

High Country News

March 27, 1989

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A Paper for People who Care about the West

One dollar

In Montana:

Grass-roots group may be Astroturf

by Richard Manning

At first it looked like simply another battle over trees, but this particular environmental war in western Montana has a political twist.

For public consumption, the Montana-based group called Communities for a Great Northwest claims to be a community-based, grass-roots group designed to foster balanced use of the Northern Rockies' vast reaches of public lands.

"What is Communities for a Great Northwest? It's people," chirps one of the group's brochures. "People from all walks of life. It's business people and workers, loggers and backpackers, ranchers and wildlife photographers. It's mothers and fathers and kids and seniors."

The group's internal memos and minutes, obtained through confidential sources, paint a different picture. They show a group closely allied with and

financially dependent on the timber industry.

The memos, written by the group's director, Bruce Vincent, also show partisan political support for conservative Republican Rep. Ron Marlenee, which would be a violation of federal tax law if the organization is granted the tax-exempt status it seeks.

Vincent's writings are less kind to the Democrats in the state's delegation. He referred to an aide to Montana Sen. Max Baucus as "fairly dangerous" and to a staffer of Montana Rep. Pat Williams as "simply a pig."

Vincent was confronted with the statements in an interview. He acknowledged them, said some reflected poor judgment and admitted he was chastised by a member of his own steering committee for his close ties to Marlenee. But he still maintains that he heads a grass-roots political movement.

Vincent first grabbed public attention in Montana last spring when he organized a convoy of several hundred log trucks to dramatize what the industry

says is a short supply of logs in the region. That event drew national news coverage that portrayed Vincent's movement as sort of a Rocky Mountain populism similar to that which swept the nation when farmers were going bankrupt a few years ago.

It also placed the organization at the focal point of an intense political debate. Timber, western Montana's leading industry, is in trouble.

The industry blames wilderness legislation, appeals by environmental groups and the Forest Service for a shortage of logs. A major factor the industry doesn't mention is that, for at least the past decade, two major corporations have been cutting trees much faster than they'll grow back, virtually stripping the 1.7 million acres of lands owned by Champion International and Plum Creek Timber Co. Now that they have begun to exhaust the supplies of their own logs, the two corporations have begun intense pressure for greater access to federal trees.

That pressure came to a head last year in the debate over the state's wilderness bill, which would have designated an additional 1.4 million acres of wilderness. The bill cleared Congress, but President Reagan vetoed it.

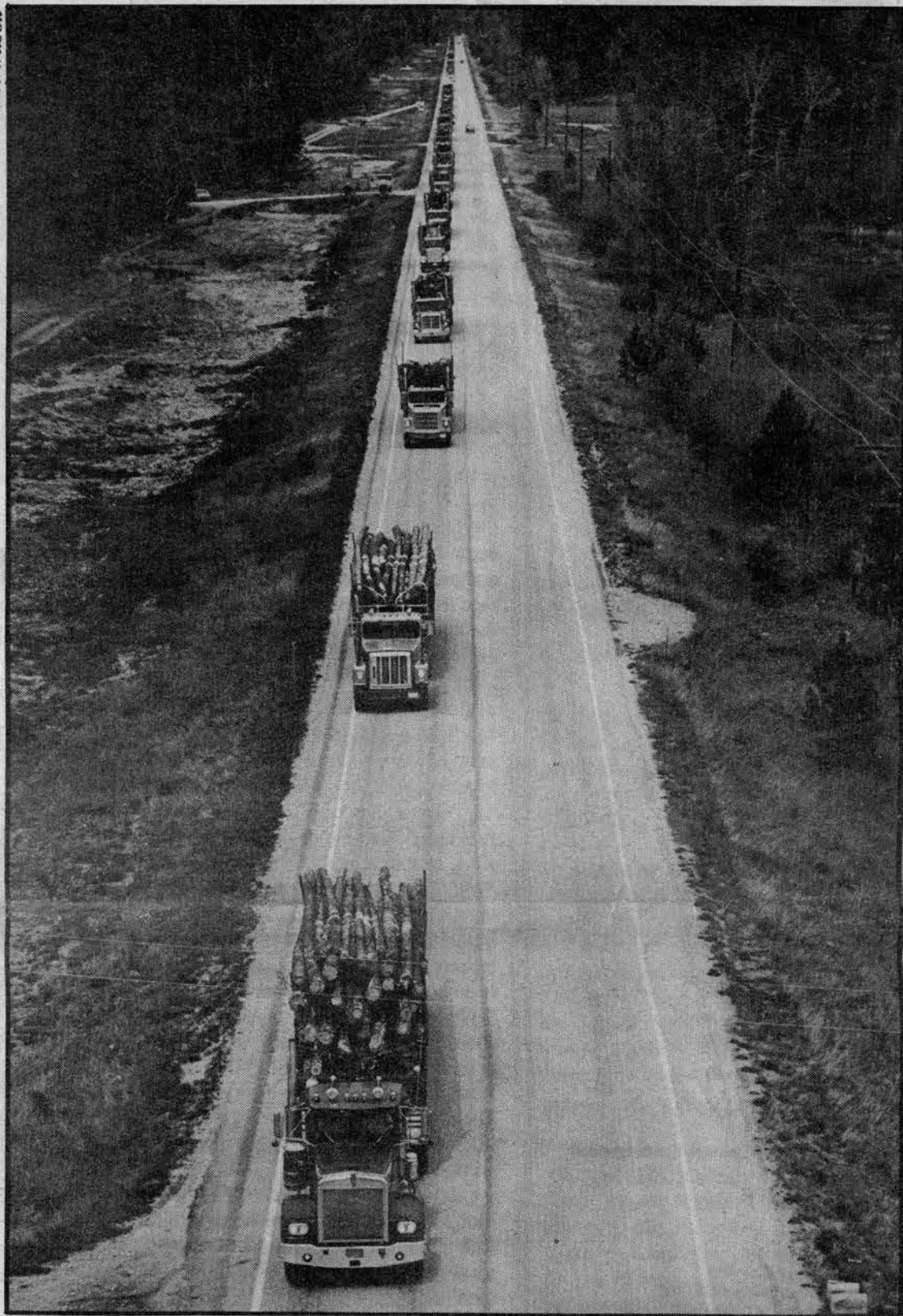
Vincent took a vocal stand in that debate, claiming to represent middle ground between environmentalists and industry. His group used its "independent" voice to oppose wilderness. However, in a report written about his testimony in the Senate, Sept. 27-28, Vincent spelled out his hidden agenda.

First, in assessing the testimony of two timber industry lobbyists, Jim Riley and Mark Rey, Vincent wrote, "Mark Rey and Jim Riley both hold up their (our) end admirably." The parentheses are Vincent's. His report reveals that he tried to convince the senators and staffers that he was in a more neutral position.

