the places where we decide what we truly want and what we will say to the rest of the world."

There was an almost startling quietude about the man. He taught me that one does not have to shout in order to be heard. He never seemed to raise his voice.

He loved the pleasures of life too, as well as the Earth itself. I think of him every time I savor a martini or listen to good jazz.

We were all devastated when he was forced out of the Sierra Club after the board elections in May 1969. We, his young staff, had sat on the edges of our chairs at each board meeting for two years, watching the drama and the tensions build between the pro-Dave and anti-Dave factions. We, of course, were pro-Dave, only Dave; we did not believe any of the allegations of financial mismanagement made against him. That

was the stuff of fuddy-duddys at best, and worst, the stuff of the corporate mindset that we were certain was out to destroy the Club and all it stood for. Didn't they understand that we had a whole Earth to save?!

The day he resigned in front of the full Board and before they could fire him, we were stunned. We three field reps (Jeff Ingram, Gary Soucie, Eastern Representative, and myself) banded together and told the new board that we were going to resign too. Dave had urged us not to, but to stay on and keep his ideals alive. When the new people assured us that they would be somehow “just as strong”—and backed it up with an emergency grant of \$25,000 for my new campaign to save Northwest forests (we needed ads, quick)—we did stay. I like to think that all the millions of acres saved since then were because of him—in his memory and a tribute to him.

Even though we knew our work could never be the same again, our hearts were forever after with Dave. What he did, outside or inside the Club, mattered tremendously to us. I became one of the charter members of Friends of the Earth, which he founded almost immediately, and we have often seen each other in the years since.

The strongest memory I have of him after those early, seminal, years was at the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro in June 1992. There were 30,000 environmentalists from around the whole world attending, and Dave, as usual, was at the center of the dramatic events. Swarms of young people swirled around the place daily. One evening he invited Linda and me to join him for a dinner with some others at the Gloria Hotel, the NGO informal “headquarters.”

There he was, still with the same intensity: still the same startlingly quiet voice and manner; the David Brower I had always known; holding forth and deeply engaged with all of us in turn; always eloquent, always inspiring; always urging us on with a sense of what we had to do to make the world better; always the dreaming: still the very same Dave I had first come to revere, then know, then work with, twenty-five years before.

I think of him whenever I stand high up in the North Cascades, savoring its grand vista of meadows and now-protected ancient forests. His vision had inspired me to give everything I had in the campaign to save them. And that vision lives on in all our hearts over a third of a century later.

* * *



“Mountain Meeting (2002).” Eighteen years ago, these faithful leaders of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs (FWOC) may have gathered at the Mazama Lodge on Mt. Hood for a winter meeting of the Executive Committee. As Executive Director, Endangered Species Coalition still based in Washington, DC, I would have flown to the northwest on such occasions to participate in lively discussion on projects, places to save, agency actions to oppose, and financial reports. Unfortunately, my memory for names and faces is failing now, so I can only recall two of these individuals: white-haired Hazel Wolf and Win Hayward (green teshirt), a staunch FWOC leader from California. My apologies to the other three—long time comrades all.

One does not have to have hope in order to persevere.

—WILLIAM OF ORANGE (1560-1620)

CHAPTER 42

(2001) *The Worst of Times: Executive in Hell*

Tuesday, May 1, 2001:

Ifear I am surely going to crack sometime soon, before my mother even. Meeting yesterday—good and bad news: will get some money. Talk on the street and Gene Karpinski ask, “Why do we need an ESC anymore?” As a good and effective environmentalist and confidant of the foundations, he asks a good question. In reply, however, I would ask: does he know more than the street knows about what the ESC actually does? Still, he might have a point—maybe we *are* unsustainable, too much, too many of us—but no time, just no time: here till 9:30 last night finishing a foundation proposal, fitful sleep, then early again—more due, deadlines, deadlines, and everyone else is pressing down upon me and I have no time—decisions, confrontations—call Gene today, have it out. More deadlines and the Marine Corps visit/trip is coming up and I cannot raise \$500,000 a year and I cannot recruit a Board to talk to until I am sure we are going to make it. I have a 7-month prison sentence here until I can even think of get-

ting out and it is just impossible right now: this is a “life” of death by inches, every day, and no relief. This is not how I should be living, not with my gifts of expression and writing.... It is too much, way way too much, and I wish I was dead.

Thursday May 3:

Last night, just after I learned that Pew will give \$1 million to Kieran Suckling’s group [Center for Biological Diversity] to form the “Pew Save the Endangered Species Act Campaign,” thus not only rendering it nearly impossible for me to raise more money or to keep us afloat much longer, but also amounts to a public humiliation/slap in the face that will finish *me* off as a figure here in the Capital City, once and for good, my wise wife suggested that perhaps there are some small gift in all this distress and death-wishes.

The gift here is the awareness that if this happens, it is not so much about me—my personality, for I am much beloved, she reminds me. The gift is in the awareness that I am truly no longer the blazing young comet,

These pages are excerpts transcribed from my personal diary originally written between May 1 and May 18, 2001.

that I am 64, and that it is time to move on to being and doing as a 64-year old. Give it up, these previous things of rank and place that have so distressed me when, with increasing frequency, I am no longer accorded them much anymore anyhow. There is a reason for it.

Go then, live out this latest slap with grace and style and honor—and then the world will not see it as a slap either, and I am once again on my way towards freedom from this prison sentence, free to use my best gifts, free—after, in just a few more months—we go down anyway, at the end of Rider season, bankrupt and no longer a recognized force—perhaps, but with all guns blazing and all flags flying, go down with full honors.

Monday May 7:

But it is hard, painful, when I let myself think about it, waiting for the blow to fall: the announcement of the Pew Emergency ESA Campaign, leaving us out and sealing our end. Somehow I don't really believe it can happen just that way, just as I do not believe Congress will totally end the ESA itself. But for the life of me, I can't see how any of this, internal or external, can turn out well, I just cannot. There is not only no joy in life these days, but there is daily-growing anxiety, bordering on crushing weight.

The news gets worse every day: now rolling blackouts and statements that gas prices are going to rise in California; the governor mandates conservation; Bush refuses to do anything “to interfere with the market,” thus

setting the stage for his drill 'em and dig 'em energy speech tonite....

On my front, the silence from Kieran and Gene K about the results of the Pew meeting is deafening, and I know what that means: an all-out “Pew Emergency Campaign to save the ESA,” with us frozen out, and thus the demise of my little band. A slow, sad descent. Inside myself, the feelings seem to be exactly like the Russian soldiers being sent across the Volga into Stalingrad those desperate days, September 1942. The whole city on the far bank a vast wall of flames and smoke, thunderous artillery, your own police—NKVD—shoving you on with drawn pistols, shooting those who jumped off. Attacks, strafing, and bombings all the way across—only half of the soldiers even made it into the Hell on the far bank—then, more beatings and shovings into a herd-formation. Every other man given a rifle, the one behind him a clip of ammunition: You take the rifle, you follow him. When he gets killed, you pick it up and you shoot. And then, march right into battle, into hell. Charge! Charge! Within two minutes 90% were dead, within five, the futile attack over: one in five hundred survives.

That's how it is for me, every day, without end. I wake up with dread, drive into work this crisp springtime, heart feeling enlarged—brimming more with dread; knowing that ahead lies my Hell, my wall of flames: another day of too much to do, none of it to be done very well, too many demands, a confusion and cacophony of demands and demanding voices: Which shall I do and

which not? What are the priorities when we have almost no resources at all to deal with any of them? How can I answer the questions Moriah (Foundation) just asked? Don't even know who to turn to? How can I get more money—but from who? Ten young staffers who depend utterly on me to survive! Got to begin, hurry, hurry—shove yourself into the front line! On, into hell! But no rifle for you! Just follow the others and pick one up. If you survive, we don't care whether you do or not, anyhow. Up to you—and fate! The daily demands never stop, only escalate, and my poor heart and mind and body and soul have not even a second's respite from the insidious dread. It seeps through and into every pore until I am sure that even my body is a deathly black on the outside too—or, more likely, the grey-pallor of someone very very ill.

Two ESA-gutting hearings tomorrow, and all we can do, barely, is cover them. Help, if it is to come at all, will come to someone else, the blazing young star, and I have let my valiant young band down and there is no way out, no relief, no ease to the unending fear, misery, pain. I hate it, I hate this, I want to be doing anything else, almost anything. I wish—yes, let me say it here—I would rather be dead, if only it could be painless, easy, not my fault. All the joy and pleasure of life is just gone—not to come again for months, even if I do live that long.

Wednesday May 16:

It is the sense of daily battling, going into battle against hopeless and overwhelming odds, but always there is the possibili-

ty—just the possibility—that they are *not* hopeless. This means that I cannot, must not, give up; must keep on fighting and trying, even though my heart *does* always brim with dread, even though my stomach is always in knots, even though—as right now—I feel weak and faint, stroke-like. In last nite from the 300-mile drive from Camp Lejeune at 2 AM, six hours sleep and I can barely concentrate, but I must be here because I have to chair the ESC meeting at 2 (it is 10:30 now), and I must call Jack Vanderryn and get his “news” about Pew. Will not be good, but will not be quite irrevocably awful—again, just enough of a tiny window of faint hope left open that I must still keep on trying, still try to be creative, still in battle until the end of it all, whether by November or whether—as these fainty spells seem to be telling me. I will just keel over one of these days right in the saddle. That's how it is *this* awful morning in Stalingrad, and the joy and happiness I had tramping around with the Marines and friends the last two days on far-off North Carolina affirms to me that I hate *this* existence up here—that it truly *is* a prison sentence. Wednesday in Hell.

Wednesday May 16 (continued):

And yesterday, we got the news that the NDP (environmentalist) Party in B.C., which had protected millions of acres and changed bad old policies, was wiped out: lost 33 of 36 seats, and the “Liberals” (right wing) won everything. “It's as if George Bush won the White House and the Congress and only Senator Kennedy and two

other Ds, who didn't even know what environment was, were left, "says young Canadian friend Kevin Scott.

And we heard on the radio that the "energy crisis" is now worldwide, Brazil is cutting back on conservation, build more dams soon. And Bush's energy policy—'drill 'em and dig 'ern and burn 'em, released yesterday to much fanfare. They are mounting a major media blitz on it, and I can feel the public mind slowly turning in their direction. California gets hotter, already on energy rations, and summer hasn't even begun; nuclear and coal industry ads blare out on all the stations. Bush calls Labor to sell them on the plan; Teamsters have already endorsed opening up the Arctic Refuge....

Then I get a call from Brian Vincent yesterday: Bush will be in Southern California at the same time as our planned pro-ESA press conference featuring Jane Goodall. Meaning: not a single environmental reporter will show up at *our* event. Weeks of planning down the tube, and now what to do? 2,000 farmers march against the ESA in the Klamath Basin, the Northwest drought worsens, and rider season hasn't even started yet. I must see Rodger Schlickeisen [President of former benefactor, Defenders of Wildlife, and a good friend] this PM and give my distant early warning that we will be out of money by October unless something is done to reverse our fortunes—but what? Defenders has a \$1 million shortfall too. So I

have to go thru the lonely motions anyway, get an "Annual Report" out today, (*see Chapter 39*), a cover letter to Foundations for our news magazine, get three more Foundation proposals and final reports done by June 1 and I will be out of the office for the next four days and it will be worse in June and I am just so weary, "wore out," as the song says, and my stomach is in knots at least 18 hours a day. I know what the end will be—just as in 1984—we will lose; we are unsustainable as an organization, no matter how well we are doing; we will go bankrupt in about 6 months. But we must just not think about such things too much: go on and fight the daily battles anyhow.

I have never seen such a time in my whole life, a time when *all* the stars were so lined up against everything we have believed in and fought for and cared about—everything. Above all, from the standpoint of my weary and stricken heart, is the endlessness of it all, this Time of No Redemption, just as in 1984: scary things every day, one after another, and even when I deal with them adequately there are more and more coming, and there is no relief—never, never. And it hasn't rained for a month.

Friday May 18:

"One does not have to have hope in order to persevere." William of Orange, time of brutal Dutch War of Independence against the Spanish Empire superpower, 1560-1620.

* * *



“Party Time (2001-02).” While still teaching, Linda would sometimes invite some of her Georgetown University students to our home at 5449 33rd Street. Here, we’re clearly celebrating a now unidentifiable occasion.



“Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs Leaders (2000).” *The FWOC and Sierra Club always worked together as partners on many issues, and once a year held meetings like that shown here to develop regional strategies and tactics. Some twenty years later, I can remember some of the names of these faithful warriors who gathered in Seattle in February: Raelene Gold represented Washington clubs (standing 2nd from my left); Win Hayward represented California clubs (seated on my left). My apologies to everyone else for my imperfect recall.*

A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise.

—ALDO LEOPOLD

CHAPTER 43

(2002) ***Keepers of the Door: An Environmental Metaphor***

Living in these times, I find much to be happy about: our unparalleled instant access to information about everything and every idea; the ease of travel to beautiful places; the closeness of friendships and loved ones; the spirited interchanges with good minds. Here in Washington, there's the feeling of making a difference, standing up for the things we believe in.

But there's a deep ache, a sadness inside, at the same time. Are these happy times to be alive if one loves the natural world in all its variety and beauty? They are *not*. The call of a wood thrush deep in an ancient forest, the roar of the surf on a wild, beach, the flash of a fish in the shallows of a pristine brook, even the simple pleasure of passing still-open fields in a sprawling strip-mall landscape—all these precious things and sensations, the places they come from, and the web of life-forms they have supported for millennia, are melting away in front of our eyes. The knowledge of these daily losses sears my heart.

