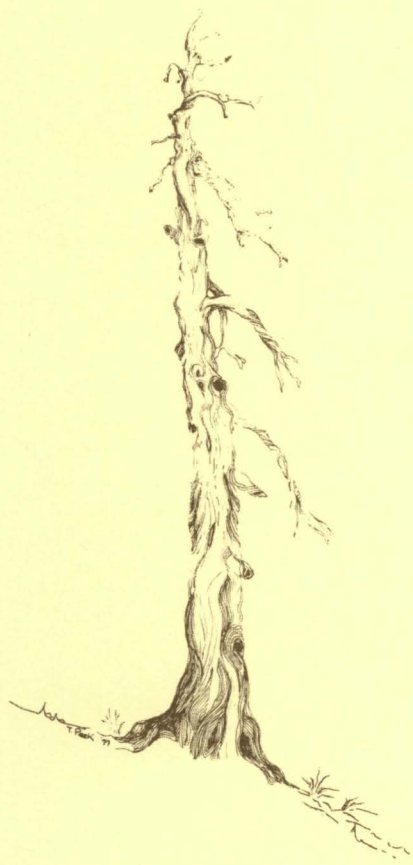
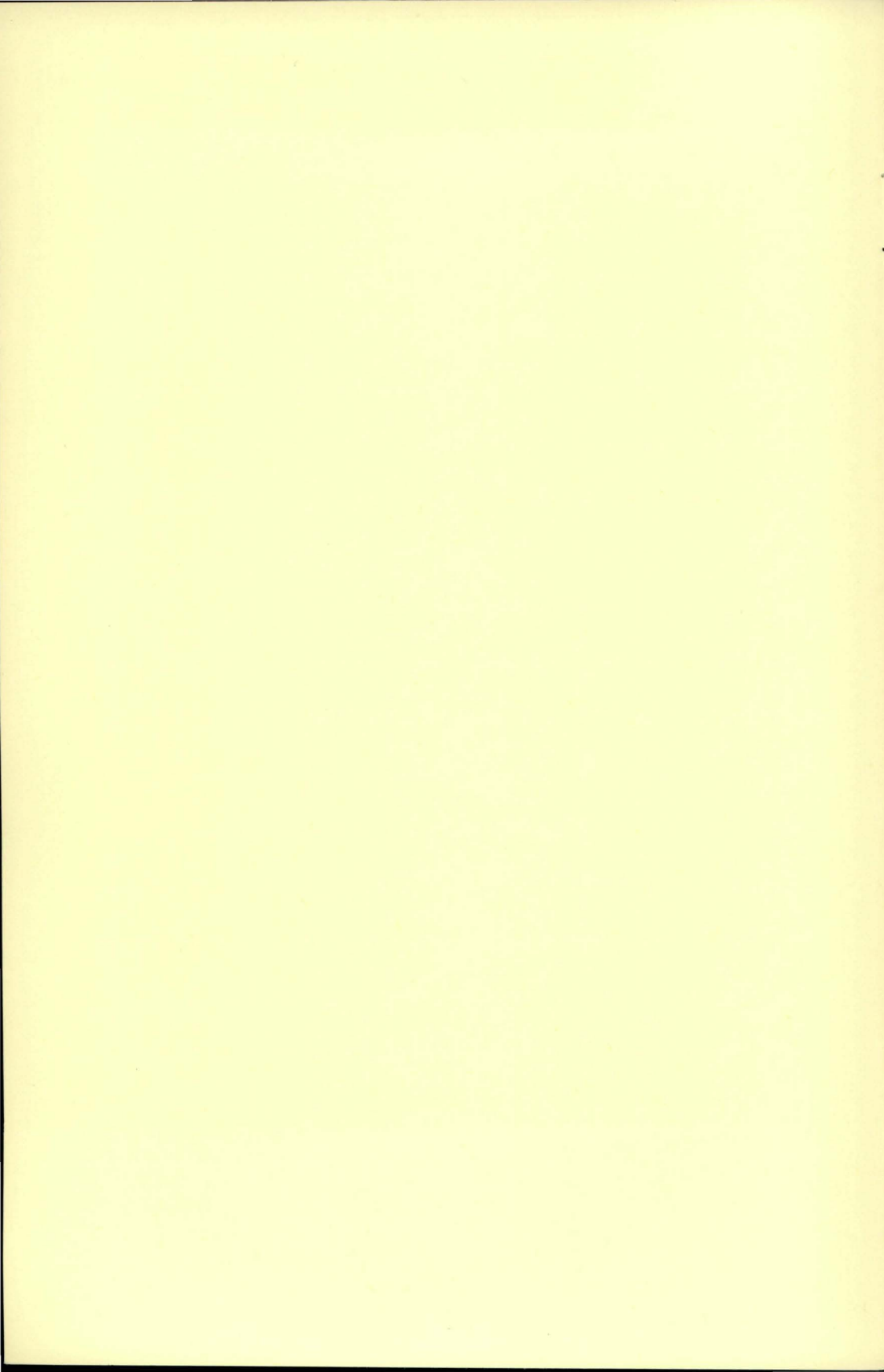
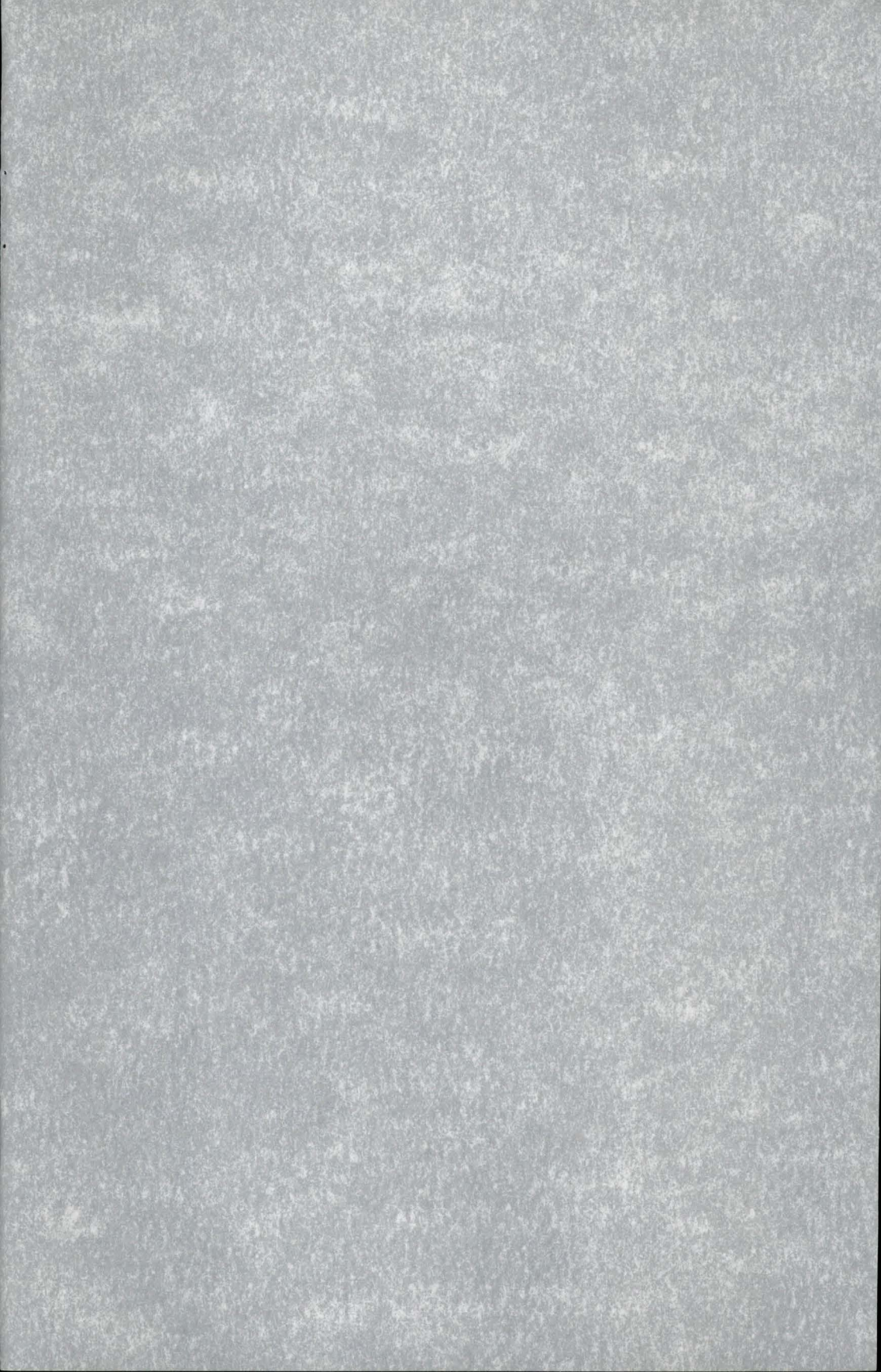