"Accusations were hotly shared with

(Continued on page 10)

Kurt Wilson



Logging trucks converged on Darby, Montana, last spring in a demonstration organized by David Vincent to show the needs of the wood products industry

Dear friends,



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Changes in Paonia

All during the 1970s, the annual banquet of the Paonia Chamber of Commerce was dominated by coal, as befits a town whose future, it was felt, was tied to that commodity. Then, after the energy bust, the chamber banquets came to be dominated by tourism. But the most recent banquet, held on March 17, took a bounce we couldn't have predicted: It was dominated by the environment. The keynote speaker talked of the ozone hole, global warming, the need to develop solar energy and his intention to build a home that wasn't tied to an electric grid.

Although coal is busted, it still supplies 200 jobs in the North Fork Valley, and we were a bit nervous about the reception this talk would receive. But we need not have worried. The talk got a standing ovation, and after the banquet, people lined up to have the speaker autograph the evening's program.

We wouldn't, however, advise everyone to go into even a former coal town and talk about the damage power plants do to the earth's climate. But if you are Dennis Weaver, you can probably get away with it. Weaver didn't come to town a stranger. Everyone in the audience knew him, so familiar was his face and voice from years as Chester on the television series, *Gunsmoke*, and later from his own series, *McCloud*. Chester was the limping, not-too-swift assistant to Marshall Dillon, and McCloud was the Western law enforcement officer who found himself attached to a New York City police precinct.

Weaver didn't get up on stage and just launch into his environmental talk. First, he told about his childhood on the West Coast as a migrant fruit picker, and then about his work on behalf of the homeless. He also told about the only person at a Sunday service who didn't raise his hand when the preacher asked: "Who here wants to go to heaven?" As soon as the service ended, the shocked preacher asked the man, "Don't you want to go to heaven when you die?" The man replied, "Oh, when I die. Sure. I thought you were organizing a group to go right now."

It was then that Weaver got into global warming and ozone holes, and in this ranching area, he only lightly touched on his vegetarianism and never mentioned his views on guns and hunting. After his talk, he coaxed his wife onto the stage and closed the evening by singing several songs, including a love song he had written for her, while he accompanied himself on the guitar. (He had assured the audience at the beginning of the talk that he had never given a talk before, and that he couldn't sing.)

Weaver's singing and playing were first rate, but even more striking was the fact that this television and movie star was serenading a woman he had been married to for 35 years. The evening shattered all our stereotypes of Hollywood and show biz.

The presence of Weaver turned what was usually a 100 or so person event at \$10 per into a 300 person event at \$20 per. The key to the evening was a new family in town. Gene and Cindy Hartline make their living as Hollywood stunt people. Until December, they had lived in the San Fernando Valley. But, as Gene tells it, the traffic finally got to him. He found himself arranging his life according to traffic jams.

"If I had to make a left turn to reach my bank, I'd change to a bank I could reach with a right turn." Gene, a large man whose appearance also lets him play bit parts as heavies, got so frustrat-

ed with the traffic that he finally took a turn that led him to a small ranch on Bone Mesa, outside of Paonia. With the miracle of telecommunications, his San Fernando telephone number rings in his barn and lets him function as if he were still on the West Coast.

The couple's first question on reaching the North Fork Valley was: "What do people do here?" Cindy, who is semi-retired from stunts, thanks to a young daughter, said her second question was: "What will I do here?" They are starting a small factory to manufacture juvenile furniture, and it is their efforts that brought Weaver to the Paonia banquet. The Weavers, by the way, have taken a turn that brought them to nearby Ridgeway, Colo., where they are building their solar home.

HCN is a young adult

Long-time readers will be interested to know that *High Country News* will be 20 years old this January. To honor this anniversary (china), we are planning a special commemorative issue, and that led us a few weeks ago to sit down and read the first 15 years of *HCN*. Among the articles that stood out was a wonderful feature by Bruce Hamilton, who was then the paper's managing editor. When we heard of Edward Abbey's death on March 14, we went back to that article and decided that it would be an appropriate way to mark his passing. The article is reprinted on pages 12 and 13.

A new intern

Born in Denver, Colo., new intern Bonnie Hall has spent the last few years inching her way steadily west to escape the city, with stints in Boulder, Gunnison, Crested Butte and now Paonia.

"I seem to have a penchant for doing things twice," she says, "as evidenced by the fact that I have two bachelor degrees and will soon have two internships behind me." She earned a B.A. in communication arts in 1979 and, more recently, a B.A. in environmental conservation from the University of Colorado.

Her first internship involved analyzing and monitoring Forest Service timber plans for the Colorado Mountain Club Conservation Division. Last spring and summer, she worked for the Southwest Parks and Monuments Association.

Get your free sample

We thank Arlo Peterson of Limon, Colo., for sending us the names and addresses of 15 friends and groups, along with a note saying that some of them may be interested in subscribing to *HCN*. They will receive two samples of the paper. If you know of people who

HOTLINE

You can't please everyone

Foreign journalists covering the World Alpine Ski Championships in Vail seem to have gone home unimpressed. While many appreciated the quality of the skiing and the snow, some told the *Denver Post* that Vail was boring and artificial. "There's a sort of blandness; I think there is very little I will remember," said a correspondent for London's *Daily Telegraph*. Although Vail officials worked hard to impress the foreign ski community, and although the town itself was modeled in the early 1960s after European ski villages, some foreign journalists said they preferred the unpretentiousness of a nearby busted mining town. "For us the best place is Minturn



Bonnie Hall

should be reading *HCN*, we'll be glad to send them samples if you will send us the names and addresses.

Spell it right

We also thank reader Dick Guadagno for telling us that the name of an oil-shale pioneer mentioned in the Feb. 27 issue should have been Tell Ertl, rather than Tell Urtle. We had it two ways.

Freelance writers are usually careful not to give away their work, so we knew we had deeply angered Ed Quillen of Salida, Colo. He sent in a three-page letter about this column's comparison of "Native" bumper stickers to the Ku Klux Klan. There is no room in this issue for Ed's letter, but there is room for an apology. The comparison was thoughtless and out of line.

Check your mail

Assuming the U.S. Post Office cooperates, all subscribers should soon receive a survey from *HCN*. Staff member Linda Bacigalupi spent much time preparing the survey so that you will only have to spend minutes answering it.

Although the survey is short, it is important. The first question, for example, asks you to tell us how your address label should read. Another question asks if we may continue to very selectively exchange your name with other organizations. And no question asks about your income, the kind of car you drive or your favorite backpack.

The mailing also contains the third Research Fund appeal. Normally, we send the appeal only to those who have not yet contributed to the current drive. In this case, it was far cheaper to include the card with the survey. If you have already contributed to the 1988-1989 drive, please throw away the card (but not the survey). If you have not yet contributed, please consider doing so.

—Ed Marston for the staff

because it is natural. It is like when we go into our own mountains," said an Italian correspondent.