Daily headlines ram home the pain of it all in a mournful threnody: the extinctions, the deforestations, the decimations of whole ecosystems, record demand for SUVs. Strip malls gobble up and transform landscapes with a seemingly unstoppable, ever-metastasizing force.

The political scene is no better: “Energy Plan to open up pristine western lands; new policy to speed up public forest logging; Administration cancels ESA listings.” Many of our national leadership would like to make the Endangered Species Act itself an endangered species.

So the inner anxiety runs deep inside me, an aching counterpoint to the daily joys. Often I have wondered: “Is it all worth it? Can we really succeed? Won't it all, in the end, be overwhelmed by the forces of rampant over-consumerism, destructive technologies, greed and political malaise all around us?”

My answer is always *No*. *No*, it is not hopeless, not at all. And *Yes*, keep going. We

**“Keepers of the Door:
An Environmental
Metaphor (2002).”**

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can succeed; we are doing better than we may realize.

I know this is so, because I have seen it. I have fought in most of the land-use and species protection struggles of the past four decades, and I have witnessed many wonderful victories protecting wonderful places—habitats that would have surely been lost otherwise. I know we can rescue much, because I have seen it happen, and I have lived it.

Our record is outstanding: over 220 million acres now protected by law, almost always saved against big odds from opponents just as powerful as they are now. An the ESA is still standing tall despite 30 years of determined attacks mounted against it—because we fought to keep it. To those who sometimes feel despair, I say: “Imagine what this beautiful land would have looked like by now had there been no laws and no defenders—no us.”

Sure, it’s tough. Many with political power do not feel the way we do. They oppose laws and policies to protect nature. I wish this was not so. But since it *is* so, we just have to go forward anyhow. This battered but still-beautiful earth can’t wait.

A metaphor sustains me, guides me every day. It gives comfort, because it so clearly explains what we must do.

I call it the “Metaphor of the Door,” and I call us who defend this earth, “The Keepers of the Door.”

I see this Door in my mind. On one side of it is Now: the Present with all its strife and cacophonies, noise and bulldozers, music and lovings too. That’s where we are: in Now, the Present.

On the other side of my Door is the Future.

We don’t know what that Future holds for us or for the things we love. We only know that it might be a better, more benign world than this turbulent Now.

So, the answer to “What Must Be Done” is simple: our job, as The Keepers of the Door, is to shove every acre and every species through that Door. Pass them on into that Future time, where they will have another chance to survive. Rescue them from the Now.

I am optimistic that the Future will be better than our Now. I say this because I have seen so many positive changes in our attitudes and perceptions about the value of the natural world since 1960, changes which have been translated into strong political support for the ESA itself, and for every one of those 220 million acres. These successes—won in circumstances just as difficult as our own—tell me there is no reason to believe that we cannot also do the same.

Just hang on, fellow Keepers of the Door. It is still a beautiful little planet, and it needs us.

10/3/2002 1204

BROCK EVANS: ENVIRONMENTAL LEADER BATTLING CANCER NEEDS YOUR HELP

Nature has no more ardent champion than Brock Evans. In battle after battle, he has freely contributed his energy, creativity, and passion to protect our natural heritage. Brock is now in his toughest battle. He has contracted multiple myeloma – bone cancer – and it has spread to some soft tissue as well. The odds are tough.

Lance Armstrong faced similar odds, and came back spectacularly. In his book, *It's Not About the Bike*, Armstrong writes, "I don't know why I'm alive. I can only guess. I have a tough constitution, and my profession taught me how to compete against long odds and big obstacles." If there is anyone with a tough constitution, anyone whose profession has taught him how to succeed against long odds and big obstacles, it is Brock Evans.

In this fight, however, Brock absolutely needs a form of ammunition that he has often done without over the years: money. His medical bills could exceed \$400,000. Medicare will likely pick up some, but the remaining gap will be wide. A dedicated attorney is trying to get an insurance company to pick up some more – but that is a slow, uncertain struggle. And even if successful, a big gap will remain. Brock can't wait. If he is to win this one, he needs to continue his chemotherapy and subsequent stem cell transplants in the next few weeks and months.

One consequence of Brock having chosen to devote his life to the public interest is that he does not have large savings to draw upon in this difficult time. Brock is currently executive director of the Endangered Species Coalition (ESC), and has purposely kept his salary low so that all available funds could go directly into program. But, now, he obviously does not want to go into an expensive medical treatment that will leave his loving wife Linda entering her golden years impoverished. Brock is a true hero. As a movement, we need to cherish and take care of our heroes.

In appreciation of Brock's extraordinary value and contributions to the ESC and the entire environmental community, the ESC Board has decided to give Brock a raise and has also established "The Leadership Fund" to help maintain the high level of leadership and productivity from its talented and irreplaceable executive director. Thanks to YOU, Brock will finally get the raise he deserves, and the ESC can maintain its high level of productivity from all its staff. At this point in history, we need strong leadership from the ESC to prevent species extinctions and protect valuable healthy habitat. Contributions to "The Leadership Fund" are fully tax-deductible. Pitch in now! Please send your contributions to either:

The "Endangered Species Coalition Leadership Fund" at: 1101 14th Street, 14th Floor, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005; or via the internet at: www.stopextinction.org.

Then, please forward this letter to everyone you know who knows Brock. Better yet, re-write it yourself and post your version to every Listserv you can access. Don't postpone this one until tomorrow. Time is short.

*"Call for Help (2002)."
"Brock Evans: Environmental
Leader Battling Cancer
Needs Your Help."
(Endangered Species
Coalition Leadership Fund,
Washington, DC October 3,
2002: 1) With help from
Linda, my board, friends,
and staff, I tried my best to
still do my job with my Fall,
2002 letter. See page 445
for the total of all their
generous gifts.*

Well, you can just stay here and die in DC, if you want, since no one here knows how to treat this kind of rare cancer...

—DR. BARRETT BURKA, MD

CHAPTER 44

(2002-2003) ***I Will Write to the End: Notes From the Cancer Time***

Part I. “My House of Pain (2002-03)”

For 2002-2003, I fought against life-threatening multiple myeloma, During that time, I kept a private journal at my bedside. When the doctor told me I had 3-4 months to a year to live, I said: “Well, I will fight and I will write to the end of my days. I don’t care what the diagnosis is, doctor. I’m an environmentalist, and I’m

used to hopeless lost causes, battles against great odds, so I’m gonna fight. Give me a doctor who will fight along with me!” The following entries have been selected and transcribed from the first three months of that battle. Due to page limitations, I have left out many more entries from both the first months and a goodly number from the next nine months.

THURSDAY MAY 30, 2002

Plane to Seattle. Black Hills, *Paha Sapa* in the Sioux language. We fly over the Badlands of the Dakotas, Black Hills in the distance, and I remember June 1980, 22 years ago, before I met Linda, the summer of the climax of the Alaska Lands Campaign and my address to the Outdoor Writers Conference in Rapid City, my drive through *Paha Sapa* after, my summer in New Hampshire with the family yet to come, and now that is all gone; Alaska is safe, the political times are worse, I have found my wife; I still struggle daily against the forces of evil. Winning and losing, my life has been rich in rewards since then, and many adventures too, some heartbreaks, sadness. losses. Time is passing, and I do not have much of it left. Hurry, hurry...

Paha Sapa: We fly over its dark greenness now, and my mind and my heart stretch back eighteen years more, back to my true seed-time June 1962: Terry and Lynne and I camped out in the Badlands, drove through them in the dawn, then into and through the *Paha Sapa*, then crossed the border into Wyoming—I am West again! Home at last, to begin my life’s journey, to meet Stephanie, oh now also gone from me these 35 years now. Regrets, unhappiness, sadness and triumph too as on and on I whirl and dance through this life.

And now this: a strange excruciating shoulder pain that will not go away, not even diminish these past four days.

Later, we descend into beloved Seattle, close to Tahoma the god [Mt Rainier], and I gaze long into it and all the places I know so well around it: American Ridge, the Mt Aix country, the Upper Bumping, the White River, Little Tahoma, Carbon Glacier, the Ipsut, the Mowich—oh! There is Green Lake of sacred memory—the clearcut scars are healing and I am filled with such a bittersweet longing for those wondrous yet aching days when it all began for me 39 years ago.

Emerald-green Seattle on a May day, all the waters, lakes, and Sound, sparkling in the sun: Seward Park, Mercer Island, U District, Arboretum, the bridges—oh! Places of my lost youth, but blazed into my soul.

Changing planes at Seattle. I seek a massage place there. Maybe that will ease this strange pain that will not go away, but it doesn't. What is this?

SATURDAY JUNE 1

Cove Oregon. So is this the time and the place when I will die? Mysterious shoulder pain deep all the time. And it does not diminish—for six days now, only burrows deeper every day. I watch it carefully, remembering my embolism of 11 years ago. This pain is on my left side: will it go to my heart, lungs, brain? A stroke or aneurysm? I am afraid, but hold on, enduring the constant ache in hopes that it is a muscle pain. Deep inside the middle of a retreat about Hells Canyon, far from any hospital or medical help, I hesitate: cannot interrupt the flow, and it seems just on the margin between a muscle spasm (painful) and embolism (end of my life).

MONDAY JUNE 3

On a 5 AM red eye flight to Chicago. So many hours, no—days—now of these pains—excruciating, barely bearable. What is this?

In agony. I ask a stewardess: maybe I am having a stroke, heart attack: can I get some help when we change planes in Chicago? A very nice professional team rushes in at O'Hare airport, 6 AM, examines me on a stretcher in front of all the hurrying throngs. They find nothing about my heart, that is. As for the pain—only worse.

I have come so far, endured so much, and now this! Stroke symptoms too. Numbness, and so many hours before even any hope of relief. I have not been so physically miserable for so long since my surgery two years ago. Constant pain, about 7 hours sleep since Friday morning. I am a wreck!

WEDNESDAY JUNE 19

Flying into DCA from Tucson speech, 1/2 hour out—and my shoulder hurts like hell. An agony of eternity it seems until I might get some relief from this unending pain. Is Hell actually really on *Earth*?

MONDAY JULY 22

I remember that last day, nearly two months ago now; it was the last day I felt good, or even normal. Since then, it has been a steady regression into a world of pain, almost nothing but pain—at least 90% of every waking moment. I have been reduced to a walking bundle of pain and it is just about all I can

think about, even as I go from meeting to meeting, manage this office, give speeches, write. It hurts, oh god it hurts.

Sleep? A joke. I dread going to bed; can only sleep for an hour or so at a time on knees and elbows, and now my chin and lip have gone totally numb, apparently from the jamming against hard pillows, so I bite my lip when I eat, it also having become another mass of pain. And as my muscles writhe and cringe from what is apparently is the herniated disc in my neck, retreating into ever more and ever more inventive pain-spots, now I am wrenching other muscles with my contortions, living from minute to minute, second to second, waiting for more tests. Physical therapy doesn't work; chiropractor doesn't work; now even the pain killer pills are losing effectiveness.

I cannot even string two thoughts together.

I cannot go on living like this; I just do not want to.

WEDNESDAY JULY 24

Dr. Burka calls us into his office, reads results of tests. Most of the terms I do not understand, but oh I grasp their meaning: "ill-defined lytic lesions; small ill-defined foci of lumenency; monoclonal spike 2.8; patchy plasma macytosis..."

My doctor is very alarmed, convinced I have multiple myeloma—bone marrow cancer, a death sentence. Wants me to go to Sibley hospital tomorrow for more tests. Linda and I retch inside, and I say: "Let us not go home and cry, not just yet. Let us go to a beautiful place first." So we drive across the river to Great Falls Park, hold hands, talk quietly. We will do whatever it is we have to do, for whatever time we may have left.

THURSDAY JULY 25

Walking into Sibley Hospital with my son Joshua, who I know is grieving though trying hard not to show it. "You know, Josh, I almost feel sorry for those poor bastard cancer cells. They don't know what they're up against—hell, I've never lost a battle." I say this to cheer him up, but wonder inside myself: True or not that may be, but what about this time? How to fight it, what to do. After all, it's incurable, isn't it? I say nothing more about it to him.

SATURDAY JULY 27

5 AM, Sibley Hospital. Alone in my hospital room, the fear and the dread begins to gather in the far-dark corners of my being. Soon I will know—biopsy results Monday; the hopeful words of my oncologist balanced against the gloom and dire predictions of my physician. It is almost as if he wants me to have this most dreaded of ail cancers....

Oh is this now to be my fate? Me? Why, oh why? All say that; but oh why? No real history of cancer in my family. Oh why? Why? I cry out in my inner anguish, while keeping up a brave front.

Why *not* you, is the answer. There is no special writ for you, my friend. I have given you a wonderful rich life—great adventures, wonderful loved ones—more than most. And I can take from you an easeful death.

Oh, Oh, Oh, what to do? What to do? Well—just must deal with it. I must, in the name of and for the honor of all those who have gone before, stood and fought, go on...

SUNDAY AUGUST 4

Sunday morning, Sibley Hospital. It is all as if an ugly, dark, and dirty curtain has dropped across all the sunny places of my life: “Sorry, Brockie, you can no longer walk down this street. You have to get past me first!” I try to sleep—not just because that is all there is to do, but because I do not want to face the decisions that I must make, each one with direct consequences to my pain, if not to my life itself. Decisions all about things of which I know little: What treatment? What are the odds? All have great pain and discomfort; no easy way out.