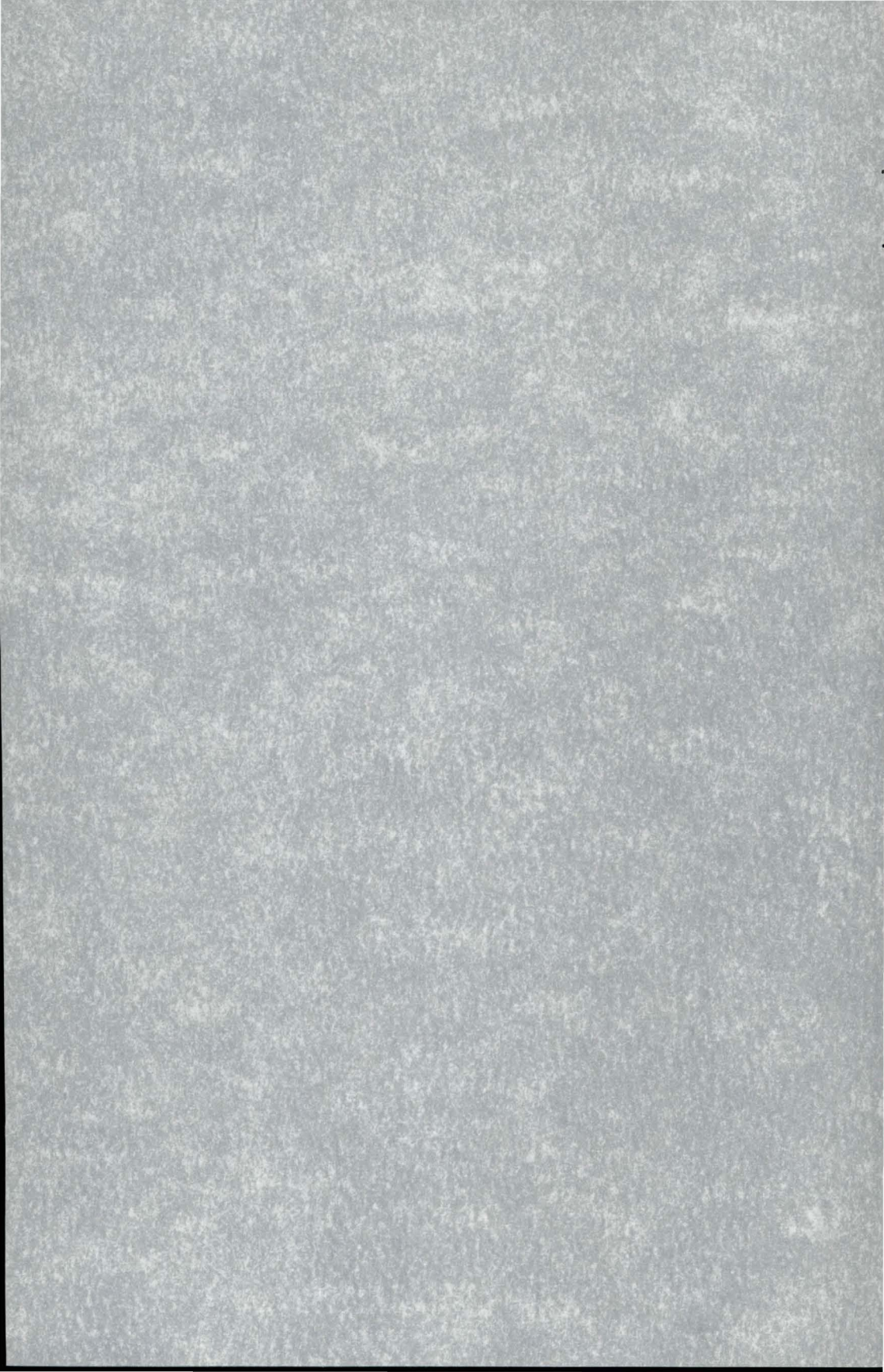
*BROCK EVANS*



*Wilderness Resource  
Distinguished Lectureship*







*Wilderness Resource*  
*Distinguished lectureship*

7

*IN CELEBRATION  
OF WILDERNESS:  
THE PROGRESS AND  
THE PROMISE*

Brock Evans

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO WILDERNESS RESEARCH CENTER

November 14, 1984

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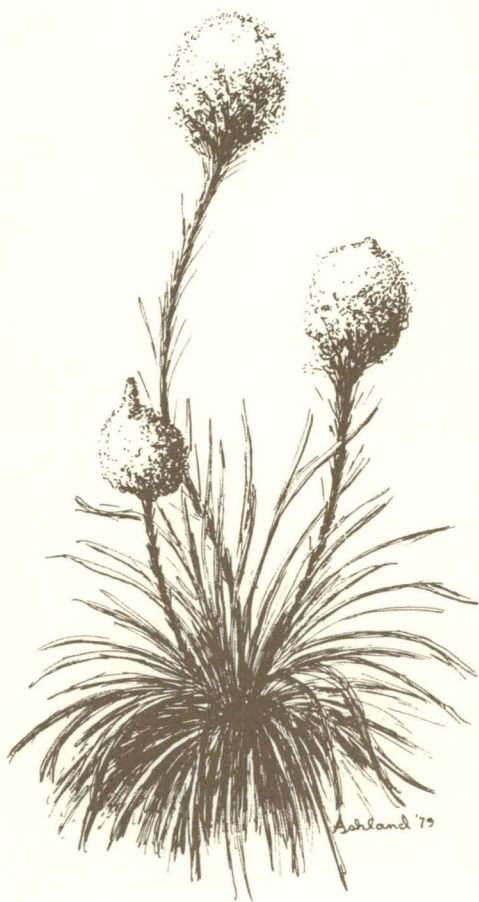
## *Opening Remarks*

Edwin E. Krumpe

Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the College of Forestry, Wildlife and Range Sciences and the University of Idaho Wilderness Research Center, I'd like to welcome you all here tonight. The Wilderness Research Center was established in 1969 to promote research and educational activities to further our understanding of natural ecosystems, their functions in our environment, and humankind's relationship to these natural ecosystems in wilderness areas. Our research efforts have been focused on fish and wildlife topics, on studying prehistoric uses of our wilderness areas, and on studying today's wilderness visitors and wilderness management practices. As for education, one of our major efforts was hosting the First National Wilderness Management Workshop in 1983. The proceedings of that workshop, entitled *Issues in Wilderness Management* and edited by Michael Frome, is available from Westview Press.

In 1977, the Wilderness Research Center initiated the Wilderness Resource Distinguished Lectureship as an annual event to encourage dialogue and to broaden our understanding of wilderness and wilderness resources. Renowned speakers from across the nation have been invited to

present these lectures, and tonight, I am pleased to say, is no exception. At this time, I would like to invite Michael Frome, conservation author and visiting associate professor in our department, to introduce tonight's guest speaker.



*Dr. Ed Krumpe is Associate Professor in the University of Idaho Department of Wildland Recreation Management and Director of the University of Idaho Wilderness Research Center.*



# *Introduction*

Michael Frome

When I came here in 1982, I never realized the joys that I would have at this university, largely through my association with my colleagues in the Department of Wildland Recreation Management in the College of Forestry, Wildlife and Range Sciences, and particularly through the opportunity to be involved in the activities of the Wilderness Research Center, which is directed by my next-door office neighbor and my friend, Dr. Krumpe.

I think it is a great credit to the university and to the state of Idaho that we should have such a research center headquartered at this university. Little did I realize when I came here that I would become distinguished, delivering the lecture two years ago. And little did I realize that I would have the joy and pleasure of presenting one of my closest and dearest friends, a great wilderness champion, Brock Evans.

To give a brief resume of his career, Brock was born in Columbus, Ohio, attended Princeton University where he graduated *cum laude*, studied law at the University of Michigan, after which he spent two years in the Marine Corps, and then he came to the Pacific Northwest to practice law in Seattle. But the practice of law was only a stepping stone to fulfillment of his destined mission in life, which was the protection of our wilderness heritage. Brock worked as the Northwest representative of the Sierra Club, during which time he was in Idaho often, on the front line of the effort to save the great resource that makes the potato state the wilderness state. He left the Northwest for Washington, D.C., where he was the office chief and chief lobbyist for the Sierra Club, and certainly one of the distinguished leaders in the

environmental movement in the United States. Then he became vice president of the National Audubon Society.