Efficiency chops jobs

Increases in productivity — not reductions in timber harvest — caused most of the lost jobs in Oregon's timber industry, a Portland State University study has concluded. The study, which made a statistical analysis of the timber industry throughout the state, found that while production of both lumber and plywood increased from 1976-86, the number of jobs decreased. Some 55 percent of that loss, it concluded, was due to increases in productivity; 25 percent was caused by reductions in labor-intensive plywood production as well as increases in raw log exports; and only 20 percent came from a reduction in the timber harvest.

WESTERN ROUNDUP



Kent and Donna Danner

Rock Lake National Wildlife Refuge in North Dakota, a "duck factory"

Nation's duck factories are drained away

Prairie potholes of Montana, the Dakotas, Minnesota and Iowa are the most productive ecosystems in the U.S., says a Department of Interior study. They are also the most threatened.

Of the original 20 million acres of prairie wetlands in the U.S., only 7 million acres remain, and the culprit is primarily the government itself.

In 1985, Congress directed the secretary of Interior to study the impact of federal programs on wetlands as a first step in developing greater management consistency by federal agencies. The first volume of the Interior Department's report to Congress, called *The Impact of Federal Programs on Wetlands*, says 65 percent of these critical ecosystems, known as the "duck factories" of North America, have been destroyed by federal programs.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and Bureau of Reclamation did the most damage, eliminating nearly all riparian wetlands in both North and South Dakota. These two agencies built water projects that drowned riparian wetlands and have participated in or sponsored programs to drain potholes to increase farmland acreage.

One quarter of the entire prairie pothole region in North America is in the U.S., serving as habitat for half of all migratory wildlife nesting in the lower 48 states. This wetland ecosystem also supports a diverse wildlife population of deer, mink, raccoon, fox, rabbit and pheasants.

Federal agricultural programs have also contributed to the loss of wetlands through price and income supports, interest rate subsidies, disaster assistance, crop insurance, and the payment-in-kind program of 1983, the report says. The PIK program created a guaranteed income for farmers who left fields fallow that would have otherwise produced surplus crops. But PIK created free time for some farmers, who, says the report, began draining wetlands "in their spare time."

On the brighter side, the federal law called "swampbuster" has deterred some drying up of wetlands. The swampbuster provision of the 1985 Food Security Act excluded anyone who produced a crop on

lands converted from wetlands from eligibility for farm program benefits. Unfortunately, says the report, draining wetlands is sometimes more profitable than losing a year's federal subsidy.

Grimly, the study concludes that most of the unprotected wetlands in the prairie pothole region will eventually be drained and converted to cropland. It does offer modest recommendations, however. With the caveat, "to the extent permitted by budgetary constraints," the report says that by taking advantage of depressed prices for wetlands, the federal government, as well as state, local and private organizations, can acquire title or protective easements to wetlands. The study also recommends encouraging state and local agencies to share the cost of wetlands preservation projects with landowners enrolled in the Conservation Reserve Program. The

CRP currently involves farmers with highly-erodible cropland.

Finally, the study recommends tailoring the existing Corps of Engineers 404 permit program to prairie potholes. Currently, 404 permits for drainage do not require full review for areas under 10 acres. Since 36 percent of all prairie wetlands are smaller than 10 acres, the report recommends closer monitoring of agency coordination between the Corps, Interior and the EPA to better protect these smaller wetlands.

The Impact of Federal Programs on Wetlands, Volume I: The Lower Mississippi Alluvial Plan and the Prairie Pothole Region is available from the Office of Program Analysis, Room 4412, Department of the Interior, 18th and C Sts. NW, Washington, D.C. 20240.

—Steve Ryder

HOTLINE

Utah's wild rumpus

Two Utah congressmen have touched off a duel with their same-day introduction to Congress of very different Utah wilderness bills. Democratic Rep. Wayne Owen's bill proposes approximately 5 million acres of Bureau of Land Management lands for wilderness designation while Republican Rep. Jim Hansen's bill supports the designation of only 1.4 million acres. The difference of opinions between the two senators prompted an exchange of letters early in March. Owens wrote Hansen, "Let the debate begin," and Hansen responded, "Let the wild rumpus start." Hansen originally planned to wait until the BLM had made its final recommendations for wilderness, due later this year, before introducing his bill. But he was hastened by Owens' action, reports the *Deseret News*. Matt Durham, an aide to Owens, said Owens felt it wasn't necessary to wait because his bill included everything that would be in the BLM's proposal — and more. Only 3.9 million acres of Utah's BLM lands are official wilderness study areas and Durham said the BLM proposal will probably include only 2 million of those acres.

Hydro project spins off benefits

A new hydroelectric license for a dam in Idaho will bring a 30-mile section of the Snake River back from the dead. The new license's terms, which irrigation officials have grudgingly accepted, require two Twin Falls, Idaho, canal companies to spill a minimum of 200 cubic-feet-per-second of river flow year-round for development of a rainbow trout fishery. The license also requires the canal companies to spill about 10,000 cfs on weekends in April and May for whitewater floaters. Since 1905, irrigators have shut off the Snake at Milner Dam every summer, diverting its flow into canals for raising crops. Boisean Rob Lesser, an expert kayaker, lauded the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission's order for fish and floating flows. "That's a very good clause," said Lesser, who pleaded for natural flows in hearings last year. "If we had some dependable releases down there, there would be a very strong recreational and commercial boating industry drawing people from Boise, Jackson, Salt Lake City and, of course, Twin Falls."

HOTLINE

Judge rules for sweat lodges

Six Native Americans inside Utah State Prison have won the right to build and use sweat lodges as part of their religious practices. A federal judge ruled March 16 that the pole and blanket structures are legal and that a ban is not in harmony with the U.S. Constitution. Utah state officials said they would review the decision before deciding whether to appeal. Besides Utah, Colorado is the only Western state that prohibits sweat lodges.



Kathleen Marie Menkes

A shedding cow elk

Elk are starving

As private individuals, businesses and humane groups step up their efforts to feed starving elk near Yellowstone, a park biologist says some 5,000 animals have already died. The herd of about 20,000 elk migrate in and out of Yellowstone National Park. Biologist Frank Singer told AP that 10 percent of the elk herd was killed by hunters last fall and another 20 percent might die from scarce food and winter conditions. Not everyone agrees elk should be fed, however. Gallatin Wildlife Association president Joe Gutkoski said, "The money spent on feeding would be better spent on winter range."

New Mexico wins one

The federal government has finally "bought" 345,000 acres of the White Sands Missile Range. The acreage that makes up part of the vast military reservation was confiscated from New Mexico over 40 years ago. Recently, Congress agreed to pay the state \$5.25 million, reports the *Albuquerque Journal*. Congress also gave the state the right to collect future royalties from any minerals mined on the missile range. State Land Commissioner W.R. Humphries says the windfall is mostly earmarked for public schools. This isn't the first time New Mexico has forced the federal government to pay up. In 1987, the state was awarded \$20.5 million as compensation for 270,000 acres taken by the military during World War II.