Which doctors? Will one be offended if I choose others? Medical books—everyone is sending me cancer books. Read. Learn the very things I have hated all my life; now I must do them. Can’t bear it.

Embrace the pain, which is constant, usually bearable now with the constant morphine drip and patch. Come in, come in, to my House of Pain!

Decisions—now—and they literally affect my life, perhaps live or die. Oh, just let me sleep instead. Let me hide! But there *is* no place to hide, and I must go out and face them.

Latest Decision Test: Dr. Burka says, “Well, you can just stay here and die in DC, if you want, since no one here know how to treat this kind of rare cancer, or you can go to the University of Arkansas—the only place where at least they try to deal with it.”

“Think I’ll go to Arkansas,” I squeak back.

Agenda for tomorrow, August 5:

A. Invite the “It Isn’t Fair” and “Why Me Furies” in—have tea with them. May be some answers.

B. Invite all the “New Pains” into “My House of Pain”: the ones that make it so difficult to bend over, and to get out of bed; the new and growing abscesses in my gums; the shocking pain in my side: “Come in, come in, let us have some tea!”

C. Invite the “Anger” and “Endless Escalations of Problems Demons”—the ones who appear every time I solve one momentous and difficult problem—one that I know little about—who then surface others, even more rise up... and I know not how to deal with them either. Have *them* over, too.”Come in, come on in for some tea, and let’s discuss this!”

Evening, after the crowd of visitors and family have left: Terrible as this is, as you prepare to begin the next phase of this perilous, uncertain, and most painful trial, do not forget the rich rewards already harvested from this so-called “opportunity:” my youngest son, Noah, back in my life; sisters back; Linda and I closer than ever; mother fighting hard for me; son Joshua grieving but such a man; the massive outpourings from friends, the banks of flowers.

Linda reads the mail to me: “You’re so loved; it replenishes my soul to know my husband is so well loved.”

My mind drifts, remembering J.P.'s Sikh prayer for me earlier. I close my eyes to better feel the soft chant, then the wave of despair that I have been feeling all day (but could not show) flooded through me, and I sobbed out (inside myself) "I am going to die!"

Over and over the pain and the realization of the awfulness of it all and the impossibilities of what lies ahead wash over and through me: "I am going to die!"

And then a voice from somewhere said: "No you're not, no you're not."

Then came peace, then a vision: a most beautiful grassy meadow at the edge of a forest clearing: the last thing I may see in this life? I wondered. So be it, if this is so. It is beautiful, as is this life itself. I will fight to stay, oh I will fight, whatever the odds.

My wife says, and it comforts me: "Just be yourself—your soul is the most beautiful part of you. You can't take away your encounter with God: your journey is your journey; figure out your own solutions; your position depends on your ability to deal with it."

So be it. If I am to die this time around, it will be as I have lived: fighting every step of the way.

MONDAY AUGUST 5

9 PM. Each day here at Sibley is like Hell: Some new terrible decisions, or evidence of this awful wasting illness; abscesses in my gums now; really multiple myeloma plasma out of control; can bend over only with pain and difficulty. Each day I get more feeble, losing use of my left arm rapidly. How quickly this! Just mostly pain when I came here 11 days ago... at last I will/may get help? Is it in time to salvage my partly wracked body? Oh God, please let it be so, please recognize the honest errors—not even one week ago did anyone but Dr. Burka believe I had this terrible thing.

Soon I go to far-off Arkansas, the best place in the world to be. And, Hell too: chemotherapy, vomit, sickness, crying for weeks, watch my body be destroyed, then rebuilt. I have dwelt in hell all these long weeks, only to discover that it really hasn't begun!

TUESDAY AUGUST 6

National Airport, 3 PM. A morning of hell, and absolute confusion: even to get out of Sibley Hospital to go to Arkansas. Linda and I do it ourselves mostly—stress, stress—then Arkansas calls: "If I am not there by 2 PM, they will not admit me." (!) I call Dr. Burka, who goes nuts! Get readmitted. Have to rent an ambulance for \$85, then the driver to the airport gets lost (!). Time slips away, and all the while I sit in the back of the van trying to comfort my sobbing wife. I sob too; it may be months, certainly weeks, that I am gone. Oh my heart is breaking, just breaking! We go down by the river this beautiful afternoon, and I wonder if I will ever see this, my city, again? Oh my darling one, my beloved Linda. I love you so.

O what to do? I just get worse and worse, and will get only worse yet... oh God, God. More to come; great loneliness; storms in St. Louis and Little Rock. I am so lonely, say a sad aching goodbye to my sobbing wife at the airport security gate, me in my wheelchair complete with pusher-lady, a frail and pain-wracked semblance of my former self already, tightly clutching a huge packet of Sibley X-Rays which I can barely hold... Oh oh, goodbye my darling one: Will I ever even see you again?

Later on the plane: I feel physically bad, but not at the moment *that* bad yet. I have symptoms—some, but not all. Do I really have multiple myeloma? Oh, is there still a chance for me? I am literally losing my grip; can't grasp anything between left thumb and forefinger or third finger; 50% less grip in whole hand. What's next? Terrifying.

I may never come back. I may die alone in far-away Arkansas without my wife. I may never see any of the things or people I love ever again. This day is surely the nadir of all the unremitting terrible days since May 30... 67 days now.

TUESDAY AUGUST 6

St. Louis airport on the way to Little Rock. The dread—not just because of the pain that will be inflicted on me there, but am I consciously volunteering to have my immune system destroyed, when perhaps *it* does not need it? oh, bitter choices! I have taken action to save myself, acting on the best information I have—but is it right? Help me!

Questions for Arkansas doctors: Are there uncertainties in my case? Atypical? Radiations? Deal with shoulder/rib pain? Numb, losing arm, fingers belts of fire, jaw growths.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 7

Little Rock; University of Arkansas Medical School, Cancer Center. Thoughts on arriving last nite: small town, dingy airport; bleak; dirty brown haze and humidity; city ugly, hospital complex worse. (Spoiled by Sibley and its beautiful setting.) Bleak rooms, pink blankets. Teddy bear from sister Linnie handed to me as soon as I arrived; phone calls from Mom while I am still being shown around and cared for. Can't call Linda—her cell phone down, mine blocked. What have I done?

The hospital staff: "Here's Michael Evans: we thought you'd be coming in here on a stretcher," says young Arran as I walk in the door, and I am happily given a room. Staff and nurses pop in and introduce themselves. You can just feel the esprit here—I feel almost safe, for the first time in months. Maybe there is some help, some hope. Greg, male tech—he and I find out that we are both Marines. We bond. Tough night: lots of moaning, pains worse, no morphine. Gloomy grey this AM. I am scared all the time; worst in month, all the time... so far away, so much unknown.

My wife reminds me we survived Seattle 1984. True: we are a tough pair. I am a little less lonely and the phones open up and I can begin to reassert my authority and presence in *my* world.

Insurance worries: Cigna refuses to pay for my last four days at Sibley; say there is "no tangible reason to keep him there." "He was in agonizing pain. What should I have done? Sent him out on the street which is the only other place to get morphine?" shouts Joanne Burka at them.

FRIDAY AUGUST 8

2nd day at University of Arkansas Medical School; Cancer Center, Little Rock, Arkansas. After all the agony and pain of yesterday, feel better cared for. Dr. explains that someone is reviewing the case, that they started me on smaller doses of pain killer at first. I have decided: my goal should be the first person to completely recover. Someday someone will be that person. Why not me?

SATURDAY AUGUST 9

Thoughts: I am getting angry at those traitor bastard cancer cells which are ruining my body! Pain every step, losing my grip, wrecking my ability to get out of bed, lesioning up my skull, wasting away my arms. Bring on the chemo! Let the battle begin!

MONDAY, AUGUST 12

The true nadir is this it? Test results came back. Having at last gotten the attention of my Drs to the growth, I have also gotten their alarm. “It has grown a lot; must have a biopsy. You do have myeloma; seems to be a very aggressive form.” [Linda tells me later that they told her (but not me) that I have just three weeks to live.]

MONDAY AUGUST 12

The Day of the Baseball Bats To the Head. “Omigod, it’s in the soft tissue. Omigod, that growth in your mouth is spreading a lot faster than we thought. Omigod, gotta start you on chemotherapy right away,” and the finale—We, Cigna, are not your primary insurer, ever since you went on Medicare.” \$50,000 hospital and medical bills since June, what am I going to do?

Oh God, God—I may have only hours to live, and they will hit me with chemotherapy. Can I bear it? Well, I just must fight on, endure the unendurable.

TUESDAY AUGUST 13

OK. Now the waiting is over—my time has come. Give it all you’ve got; pour it on!! Chemo doing its nasty work. I have all kinds of kidney protections and anti-nausea pills. Jesus, what am I getting into?

Fighting back, that’s what. Striking back after all these months of torment! Smash ‘em!! I watch the dread chemos drip into me, bags of clear liquids as they drain down through the tubes in my neck—clear like water or vodka, but each a deadly poison, a cell-killer.

All clear except one: aptly named Red Devil, a pinkish hue. When the nurse strings it up to my IV, she chirps in her friendly lilting Arkansas voice: “This one is Red Devil; it’s gonna fry you good, Mr. Evans.” Jeeesus! I don’t need to hear that, because then I remember—this one must be melphaline, liquid mustard gas; that’s what this is, and all I could think of were those Canadian and Algerian soldiers watching from their trenches in 1915 as the nasty yellow poison-clouds drifted over to so-painfully blind and kill them... ouch!

I watch in the dark as it hisses and spits its way into me. Red Devil kills everything, I am told. Sorry!! Good cells too. If it must, it must. Kill ‘em all; let God sort ‘em out. I am fed up—my cancer cells have ruined and tormented my body for too long now.

I watch all this in the dark hours, imaging the vast killing now starting up inside me—strange feeling, because I actually feel no pain or other such sensation at all. I remember: Red Devil is the name of the most famous British parachute regiment of World War II. There—there is the way for me to join the fight! I can help save myself!

I walk up to the three best military units of my mind and history readings: the Israeli Golani Brigade I place on the left of my body’s ‘line’ for our first counterattack; the Union’s famous Iron Brigade on the right—the best assault infantry there is; and the 1st Marine Division in the center: “Fix bayo-

nets! Dress right, dress! Now go—Charge! Charge!” They bound and they leap forward, grenades and flamethrowers, catch the Dark Forces totally by surprise. “Drive ’em! Drive ’em.”

At last, at long last, we are hitting back. Win or lose, at least we have stood and fought.

TUESDAY AUGUST 13

Continued terrible stress. The doctor sits down with me and says: “Let me outline your options.” From all the options, what are these choices? Stress, pain, fear, unknown: I have an incurable, painful, disease.

Everybody is incredibly nice—world class. By evening it is under control; all care systems in place and moving. And whenever, through all the unfolding terrors of this awful day, I asked and reached deep inside myself, asked for an answer, the phrase came back: “Just keep fighting; just keep moving on, towards the sound of the guns. There is no other way.”

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 14

1st day of chemo is over; CAT scan to see how I’m responding. What if I don’t? Just keep fighting. New batch of chemo now starting to work through me. The ugly times are about to start. Will I feel bad? Sure. Just keep fighting.

I have an incurable disease. Yes. But what’s the alternative? Just keep fighting. Lots of very good people have fought just as hard as Lance Armstrong—and still lost. I can lose too, you know. ‘Don’t make no difference in what I say to you, Brockie: Just keep on fighting.’

Bring up those new regiments you just raised: “On, on; hit ’em again. Attack every day!”

My imagery is in two parts: in one, there is a hedge, and all I can see is my face, neck, head walking behind that hedge, walking forward... jaw set, square and clean-cut like Dick Tracy. All around and above me are shell bursts, but I just keep walking forward.

In the other, I see a line of warships out there in a stormy sea, shells and bombs going off everywhere all around them. Some of them hit the ships, but all their guns are blazing back and they never stop firing. All guns blazing. The damage being done, the struggle now being waged inside myself is like a war—no other way to describe it.

If I am to die this time around, I will die the way that I have lived: all guns blazing, all flags flying. If that is what must be, so be it. But I will never quit.

SATURDAY AUGUST 17

At last, the doctor gives it straight: I have it bad, spread to all my soft tissue, but not organs yet. “It’s in 60% of your body and has spread into your soft tissue; you’ve got hundreds of lesions; we can’t even count them all; people in your condition and at your age (65) don’t do very well; very bad; maybe 3-4 months to a year to live.” “Well, I will fight and I will write to the end of my days,” I say back. “I don’t care what the diagnosis is, doctor. I’m an environmentalist, and I’m used to hopeless lost causes, battles against great odds, so I’m gonna fight. Give me a doctor who will fight along with me!”

I will fight, in the name of and for the honor of, all those who have gone before me, who stood and fought also, whether they made it or not. I will stand, and I will fight too, no matter what.

And I will not be bitter. And I will act with grace and I will comfort and I will teach and I will heal those around me. I will leave in peace if I must—but I do not intend to leave. No! No! Not yet....

SUNDAY AUGUST 18

C'mon blows—rain ye down upon me, one after another: ye can frighten me, ye can sadden me, but ye cannot break my spirit, nor my heart, nor my will to fight on, to hold on.

C'mon, blow after blow. I will just raise my head higher. And I will find a way to beat ye—

SATURDAY AUGUST 24

You cannot just give yourself to the doctors. You must be ever alert, aware, ready to fight, ask questions, demand explanations—a war on two fronts. People mean well, but make mistakes and forget; they can be wearing, but challenging, even exhilarating too. Intense times, scary, a grim diagnosis at the beginning of a terrible journey.