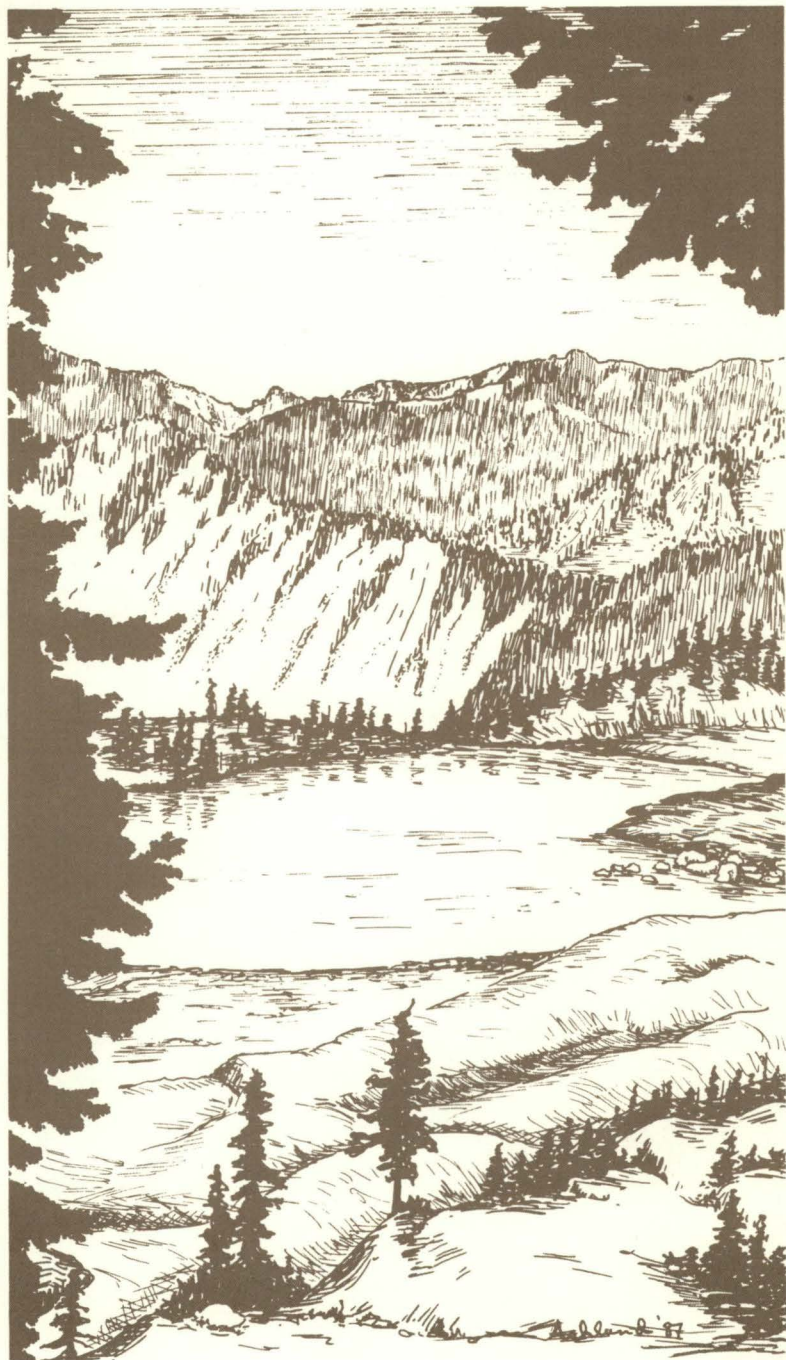
If there is one thing that distinguishes his entire time in the environmental movement, it is his faith in the grassroots. He knows where the power lies. The power lies with the people. Thus, it was also inevitable that Brock should find his way into the political arena and make a great run for a Congressional seat in Seattle. Brock lost, but he got 110,000 votes. And in my book there are always winners and losers. And Brock Evans is the kind of person who can never be a loser. He is always a winner. And I think coming here so soon after the election is a demonstration of his determination to pursue his destined mission.

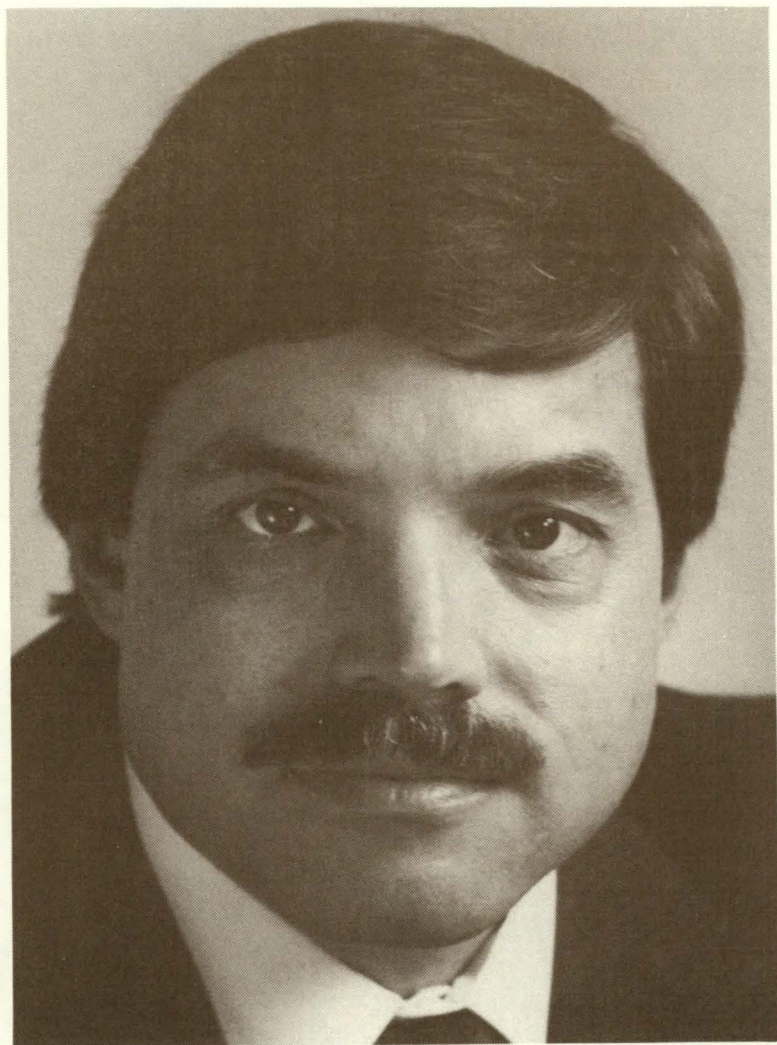
I must say that when Dr. Krumpe and I were at the Northwest Wilderness Conference early this spring, and we heard Brock speak there. After it was over, we said to each other, "Should we invite Brock to speak at the Distinguished Lecture. But he might not be elected to Congress." And we both decided that it didn't make a damn bit of difference.

Win or lose, the voice of Brock Evans will be heard in the land, and his defeat at the polls is merely a milestone on the way to much bigger things. Brock has made a great many speeches all around to audiences large and small. I know he is thrilled to be here because he has been working all day long making speeches.

This is the seventh in the series of Distinguished Lectures, which was initiated with Frank Church, champion of the Wilderness Act. But I can't think of anyone of the seven who stands more foursquare for wilderness preservation than our distinguished lecturer tonight, Brock Evans.

*Michael Frome, a nationally recognized conservationist and writer, served from 1982—1986 as Visiting Associate Professor in the University of Idaho Department of Wildland Recreation Management. Frome presented the Wilderness Resource Distinguished Lectureship for 1982.*





*IN CELEBRATION  
OF WILDERNESS:  
THE PROGRESS AND  
THE PROMISE*

Brock Evans

**T**hank you, Mike. I wish you'd come and spoken for me the last few days before the campaign ended. I never thought I would be distinguished so soon after the election.

You know it is customary for speakers in a formal lecture setting like this to say, "I'm so glad to be here, and I've really been looking forward to this," but I've been out in the audiences, and don't you always wonder, as I do, "Are they really that glad to see me, do they really care that much?" I want to tell you that I really am.

I am very, very glad to be here, and it is not just because I'm back on this campus after a hiatus of some years. As Mike mentioned, I was the Sierra Club's Northwestern representative in the late sixties and early seventies, and those were the turbulent years of the resurgence of the environmental movement all across the Northwest. And I spent a lot of time in north Idaho, a lot of time here as well. But there is really another and deeper reason why I feel this way tonight. It certainly has in my mind, as I'll elaborate later, everything to

do with the subject matter tonight, and, of course, this point in time of my own career.

### *An Incredible Experience*

As Mike alluded, I've just been through an incredible experience, the experience of running for high federal office. And we did do well, as Mike said. The polls, all the way through September and October, said the race was too close to call. A national magazine said it was too close to call. Money was pouring in on both sides—that is a sure indication it is too close to call, because people trust you if they give their money to you.

But finally, we got only 110,000 votes, about 10-20,000 votes too few to win. We got swept away by the tide, basically, that swept across the country. That's what happened, and I'm going to come back to that in a little bit, because it relates really to wilderness.

Electoral politics was not my life. I wasn't unacquainted with it, but my profession, as Mike said, was law and the environment. I was familiar, of course, with Washington, D.C., and the legislative process; that's what I've been doing for the better part of 20 years. But I found out over the last year and a half that running for office is really totally different, and the abilities and skills needed to be a good legislator are not necessarily those needed to sustain a prolonged campaign. I'd like to share some of this experience because it is so intense and so fresh in my mind and because I think it probably makes more understandable my feelings of relief and warmth, safety even, at being back here in this more familiar and comfortable world, talking about wilderness and working to protect it and to understand it better.

Campaigning for the United States Congress was in many ways a very different kind of life from the one of environmental lobbying and litigation and legislation that I left. Campaigning was a world of far greater pressures and stresses than anything I could have possibly imagined. For example, in my old life, trying to get environmental legislation passed, there were often intervals between one event and the

next. We would work for months and months to organize for a big hearing for a wilderness bill we'd want to pass, and then there'd be a break of two or three weeks; then there would be a mark-up session. We would all work very hard for that, and then there would be another break. Then it would go to the floor. Then there would be another break. Weeks passed in between, sometimes months.

Well a campaign isn't like that. There is always far more that must be done than you can possibly do. For example, in the last two months of the campaign I'm sure we turned down more invitations for speeches and appearances than we accepted. They were just all scheduled together.

The routine is deadly. It's a life of getting up at 5:30 every morning. I'd go to a bus stop. That's one of my least favorite things. I'd go to these park 'n ride stops around Seattle, in the rainy dark, and I'd get 300 or 400 cars there, and the buses rolled in one after the other—boom, boom, boom.

I'd try to hand out literature and say, "Hi, I'm Brock Evans, running for Congress"; and they're saying, "Get out of my way, buddy, while I get on the bus."