A pigeon-free zone

Fake owls and ultrasonic booms failed to scare pigeons roosting in Oregon's Trojan Nuclear Power Plant, so plant officials are considering poison. The birds stayed the winter in a building that houses steam pipes, but their droppings, officials fear, may lead to corrosion or spread disease. Poisoned perches are being considered.

BARBS

Maybe they'll call it stritos.

A road de-icer made from corn has been developed by the makers of Fritos, reports the *Deseret News*.

HOTLINE

Elk, driven crazy, runs amok

An elk trapped a 74-year-old woman and a police officer in a Glenwood Springs, Colo., home for three hours. Outside the animal attacked lawn furniture and dented cars. Before the elk ran amok, the woman said she approached the animal with apples to feed it and even scratched it under the chin. "All of a sudden, it got up on its hind legs and lunged at me with its front feet," she told AP. She ran into her house and called a policeman who also had to flee into the house. State wildlife officials then tried to herd the elk out of town, but the crazed animal plunged into the Roaring Fork River. The current swept it under and the elk drowned. Wildlife officials said the elk had probably been harassed all night by dogs, which exhausted and confused her.



Richard Cheney

Wyoming free-for-all

The Senate confirmation of Rep. Richard Cheney as President Bush's Secretary of Defense has started a 40-day free-for-all in Wyoming. After Cheney, R, resigned his congressional seat March 17, Wyoming Gov. Mike Sullivan called a special election for April 26 to name his successor. It will be the first special election in Wyoming's history. State statutes allow 40 days between a resignation and a special election and allow the state's Republican and Democratic 69-member central committees to name one candidate each. Three Democrats have already declared: state Sen. John Vinich, who narrowly lost the U.S. Senate race to Malcolm Wallop last November; attorney Bryan Sharrat, who was soundly beaten by Cheney last year; and state planning coordinator Pete Maxfield, who finished second to Vinich in the 1988 Democratic Senate primary. More than a dozen Republicans have expressed interest, including Dave Nicholas, an unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate from 1986; state Reps. Craig Thomas of Casper, Bill Rohrbach of Cody and Doug Chamberlain of LaGrange; state Sen. John Turner of Moose; former state House Speaker Pat Meenan of Casper; former state party chairman Tom Sansonetti; Cheney staff member Paul Hoffman; and Sweetwater County attorney Tom Zollinger.

Town gets telescopes, but loses mountains

A lot of people in Safford, Ariz., were overjoyed when the University of Arizona persuaded the state's congressional delegation to tack a rider onto a bill authorizing immediate construction of three telescopes on nearby Mount Graham.

Plans to build an astrophysical complex atop what many considered *their* mountain had been stalled for years by wrangling with environmentalists. Opponents said observatories would harm the integrity of the Pinaleno Mountains and the Mount Graham red squirrel, an endangered species, that lived there.

But residents of Safford and other small hamlets were so eager for an infusion of dollars into their local economies that they did not bother to read the fine print.

Now, many of them are outraged. The legislation includes the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's provisions to protect the red squirrel by eliminating all public access to the mountain range's 16 highest peaks.

Under the terms of its "Biological Opinion," which states what measures are needed to assure that the red squirrel population is not jeopardized if the telescopes are built, 30 miles, or 70 percent, of the roads on the Pinalenos will be closed to public access throughout the year (HCN, 8/15/88).

The summit area above 10,000 feet will be off limits to all but "authorized personnel." All hiking trails within 1,750 acres of prime red squirrel habitat will be closed to entry; hunting, picnicking and camping will be forbidden.

Additional roads, a summer-home area and a Bible camp may be closed if the observatory facilities are shown to displace any squirrels. Approximately 40,000 camper-nights and 72 tourism-related jobs will be lost due to the access restrictions.

Given these recreational and economic displacements the astrophysical complex no longer looks so good to Safford, a community of 7,600 people 20 miles from Mount Graham.

When university president Henry Koffler and other university administrators came to Safford to discuss observatory plans and time tables recently, they were met by 50 irate demonstrators demanding their mountain back.

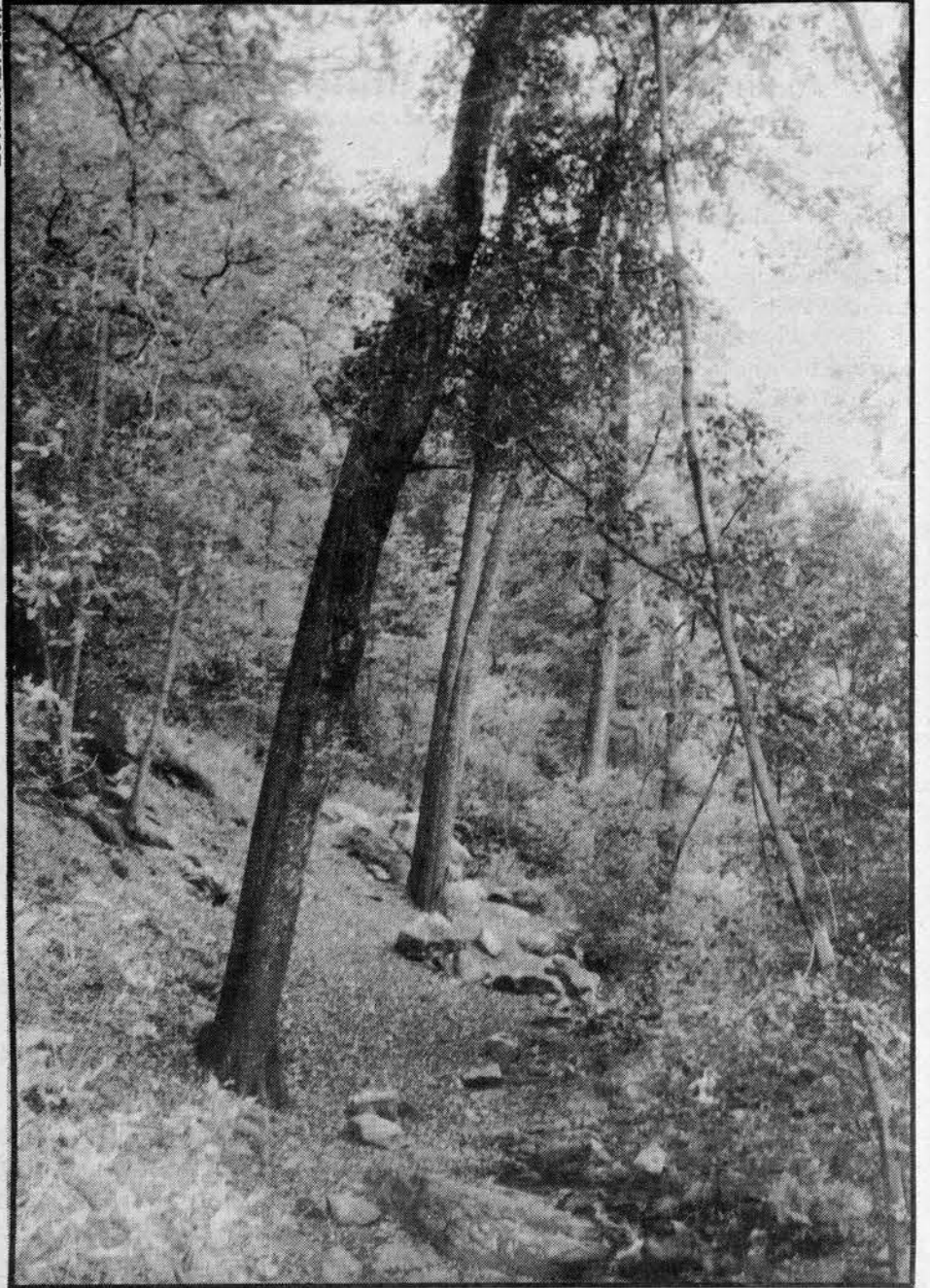
Surprised, Koffler told "Gov" Aker, mayor of Safford, that the university never proposed closing the mountain to recreational use and that these restrictions were the idea of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Forest Service. It was the university, however, and not the two agencies, that requested Dennis DeConcini, John McCain and Arizona's other congressmen to introduce the legislation.