But I must make that journey—every foot, every inch: just like 1984, just like every backpack or climb; just like Sloan Peak and Mt. Baker and Mt. Rainier and Mt. Olympus. Every inch I will go: all the way up, and all the way back down safely. And I will smash these cancer cells; as they mutate, so will I. As they get cleverer, so will I. And I will outsmart them; I will outgrow them; I will ambush them and surprise them. Once they are cornered and massed together, I will unleash my shock armies upon them—all the elite regiments who fought in the first desperate counterattacks, now refurbished and ready, veterans now, plus all my newly raised armies—my thousands of supporters, all out there, all loving. With my new spiritual knowledge and spiritual forces, we will smash them back even further, then the transplant, which will restart my life all over again.

We are in this to the end now, my body and I, in it forever, and we will not be the first to retreat.

As I underwent three more rounds of chemotherapy and two stem cell transplants—the second of which insurance would not pay for, my wonderful friends raised \$100,000 to help.

Part II. “The 1% Survivor (2003-2015)”

Writing from memory now, I recall those next 9 months as a mixed time of pain and gloom, sometimes elation, and many funny or interesting experiences. Many days and sometimes nights Linda cared for me—head

to toe—and even slept on my hospital bed sometimes. Simultaneously, I did the best I could to manage and keep my Endangered Species Coalition (ESC) office afloat. In Fall, 2002, my message, titled “In Brock’s Corner,” was published in *ESA Today* (Fall, 2002: 2):

I am writing this column from a hospital bed in Little Rock, Arkansas. Diagnosed with a rare and virulent disease (multiple myeloma, bone marrow cancer), I have been in and out of hospitals since July.

This is certainly not how I had planned to spend my summer and fall! Five months ago, looking towards the September-November campaign period, we knew it would be—once more—a time of controversy for the Endangered Species Act (ESA). We knew that those who controlled the House of Representatives would—once again—attempt to weaken the ESA through a variety of

clever legislative devices, while those who controlled the administration would—as they have in the past—attempt to block or stall any effective implementation of our species protection programs by either starving them of funds or by burdening them with restrictive regulations.

We knew these things were coming and we made our plans accordingly. The Senate, controlled by politicians friendly to the ESA, could be a good first line of defense against attempts to repeal or weaken it. We would, as before, work with our many allies in the House to expose the true nature of any weakening bills and to demand hearings on our own ESA-strengthening measures.

We would build up our field operation and strengthen our ability to communicate with both the media and the public through our improved publications and website. Please be sure to check out our new website (www.stopextinction.org) and let us know what you think. We are quite proud of it. And so the attacks on the ESA came, as predictable as the summer heat. The details of the attempt by the armed services to exempt themselves from the ESA, the Marine Mammal Protection Act and the Migratory Bird Protection Act, are well-documented in our many alerts and publications, as is the attempt of House Resources Committee Chair James Hansen (R-UT) to emasculate the ESA through his so-called “Sound Science for Endangered Species Act Planning Act.”

The battle has been joined; the Endangered Species Coalition and its powerful allies are fighting back hard. So far we are winning this year’s campaign to defend our environmental laws and the ESA is still intact, still safe.

About the same time as the assaults commenced against the ESA, in late spring, the cancer struck at me, too. For most of June and July, no one could figure out the root cause of the agonizing and unreachable pain across my entire left shoulder and ribs. By the time we finally got a definitive analysis, the disease had spread to every bone in my body and into the soft tissue as well. I was near death by mid-August.

But now I am well on the road to recovery. How can this be?

I believe that what saved me were three equal factors all acting together: (1) excellent treatment and medicines, including chemotherapy and follow-up drugs; (2) an absolute personal determination on my part to always fight on, to never give up; and (3) a whole wonderful community of family, friends, colleagues, and supporters who gathered close around me, and urged me on with thousands of prayers, calls, and cards.

On reflection, I now believe that my knowledge of the existence of this community and its never-failing support was the most important part of my recovery.

And that is why I now believe there is a profound similarity, or connection, between hospital beds and our struggles to protect our environment. In each case we cannot prevail unless we have the best tools/weapons—be they medicines or skillfully crafted and well-documented fact sheets and alerts. In each case, victory will elude us unless we are willing to fight as hard as we can for as long as it takes—never quit, never, never. And in each case, success is greatest and most permanent when it is accomplished with the support of our whole community of believers: those who really care, whether it is personal friends, or all those who love this wild earth.

These are the lessons I have learned from my hospital bed this summer and I will carry them with me wherever I go. I might have preferred a different method of teaching, but sometimes we just have to accept life as it presents itself to us, don’t we?

Signed, Brock Evans

On the page facing my letter, *ESA Today* editors published the following: “The ESC would like to wish Brock a speedy and full recovery. We continue to turn to you for inspiration and courage, and look forward to your return to the front lines!”

During this convalescence, I also wrote and published thirteen “Brockie Bulletins” for the web, detailing what the experience was like for friends, but *sans* the more intimate emotions of the diary. (See next chapter.)

In May 2003 I was pronounced in “near-complete remission,” and sent home for good, though I needed two more years of outpatient treatments—mostly daily doses of steroids and thalidomide, plus daily shots of lovenox, a blood thinner. That convalescence was a rather brutal time, often quite angst-ful and gloomy, but I survived it all: managed the ESC, testified, gave speeches as before, appeared at ceremonial DC occasions, raised money, lobbied—all the things that needed to be done. Every three months I returned to Little Rock for checkups, and in 2005 I was pronounced to be in “complete remission.” Sometimes uncomfortable, yes, but beats the heck out of the alternative!

Because multiple myeloma is incurable, I have gone to Salt Lake City for checkups since 2008. I am very, very grateful for this, my gift of life, and feel just as fine as a 75-year-old can feel now in May 2012.

Epilogue

In April 2015, I returned to the Huntsman Clinic in Salt Lake City for my annual checkup. Dr Antanovich looked at the lab reports of my blood and urine samples, looked up, smiled. “Couldn’t be better—you have no cancer whatsoever,” he said, but as the ever-cautious lawyer, I felt compelled to ask:

“Doctor, that’s great news, but let me ask you honestly: given that there is a 90% relapse rate for this kind of cancer, am I really all *that* better? Do I still maybe have some of those cancer cells inside me somewhere, just lurking around, even though in remission now?”

“No, your news is the best possible news: there is nothing in any measure which even indicates that you ever even had this cancer—nothing at all. You are one of the 1%!” My heart danced with gladness.

* * *



*Listen everybody to what Mr. Evans does: he saves endangered species.
Isn't that wonderful!*

—DR. TRICOT, MD

CHAPTER 45

(MAY 4, 2003) ***Brockie Bulletin #11: Awards Night, Little Rock***

AT LEFT:

“My Arkansas Nurse (2003).”
From Sibley Hospital I was flown to University of Arkansas Medical School, Cancer Center at Little Rock, where Linda, nurses, technicians, and doctors administered life-saving therapies. Here, this jovial nurse may be preparing me for another round of chemotherapy.

“Brockie Bulletin #11.”
During convalescence, I wrote and Linda published a series of informal newsletters. Titled Brockie Bulletins—using my old nickname—they were sent to friends, family, the environmental community, and ESC. Written on May 4, 2003, this may be my favorite—I delight in military analogy—and may also be the last bulletin in the series.

Awards Night? Who you kiddin,’ Brockie? All those chemos and other medications musta got you a little high down there in Arkansas I bet. You got bone marrow cancer, remember? And that ain’t no picnic—says we who’ve read all your other “Brockie Bulletins” (BB) in which you tell us all in great detail how little fun it is. Right? So what’s all this about an Awards Night?”

Yep—this is for real, dear friends: Awards Night, and perhaps long overdue too. Sunday May 4 was my last night in Bone Marrow Cancer Land, a/k/a Little Rock, Arkansas, where the good and very kind doctors and nurses and technicians have treated me since last August. And saved my life too: the last words I heard from Dr. Tricot as he discharged me were, “You have responded excellently to all the treatments, and now you are in near-total remission.”

Oh what a relief it was to hear those words, remembering all the scary and painful times of last summer and fall, when so much seemed in doubt. I now say a nightly

prayer of Thanksgiving for the blessings of each day, even if it does not seem to be such a good day, and always another prayer of thanks that I had the luck and good fortune to end up at the most cutting-edge place in the whole country to treat this deadly disease, the University of Arkansas. I thank Thee, I thank Thee, I say, for that gift.

But this Awards Night is not for the doctors. Or the nurses. Or for any other people either.

These Awards are for my Insides. All the things inside that have absorbed the daily and weekly and monthly drubbings of poisons and medications and cuttings and all the rest that are a part of treating cancer at this time in medical history. My body has been a brutal battleground these past eight months and I have learned a lot about it, gaining a new and much greater respect for it and its capacities. Everyone is different, I have learned: a surprising number of people have difficulty taking the extensive doses of chemotherapy and transplants (and side effects) that I fortunately have been able to

absorb. (Not to mention the daily doses of steroids and Thalidomide when I'm home).

We'll return to Awards Night in a moment.

This last Arkansas sojourn in April, also known as "The Consolidation Round" to zap whatever bad cells may be still lurking out there, was less eventful and stress-filled than the other three month-long stays had been. Still no picnic for five days of chemotherapy as an outpatient this time. That meant I carried all the fluids around in a heavy black satchel hanging over my shoulder and connected to my neck 24 hours a day. One stumble, one misstep—and ouch—there goes my neck! Not a bad way to focus one's attention most carefully, dear colleagues!

Readers of BB #9 may recall my rather traumatic experience in the surgery room in December. As the required "port" was inserted into my neck via an incision in my jugular vein, the doctors had great difficulty when they ran into scar tissue. The operation was successful then, but the idea of doing it again in April frankly scared the wits out of me. How many jugular veins does a person have? How many can I spare?

I raised these fears with Dr. Tricot the day before the scheduled operation this time, telling him about the scar tissue: "Isn't there some other way to do this thing?" His nurse, Alan, grinned and said to the doctor, "Isn't Thursday (the day scheduled for the operation) the day that the medical students do that procedure?" Dr. Tricot grinned mischievously, and said, "No, that's on Friday. It's the persons who are applying to medical school who do it on Thursdays; those whose

patients survive are admitted." "So I guess you're telling me I am going to live!" I said.

In the operating room the next day, the doctor was very chatty, engaged me in a conversation. When she found out where I was from and what I did, she called out to the others there: "Listen everybody to what Mr. Evans does: he saves endangered species. Isn't that wonderful!" Then I knew I was safe, going to make it this time too.

Back to Awards Night. One of the gifts received these past months is that I have learned how to talk to my body in times of great stress: to encourage it as each new trial comes on; to urge it to do better if it falters. Sounds a bit strange, perhaps; certainly I would have never even thought of such things in my innocence of a year ago. But now I know that such a visualization is for many people an absolutely essential part of the mental battle against fear and despair that goes on continually inside most cancer patients.

Awards Night. The actual scene is a now-familiar place somewhere deep inside myself. It's a cozy campfire-like setting in what appears to be a deep forest; I have been there often in my mind since last fall. The huge trees against which the firelight flickers are actually bones arching overhead. Gathered around close is the rest of me: organs, heart, kidneys, liver, stomach. Sitting on a row of bleachers are all the cells: white, red, platelets, hemoglobins—all of 'em.

And me. I'm there too, of course. I imagine myself to be, well, just me—the General down for an inspection trip: it's Awards

Night—a happy time—and we have survived much together. It is time to celebrate.

The firelight flickers as I stride to the front and give a little speech of praise and thanks for everyone and how they passed through this ordeal, each entity in its own way, each a survivor.

Space does not permit a recounting of the whole evening, dear colleagues, but here are a few examples of the Awards given that powerful night:

Heart: *The Never-Falter Award.* (Chemotherapy is very hard on the heart).

Bones: *Come the Longest Distance Award.* (This is where the cancer started; in August there were hundreds of painful bone-eroding lesions there. Now there are none).

Kidneys: *Medal of Honor.* They got rid of the many poisons day and night, and kept me healthily hydrated. Kidneys are the most vulnerable organ for this type of cancer.

Stomach: *E for Effort Award.* (Some hesitation here. “Look you guys, you know you’re supposed to process things when you get them, not just shove them through, right?” I say to them. “Sure, you were nauseous a lot, but you can do better.” “Yessir, we understand now,” they say. The stomach gets an award anyhow, because the gastrointestinal system takes the worst beating of all the systems from chemotherapy. That’s because its cells are the fastest growing and the most prone to be completely wiped out first. (Hair follicles are next fastest).

Blood Cells: *They all get Purple Hearts and Quick Recovery Medals,* for bouncing back so fast after the four chemos and two

transplants. Actually, everybody gets Purple Hearts. I get one too.

Now, the long ordeal seems to be winding down, dear friends. In a few more weeks it will be May 26, 2002, the date (two days after my 65th birthday) that I first noticed a strange and unreachable bone pain. That’s when it all began. Treated as an orthopedic injury at first, it was two months before the scary truth was finally known. I went off to Arkansas in pretty bad shape, to see if anything could be done, and you know the rest, from the other “Brockie Bulletins.”

What is there to say now? First, it is not entirely over for me. Even though the news is excellent now, as long as there is even a trace of the cancer inside me, it could come back; that’s just the nature of the beast. I will return to Arkansas every three months for a checkup for the first year, then every six months thereafter. That’s OK with me—and it sure beats the alternative!