That's sort of what it's like, and I don't know if you lose more votes than you gain doing something like that. I never could figure it out.

I'd go to breakfast. But I couldn't just have breakfast. I'd have to walk through the restaurant and shake hands with the cook and the waiters and waitresses and everybody else before I could eat. My staff wouldn't let me eat breakfast until I did. And then I'd usually go to my office and work on raising money. My fundraiser would have a stack of cards, all from strangers or from people who had previously given me money, and I had to call them all once again: "Please give me some more." Have you ever tried to do that? That was no fun.

Then I'd walk up and down the business district, walk in and out of little bakery shops and food shops and places like that, and go up and down the streets. Then I'd go to a luncheon, usually a luncheon debate where everybody was

waiting for me and my opponent. We were the entertainment. Then I'd spend the afternoon walking through senior citizen centers and meeting with various groups. Then I'd ring doorbells in the evening. At night, I'd go to some meeting of community clubs for face-to-face appearances, confrontations with my opponent, and often I'd work a ferryboat or two. It's the only district in the country where you campaign by ferryboat, I think. And then I'd meet with the staff to get ready for the next debate, to plan new strategy, and to exhort my volunteers on and on. That's just a typical day in September and October of my campaign.

The day before election, we campaigned for 24 straight hours — five a.m. Monday morning all the way through to five a.m. the next morning, when 150 of my volunteers showed up at my campaign headquarters to hang 60,000 doorknob brochures on targeted precincts.

### *The Time of No Redemption*

It was like that. There was no let-up. It is what I call my time of no redemption. There was nothing to look forward to but more of the same again and again and again. Every now and then my staff would say, "Well you can have Sunday night off and go to the movies." And that's really great, but Monday morning at 7:30 I had to give a speech to 120 people in the Chamber of Commerce.

In my previous life, at least when I fought battles, it was always among comrades, co-workers, colleagues, and friends, because that's what the environmental movement was all about. Now it was always among strangers who knew nothing of me, never heard of me before, who were waiting to be impressed, who were waiting to see how my opponent and I would tear each other up, as we had to do. It was, in a way, like the gladiator games.

I remember going to some of these debates in downtown Seattle. All the TV lights would be there, and the press would be sitting up in front wondering what I was going to do to them today, and I was wondering what they were going to do to me. That's the feeling you get, too. You read things



about yourself in the press that you know aren't true, but you can't do a thing about it. Your opponent is on TV night and day, hammering away at your weak spots. Of course, you're doing it, too, the other way around. Above all, it's a feeling of being naked and alone and exposed, all the time, especially if you're a sensitive person.

The subject matter, too, was very different from that of my former comfortable world of the environment. The environment was a very important issue in my district, but of far more moment in the campaign were the dozens and dozens of other issues that plague the American people at this time in our history: arms control verification, the merits of one missile over another, fine points of the federal budget, social security, health care costs, reforming the Federal Reserve Boards, the West Bank settlements in the Middle East, foreign aid, and on and on.

And you have to remember that everybody you're talking to is asking these questions from an audience; there is always somebody in there who knows much more about it than you. But you're expected to know it, too. So I was always studying; everything was like a final exam. And that is the other feeling — that lack of redemption. You can't score 95 percent; you've got to score 100 percent every time. It's that feeling, again and again.

### *Debates and Confrontations*

But also, you're not just studying the subject matter. You're also learning a whole new language. For example, the public debates and the confrontations. I had about six major solo appearances before the primary and about 20 joint appearances with my opponents. Then, in the general election, we had about seven major televised full-scale debates and about 25 or 30 major joint appearances when both candidates were together and answered the same questions. Each appearance is a public performance. Each must be done well. Everything rides on it. So you spend an enormous amount of time preparing. You have videotapes; you get critiqued again and again. One of my staff would be my opponent, firing at me the worst questions he could think

of, and I'd try to answer them.

Questions come out of the dark and you just answer them all, and you go over it again and again and again. And when the debates actually happen, the opponent's staff is in the audience taking notes on everything you say to get you for the next debate. Of course, your staff is doing the same thing, too. It just goes on and on like that.

But there is more to it than that. It is not just learning the subject matter. It is not just learning a new language. It is also learning how not to answer the question. Now that is totally foreign to all my training as a lawyer, or as an advocate for natural resources. I like to feel that I made my reputation, whatever it might be, on 20 years of answering the questions. That's the honest thing to do, right? Well, in politics the rule is, you don't have to answer the question they ask; you answer the question you would like to have them ask, whatever that might be. We all saw it in the presidential debates, and now I understand the technique.

To give you one small example, let me mention the preference clause; that became an issue in my district. The preference clause is part of the power laws that require Bonneville Power Administration to sell power at lower rates to public utilities than to private utilities. It's been amended somewhat, but that's basically it. My opponent came out against it. That's a big issue in my district, and it was a serious blunder for him. I hammered away at him on it. Every time we debated, I'd say, "John, tell us about your views on the preference clause." Well, he'd sort of slip and slide and wriggle and squirm, but he never answered; he never used the phrase *preference clause*. All he'd do was talk about keeping electric rates down. That's what I mean about not answering the question. He just talked about electric rates. Of course, I did the same thing if I had a chance.

As you might imagine, the stress level and the impact on a candidate's psyche is very, very great. Every day, every hour you're doing some strange, new, terrible thing you've never done before. You're facing new faces, strange new faces. You're walking into a room full of strangers; you improvise on the spot, what do you say to them?

I worked bingo parlors; what do you say in a bingo parlor? I went to bowling alleys; what do you say in a bowling alley? Park 'n ride; I told you about the bus stops where they're all running by. I worked the ferryboats. Some people don't want to talk to you, some people do, some people ask you incredible questions you've never heard before; but it's all like that, again and again and again.

Supermarkets. I'm never going to be able to go into a supermarket as long as I live without extending my hand and saying, "Hi, I'm Brock Evans. I'm running for Congress." Doorbelling. I got to like it, but I had to flog myself out there to knock on those first few dozen doors the first few times. All these things, just again and again. Football games. High school football games. You're standing in there in the dark and the parents are streaming by, and you say, "Hi, I'm Brock Evans running for Congress." Who? What? Then the Husky football games and the Seahawks football games where 50,000 people go streaming by, and you shake both hands out there, and people are calling you names. But it's just part of it; it's what it's really like.

I used to carry a notebook. I filled up about 15 of them during the campaign, and they have political information — names and phone numbers and things we had to do yesterday — and I'd also write down my thoughts. I'm very glad I did. Some day I'm going to read them all again, because I know that I wrote down a number of times, "Evans, never forget how terrible this is, in case you want to do it again."

### *The Best Possible World*

It really is like that, too. Remember this if you want to do it. And the fact is, that in spite of it all, I may very well want to do it again. We did do very well in a very, very tough year. We had a superb organization and raised lots of money. Above all, the issues were issues I deeply believed in: ending the nuclear arms race, protecting the American middle class — which I think is the latest endangered species — better education, protecting the environment.

We'll just have to see. For all its terrors and all its stresses, it's a fascinating experience. I learned and stretched, and I

grew beyond any imagining from it. And, of course, if I'd won, the prize is worth it. I'd like to represent the First District. I think we can do a lot better than we've done in the past. I want the best possible world.

### *A Profound Work*

I imagine that some of you are saying, "What the heck does this have to do with the subject matter, you know, 'Progress and Promise for Wilderness and the 20th Anniversary of the Wilderness Act?'" I don't really blame you. But I am going to turn to it, and I assure you that for me, with my present frame of mind, it really has a great bearing on the subject.

We do have much to talk about in this year 1984, the 20th anniversary of what I think was one of the most important laws in our nation's history. And notice I didn't say just natural resources history. I believe that the Wilderness Act of 1964, and all the laws we've had to implement it since then, is a profound work of the American spirit. And, in the deepest sense, I think it expresses the soul of our country.

Imagine a whole nation that so loved and so cherished wild places that it sought to protect forever some of what remained, not just for wildlife, not just for recreation, not just for fisheries, not just for education. All these things are important, we know, and the Wilderness Act names them. But I submit that it has a deeper purpose yet—for our spirits, for our enjoyment, for our healing and inspiration. And I guess that's why I started out as I did, recounting to you in some detail the experiences that I've just been through. Because that's what wilderness is to me now, healing and inspiration, especially in the last few days, and I want to tell you about it.

On the way here yesterday, I was thinking about the lecture. What I would say? I could give some learned discourse about the meaning of various terms in the Wilderness Act and how different agencies interpret them. I've been a participant in all those things for the last 20 years. I could give a political discourse on the current battles and the "soft release" language versus "hard release" language in

proposed legislation. But that's not my frame of mind right now. These issues are very, very important. We may touch on them a little bit later.

Now, I think in this 20th year of the great achievement, it's also a time for all of us, not just for me, to reflect in the most personal way on the meaning of what we did 20 years ago. And not just the fact of it, not just the legalistic points of it, but the meaning in a very personal sense to each one of us in our own ways, the meaning which goes, in my mind, far beyond the history of the act itself.

I've often sat in many, many hearing rooms throughout the Northwest and in Washington, D.C., over the past 20 years, and I've listened to the testimony about wilderness. I've always been struck by the intensity and the passion on both sides: those who didn't care for and want wilderness, and those who love it. I never thought too deeply about that intensity and the passion until very recently.