Citizens of Mount Graham, a new local organization protesting the closures, says that its members are not necessarily against the telescopes, only the adverse impact that the legislation authorizing these facilities is having on public access.

According to the group's spokesman, Jonathan Carr, volunteers have collected more than 4,000 signatures on a petition opposing the closures. Carr says that another 500 names were somehow lost by the local Chamber of Commerce, which still supports the astrophysical complex.

Carr says the university's claims of economic benefit were always overstated and that Safford's economic growth would not be welcomed by scientists in any case. No astronomer wants increased

Louella Brown



Trail through the Pinaleno Mountains

light pollution from a growing town, Carr says.

Road construction and site preparation are scheduled to begin this spring. Both Citizens of Mount Graham and the Coalition for the Preservation of Mount Graham, a broad-based anti-observatory coalition, say they plan to file lawsuits claiming the legislation is illegal.

According to *City Magazine*, the university's Steward Observatory has already spent \$1 million and retained 160 attorneys to place telescopes on the

Pinalenos. Now that the facilities are authorized by Congress, it is hard to see how either the telescopes or the closure can be abrogated.

Activists admit theirs is a last-ditch effort, but spokesmen for both the Citizens' group and coalition are quick to point out that there is a lot of loose talk about civil disobedience and sabotage should legal means fail.

—David E. Brown

Putting the victim on display

Mitch Friedman likens it to a wake, except that the hearse is an 18-wheel truck and the corpse is a tree.

Starting this spring, Friedman and about 15 other participants will haul a section of wind-felled Douglas fir across the country in what's being billed as "The Ancient Forest Rescue Expedition." The tree is seven feet in diameter.

Friedman, a zoologist and environmental activist, says the trip will feature exhibits, speakers and musicians, all carrying the message that the West's ancient forests "aren't just dying — they're being killed by logging."

Friedman says they will visit hundreds of cities and towns, with rallies scheduled for Chicago, New York and Washington, D.C.

"I think there's going to be some skepticism at first," he says about the reaction he anticipates receiving in middle America. "But I think we have a capable enough crew to take the initial attention that the log will generate and to introduce some solid information to show people what is happening to our forests... We think people are going to be outraged."

Asked what he's most looking forward to on the trip, Friedman says he wants to "park that truck right in front of the White House. I want to have 5,000 people in front of the White House saying, 'Enough is enough. We have to save the forest.'"

For information or itineraries, write The Ancient Forest Expedition, P.O. Box 2969, Bellingham, WA 98227.

—Greg Mills

BARBS

New York should ask the Denver Water Board for tips on fighting such un-American heresy.

An op ed article in *The New York Times* says that New Yorkers should start conserving water instead of planning to tap the Hudson River.

Given the industry's track record this must mean that a large scale solar industry is right around the corner.

Oil giants like ARCO, Exxon and Shell are getting out of the solar energy business.

A river runs through, and splits, a valley

In western Colorado's Crystal River valley, old friends and next door neighbors are divided over a controversial proposal to designate the Crystal a "wild, scenic and recreational" river under federal protection.

The Crystal stretches from the 11,000-foot valleys around Colorado's Maroon Bells Wilderness to the green pastures and farm towns that dot the Crystal valley, 30 miles west of Aspen.

For all its beauty there is strong disagreement over the need to name this river wild and scenic under the 1968 law. It's a battle over property rights, water diversion and wilderness.

As supporters of the wild and scenic designation see it, the Crystal River is in danger of being destroyed by the development taking hold in the valley. Environmentalists contend that federal protection is needed.

But there's a hitch in the environmentalists' plans. Nearly 90 percent of the river is privately owned — even within the White River National Forest. The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act allows condemnation of private land within a quarter-mile corridor along both sides of the river, but that has local landowners upset and spoiling for a fight.

"It's socialism," says Bob Illeman, a retired employee of the Bureau of Reclamation. "We paid our money for this property. Why should we let the public use it?"

Illeman is concerned that federal wild and scenic designation will open his river property to hordes of campers and fishermen. Park Service officials say trespass laws will still apply.

Rancher Bob Perry sees another problem. Perry says a wild and scenic river corridor might cut off his diversion ditch from critical water supplies or, at the least, limit future river access.

"The federal government is like a dog with a bone," Perry says. "They'll worry with it and won't want to drop it."

Despite that kind of opposition, local environmentalists have managed to force the issue into the open, forming an unruly bipartisan steering committee of 18 to figure out what to do with the river.

Environmentalists believe wild and scenic protection would forever free the Crystal River from the threat of building the proposed Placita Dam near Marble. The project has been on the drawing boards for years, and many suspect it could become a reality if oil shale ever booms again.

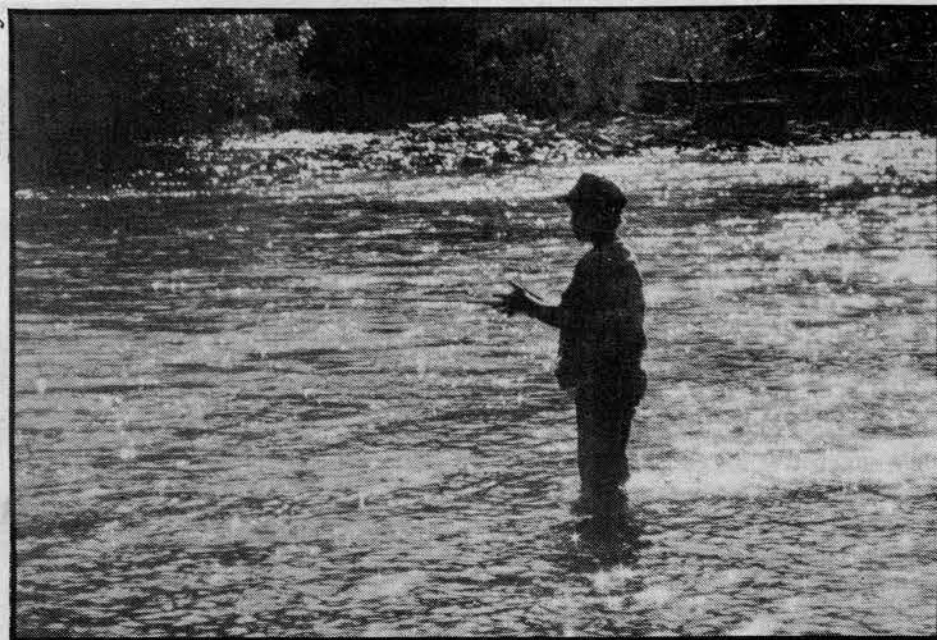
Still, supporters of the wild and scenic designation say they are sensitive to the touchy question of land condemnation. Environmentalist and teacher Jack Snobble likes to remind people that he is a landowner in the valley, too.