Second, while this has been a scary and most unpleasant experience, I cannot say it has been all bad. I have learned so much—about family intimacy, about what true friends really are, about the power of intercessory prayer, about my body, about the importance of treasuring each new day, of just being alive. Yes, I often say, I might have wished to have learned these lessons in a less traumatic way, but that was not to be. We all must accept what life brings to us, whatever form it may take, mustn’t we?

Third, this is not the end of the “Brockie Bulletins!” It has been too much fun communicating with all of you this way. Since

we live in a busy world with a lot going on, I intend to exercise the privilege of these websites to observe and comment as the situation demands. While I hope we don't have to talk about the cancer again, if it returns or even tries to, you will hear about it. One encouraging fact is that new medications and treatments are coming out frequently, because there is so much new research being done. Sadly, multiple myeloma is no longer a rare disease: 45,000 Ameri-

cans now have it, and 15,000 new cases are diagnosed each year.

Finally, every friend out there also gets an award. By virtue of the authority vested in me as a Cancer Survivor, I hereby bestow upon each and every one of you the *True Friend and Cancer Healer Award*, because your prayers and wishes made my recovery possible.

With deep thanks, great gratitude,
and much love,
Brock





PART VIII
(2006 – 2019) *All Guns Blazing, All Flags Flying*



You know, we've heard everything we can possibly hear about the destructive and negative aspects of human nature. There's a lot of evidence that we evolved because of qualities we consider unifying and propitious for the future.

—E.O. WILSON

CHAPTER 46

(APRIL 4, 2005) *If Things Are So Bad, Why Do I Feel So Good?*

Dear Friends, Colleagues:
Saw a headline today: “GOP Moves Power to the Right.” Duh! What’s new? And so what? There’s no inherent contradiction between loving nature and much of the Right Wing’s philosophies, except maybe to an unfettered free market and no government regulation, but that’s how many people really feel about our issues now.

So, we just need to do a better job of reaching those folks who vote with the Right. They love nature too, they care too. We need better messengers, as well as messages, that’s all. Don’t need the Gary Bauers or the Grover Norquists et al. Never get ‘em. They’re already totally committed to business, probably on the take anyhow, and, at best, are just so psychologically invested that they’re useless. I too wish I lived in a world where everyone loved us and our values. But they don’t and I don’t. We need 51%, not 100% to win.

C’mon, now! I am getting just sick and tired of the constant stream of articles and headlines about us and our movement:

“Environmentalism is Dead!” says one. “We are losing, and we know it,” says another. “We have lost the support of the people; the political forces against us are overwhelming; we just can’t withstand them. Oh woe, woe is us.” And on and on.

C’mon dear friends. It just ain’t that bad. I know you all don’t feel that way, but I also know that most of my friends and colleagues and supporters in the movement are pretty depressed these days.

Sure, times are tough now and the people who love this earth and are trying to protect the wild and beautiful natural things in it have reason to be distressed. There’s global warming, gas-hog SUVs, sprawl, and McMansions everywhere. And there’s the worst anti-environmental administration and Congress *ever*, now in power, busily trying hard to gut all the environmental laws we had fought for three decades to put into place. Sure, that’s all there; it’s a fact.

But it’s not that bad, dear friends, not anywhere near as bad as I hear from some quarters. To hear some people talk, there is

“If Things Are So Bad... (2005).”
Transcript of my April 4 letter to potentially discouraged ESC staff, friends, Washington colleagues, and new environmentalists—all who may not have known or remembered our mutual history or my sense of leadership.

AT LEFT:
“Discharged (2002).”
At home on the couch, reading again, I’m tired and bald and grateful to be alive.

nothing ahead but gloom and doom. To read some of what crosses my desk every day, it's already too late: "Environmentalism is dead."

C'mon! After some ignorant smarty-pants pundits get great publicity by pronouncing us dead, what are we supposed to do? Go home? Quit?

Not me... and not you either, I bet.

We've been here before. Came across a memo to myself in my basement the other day. "The worst of times are coming—1980 elections." Then Reagan. Gingrich next. Me getting arrested when demonstrating against his Congress' legislation. Got a picture of it on my desk. Year in and year out, for anyone who cares to read or remember, it has always been tough. There has never been a time when there weren't fierce assaults on the American (not to mention Brazilian, Indonesian, etc.) wilderness, on our prize open spaces. Remember that Joni Mitchell refrain? "Pave paradise/put up a parking lot." That's from 1966. Rivers were burning, there were the dam-building juggernauts, the over-logging, no checks and balances. Yep, we've been here before. And in spite of all the bad things happening, we have overcome the difficulties of those times. Just look at the record. Anyone who has ever had it easy, raise your right hands. Any one? It has never been easy. Please don't say "Yes but..." Of course. But what if we had not done *anything* to even try to make things better?

So, yes—it's bad now, very tough: At the national political level, the Bush Administration is assaulting the laws and rules, leasing prize public lands, or trying to. The House

of Reps is hardly better. Maybe not the excesses of the Gingrich years, with all its sell-the-public-lands bills and "Logging Without Laws" riders. They've learned their lesson now: the American people *don't* want these assaults, and they *do* love the lands too. Sure, some far-righties are still going after our values and our laws: leasing more, logging more, undoing the clean air rules, etc. I am not saying it is a bed of roses. We have just lost two Arctic Refuge votes—but, by incredibly thin margins, given the political power of the other side. Yeah.

So what I am saying is this: we are not without power. We are still strong; not dead by a long shot. What wimpy, negative, ridiculous statements made by some 'experts,' who probably never bled for the cause. But their crybaby stuff didn't cause much of a stir. Why? Because we're still here. We're standing and fighting back. Better, best yet, we are organizing out in those red states and red areas where we should be, and where people care. Most Republicans love the land too; they just want to hear from the right messenger.

I know that for a fact. Why? Because I grew up in a household which was very strong Republican all down the line; father and grandfather were cartoonists at the very Republican *Columbus Dispatch*, and my very articulate Dad often expounded on those "tax and spend Democrats." That's how I grew up! But my parents made no connection between those views and any possible dislike of what we now call "nature" and the "environment."

Quite the contrary! I was raised always to appreciate natural beauty and wild places, even if they were not termed “wilderness” in those olden days. At our home in Bexley, my family introduced me to bird watching, to lying down on the lawn, peering through the grasses, marveling at all the insects scurrying around. Also, my family sometimes drove 50 miles south to Hocking County, a place of state parks, canyon cliffs, lush forests, pristine streams, and waterfalls. My friends and acquaintances knew that our Southern Ohio landscape was a part of Appalachia, and we loved it. Even then, I knew these were already protected places, so I didn’t have to cry over their

losses as I did over the vacant forested lots next door.

Even the “politics” of conservative Columbus cared too. Over the years my hometown has passed bond issues to acquire more parkland, and as befits the capital of the state, my city is headquarters of a number of strongly enviro-protective organizations. My Mom was Chair of our very effective Sierra Club’s Columbus Group for several years.

We should take heart from Columbus’ exemplary conservation record and from the hundreds of bond issues passed everywhere, and some local legislatures *have* enacted stronger state laws. Opportunities here too—great ones. But heck, the way some

“Up and Around (2003).”

With Linda’s loving support, I got back on my feet more quickly than expected. Here at our DC home, we’re celebrating for a moment on an October afternoon.



talk, it's all over now. But I'm not going anywhere. Are you? What would it have been like if we had *not* stood, in the past?

So why don't I feel all that bad? Because it isn't, just isn't all that bad, dear colleagues. I agree with E.O. Wilson when he said awhile back that there is actually a lot of optimism and things to be hopeful about.

I have been at this work of rescuing nature, wild places, beautiful places, and all the wondrous species that share this earth with us for 40 years now. Starting out as a passionate young volunteer in Seattle, mid-1960s, I plunged into battles over freeways in the city, and Forest Service attempts to log off the splendid forests in the nearby Cascades wilderness. I learned a lot in those years about the power of an aroused and committed citizenry. I never forgot those lessons when I moved to Washington to take over the head lobbying job for the Sierra Club, and they were re-emphasized 8 years later when I was a Vice President of the National Audubon Society.

Since 1997 I have been running the Endangered Species Coalition, and those lessons of long ago still apply—and work—for us now. Yes, now, even in these very hard times. Here they are:

1. Don't be afraid
2. Never quit, even when things seem so hard—as they do right now. Hang in there. As a famous early environmental lawyer, Vic Yannacone, one of the founders of the Environmental Defense Fund, said way back then, “Wear the bastards down.”

3. Know your facts. Know them better than the other side. Know the other side's “facts” better than they do.
4. Remember that all conservation is politics—with a small “p.” I do not agree with those who say we must reach out more to the progressive community in our country and become a part of the progressive movement. We must also—I say even more so—reach out to and include *all* parts, *all* ideological factions of this great and diverse country of ours. We cannot win otherwise, especially not if we become even more identified as a “liberal/leftist” fringe group, as right wing opponents now stereotype us.

Republicans care too. I know, because I was raised one, and a rock-ribbed one, at that. They and their leaders just have to be approached in the right way and by the right messenger. To Republicans, I say: “Pardon me? I thought everyone breathes the same air, drinks the same water, loves the same nature, cares about the same wildlife. That's not divided up on party lines, is it—yet?”

Sure, all persuasions won't completely agree, but we're *concerned about them* all, seeking to change back, or reverse the dynamic that now classifies us and what we do as just another special interest. Pardon me?

To repeat, it's a tough world out there now. A right wing federal government is in power for the next 4 years, led by the most openly anti-environmental president in our history. At every level of influential policymaking, he

has appointed former industry lobbyists to regulate the industries (and agencies subservient to them, like the Forest Service) that they once lobbied *for*, when on the outside. Underneath the radar, they have already rewritten over 400 former protective regulations, in order to weaken the structures we once had in place.

Congress is doing its part: the House is packed with far-righties with zero or very low League of Conservation Voters' scores. A closely divided Senate is controlled by far-right Bill Frist from Tennessee. And the assaults are mounting: witness the narrow victory they eked out, for the first time in history, to open up the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge by a 49-51 vote 2 weeks ago (That one isn't over.)

And in the larger outside world again, what we see is not encouraging: sprawling suburbs, McMansions sprouting, SUV gas hogs and Hummers clogging the roads, truck owners bragging about low gas mileage, increasing populations. The global climate is changing. Anti-environmentalists are in charge at every appointive level of today's federal government, the natural world is under assault—and vanishing—everywhere too. Everywhere you look, many folks seem eager to consume even more, a “value” promoted much in our culture.

A look at that world today seems to produce two camps of people who care: (1) those who feel more and more “It's hopeless, I can do nothing,” or (2) those who say, “We've got to drastically revamp ourselves, reawaken the people.”

I am in the second camp. We do need to always examine and reexamine ourselves to see if we who love and care can somehow reach out to those around us, who also love and care, that we are all in this together. I don't think we're going to rouse everyone by telling them how bad things are—that message of gloom and doom turns people off, makes them feel hopeless. Instead, we have to infuse them with spirit, the same as I felt back in 1965 when I was just coming of conservation age. And I also then felt that saving the earth was rather hopeless—so it seemed. But whatever, we must go forward anyway.

Back to the lessons I learned then: *It is not hopeless. If we are not afraid, if we never quit, if we apply the lessons above, we can win.*

I know, because I've been here, done that, seen much, and I want to now share why even in these times fighting to save the earth is not as scary as it may have seemed.

I was hired in 1967 to be the Sierra Club's Northwest Representative, responsible for all the environmental issues and their outcomes from the North Pole to California: all Northwest North America. When I was asked to protect and save the things, places, values we love, I often said to myself, “How can we ever do it? The forces are so great against us!” Looking back, I recently came across a 1969 memo to myself: “Hopeless, a storm is upon us: National Timber Supply Act, Hells Canyon, French Pete, North Cascades.” Also came across some 1995 articles: “Environmentalists Fear Reagan's 2nd term.” A 1990 article: “Environmentalists have overreached.” Friends,



in those early years, I learned there will always—always—be powerful opponents to everything we try to rescue, every acre of forest or wetlands or open space, every river we try to save. I have never known a time, or a battle over a place worth fighting for, when opposition has not been formidable. Raise your right hands anybody who has ever known an easy time, whenever we tried to save anything!

I wish I lived in a polity, a country, wherein everyone agreed that saving the earth was a good thing too, but we don't, we just don't. I actually believe everyone does care, but sometimes they are understandably fearful about losing other things—like their jobs, even if that's not our intent either. Or they just don't like us—period. That is the imperfect world we must move in and live in. So, these days we seem to always hear about how bad things are, how powerful are our opponents, how the environmental movement has, somehow, failed, or worse yet, is already “dead.”

So why don't I feel depressed now? I live right here in the belly of the beast, Washington, DC. I've been working on the front lines trying to rescue beautiful and precious places, to pass good laws and stop bad ones, for four decades now. Why am I not cynical? Why am I hopeful? Shouldn't I feel bad, or at least worse?

Sorry, but I just don't feel/believe it is all that bad! I'm not buyin' any of it. I just don't feel that way, and I want to share with you just why. I may have a few credentials too. Ever since starting out as a volunteer in Seattle in the mid-1960s, fighting for the wilderness nearby and fighting freeways inside my town, I've been on the front lines. In 1967, David Brower and Mike McCloskey hired me to be the Sierra Club's Northwest Representative; and I moved to Washington (DC) to head up the Club's office there in 1973. After 8 years there, I moved over to Audubon as a Vice President, also heading up public lands lobbying until 1996. Took over the Endangered Species Coalition in 1997; been at it ever since. The only point here is that, with just a few breaks (teaching about activism and how to win campaigns), I've been at it in the Northwest and around the country for over 4 decades.