### *Why Wilderness?*

I've been asking myself lately, why do I feel so strongly about wilderness? Why? What is it? And now I think I know. Because of what I've been through, I really know. It's not that I haven't loved or needed the wilderness before. Since 1961, the Northwest wilderness has been a source of solace and happiness for me, a refuge, a place of quiet and beauty, as I imagine it is to you as well.

Mike Frome mentioned that I was a flatland foreigner from Ohio, that I went to law school at the University of Michigan. I had to work my way through school, so I had to get a summer job. I assure you the last thing I wanted to do after my first year of law school was get a summer job being a lawyer. Anybody who has any friends in law school knows what I mean. So I went across the street to the student employment office, and I got a job in a place called Glacier National Park.

Well, I thought that was in Alaska, you know, where there are glaciers and things like that. Next thing I knew, they put

me on the train in Minneapolis, and I was going across the prairies clickety clack on the Great Northern Empire Builder. I woke up the next morning, 24 hours later, and we were still going clickety clack in the same direction — on land! I just couldn't believe it. The sun was still behind us, and I was sitting up in the observation dome, looking out far to the west, and finally I said to my companion, "My goodness, sir, those clouds are certainly low on the horizon out there." He said, "Them ain't clouds; them's the Rocky Mountains."

I stepped from the train. There were the great peaks rising out of the prairie and the ice pure creeks pouring down from the heavens and the sweet smell of the pines. It was like some old lost chord had been plucked inside me, and it's been humming ever since for 22 years because of that impact, that experience.

I spent two magic summers working in Glacier Park. I didn't know it was wilderness; I just knew it was beautiful and I loved it and it was freedom and it was the back country. I just wandered around there singing my heart out and climbing the peaks and just exploring it.

I knew from that instant I could never live in Ohio ever again. Any of you from there know exactly what I mean. It's a great place; my mother still lives there.

Rachel, my wife, and I married in the winter of '63, in my last year of law school. This was after I spent two summers in Glacier. The week before we got married I said, "Honey, there's something we really have to get straight before we get married."

She told me later she thought, "Oh, my God, what is this?"

I said, "We have to live out West."

"Oh, is that all? Thank goodness, that's all."

She was from Boston; what did she know about the West? She thought I meant Chicago or someplace. But, in any event,

we got in my old beat-up station wagon the summer of '63 and drove out to Seattle — Seattle because I saw it and the World's Fair the year before, and it had a mountain range on either side and salt water in the middle.

### *Getting Involved*

I joined the Seattle Mountaineers, started climbing peaks, and was joyously doing all these things and thinking it was the smartest thing in the world I ever did. Until one day, a year or two later, I was sitting on top of a peak above Snoqualmie Pass, on a beautiful autumn day, and I was looking all around me — there was a great ocean and mountains — and congratulating myself once more on the smart thing I'd done to move to this magnificent country, and how I was never going to go anywhere else.

But I looked right below me and I saw what was a clearcut. I didn't know exactly what you called it, but it was right in this beautiful valley. And I said, "That's awful. What's that?"

They said, "Say, that's logging."

I said, "I know, but not right here in this beautiful place like that."

I said, "Look at the green on the map. This is national forest land, public land. They can't do that on public land."

They said, "Sonny, you've got a lot to learn."

And that's how I got involved.

It wasn't the idea that we didn't need wood; of course we do. I have a wood house, and I support the forest products industry. It was the idea of logging in beautiful places like this. This area later became the Alpine Lakes Wilderness, and I was privileged to write a book about it.

Like so many thousands of others who fled, let's say, less attractive locales to come to these beautiful places, I became

concerned about what was happening to my adopted home. And we just joined up, not really knowing what to do, and started going to hearings. At that time, the big issue was the North Cascades National Park, and I'm going to tell you a little story about that at the end of my talk. I just joined up, and I was passionately concerned. I was going to do anything I possibly could.

They had many, many hearings, and I said, "Well, they're having a hearing coming up on the North Cascades Park. I'm a lawyer, I know something about hearings." So I called up the leader of our organization, and I said, "Gee, there's a hearing. Can anybody come?"

He said, "Sure, you can come."

And I said, "Can I speak? Will the great god senators let me speak?"

He said, "Yes, we'd love to have you speak."

And I said, "Do you need any help?"

And he said, "Yes, can you bring some friends?"

So I brought a hundred of my friends. And I wrote up all the statements for them. That's how much I cared and how deeply I was involved in this area at that time.

Later, I had this glorious job working for the Sierra Club and many other groups for six years in the Northwest. I was called the Northwest representative, which, when I took the job in 1967, I thought meant the four Northwest states: Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and Montana. When I got the job, I found it meant northwest North America: those four states and Alaska, the four northwest Canadian provinces and territories, Wyoming, and northern California. That was my territory, and I had six glorious years of going from place to place organizing and organizing.

I spent much time here in Idaho. We fought the battles of Hells Canyon and the Sawtooths and the early ones over Mallard-Larkins. But the wilderness was there, the Pioneers and



the Idaho Primitive Area. I had the privilege of floating down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River two weeks before it became a Wild river and had the privilege of knowing that I had worked to make it a wild river in 1968. I really fell in love with Idaho, as anybody who lives here and sees it has to. But you know, if that's what wilderness meant to me, it wasn't until the past week that I really discovered its full value, its richness and its meaning to me when I needed it most.

### *The Lesson of the Wilderness*

Long ago, early in the campaign, I got my best friend in Seattle to promise that we'd go on a wilderness trip after the election, win or lose. Something in my soul knew I needed to do that. And, of course, I had high hopes of winning. Then election night came along with all its shock, and it wasn't too much fun losing, as you might imagine, after we were so close. It hurt a lot, a lot of anguish — grieving I think would be the best word for it. And so one week ago today, I picked up the pieces; it was over. I visited my opponent, made my thank-you calls. It was really very sad.

As you might imagine, it wasn't in the best of spirits that Larry and I drove to Olympic National Park, which is one of my favorite wildernesses of all. It was rainy and grey. We expected that and were dressed for it. And it certainly matched my spirits, too. What do I do now? And why did it all happen when it seemed so close? What did we do wrong? Did we do anything wrong? Could we have stopped it? How now do I reach inside myself once more and find the spirit to go on to the next phase of my life, whatever that's going to be? How do I deal with the choices ahead of me? What are the choices? Is there really a place in the world for someone like me?

These are things one thinks after a defeat. You have to name it. There's no getting around it, no rationalizations to save me. I lost. It wasn't a failure, because we did all we possibly could, but it was a defeat, and defeats happen in life sometimes.

Well, Larry and I spent two days on the wild coast, walking in the wind and the rain and the surf. Not a soul was

there. We watched the rhythm of the tides, and at night I would get up — I wasn't sleeping much—and the moon was out. I remember it drenched everything like a silver blanket. It was just absolutely magnificent. The birds were wheeling and arcing, and it was timeless and endless and very, very beautiful. Then we hiked deep into the rain forest wilderness. I love big trees, and this is the wilderness of the Bogachiel River. Many of you know it's the wildest place in the Olympic Park. Great river and mighty trees and wonderful, familiar smells, and the creeks rising in the rain, and tricky fords, and wonderful cozy shelter at the end of it.

The main thing we were trying to do was keep dry and warm, and that took my mind off things. We didn't always talk; we just sort of let things feel. I didn't try to keep the pain inside. I wanted to get it out there and name it and deal with it and try to seek out its meaning. And after a day or so, after a day or so in the wilderness, I could feel a great healing begin. The wounds somehow seemed to have reached their limit — started to heal up around the edges. And on the last day, actually, Larry said he saw me smile a time or two.

And I guess what happened is I realized out there — as I think I instinctively know, and you all know, too — there are forces just greater than me, and that's part of the lesson of the wilderness. The cycles and the rhythms and the dance of life that beat in endless measures across this whole beautiful planet. That goes on, doesn't it? That's what I thought to myself. And it's there for me, too. It's always there for me, as it is for you.

And that's the lesson of the wilderness for me forever: that the life force of this whole planet goes on, that it is a beautiful world, and I'm a part of it.

Have any of you ever read *The Immense Journey* by Loren Eiseley? It's a very beautiful book and contains an episode that seems relevant to my point. Some birds are nesting, and they have little nestlings. Other birds ring the whole forest clearing. A great raven comes along. The parent birds are terrified and try to chase the raven away. Of course, the raven pays no attention. He goes directly to the nest and, in front of their horrified eyes, gobbles up their little ones, one by one, just like that. Then he flies off. The whole clearing lapses into

stunned silence. Then, after a while, as Loren Eisley watched from across the clearing, a bird sang a favorite little song; another one picked it up, then another, until the whole chorus was singing. Finally, one of the parents picked up the song, and then the other parent, and then the whole thing erupted into song. Life goes on. I guess that's what I was thinking, too. It's time to sing songs again.

So I think we all know that wilderness affects our lives, not just in scenery or wildlife and fresh air. Wilderness, in the end and at the bottom for each one of us, is something of the spirit, very deep in our own souls.

In that sense, the passage of the Wilderness Act of 1964 doesn't, to me, seem out of place at all. It was not an aberration in American politics. Rather, it was an obvious thing — part of the natural progression of ourselves as a whole people, an American people. I think the Wilderness Act is just as significant a statement of our collective value system as one American people as were the Child Labor Laws, the Social Security System, or the Bill of Rights. In the truest sense, it really says how we feel about our land and our country.

### *A Part of Our Culture*

And you know, I think it goes way, way back, too. Wilderness and the love for it and the awe of it really is a part of our culture.