"The opponents have some valid points," Snobble says. "I will not support this thing unless we make it mandatory that the government can't condemn land on the river."

But that hasn't convinced some landowners. Duane Holmes, a Park Service staffer and leader of the local steering committee, tries to reassure them. "Since the law was passed in 1968, less than one and a quarter percent of the eligible land that could have been condemned nationally has been condemned," he says.

The Park Service acts as a referee in disputes over wild and scenic river designation, although Holmes says the agency prefers residents to come to agreement themselves. A survey of local opinion is currently under way with the intent of writing a wild and scenic management plan before official designation. "That

Don Downey



Fishing on the Crystal River below the town of Marble

way people can see what they're buying," Holmes says.

But to rancher Bob Perry the idea still smells like a land grab. "It's a matter of do you trust the government and I guess I do not," Perry says.

Others, like long-time resident Paula Mechau, are distressed over development along the Crystal. "I hope we can keep some of this country pristine," she says.

Because of tight federal budgets a Forest Service river suitability study won't get under way until the mid-1990s, during the next round of forest

planning. Once the study is complete it has a three-year shelf life. If Congress doesn't act during that time all the planning goes out the window.

"We know what will happen to it if there is no protection," Jack Snobble says. "The river will eventually just get cut up in little pieces. The Crystal is more than a conduit for the water users. It's a whole ecosystem."

For more information, write Duane Holmes, Crystal River Steering Committee, NPS, Box 25287, Denver, CO 80225.

— Don Downey

HOTLINE

West is in the cellar

If there were a report card issued for environmental protection, Western states would receive embarrassingly low scores, says a Washington, D.C.-based group called Renew America. In a "State of the States" report, the group ranked Utah 48th based on five key issues: recycling, drinking water quality, growth and the environment, food safety, and forest management. The only lower ranking states were Tennessee and Louisiana. Nevada and Wyoming tied for 41st place, New Mexico was 38th, Montana 35th and Arizona 31st. Utah lost points in forest management because it lacks comprehensive forest management laws and reforestation requirements. Utah was also the only state that did not plant a single acre of new trees for reforestation in 1988. Colorado fared a little better, ranking 26th, although the report revealed that 84 percent of Coloradans live in areas that fail to meet clean air standards. Colorado also lost points because of its weak recycling efforts. California emerged as the strongest state overall in its efforts to protect the environment, followed closely by Oregon, noted for its Opportunity to Recycle Act, which requires communities to provide drop-off centers or curbside pick-up for recyclables. The 48-page report is \$20 from Renew America, 1001 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 719, Washington, D.C. 20036 (202/466-6880).

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

Law isn't always arid

— by Jim Stiak

The theme of the seventh annual Western Public Interest Law Conference at the University of Oregon this spring was "community activism and global preservation." Three days of standing-room-only panels featured speakers from Australia, Malaysia, Peru, Chile and China, and between sessions the law school's hallways were crowded with students, lawyers and activists.

There were panels on animal rights, water rights, Indian rights and government wrongs; on recycling, pesticides, acid rain and ozone. But one of the most ominous panels highlighted a growing trend against civil dissent — intimidation lawsuits.

"The point of these suits isn't to win," said attorney David Atkin, "it's attrition." Atkin is representing the "Sapphire Six," five women and one man who chained themselves to a machine used to log old-growth trees in southern Oregon.

After they served short jail terms and were ordered to pay restitution, they were slapped with a civil suit brought by Huffman-Wright, a timber company. A jury in conservative Curry County ordered the six to pay the company \$25,000 in punitive damages. The case is under appeal.

There are at least 100 cases across the country where corporations are suing private citizens, Atkin said, but this is the first where punitive damages were awarded.

Ralph Wegis, an attorney from Bakersfield, Calif., said the coin has two sides. On behalf of three relatively small farmers, he took on J.G. Boswell, the world's largest cotton farmer, who "farms from a 46th floor suite on Wilshire Boulevard."

Boswell had sued the farmers after they'd contributed to a newspaper ad attacking an initiative that Boswell supported. Wegis argued that the suit was an "abuse of process," intended not to win but only to harass. The jury accepted his argument that the little guy has a right to speak out against a Goliath, and "sent a \$13.5 million message to Boswell — the kind of language that they can understand."

The three-day conference featured 37 different subjects, but in the heart of timber country a favorite topic was captured by the title of one panel: "Ancient Forests or Broyhill Furniture?" The National Audubon Society's Brock Evans told of the creation of an "Ancient Forest Alliance" to bring the issue to national attention. The boundaries of wilderness areas have been drawn by timber interests, he said; the big trees are outside, and they're coming down at the rate of 86 ball fields per day.

Evans presented the Alliance's strategy: a "crash mapping program" to identify remaining old growth; organizing a plan to save it; and presenting that plan to Congress and the public.

Other panels discussed the lawsuits that have used the northern spotted owl's danger of extinction to temporarily slow logging. Panelists warned of the backlash that such suits could create. Already, riders have been added to congressional bills prohibiting appeals on certain timber sales, and the future could hold more of the same. As one panelist pointed out, "we could lose by winning."

The Western Natural Resources Law Clinic, which sponsors the conference, came under fire this last year for its participation in some of these suits. Mindful of this, clinic directors John Bonine and Mike Axline added a disclaimer before every session: "Views of the speakers do not represent those of the clinic." They

also included a discussion that asked, "Have Environmental Law and Preservation Gone Too Far?"

On the panel was one of the clinic's most vocal critics, Thomas Hoyt, a Eugene, Ore., attorney who helped instigate a review that studied — and exonerated — the clinic's activities. During Hoyt's short talk, in which he noted how "excessively easy" it is to stop timber sales ("for just the price of a postage stamp"), John Bonine stood with the overflow crowd against the back wall, a small smile on his lips. After Hoyt finished, the question-and-answer period sounded like a Perry Mason cross-examination.