What am I saying? Simply that I have been privileged to see a lot, experience a lot—ups and downs to be sure, but mostly ups. Millions of acres saved from development. Good environmental work still happening too. Opponents are still opponents, but they are not omnipotent. We have the one great asset they and our critics do not and cannot have: **love**. And that wins most of the time when the chips are really down and there is a specific struggle over a threatened place or law.

* * *

AT LEFT:

“Back to Work (2003).”

During weeks of recovery, I stayed home and grew back my head of hair sacrificed to chemotherapy. With Linda's loving care and the help of Parsifal the Cat, I opened my laptop, sat at our dining room table, and tried my best to catch up and keep up with my work as ESC director.



“Via Sacra, Rome (1995).” I took this photo of the historic Via Sacra (Sacred Way) sign by the Arch of Titus while Linda and I were wandering the city. (Officially, I was attending a meeting to save Mt. Graham, a sacred site of the Apache Nation in Arizona.) For us, however, that ancient Roman place name referred to a green, two-block stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue between my Sierra Club office (330 Penn. Ave) and Linda's Office of Technology Assessment (600 Pa. Ave). When we were courting, we would most often rendezvous somewhere on those two blocks—our own lovers' Via Sacra at the beginning of a loving walk together.

“When I hear music, I fear no danger. I am invulnerable. I see no foe. I am related to the earliest of times, and to the latest.”

—THOREAU

CHAPTER 47

(MARCH 2, 2006) *Music to Play at My Funeral: 10 Classics*

After the fairly alarming news just received today about my lab results from Arkansas, I don’t know how long I will live—maybe 2 months or twenty years. And I don’t know if anyone will even want to have a memorial service.

But eventually I will die, and if there is a service and if those who love me are there, I want them to know that there are several pieces of music that have been special touchstones for me all through my life—pieces of music which I think are really “me”—and I would like to request that they be played at that time, if there is an occasion and the equipment to do so. They are all to be found on LP records in my personal collection. In no particular order they are:

1. Dvorak: *Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, Opus 26.* Paul Badura-Skoda, Piano; Antonio Janigro, Cello; Jean Fournier, Violin. Part of the *Scherzo: Presto (3rd) Movement.* Westminster Recording XWN 18398

I first heard this one back in my first year of Law School, October 1960. Purchased by

me with a gift of money, probably from Aunt Tee, October 1, 1960.

Since almost all musicians have different interpretations of the same musical scores, this version is the one that touched me most deeply. I don’t know what others sound like, but might well be disappointed if I did hear one. Every artist is different. That is the beauty of music, but also the letdown if one becomes attached to a certain version.

The special theme that I love here begins, not at the beginning of the movement, but about 1:53 minutes in, after the first section is played—twice. Then, according to the jacket, begins the *Moderato*, only about 60 seconds long, yet still one of the loveliest melodies I have ever heard. It is so sweet, and its tune has run over and over inside my head all these past decades, over and over in many difficult and/or just happy situations. So sweet! If there is any way I would like to be thought of in times to come, it is at least partly like this—the sweetness, nobility, enchantment with the beautiful things of this life, loving this world.

“Survivor Music (May 2006).”
In 2002-3 my Red Devil regiment led my body to win the battle with multiple myeloma. In 2006, four years later, the Arkansas lab sent disturbing news: the cancer might be returning. Doctors didn’t know how long I would live—maybe two months or twenty years. Not knowing if anyone would want to have a memorial service, I called up my body’s inner marching band for dress parade and review, then wrote this piece on March 2, 2006—just in case.

2. Mozart: *Variations on Salve te Domine* K.398. Haydn Society Recording titled *A Haydn Society Sampler*. Haydn Society Incorporated, 119 West 23rd Street, New York 11, New York, 1957. Purchased by me 4/15/59.

The record jacket says that this one is taken from *The Complete Piano Works of Mozart* (HSL 121-127, 131-134). This project is scheduled to comprise everything Mozart ever wrote for the piano whether alone or in combination with other instruments. Artists unknown and not listed. There are different interpretations, and this is the one I like.

I recite all this because it is important. Having been so enamored of this piece, I purchased another version from the Musical Heritage Society some years later, and was very disappointed. The version that touched me so deeply is this one, no other.

This was my strength and sustenance on Parris Island, winter 1960. As we were often running around the great parade-ground those cold winter mornings, especially the first hardest and scariest weeks, drill instructors shouting and shoving, my comrades falling out, getting sick or gasping all around me. All was misery and it was just the beginning. I would raise my face to the still-starlit sky (5 AM), and during one such experience, this melody came flooding back through me, sustaining me forever after, through all the trials yet to come.

3. Respighi: *Ancient Dances and Airs for Lute*, Antal Dorati Conducting the Philharmonica Hungarica, Mercury Recording SR90199, May 1968, purchased by me 12/68, in Seattle.

Walking on University Way at Christmastime, I first heard this piece emanating from a Seattle record shop. I was enchanted; bought the record immediately.

I like them all, but the most precious is Band number 1 from *Suite no. 3* for strings, *Anonymous Italiana c. 1600*. This one is what I have always called “My Song to My Son,” Joshua, our first born. That’s because this was the music playing on my car radio the day we went to the adoption agency house in Seattle to meet our first child. He was five days old, a teeny-tiny little one, and I met Rachel there and I was wearing my 3-piece suit for the occasion: after all, how often does one get to meet one’s first child?

We walked in, and were seated on a bench on the first floor. Then we heard a tiny baby’s cry above, and we looked at each other and said, simultaneously, “We love him.” They called us upstairs for the “presentment”—a ritual where they give him to us, we take him into a little room, and—I suppose—we are supposed to examine him or something, and decide if we want him or not, then tell them, but when they handed this tiny little bundle to me with his squinched up little face, I was overcome with joy and love—both of us were—and I ran after the presentment lady saying, “We don’t need to look at anything; we love him, we love him,” and always there was the music, *this* music, swelling and soaring and full of pride and joy and the deepest kind of happiness—always there, then and forever, the rest of my life. October 1969.

Years later, when Linda and I were courting, she was following my car down the hill of Livingston Street between Military Road and Broad Branch where it enters Rock Creek Park. It was a perfect October day—golden sunlight filtering splendidly through the yellow leaves of the great arched trees lining that street, the air so crisp and fresh—when this music came on again on my car radio. I stopped the car in the middle of the street, jumped out and ran back to her: “Turn on WGMS! Listen, now! They are playing it again; this is “My Song To My Son.”

4. Vivaldi: *Concerto in C Major RV 559*. 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, strings and continuo, From a *Musikfest (Deutsch Gramophone) tape, #413 663-4*

It is the second, *Largo* movement in this one that so moves and touches me. I first heard this tape in the fall of 1985, a time when I was still grieving and suffering over the losses of 1984: the election, my family, other deep wounds. But still I grieved, still the losses seemed very great: it just took time to adjust.

Then I heard this movement: so sweet, wistful, noble, hopeful... all those things to me it was. I think I may have first heard it—at least noticed it—driving up to spend time with Linda’s mother at Christmastime in New Jersey. I had moved in with my heart’s desire, Linda, and thank God, January 1985. She did everything to make things easier in my heart, mothered my boys, and it was as good as it could have been. Still, the last two months of 1985 were particularly poignant and grief-filled, reminding me as they did of

the triple losses of exactly 1 year before: the election, the agreement between me & Rachel to move out at the end of the holidays, the loss of Carol too.

5. Beethoven: *Sonata for Cello and Piano, Op. 69*. Rather than study in the Law Library Reading Room (a grand place actually) at University of Michigan my second year, I would often go to the Undergraduate Library (known affectionately as “the UGLI”), to hear music while I pored over those boring law books. I’d grab a cubicle, sign out a few LPs, plug in the headphones, listen and study. It was in October 1961 that I first heard this one. I had just been jilted by the “One I Thought I Really Loved”—Julie—and I was grieving greatly. I had never heard this piece before; just wanted to hear something new. In fact, since these were the years (roughly 1958-64) of what I termed my “cultural-intellectual revolution,” consisting mostly of a Great Awakening towards classical music and art, every new piece was a joy, a new revelation—a “feast of the senses,” I would often say.

Ah, and this one, as soon as it came on—Antonio Janigro and Paul Badura-Skoda I think were the performers—its loveliness washed over and through me, and I recall writing down somewhere, “Oh, this is the most beautiful thing I have ever heard.” Played over and over again all that painful autumn, its sweetness also helped to wash away some of the grief too. By December I was well on the way to healing, and was all caught up with my ever-more intense relationship with Rachel.

6. Marc Antoine Charpentier: *Air de Trompette*. HSL 2065. Haydn Society for trumpet, orchestra, drums and organ. Purchased by me my senior year in college, at a time near the climax of my cultural-intellectual revolution, which started in the summer of 1958, while working construction jobs in the summer, living at home. All at once I not only listened to the classical music on the radio of the truck I was driving, but I *heard* it. Oh what an explosion of joy followed therefrom! After work every day I would dive into my father's music room, there to select out some treasures from the shelves and shelves of 78s he had... would pop them on the record player's spindle, throw myself down on the floor and listen and listen. The strange thing was that each piece, each treasure, seemed so familiar!

That was because of all the previous years of hearing them played over and over again as I was growing up, yet never really listening until that first magic summer. By the time I got back to college I was hooked, and this was one of the purchases, around April, 1959, about the time I was finishing my senior thesis—a rich and magic time too, of friends, parties, relaxing, before the next tests and adventures of life.

Splendissimi! High Baroque at its grandest! This one I particularly remember and associate with one special soft spring night, walking back late from my thesis-writing carrel deep in the bowels of the Princeton's Firestone library. The great Gothic chapel was next door, and I walked in—to be greeted with a space-filling organ-burst from

someone playing way up front, just a tiny pinpoint of lamp-light illuminating him and the keyboard. As the fugue's great Baroque chords and cadences rolled and thundered their way up to heaven through the dark Gothic gloom, I was seized with a high exultation, and deep burst of love for life, for my good fortune to have been there then and in that place. As soon as I returned to my room I played Charpentier as the expression of it all.

The above are my top choices, the ones I think of most when I think of me. But there are one or two others. My beloved Linda says I have “hundreds of favorites,” and she is not wrong: so much is music—continuous music—not just a constant backdrop or sideboard, but also a full and very rich part of my life, always, all the time. Still the works below should be added to the list if only because they also have special memories and associations for me, though not played if there is no time.

7. Beethoven: *Archduke Trio*. Senior thesis-time music, played over and over (and over again): February-April 1959 all of it, especially the first movement.

8. Mozart: *Clarinet Quintet*. The whole thing of course, but it is the last movement I like best.

9. Bach: *Brandenburg Concerto #6, last movement*. From my sea-voyage, June-October 1959. (See Chapter 3 for whole story) All during the long weeks at sea, especially at first, when I wasn't used to any of it, I had been very lonely, literally 'at sea' inside my own soul. I missed everything familiar—

home, 4th of July, picnics, family, friends, even my sisters!—and felt bereft. I said to myself, “What on Earth have I done?”

But most of all I missed my music. Try as I might, I could not seem to recapture the melodies and sounds of anything, especially the favorites above. They were my true strength and sustenance, I felt... but where were they?

Try as hard as I could, the cadences and ensembles that had become so much a part of me in the year or so previous just would not come back.

At last September 30, after two busy weeks anchored and loading in the port of Beira, Mozambique, the *Capto's* engines started up again. Oh the joy! We started off across the shallow Beira harbor, but the tide was already ebbing. Minimal clearance. Not much time. Down in the engine room, I suddenly felt the familiar rolling and pitching of the open ocean, my beloved ocean. We had made it!

O the Joy! I went up to the open deck to fill my lungs with the wonderful ocean air and salt breezes, savoring the happiness of the moment. We were going home! And just then, at that moment, the melody of the last movement of the *6th Brandenburg* flooded through me, washed through everything, all its tune and cadence flooded through me, and I wept for the sheer joy of being alive and that burst of precious recall seemed to open up some long-plugged channel inside me, because during the days afterwards (it took 26 more days to get home), my other musics also seeped back

to me, one by one from wherever they had been resting... one by one until I was whole again.

10. Bach: Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello, #6. During the Hells Canyon Campaign, July 1970. (See Chapter 12 for the whole story.) This was one of the pieces I played over and over again while my friend and Seattle attorney Tom Brucker and I lived together for one week in Hollis Day's remote White River cabin. During those seven intense days, we drafted the legal brief that would save the canyon from destruction by the giant dams proposed for it. We had to do well on this brief. We had to make the strongest possible case. We had to save the great Snake River and its magnificent gorges from drowning.

So for seven days we cooked our meals, fed wood to the stove, debated, discussed, and argued every point as lawyers do, and collaborated completely. Tom took one section or subject, I would take another, then we would compare. To cool down, every now and then we wandered outside into that ancient fir forest near Mt. Rainier National Park.

And over and over I would play my favorite records, including all the cello sonatas, all very mind-sharpening, thought-deepening, to me, all helping me to focus, think clearly. I am lucky Tom was so tolerant!

We finished about July 30, drove home together, spent all the next day packing up our backpacks; and the next day, with my wife Rachel, his wife Mary, leaving our little children home with a babysitter, and

with 6 other friends, drove up to Cascade Pass to begin the greatest mountaineering adventure and achievement of my life, the 10-day Ptarmigan Traverse: 40 miles down the spine of the North Cascades, from Cascade Pass to the Chickamin Glacier, a mostly unknown wilderness region of no trails, all cross-country, rappelling off cliffs, picking

our way across crevasse-ridden icefields, through blizzards and storms and brilliant flower-filled meadows, lovely little lakes and the most profoundly stirring wild scenery on the continent. It was a Supreme Adventure, the grandest possible coda—not to mention contrast—to the equally intense intellectual “adventure” of just the week before.