In 1775, a botanist named William Bartram traveled through the then virgin forests of the southern Appalachians, and he wrote about their beauty, lamenting their passing and pleading for their protection. He sounded like one of us. Not long after, writers like James Fenimore Cooper and William Cullen Bryant wrote about the wilderness. They said, "Look, we've got something very special here in America. Europe has palaces and museums; we have the wilderness which makes us uniquely American." A bit later the Hudson River School of painters glorified scenes of the American wilderness up along the Adirondack country and the upper Hudson. Yet a bit later, we had Thoreau, Emerson, and others.

Remember, it was Thoreau in 1847 who said, "In wildness is the preservation of the world." That was a unique idea, an American idea. I believe that it had come from all of the efforts before, all the writings before, all the growing feelings about the American wilderness.

You read of a group of journalists in the 1850s who, as the West was being rapidly developed, started writing in *Harpers* and *Atlantic*, saying, "Hey, shouldn't some of this just stay the way it is? Shouldn't just some of it be set aside? It's really special. It's unique to our continent."

The first political expression of these ideas that had been gathering over the past century occurred in 1872. That year saw the passage of the act setting aside Yellowstone National Park. That law told us a lot about ourselves as a people. Among many other things, it set aside as a permanent pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the American people, Yellowstone, a wilderness then far more remote and far more vast to Americans than anything is to us now, in Alaska or in any other place.

Now we have the greatest system of parks and wilderness areas and other protected areas in the entire world. What greater expression of any nation's love for its land and feeling for its heritage could there than these living monuments, set aside forever? What could be greater evidence of the love of a country and its land than the love shown by us, and people like us, all over the United States? Ever since the beginnings of our country, Americans have written about wilderness, dreamed about it, fought for it.

I wrote an article about four years ago for the *University of Idaho Law School Journal* tracing the development and evolution of wildernesses in our culture. It's really interesting to researchers to see what they said back then. I'm proud to have been part of this movement to save the best of what we now have for all time. I'm proud to be a part of this crusade to rescue the best of the American earth. I think it's been very, very good for our country, very, very good for Idaho, very, very good for the Northwest.

## *It All had to be Fought For*

We should never forget that it all had to be fought for. All across the Northwest now stand living monuments to those who did stand and fight when the time came—Hell's Canyon, the Wenaha Tu Cannon, Frank Church-River of No Return, Alpine Lakes, Sawtooths, Bob Marshall—wonderful wilderness monuments all. So, too, we have memories of defeats and places lost that I don't think should have been lost: Dworshak Dam on the Clearwater, logging scars on the tributaries of the Lochsa, and destroyed game habitat all over the Oregon Cascades and in the Kettle Range. Yes, we have to strike a balance between wilderness and other uses, of course. But the fact is that tens of millions of acres have already been committed to commodity development.

What we have left now is not only the least developed lands, but also the last wilderness we have and are ever going to have.

That's where we are so far. We've seen, I think, that wilderness has a very deep meaning to the collective psyche of our whole people, as well as to each of us personally. And we've seen how the landmark achievement of the Wilderness Act of 1964 was really a natural reflection of that impulse. We've also seen that since then millions of acres of fine wilderness lands have been added to the system; 8.5 million acres were added this year alone in 18 state wilderness bills. It's an incredible outpouring by the Congress; the largest individual additions since the wilderness act itself in the lower 48 states—a million acres in Washington, almost a million in Oregon, more than 700 thousand in Montana. We added, as you know, nearly 80 million acres in Alaska lands nearly four years ago. Millions more before that. These, in my mind, have been great achievements, indeed, and they far outweigh the losses.

Another achievement that I have to mention to this audience is that you killed the terrible Idaho Wilderness Bill this year, too. Five hundred and twenty-six thousand acres from eight million roadless acres is hardly a balance, hardly a compromise. I really hope that we can persuade the Idaho delegation to do a little bit better. We still have a lot to do if

we care, and there's not much more time. There are such beautiful places left, especially here in Idaho.

Idaho, which is my pick of all the states, deserves to be called "The Wilderness State," not the "Famous Potatoes" state. I like potatoes, too, but my gosh, we have more superlative remaining unprotected wilderness resources right here than in any other place in the lower 48 states. Unfortunately, we also seem to have the congressional delegation that is least interested in protecting any of it. From the cedar forests of Lost Canyon to the ponderosa forests around the Sawtooths, from the elk habitat of the Great Burn to the superb forests of the Mallard-Larkins country, from the wild places of the Lemhi and Pioneer ranges under Forest Service jurisdiction to the great expanses of the desert canyons in the south under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Land Management — it's all still there.

The BLM, I have to say parenthetically, seems to be an agency which, although directed by law to review 25 million acres for wilderness — much of it here in this state — seems determined to permit every kind of development activity everywhere it can be done, no matter what the other resource values. That's a shame, and it ought to be changed. I predict that the BLM lands will be the next big wilderness battleground, especially in this state, after we can, I hope, persuade our delegation to pass a reasonable bill in the next few years.

### *We've Come a Long Way*

There's no question that we've come a long way in the twenty years since the passage of the Wilderness Act: long in terms of numbers of organizations devoted to protection of wilderness, long in terms of their size and sophistication — far better off than we were 20 years ago—long also in terms of acceptance of the idea by the whole American people. There has always been a strong feeling about wilderness among the whole people. The latest numbers, I thought, were truly astounding. Last spring a national poll conducted by Stanford Research Institute showed that 92 percent of the American people want more wilderness. It's what the pollsters

call a valence system, and it's beyond question that the people want wilderness. I know in some places, such as Idaho, it's a little bit different. But I suspect it's not all that much different — if we ask the right questions.

We've also come a long way, indeed, in terms of places made safe. It's easy to forget how much we've done sometimes because we're naturally always deeply embroiled in the battles and the passions of the moment. Just for fun, before I end here, I want us to take a quick look at where we've come in the four Northwest states over the last twenty years, because all these are part of the memories I want to share with you, in case you haven't had a chance to reflect as I have.

Montana: The big issues in the mid-1960s, I remember, were dams on the Sun River and reclassification of the Mission Mountains, perhaps protection of something called the Lincoln Statehood Area. Now those issues are so long behind us nobody can even remember them. Now we're fighting for other places like the Pioneers and Scotchman Peak that only a few people ever heard of at that time. Here in Idaho the big issues were the restoration of the Magruder Corridor to the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness, protection and reclassification of the Idaho Primitive Area and the Sawtooth Primitive Area. We were victorious in the Sawtooths in 1970; we won a great victory there, and in the Idaho Primitive Area in 1980. Hell's Canyon was to become the scene of one our most stunning victories in 1975; it was barely a gleam in anyone's eye at that time. No one thought there was any chance of doing anything in Hell's Canyon. No one had ever heard of places like Gospel Hump or the Palisades or Long Canyon or Great Burn or Mallard-Larkins. They weren't even on anyone's list at all.

In Oregon, the big ones were saving part of the Minam River drainage out of the Eagle Cap Wilderness, part of the Oregon Cascades, like French Pete Creek; and places like the Kalmiopsis, just a name nobody could pronounce and still can't very well. No one heard ever heard of the North Fork John Day. As you know, we won most of these battles and are well on the way toward winning the rest right now.

In Washington State, the big one was over the North Cascades Park — we won that in 1968. Other place names, like Wenaha Tu Cannon, Norse Peak (which no one had ever heard of), Alpine Lakes and Cougar Lakes, were remote dreams. All these are long past us now.

So I say, if we look at the record, that long and beautiful and passionate story of our struggles of the Northwest wilderness over the past twenty years, it's pretty doggone outstanding. We've done very well; we've won most of our battles, often stunningly and overwhelmingly, and we've succeeded in most of what we've set out to do — from Lincoln Scapegoat to French Pete, from Hell's Canyon to the River of No Return, from Boulder River to Cougar Lakes. Time and again we've taken on all the odds; time and again we've faced up to the most bitter opposition. We've persevered, we've ached, we've bled and finally we've won, again, again, and again. Now I guess it's time to look forward, time to move on while there's still time. And that's a promise, isn't it? A promise of more battles to come, yes. But also the promise of great rewards and victories, just as in the past.

We who believe in the values of wilderness have done it before; we overcame great odds, and we can do it again with even more support than we had twenty years ago. That's the promise of the future.

### *How Do You Save It?*

How did we do it? Before I end, I just want to talk a little bit about this common question, because I often get asked, "How do you do these things?"; "How do you save it if you haven't been involved yet?"

There's no real answer; there are many answers and many of you are veterans of issues and campaigns. Let's talk a little bit about it. There are two basic sets of answers. One is the nitty-gritty: you get organized, you join organizations. There's nothing like a local organization to fight to save a place; that really does it. You learn about the place, you map it out, you find out what the conflicts are, you draw boundaries, you get support, and you work through the process. Finally, if you're willing to wait long enough, you can win. It took 11 years to establish a North Cascades Park; it took 25 years to save



French Pete in Oregon, it took some 20 years to save the River of No Return. These things go on and on, but you do win eventually if you're willing to stay there and hang in with it. That's the nitty-gritty of it.

But, there's a more simple way. People will often ask me, "Is there a magic formula; is there a way to do this that is universally applied?" Years ago when I was younger, I said there was no such thing. I didn't know that much then, and I said there was no simple way. You just have to keep trying different kinds of things.