Bonine, after noting that Hoyt had charged the clinic with misusing public funds by litigating against the timber industry, then posed the question, "Do your clients in industry use government subsidies to do legal work?"

"No," answered Hoyt.

But, pressed Bonine, "Is litigation a tax-deductible expense?" pressed Bonine.

"Yes," came the unenthusiastic reply. Chuckles rippled through the highly partisan crowd.

One of the last panels featured the man who garnered the most local publicity — Brian Willson, moving gingerly on the artificial legs that replaced those cut off by a munitions train in 1987. Willson told of sitting on the tracks to stop a shipment of arms bound for Central America, then suddenly waking up in a hospital. The sheriff's department didn't press charges against him, concluding that he'd suffered enough. But the train's three-member crew wasn't satisfied. They filed a civil suit, claiming they'd suffered "unprecedented emotional duress" because of Willson's injury. "It's rather typical," said Willson, "in a Fellini movie script."

□

Jim Stiak reports from Eugene, Oregon.

Logging versus an ecosystem in Northwest rain forests

On certain nights throughout northern California, Oregon, Washington and up the Canadian coast to Alaska, a small creature seeks the mouths of rivers and follows them upstream 30 to 40 miles, turning up selected side creeks and streams to find its home.

The salmon returning to spawn? No, the creature is a bird called the marbled murrelet. It spends most of its time out at sea but flies above the waterways in the dark to its single nestless egg resting on the moss of an upper tree limb.

Little is known about the marbled murrelet, but a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service decision to consider listing it as endangered has thrust it into the controversy over the fate of the remaining old-growth forests in the Pacific Northwest, now being cut at the rate of 170 acres per day. With scores of species possibly dependent for their survival on old growth, the marbled murrelet is not the first, and undoubtedly won't be the last, to find itself in the national spotlight.

"Old growth" is the name given to the ancient temperate rain forests of the Pacific Northwest. While ecosystems differ within the region, "classic old growth" is found at relatively low elevations west of the Cascade Mountain range and facing the Pacific, which provides abundant rain. This ideal growing climate allows trees such as Douglas fir and Sitka spruce to reach heights up to 250 feet and ages up to 1,200 years.

A complex matrix of species evolved from this stability. More than 100 different types of lichens and mosses live on the tree trunks, and more than 1,500 invertebrates live in the multi-layered canopies. In turn, the vegetation and insects feed hundreds of highly specialized vertebrates, such as the Siskiyou salamander and the northern flying squirrel.

Dead trees often remain standing for centuries, providing snags and cavities for animals at the top of the food chain, such as the northern spotted owl, which the Forest Service considers an indicator of the health of the entire ecosystem. When the massive trees finally do fall, they can create spawning pools for salmon or soil nutrients for new vegetation.

All this was unknown until the late 1960s. Before that, old growth was considered a vast "cellulose cemetery," biologically unimportant and only valuable as timber. Much of what is known about old growth stems from studies done by Jerry Franklin, a biologist at the University of Washington who also works for the Forest Service. Franklin discovered the crucial role the old trees play in regulating water, soil and temperature cycles and in maintaining the extraordinary diversity of the ecosystem.

This diversity has ignited a hotly contested and clearly drawn national conservation debate. The timber industry views the slow-growing yet valuable old trees as "overmature" and "decadent." Environmentalists, noting that perhaps only 10 percent of the original old growth remains, are increasingly vociferous in their opposition to cutting the old trees down. The group Earth First!, for example, has grown faster in the Northwest over the last two years than anywhere else in the country.

Central to the controversy is disagreement over how much remains. The Forest Service, using several different definitions, says there are 6.2 million acres of old growth left in Washington and Oregon, and that over half of that will remain after 50 years of cutting. The Wilderness Society uses a more restric-

tive ecological definition developed by biologist Franklin for the Forest Service (but not used in forest management plans). Franklin says there is already less old growth than the Forest Service predicts will exist after 50 years.

Environmentalists say the impact of old growth cutting is made worse by habitat fragmentation, which affects species that depend on large undisturbed areas. Brock Evans, vice president of the National Audubon Society, says the Forest Service deliberately punches roads into pristine old-growth areas as "wilderness preventive logging." At current trends, he says, "In five to seven years the whole web of life will be shattered beyond redemption" with species becoming extinct.

Bob Dick of the Washington Forest Protection Association, a logging industry group, disagrees. "The managed forest can provide most of the fish and wildlife habitat needs provided by the old-growth forest. I am convinced we have set enough aside."

Franklin avoids sweeping statements about extinction, emphasizing the difficulty in proving that any species is dependent on old growth for its survival. Nevertheless, he says that the varied canopy levels of old-growth forests contain specialized species not generally found in clearcuts. Some of those, such as the spotted owl, may prove to be old-growth dependent, he adds.

While environmentalists emphasize the biological qualities of old growth, others stress the central economic role timber plays in many rural Northwestern communities. Old-growth timber is so valuable that logging in the Northwest is generally not subsidized by the federal treasury, as it is in most regions.

Two market factors also boost the value of old growth and, consequently, the rate of cutting. Those factors are the export of unprocessed logs and the loss of private timber lands to urbanization and second homes.

Although it is illegal to export unprocessed trees from federal land, the best quality timber from private and state lands generally ends up in Japan, where it is three to four times as valuable as here. Environmentalists say that also exports jobs, as well as increasing the pressure to log federal land. They supported a recent unsuccessful bill in Congress to allow states to ban the export of unprocessed logs from state lands. Now environmentalists urge a log-export tax to encourage processing logs at home.

Chuck Sisco, a biologist with the Audubon Society in Washington state, says such a tax could solve another problem as well. In many areas in Washington and Oregon, scenic land is even more valuable than its timber.

According to Sisco, 20 percent of Washington's private commercial forest land is for sale now, much of it going to real estate development. Sisco says taking this land out of the timber base increases the demand for Forest Service timber. Some of the money from a log-export tax, he says, could be used to buy private lands and add them to the federal timber base.

Dick, of the timber industry, is also worried about real estate conversion of prime timber land. He says that environmentalists who urge a more diversified tourism economy contribute to the problem, because tourism encourages the kind of population growth that increases real estate prices.

Those seeking to preserve the remaining old growth face an uphill bat-

Timothy Bullard, Grants Pass Daily Courier, Oregon



Earth First! tree-sitter tries to hold back loggers of old growth trees in the North Kalmiopsis roadless area of Oregon—a continuing battle for conservationists

tle. The Forest Service proposes increasing its logging in the Northwest by 15 percent over the next 10 to 15 years. No one is optimistic about the prospects of quick change within the agency.

Congress, another potential avenue for preservation, generally gives each state's delegation wide latitude in federal land management decisions.

In Oregon, Sen. Mark Hatfield, R, is unusually zealous in promoting the timber industry's agenda. The Northwest's best congressional environmentalist, former Washington Rep. Mike Lowry, lost his recent Senate bid by two percentage points. Mike Dukakis, who pledged a moratorium on logging old growth if elected president, will not have much influence from Boston.