* * *



“Visit to Khutzmateen Fjord (2000).” Ric Careless, my longtime Canadian enviro and friend, invited me to help stop British Columbia’s effort to log some of the last remaining ancient rainforest in the province. For a week, we all lived on the Ocean Light II, a private sail boat: Jenn Broom (far left), Skipper Tom Ellison (far right), Sara Ellison (Ellisons’ little girl). I’m standing above Ric’s wife Dona Reel, and Ric stands beside me. The other passengers were paying guests, not activist conservationists like Rick, Dona, and me.

May I say that [as a psychiatrist] I seldom see professionally people who avail themselves regularly of opportunities for outdoor recreation, other than golf and swimming.

—DR. DONALD MCKINLEY

CHAPTER 48

(2014) *Wilderness Emotions: A Fairbanks Speech*

Iwant to talk tonight about those special places we all know and love. Most of us have such places deep in our hearts and we become very attached to them. And most of us are aware that many such places—especially the wild unspoiled ones—are just vanishing, becoming ever more rare and precious in our own times. Many find it painful to bear the loss of such special places.

That’s why there is always a deep joy we feel, when we succeed in making them *safe*, for as long as our laws allow. That joy knows no bounds.

This is certainly the way it is for me. I always feel a special peace, a deep happiness when I walk past a sign which has those magic words, like: “Entering Glacier Peak Wilderness,” or any of the hundreds of other trailhead signs like it

And when I do so wander, I always remember those words from David Brower’s book, during the battle to save the Grand Canyon, *Time and the River Flowing*: “We enter these places, and a vast healing begins....” Yes.

These are the emotions which wash over me every time I go to seek wild nature, the wilderness: always a deep and vast feeling of inner peace, a sense of being in the presence of and surrounded by powers different and greater than my own. Those ancient rhythms become a part of me in the very deepest sense, and I feel myself to be a part of them also.

I also feel other powerful emotions, which have much to do with my experiences of fighting to save such places all my life. I want to share just a few moments of feeling *Deep Happiness* which I know many comrades have also experienced. I still remember one such time over thirty years ago. It was 1979, and I was hiking in the Oregon Cascades near Eugene. When I began the drive to give a speech there, it was a late October afternoon. And I remembered: “Ah, French Pete Creek is just a few miles away. I have not been back for a long time. I must see it once more.”

French Pete valley is not a large place by Alaska standards—just 25-30,000 acres.

“Fairbanks Address (2014).”

*In April, 2014, Andy Keller, an Alaska environmentalist invited me to Fairbanks to commemorate the Wilderness Act’s 50th anniversary and to address Keller’s students at West Valley High School who were members of the Environmental Club. Hoping to promote my new book *Fight and Win* and recruit younger activists—I was 77 that year—I also presented the speech below to other classes.*

(Tim Ellis, “Local Youths Tell Visiting Environmental Leader About Their Air-quality Activism.” April 16, 2014, www.kuac.org)

But oh what acres! A whole valley chock full from one end to the other of ancient, uncut, and unlogged forest—a vast and deep green mantle of unbroken big trees. Not a single clearcut, much less road, and that in the state of Oregon, where almost everything else has been logged!

I had to go, I thought. We had fought a controversial 21 year battle to save French Pete... so I hurried on, the road winding, twisting, and bending. It was getting darker. Hurry! Hurry! At last I came to the French Pete Campground, parked my car, and raced across the road. Where is it? Where *is* it?

The old familiar trail wound and twisted under trees for maybe a hundred yards, then I saw the sign: “Entering Three Sisters Wilderness.” Oh the joy! I was stricken; put my arms around that sign and the huge tree it was mounted on. Yes, I hugged it, and I wept for the happiness and fulfillment of it all.

Another such time also stands out in my mind’s heart so clearly now: summer of 2001, and I was on a float trip down the famous Salmon River in Idaho, a trip down this Queen of Wild Rivers led by one of my great warrior friends, veteran Ric Bailey. We had camped the night before on one of the Salmon’s white sand beaches, savoring the quiet murmur of the flowing river, the sweet sage-scents all around.

The next morning was to be our last of the trip: the day we floated down to the confluence of the Salmon with the even mightier Snake River, which forms Hells Canyon—deepest gorge in North America, on the border of Idaho and Oregon.

In the morning silence we floated easily for a few hundred yards on a strong calm current. The salmon, widening through its cliffs, flowed into the Snake, a much larger river. Through that ever-widening space, we watched in awe at the grand play of morning light and shadow on the steep basalt cliffs on the other side of the Big One. We could feel underneath us the strong swirlings and tugs of the Snake River’s even mightier current. And everywhere the sweet songs of the canyon wrens seemed to fill the air.

As we drifted out into the middle of the Snake, my friend Ric asked for silence. We hushed, and a vast stillness seemed to envelop us. Ric pointed his oar up, up: about 600 feet up the cliffs of the Gorge, we saw the huge, white painted letters: “P N P C.” Immediately I recognized what they stood for: “Pacific Northwest Power Company,” the company which had lobbied so hard to build that dam, and forever drown this mighty canyon.

Their engineers painted those initials at the peak of their hubris, when they felt certain they would be the ones allowed to build it. Nearly every other Northwest river had been plugged by then, so what great “glory” to be the ones to build this last one!

That campaign—to halt the dams in Hells Canyon—also was a long intense struggle, a true “hopeless lost cause” when (in 1967) I filed I believe the first legal action anywhere in the Northwest asking for a formal court trial on the (then) truly “heretical” issue for those distant times: *should anyone build any dam at all in this magnificent place!*

**AT RIGHT:
“Wilderness Friends
in the Wild (2000).”**

Back in 1971, Ric Careless and I became friends while he introduced me to some fine British Columbia (BC) wilderness in the Nitinat Triangle and I coached him in successful lobbying. Over the intervening 29 years, he very successfully applied those ideas in BC, achieving many wilderness wins in that most beautiful province. In all those years, we never had the opportunity to share another wilderness experience—even though we both wanted to. At last, the chance to get together again came in 2000, when we went into the Khutzeymateen Grizzly Bear Sanctuary on the northern BC coast. For several relaxed days, Ric and I enjoyed steep mountains and huge old growth sitka spruce rain forests. We watched grizzlies, wolves, and whales. Together we savored the essential wildness we each so loved, the wild earth which we had both dedicated our lives to fight for, and to protect.
(Ric Careless 2020)



In the extraction-oriented Pacific Northwest of those far-off days, to *not* build a dam was almost as bad as *not* logging a great grove of ancient huge trees! The legal battle was very very bitter, and so controversial.

For a brief moment, my mind and my heart took me back, back into those scary and desperate years of controversial hearings, angry passions, and many close calls as we tried to first block issuance of a dam-building license—then, against all odds—to steer wilderness-protective legislation through the Congress. For a brief moment my heart raced as it always seemed to *do* in those years of struggle: *my* breath quickened and fingertips turned cold as all the old emotions washed through me one more time.

But—we won. Won! In 1975, after eight years of seeming hopeless odds, and most bitterly contested ups and downs, the Con-

gress of the United States of America created a 650,000 acre Hells Canyon National Recreation Area. That protected both the splendid wilderness around the great Gorge (as new Wilderness Areas); and best of all, *forbade any of the proposed dams—forever. And* at last, the great Snake River itself would forever remain wild and free.

Again I wept silent tears—tears of *joy*—that our wonderful environmental movement of just *ordinary* folks could have actually done this thing: saved this incredible wild place forever. For all time, for all people.

If we had not stood and fought, stood up for what we loved when the time came to do so, we would have been under 600 feet of water now—at this very spot. Instead, the Great River flows on *now*, silently, majestically, forever, and ever.

Yesterday some of the 5th graders here in Fairbanks I spoke to asked me: “How did you feel after you saved a place?” I tried to speak of this emotion of *Deep Joy*—but there really are no words.

“Yes. We all feel that, I think. Deep down, don’t we?” And it is quite a universal feeling. I still remember a psychiatrist friend, Donald McKinley—very active in the Sierra Club of Portland at the time. Don would treat some of his patients by sending them into the nearby wilderness. Wilderness is a great stress relaxer! A great healer....

So, what is all this? Is there anything else? Yes, there is another emotion which drives many of us—Desperation. For me and for my Pacific Northwest comrades in all those early campaigns of the 1960s and 70s, we

were driven by the kind of desperation a person feels when faced by the pending loss of something or somebody much loved: a person, family pet, a place. The feelings of grief, desperation, and loss are much the same.

Certainly, this was conservationists' feelings about the magnificent wilderness heritage of much of the Pacific Northwest in those decades. In those frenetic years, so much wilderness was melting away under an avalanche of roads, logging, clearcuts, and dams. As I put it in a recent article: "For us, the efforts to add over 2 million acres of wilderness to the wilderness and park systems in the North Cascades was, literally, a matter of life or death."

Why? Because we all knew that if we did not get there before the chainsaws or bulldozers, there would be no second chance. That forest we loved would be logged; that river, dammed. The logging roads and clearcuts were already sketched into all the agencies' planning maps. I know: I had personally visited the Forest Service's offices and saw those maps. Same with dams: developers were just awaiting the right moment to go ahead! But if we succeeded, passed our leg-

islation or got our legal injunction—then those much loved places would live, be safe, be passed on forever.

To conclude, I know these feelings and emotions—*happiness, peace, desperation, grief*—are not the only ones our comrades have experienced when they walk into one of those green areas on the map. Instead of peace, some people might feel excited or challenged—the way I felt first climbing to the summit of Sloan Peak, a mountain in the North Cascades. (See Chapter 6). Sleeping under the wilderness stars does fill many with wonder, awe, mystery. This northwest land is laden with so many deep spiritual riches that I often feel I've walked into God's heaven. After a long and difficult climb, others might feel triumphant—a special kind of joy, or humbled—a special kind of belonging—feeling with the whole universe.

This American Earth I love is vast and beautiful. Its wild beauty and diversity, its wilderness and quiet places, its sheer magnificence have nourished and enriched me emotionally and spiritually all my life. I wish the same for you. Thank you.

* * *



ACTION ALERT



Rough outline of logging area proposed in the Lostine River canyon along the 11-mile access road to the Lostine/Lakes Basin Trailhead, a narrow sliver within the Eagle Cap Wilderness—Oregon’s largest.

Love the Eagle Cap Wilderness?

Save the Lostine River Canyon from Logging Now!

We need your help to stop the U.S. Forest Service from going forward with a destructive timber sale in the wild Lostine. This narrow canyon cradles the Wild & Scenic Lostine River, and is surrounded by the pristine Eagle Cap Wilderness. Logging could start as soon as late October.

Please write your U.S. Senators and U.S. Representative today.

SUBMIT YOUR LETTER OR CALL TO HALT THE TIMBER SALE

“Saving the Lostine (2019).”
October 1, 2019, Greater Hells Canyon Council sent out a formal public “Action Alert” that reflected my strategy to rescue it (see facing page). Prior to that on April 19, 2019, Marina Richie and I published an opinion piece in the Statesman Journal in Salem. (Photo/map by permission of Marina Richie. Accessed 4/3/20: <https://www.statesmanjournal.com/story/opinion/2019/04/19/forest-service-planning-timber-sale-lostine-river-wilderness-boundary-guest-opinion/3512141002/> <https://www.hellscanyon.org/save-the-lostine>)

Why degrade the Eagle Cap Wilderness and the Wallowa Mountain ecosystem—Oregon’s largest protected wild place?”

—MARINA RICHIE & GHCC BOARD

CHAPTER 49

(APRIL 19, 2017) ***Saving the Lostine: Back To the Drawing Board***

La Grande, OR
To *The Observer*:

Beginning in the 1960s, I worked with local people in Idaho and Northeast Oregon to protect our incredible outdoor legacy. Some of the highlights of my 50-year career in forest advocacy were the designation of the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area and the expansion of the Eagle Cap Wilderness.

I moved from Washington, DC to La Grande after my retirement last year. I was shocked to find that, despite the diligent efforts of so many people to protect it, the Forest Service plans to log the Lostine River Canyon.

As Northeast Oregonians already know, Lostine Canyon is prized by hikers, hunters, anglers and campers from across America. The Lostine River Road accesses seven peaceful campgrounds and four popular trailheads leading to mountain lakes and alpine splendor. It offers a unique recreation

experience in that the visitor can drive literally into the heart of a spectacular mountain range, surrounded by pristine wilderness.

The Lostine provides more than recreation. In addition to being one of the great intact strongholds for endangered salmon, its forest ecosystem provides rare habitat for unique species like pine marten and 11 species of rare plants. Wildlife habitat in Lostine Canyon could actually be improved by a moderate or low-intensity fire. While there is a remote chance extreme habitat modification could occur via a fire of high intensity, a timber sale of the magnitude proposed in 2017 by the Forest Service would guarantee significant modification.

The Forest Service’s logging proposal includes removal of up to 3,000 large “hazard trees,” and the incision of multiple clearcuts, allegedly to protect recreationists from wildfires. Sadly, the agency is trying to fast-track the project by using a legislative provision that allows less public involvement, provided the project was collaboratively developed.

The Forest Service says a tour it conducted last summer and some meetings with select constituencies was enough collaboration. Yet the tour and meetings were not designed to illuminate a problem and facilitate open discussion toward solutions. They were designed to promote a plan of action that had already been developed.