But now I'm older, and I've been through a lot more battles and issues, and I think there is a magic formula. If you listen very carefully, I'm going to say it softly. It's just four words and it works everytime, I guarantee it. It's called "endless pressure, endlessly applied." That's a formula that works if you're willing to stay at it long enough.

It isn't always this organized, and I thought I'd tell you two quick stories just to give you the flavor of how these things sometimes begin, in case you're thinking of getting into saving an area. One is a story of Hell's Canyon.

It was back in 1967 and I had just started working for the Sierra Club. I was first based in Seattle, and Idaho was part of my territory. I'd been over here a couple times, but I didn't know much about anything. We had an emissary come over from Idaho, across the mountains and across the rivers, to see the Sierra Club in Seattle (because that was the only Sierra Club at that time). He was a jet boater in Hell's Canyon. He said, "Please help us save the famous Snake River. It needs help and they're going to put dams in it and dam up this beautiful gorge here."

Well, they said, "That sounds like something we're interested in. Evans, get over and look into that."

I said, "Yes sir, I'll look into that," because I was the paid employee then. I wasn't really sure what the heck to do, but I looked into it and found out that a case had gone to the Supreme Court as to whether to permit dams or not. There was a conflict, you may remember, between the public power companies and the private power companies.

There was no issue about saving the river. The only issue was which combine was going to build the dams to flood out the rest of Hell's Canyon. That was the situation in May 1967. In the Supreme Court there wasn't even any other issue except who should get the permit.

I subscribed to the *Lewiston Tribune*, which I read every day as part of my job, and I noticed that in July the Supreme Court handed down its decision. It didn't make the headlines in Seattle, but it sure made the headlines in Idaho. It said, "Justice Douglas says there's another issue. Justice Douglas says that the case has to be remanded for another trial as to whether there should be a dam at all." I thought, ah-ha, I'm a lawyer and I know about those things. Remand means . . . .

Well, I was naive and I wasn't sure what to do, so I wrote the Supreme Court a letter. I said, "Dear Gentlemen of the Supreme Court: I see you're sending the thing back to a new trial before the Federal Power Commission. Does that mean anyone else can get involved in the case?"

I got a letter back about the end of July saying, "Well yes, sonny, you can get involved if you want to."

Well, I wanted to. Since I didn't know what to do, since it was a trial before the Federal Power Commission, I went down to the King County Law Library and looked through all the form books that lawyers use for a petition for interventions. There was no such thing, so I made one up. I said all the whereas this and whereas that, and then I had to find some plaintiffs to file the case to intervene.

The deadline was September 30th, and all the people I wanted to get together were groups from Idaho, Oregon and Washington — to make it bipartisan. It took me a whole month to prepare it and find all the people and to get them all to agree, because no one had ever filed an environmental case before. Finally, 20 minutes before midnight on August 31, I got all the things copied, signed, sealed and stamped by everybody and took it down to Sea-Tac Airport to be shipped off to Washington. There it was.

About two weeks later, I got this angry phone call from my former law firm, a law firm that represented the public

power company. They said, "What the heck are you doing here, Evans? How dare you?"

I said, "I'm not working for you anymore. We're doing this and we really believe in it."

To make a long story short, we had a three-year bitter trial on this case. Those three years bought us precious time. We wanted to win, but we knew we didn't have a chance because of the judge and the Federal Power Commission. But we put on a case for wild rivers, and we were helped by some agencies from the state of Idaho and by other people. It gave new heart to those all around the Northwest who thought it was a lost cause. It wasn't a lost cause. We were going to get in there and fight, and we fought for three years in the court.

At the same time, we organized the Hell's Canyon Preservation Council based in Idaho Falls and Oregon. We fought that thing through as well. I remember coming through here just before the first trial in September 1967. I took my first trip up the river. I was just stunned by the magnificence of it; I just couldn't believe any place was so unknown and so beautiful. I was walking up there along the banks of the river with Cliff Merritt of the Wilderness Society. We said, "This can't just be another battle to stop the dam. This is all magnificent, all around it. Let's think bigger. So we got the idea of something called the Hell's Canyon/Snake River National Recreation Area. Something like that, with big boundaries.

We sat down and drew the maps. I got down on my hands and knees in my office in Seattle and looked at the area and drew a line around here. That looked pretty and nice; we'd flown over it and seen it. That became the basis for the Hell's Canyon National Recreational Area. As you all know, we fought battles for eight more years, and in 1975 Hell's Canyon NRA was signed into law with almost the exact boundaries that we drew: 668,000 acres. I just thought I'd tell you that to show how these things aren't organized all the time. They start from nothing and go to great victories.

Another victory was the Alpine Lakes Wilderness, 400,000 acres just east of Seattle. We had just fought the North Cascades battle and we were nearing the end of that in

1967-68. In the meantime, we had a proposal for a small wilderness area in the Alpine Lakes area, but there wasn't any attention or focus on it. It wasn't big enough for people to pay attention to it. I thought that we should think of another formula, another way to protect it. Wilderness is nice, but there's a lot of country with roads in it that also ought to be protected and managed for recreation. We got the idea for a wilderness core twice as big as we ever thought about before, surrounded by an area of 900,000 roaded acres that should be managed for recreation.

That became the basis of our proposal for the next six or seven years of battle. That transformed into debate because all at once we got a lot more support from other people besides wilderness people. It also terrified the politicians, because instead of asking for 180,000 acres we were asking for 900,000 acres. Oh boy, they didn't like that at all. But the politics of it were such that we could go into the congressman's office, and he'd say, "Brock, I can vote for you on a 400,000 acre wilderness, but I can't go for you for 900,000 acres." The year before they said they weren't even saying they'd go with us on 400,000 acres. They wanted 180,000.

We said, "No, we want the whole thing, 900,000 acres." We fought like mad for it, and we got 400,000 acres. We had wanted it all and were disappointed. But I thought I'd tell you these stories to show you how things begin and get organized and great causes build around them.

### *The Rewards: Very True . . . Very Deep*

We're coming near the end here, and we've talked a lot about the progress over the last twenty years and the promise for the next twenty years. There's one more thing I'd like to leave with you. I think we should also never forget the rewards for us in what we do. It's too easy in the heat of the moment of the daily battles to lose sight of the fact that the rewards are there and are very true and very, very deep.

I'd like to finish with a little story of one such reward that came very early in my own career. That was in the North Cascades that you've heard me talk about several times. I think we all know that in the North Cascades in Washington State there are mountains up near Canada, often called the

Wilderness Alps, and very beautiful country, indeed. Back in the 1950s and early 1960s the Forest Service, which had jurisdiction over the land, was embarked on a program of full-scale logging in all the valleys that we didn't think should be logged, opening up the area to mining. A small group of people thought that was the wrong thing to do. We pleaded with the Forest Service to change the policies; the policies did not change. A small band of people got the idea of creating a large national park and stopping that forever. I joined them a few years later. As usual in the case of these issues, almost all the press and politicians were hostile to us and the public was basically apathetic.

We just fought on. I have lots of memories of giving speeches in logging towns on rainy nights and getting hooted down, and lots of memories of licking, stuffing, stamping, and folding parties, and lots of memories of aches and tears when it all seemed lost and hopeless and that we never really could win. But, to make a long and very beautiful story short, finally after years of this kind of effort and struggle, we won. In 1968, after years of hearings, the Congress of the United States of America created a 700,000-acre North Cascades National Park; safe forever. You know how people are — we celebrated a little bit and then we went on. There were a lot of other battles: Alpine Lakes, Hell's Canyon and others to fight on.

It wasn't until about six months after the park was established that I had my first occasion to call up the superintendent of the new park. I remember getting the number from information, picking up the phone, dialing it and listening to it ring. The receptionist picked up the phone and she said, "North Cascades National Park." And I held that phone and wept; I wept tears of my memories of logging town nights and getting hooted down, and the licking, stuffing, and stamping and folding parties flooded through me, and I just wept.

That was my reward; that was all of our rewards, because that was our gift of love to the whole American people. That was our reward forever. And so when now I say to you we are about to go on and fight your battles for your beautiful state, those are your rewards, too. You can do it, go on out and do it!

## QUESTIONS

**Q:** *It seems that wilderness often is appreciated more by people who are either from nonwilderness country, or at least in Idaho's case, from out of the state. What can we do to counteract the apathetic attitude of the people brought up around wilderness who seem to take it for granted, at least in our city?*

**BE:** That's a good question and an important one here, I know. It's ironic, isn't it, that the state with the most magnificent resource seems not to appreciate it. I really believe Idahoans love their land and their state and want it to stay the way it is. I've been to hearing after hearing in this state where person after person has gotten up saying, "I don't want any of this wilderness stuff, I want it to stay just like it is." That tells us something, doesn't it? People do want it to stay just like it is, but the word wilderness, thanks to our congressional delegation and others, has been given a bad image. There is a way to overcome that and it's a hard nitty-gritty kind of work, but it's basically done by person-to-person contact. Getting folks in towns most affected talking to each other, not we coming from Boise talking to them, but them talking to each other. It's nitty-gritty slow work and the work of organizing. I suggested to someone the other day about organizing a "Citizens for Responsible Development" organization, using their language and their rhetoric. We consider wanting 2 or 3 million acres of wilderness as very responsible from the 8 or 9 million that we're talking about. What could be more balanced than that? Let's use the words; we know it's responsible. We can do it through a slow educational job. The present political climate isn't the greatest, but I noticed we had the power to stop this bad wilderness bill, and even they were proposing some compromise already, so you weren't doing as badly as you think. It's a slow kind of work; it's a step-by-step educational process.

I was telling someone today that Oregon has a reputation of being the best conservation state around. And we all read their PR; they have a great public relations machine over there. But I remember in the 1960s Oregon was the worst state in my territory, by far. How did things transform in Oregon? It was transformed because people worked at it very hard, and you can, too. That isn't very encouraging; there's no magic formula. "Endless pressure, endlessly applied" is one, but it means day in and day out, and contacting people in the local areas.

We often forget that in issues like this that we don't need to get 100 percent of all the people with us; we need only 51 percent of the votes, that's all. In some areas you need only a strong nucleus

of people who are willing to stand up and speak out to say that not everyone in our community is unanimous on this subject. We love our land and we want it to stay safe the way it is. I say slug it out; stick it out because you're going to make these places safe. These things come and go in ebbs and cycles, and sometimes there are ups and sometimes there are downs. We're maybe in a down period, but you know, we're not nearly as far down as we were in the early 1950s or 1960s. Things are changing here; keep at it.

**Q:** *You give the impression that a lot of the successes occurred from a case-by-case situation and from one area to another. There seems to be a tendency recently for all the wilderness bills to be giant packaged deals, and states that want to talk about acres. It seems like the actual specific areas are lost, especially in the Idaho situation where the Governor had one acreage in mind and McClure had another and industry had another. Do you think that even though it might take longer, the case-by-case situation might be a better way to attack a wilderness issue in terms of pulling it down more to a local area?*

**BE:** Well, there's no substitute, in my view, for a strong organization concentrating on a single place, like the Alpine Lakes Protection Society, the Hell's Canyon Preservation Council, or whatever it might be with a single focus. The large packaged state bills, that we've now done all over the country, are really a reflection of the growing political power of the wilderness movement. Each area inside those bills had to be fought for and argued over and had some strong support or they got dropped out of the bill. It just means we're more powerful and are able to do more things all at once than before. So, I guess the answer really would be yes, let's get a strong local group working for a local area. That will guarantee that it gets in the big bill or gets done by itself; sometimes it works both ways. Again, the tendency to the larger bills just means we can do more at a time because we didn't have the political strength years ago to do a whole big Washington State bill or an Oregon bill, and now we do.

**Q:** *I grew up in the Seattle area and I spent a lot of time as a child in the Alpine Lakes region before it was even called wilderness. I use to go to Jade Lake when no one else even knew about it. Jade Lake happened to be named for its color; it's probably no longer that shade. It's one of the highest used recreation areas, wilderness or nonwilderness. It's now a backcountry dispersed recreation area in western Washington. I also remember the Wanaha Tu Cannon fight; I helped with the group that helped get that wilderness established. The weekend after the bill was signed we had our little celebration. We went down there*

*and in a weekend I saw more people there than I had in the seven previous trips to the main drainage there. They were there because it was now wilderness. Sometimes the wilderness designation so popularizes an area that it's difficult to protect the kinds of things the legislation was intended to protect. As you go around and see these names that are unknown to people — Mallard-Larkins, Gospel Hump — do you ever have an inkling of doubt over whether you ought to bring them to everyone's attention?*

**BE:** Sure I do. I've been in many internal councils and meetings where we've been talking about these things. People say, "For God's sake, don't name this place: it's my favorite place. It will be overrun and loved to death." That's an unfortunate fact of natural resources politics in 20th century America, isn't it? It's either love it to death or log it to death. That's a problem we face. If there's an alternative to that it would be very nice; whether to road it or leave it open.

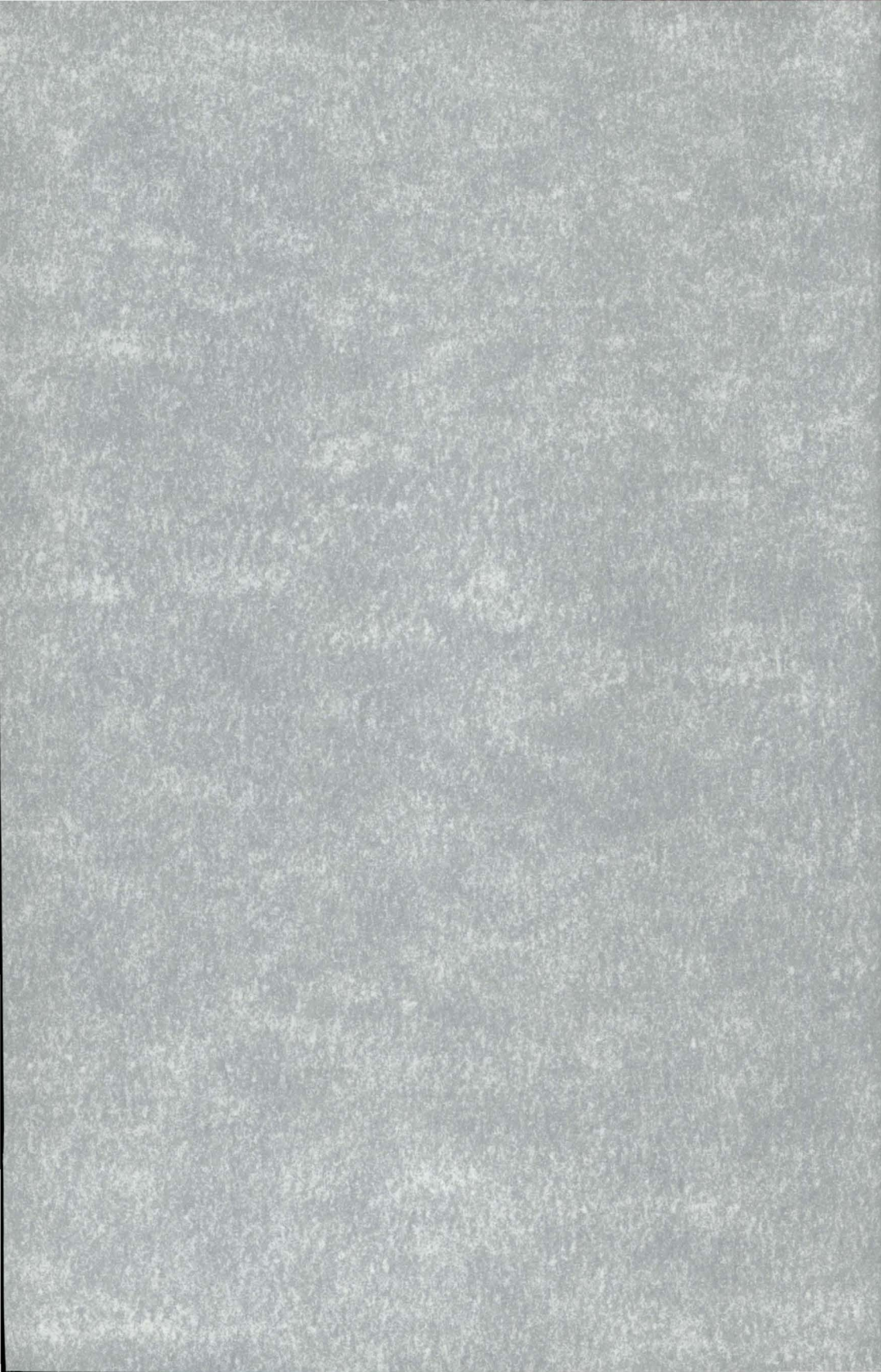
Someone once said not long ago, that if we had real multiple-use practiced by the agencies where they really did recognize other values than resource extraction and really gave them protection, we wouldn't need so much wilderness; that's the problem. The wilderness movement is really a reaction to agency policies which don't guarantee protection. They don't guarantee the place I hiked over one summer and dreamed over will be there next summer. That's what happened to me: the places weren't there anymore. That's why people got angry. The agencies, I think, have hurt themselves by that policy. Sure, it concerns me, but if the choice is increased use or having a road or logging a place that I don't think should be logged. It's an easy choice, isn't it? That's the argument against national parks as well, but the difference is that a park forbids mining, and it protects other resources like that. At least when you have a wilderness area you can have management restrictions; you can control use in some way. None of us really want that, but I'd rather have that than the alternative.

*Q: I think it's important to recognize the battles that are won even against some really strong opposition and tough times.*

**BE:** I hope my speech did that. I agree with you. We should never forget that; we should never forget the victories of the past because they were won just as you said, over just as tough odds as we think we're facing now; even more tough odds sometimes. Those people fought when their time came and now our time has come. We have to fight, too.





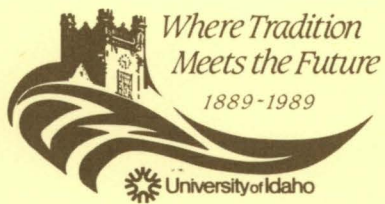


*The University of Idaho Wilderness Research Center has initiated the Wilderness Resource Distinguished Lecture-ship as an annual event to encourage constructive dialogue and to broaden understanding of the wilderness resource. Speakers are invited on the basis of contributions to the philosophical or scientific rationale of wilderness management.*

*Other activities of the Wilderness Research Center include promotion of sound methods of protective management; stimulation of interdisciplinary research; support of a graduate student assistantship and of summer research projects for undergraduate students; sponsorship of annual field trips for Wildland Recreation Management students; and other similar wilderness-related activities appropriate to the mission of a land grant university.*

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