A project of this magnitude in such a special place demands maximum public involvement. It is offensive to recreation users not only to be shut out of the process, but that the Forest Service feels we cannot determine on our own when fire danger exists to the point we need to leave.

Even worse, the project will not achieve its intended result. The Lostine is a north-facing canyon enclosed on either side by precipitous slopes. This makes its forest very different from the dryer forest types where fuel loading is a serious problem. Its dense, wet forests are completely natural.

In some places, the Lostine Canyon is less than 200 yards wide. It is ludicrous to suggest that logging this thin strip will decrease the magnitude of a wildfire. If the rare kind of firestorm the agency says it's guarding recreationists against were to occur, it would blast through the corridor like a freight train, and no amount of logging would slow it.

The Forest Service has the expertise to know when conditions are ripe for a large fire, and can implement an area closure and a simple evacuation plan when conditions warrant. It has an experienced and well-funded firefighting program. Should a large fire occur, people will need to evacuate, whether or not it is logged.

There are many places that could use some thinning to reduce fire risk in ecosystems where dense stands are not normal. There are true collaborative processes ongoing to design such projects for fuels reduction. But this project was not collaboratively developed. Forest Service created it, then went about to sell it to the public. That's not collaboration.

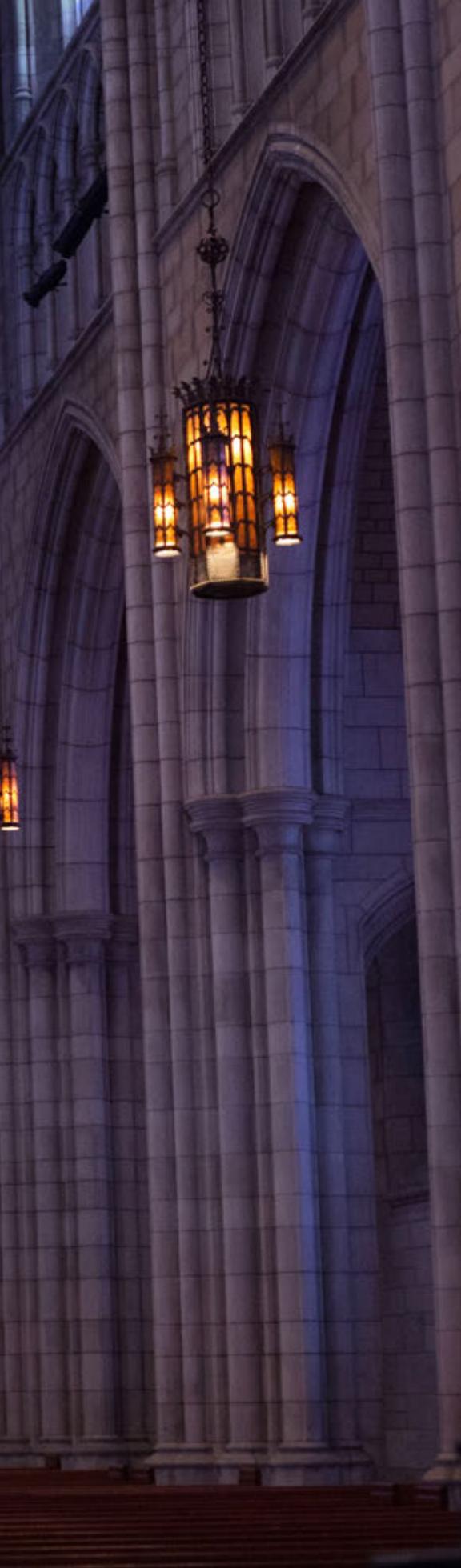
If the Forest Service really feels there is a problem in Lostine Canyon, it should restart the process from scratch, involve the public, and be realistic about what recreation users really need.

Afterword:

After 2017, the sale was later reduced in size and one successful contractor bid, then withdrew. The Forest Service is still planning a new sale, perhaps at a reduced volume but still very damaging.

* * *





In the Nation's Service and the Service of Humanity
—PRINCETON UNIVERSITY MOTTO (2016)

CHAPTER 50

Princeton Reunion: A Forest of Hands (2019)

Magical” is the first word that pops into my mind and heart when I remember the most major event at all Princeton University reunions—the “P-Rade.” On Saturday of the annual reunion weekend, each class marches, one after the other, under its own banner, wearing all the old scuffed class beer jackets we got our senior year: “Marching”—“Ha! Ha!”—all together down along the old familiar walkways beside the Gothic, storybook-looking classrooms, buildings, dormitories... places and paths drenched with all the memories and experiences from long ago.

Since there were at least 65 years of classes marching this year (starting with the class of 1954), it took awhile before each one could line up to follow the next, so the whole route down the parade walkway was lined on each side by all the wonderful younger ones—classes of 1985, 1997, 2003 and more—each awaiting their turns. There were at least 25,000 participants on campus that day I was told... all beautifully organized, and staffed by those (again!) so wonderful, attractive and spirited later classes.

O America, O my School and my Friends, O Princeton and its Grand Tradition: how lucky I am to even be here at all, and how blessed:

AT LEFT:

“Princeton Chapel, Graduation Day (2019).” *I particularly remember and associate the chapel with one special soft spring night, walking back late from my thesis-writing carrel deep in the bowels of the Princeton’s Firestone library. The great Gothic chapel was next door, and I walked in—to be greeted with a space-filling organ-burst from someone playing way up front, just a tiny pinpoint of lamp-light illuminating him and the keyboard. As the fugue’s great Baroque chords and cadences rolled and thundered their way up to heaven through the dark Gothic gloom, I was seized with a high exultation, and deep burst of love for life, for my good fortune to have been there then and in that place. As soon as I returned to my room, I played Charpentier as the expression of it all. (2006)*
(Photo courtesy of Princeton University.)

that's what I thought over and over that perfect, happy, 1st of June afternoon, 2019.

And thus, my most precious take home—lifetime—remembrance of the whole thing: myself and my two roommates plodding—still under our own power, *mirable dictu*—along the whole 1-mile route between those cheering rows of the later classes, all waving as they called out our names hanging on the lanyards around our necks: “Yay, Brock, Yay, Phil, Yay, Rick.”

My most special image of all—why I term it so magical—came when I looked down the parade route, saw older comrades in front, younger ones behind, and saw that forest of hands—outstretched, reaching-out hands, precious hands! They were hands of the younger ones awaiting their turns to march, and soon to take their turn to pick up the

banner of the future, their turn to go forward to help our country, just as we also left to try to do so long ago.

And oh those hands: brown, yellow, black, white, all genders. Thank God that old Princeton University went co-ed around 1973, which has wonderfully transformed the whole place. Those hands of the young ones coming on now were my brothers and sisters too; now bound together forever! *That unforgettable forest of hands!* Thus caught up by the magic of a once-in-a-lifetime moment, I walked close to the right-hand side, shaking as many of those wonderful hands as I could: lots of fist-bumps, thumbs-up, happy smiles, and my own “Now it's your turn” call-outs too. So ended the most powerful and meaningful of all my Princeton experiences.

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Dynamic Colleagues / Friends / Leaders

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George Bown, Academy English Teacher started my writing education; Studied with Princeton Professors Norman Cantor, Junior Paper Advisor, and E. Harris Harbison, famous medieval scholar, and my Senior Advisor during the writing of my senior thesis: *The Rise of German National Sentiment During the Reformation Era*. (That thesis was one reason I graduated *cum laude*.)

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Brock Evans, Hells Canyon (2015)

About the Author

Recipient of over 20 national environmental awards, Brock Evans' story begins in the suburbs of Columbus, Ohio. His father, Ray Evans, Jr. and grandfather, Ray Evans, Sr. were a father-son cartoon team for the Columbus Dispatch. Only son of literate and loving parents, he watched the local forest being cleared, studied the ecosystem in his back yard, began his coin collection, lamented the hunters' kill. In 1952, he was enrolled in Columbus Academy (1952-55), a private high school where he became a popular student and athlete, started his first diary, suffered his first injuries, met his first loves.

In 1955, he broke with family tradition and enrolled in Princeton University. During his four years there, he hitchhiked everywhere for dates, enjoyed romantic party weekends at Princeton, worked summer construction jobs, and delighted in warm Ohio summer nights. By 1959 he'd become a history major and graduated cum laude.

From Princeton he worked on a freighter to Bombay, became a Marine, went to Glacier National Park and Michigan Law School. Graduating in June 1963, the new attorney and his wife moved west from the Rockies to the Cascades. In that green threatened paradise, he found his lifelong passion to save the earth, to fight for it with any available tools. In Seattle he joined his first environmental battle and became Sierra Club Northwest Representative (1963-1973).

Promoted from regional to national lobbyist for Sierra Club (1973-1981), he then served Audubon for fifteen years in Washington, DC as a Vice President for National Issues (1981-1996), then served nine years as Director of the Endangered Species Coalition (1997-2006). His stories dramatize over fifty years of being both a leader and major actor in fighting and winning environmental battles across the United States and Canada, helping to save over 14,500,000 acres of still-unspoiled green space. He and his wife Dr. Linda Garcia, retired in 2016 and moved to the Grande Ronde Valley, Oregon—home in the wilderness once more.



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“Brock Evans is in the forefront of any environmental controversy on Capitol Hill. Since 1973, the 40-year old lawyer has been the top Washington lobbyist of the Sierra Club, a national conservation group. Evans brings to the job an undergraduate degree from Princeton, a law degree from the University of Michigan, and a background as a Seattle lawyer committed to saving the picture-postcard grandeur of the Pacific Northwest.”

—“SEVEN LOBBYISTS WITH CLOUT.” *U.S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT*, 7/25/77

“..As we discussed when I met with you in May, I cannot adopt every position you advocate, [but] I will always seriously consider your views. I hope you will continue to inform me about your major concerns.”

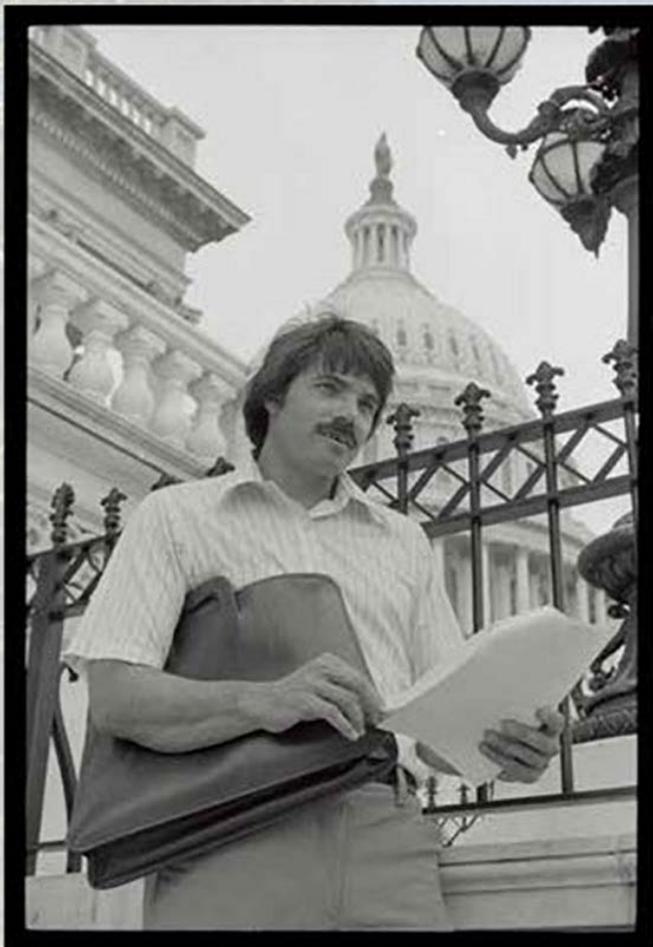
—PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER, 1/2/79

“To this year’s recipient of the John Muir Award, I would say: Brock, you have inspired us and led us...organized us and taught us. You have helped us recognize and value that which is special within us...that which sets us apart from our enemies, that love that is the most unstoppable of all forces. So it is from our admiration, respect, appreciation, and our love that your family, the Sierra Club, honors you here tonight.”

—DENNY SHAFFER, SIERRA CLUB, 5/2/81

“Your ability to quickly analyze different and complex political situations and provide political advice is unparalleled.... Most importantly, you always remind those of us who sometimes forget, that our final goal is...better protection of our remaining old growth forests, clean waters, pristine wilderness, endangered species, and unique ecosystems.”

—BRENT BLACKWELDER, MARION EDEY, JIM MADDY,
LEAGUE OF CONSERVATION VOTERS, 2/24/89



“Most environmental lobbyists agree that the strength of their movement resides in their volunteer activists. “His [Evans] emotional appeal rallies the people who do the persuading. And that is a powerful tool with Congress...” His opponents are also mindful of Evan’s rhetorical capacity. “He’s tremendously good at imagery and can make us all cry,” said a timber industry spokesman who has debated Evans.”

—ROCHELLE STANFIELD, *NATIONAL JOURNAL*, 11/8/86

“At a time when our political system has failed to deliver for our planet, it’s up to businesses like ours to create positive change. Our planet depends on activism, and this moment demands it. As our friend, Brock Evans is fond of saying, *Endless pressure, endlessly applied.*”

—PATAGONIA, INC., ENVIRONMENTAL/SOCIAL INITIATIVES, 2017



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Brock Evans, *Sierra Club*. Thomas O’Halloran photo:
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