The imminent ecosystem collapse predicted by Evans has given rise to

efforts to preserve old growth under the Endangered Species Act. So far, the northern spotted owl has received the most attention. At the Audubon Society's behest, a federal court recently ordered the Fish and Wildlife Service to explain on what grounds it refused to list the owl as an endangered species. Meanwhile, the Forest Service has drawn up a spotted-owl management plan, which environmentalists say is insufficient to save the species and which loggers say removes too much area from the timber base.

—Michael J. Robinson

Michael J. Robinson, a former *High Country News* intern, is a graduate student in English at the University of Colorado.

Watch for your survey. We're hoping to hear from you soon.



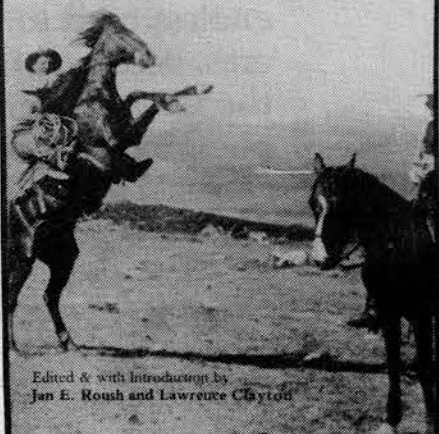
BULLETIN BOARD

SOCIAL SCIENTISTS CONFERENCE

The Western Social Science Association will hold its 31st annual conference at the Albuquerque, N.M., Hilton April 26-29. Thirty-seven panels will host more than 150 papers including some on natural resources and public land use issues in the West. Topics include external threats to national parks, perceptions of Colorado's mountain forests, recreation policy on the national forests, and water rights and the public trust. The public is invited to hear panels presented by scholars and professional activists from across the U.S. For more information, contact Berton Lamb, U.S. Department of Interior, 2627 Redwing Rd., Fort Collins, CO 82514.

PULLING LEATHER

Reuben B. Mullins



Edited & with introduction by
Jan E. Roush and Lawrence Clayton

Being the Early Recollections of a Cowboy
on the Wyoming Range, 1884-1889

A COWBOY REMEMBERS

When Reuben Mullins arrived in Cheyenne, Wyo., in 1885, he had only 50 cents in his pocket and a dream of becoming a cowboy. He was quickly hired as a blacksmith at the Swan Land and Cattle Co. in Chugwater, where he had his first experiences as a greenhorn cowboy. It is of these experiences and his following five years working as a cowboy on the frontier that Mullins writes about in *Pulling Leather*, recently published for the first time after editors Jan Roush and Lawrence Clayton discovered the manuscript in the University of Wyoming archives. Mullins tells stories of trail drives, romances, lynchings and of the blizzard of 1885-86 that killed thousands of cattle. "Poor old bovines, they would just drift with the storm and bellow until they could go no further; then they'd lie down on the trail and freeze to death. The following spring if a man should ride on any trail he could count dead cattle by the thousands." This storm proved to be the beginning of the end for cattle barons. Herds would never again equal the numbers of cattle before the harsh storm. Mullins laments the end of the open range, an end hastened by settlers who fenced and later by the introduction of sheep. "Only the men who had part in this great industry at the time can know the vastness of the large herds and of the wonderful bunch grass on which they lived and thrived. Now this wonderful grass has been destroyed by those root-eating sheep, which were such a sorry substitute for beef."

High Plains Press, P.O. Box 123, Glendo, WY 82213. Paper: \$10.95. 247 pages.

TAPPING AMERICA'S CAN-DO SPIRIT

The Coalition for National Service recently published an agenda for the 1990s calling for national volunteer service in the areas of education, conservation, literacy training, health care, child care and elder care. According to a January 1988 national poll, 83 percent of Americans favor setting up a voluntary national program that would permit young people to enroll in the military forces or in non-military service projects, says the 35-page report. The coalition represents 150 groups and individuals. For a copy of its *National Service: An Action Agenda for the 1990s*, contact the group through the National Service Secretariat, 5140 Scherier Pl. NW, Washington, DC 20016.

A MILLION SQUARE MILES

What kind of outdoor recreation should federal lands emphasize? Can we eliminate federal subsidies and still protect the environment? Those are some of the questions that a Wilderness Society conference in Washington, D.C., will seek to answer. "A Million Square Miles: A Public Lands Agenda for the 1990s" will take place April 12 and is intended for congressional and administrative staff, government officials, environmentalists and anyone with an interest in public lands. Speakers include writer Wallace Stegner, Forest Service Chief Dale Robertson, writer Michael Frome, Sen. Bruce Vento, D-Minn., chairman of the House Subcommittee on National Parks and Public Lands, and Sen. Tim Wirth, D-Colo. For more information write Wilderness Society-PLC, 1400 Eye St. N.W., 10th Floor, Washington, D.C. 20005 (202/842-3400).

HELP OUT OUTDOORS

Are you looking for an inexpensive, physically active vacation this summer? The American Hiking Society needs volunteers 16 years old and up to spend 10-day stints working on projects ranging from maintaining trails to building bridges. The group has projects in remote areas of Alaska, Hawaii, California, Montana and Arizona, among other states, and volunteers are reimbursed for up to 50 percent of travel expenses to and from the work site. For more information, send a self-addressed, stamped, long envelope to AHS Volunteers Vacations, PO Box 86, North Scituate, MA 02060.

CHEAPER THAN TWO FORKS

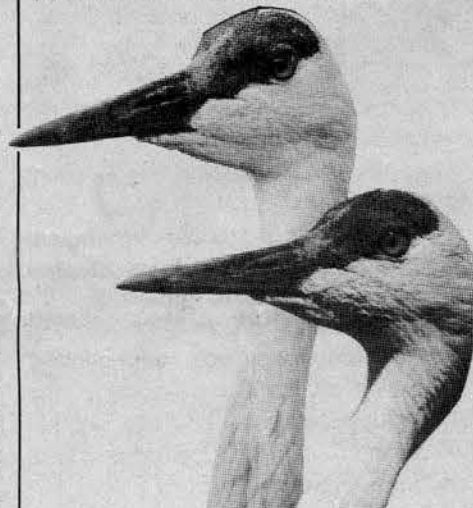
Conservation could save more water in metropolitan Denver, Colo., than the controversial Two Forks Dam would supply, say researchers at the Rocky Mountain Institute in Snowmass, Colo. John Woodwell's report, *Supplying Denver with Water Efficiency: An Alternative to Two Forks Dam*, says that an investment of \$350 million to buy and install low-flow showerheads, one-gallon toilets and efficient lawn-irrigation equipment for each Denver-area household would save 104,000 acre-feet of water a year. The \$1 billion Two Forks Dam would supply 98,000 acre-feet a year. Woodwell says costs break down to \$877 per acre-foot for Two Forks water and \$154 per acre-foot for water saved by efficiency measures. Two Forks backers were quick to attack the document. "That study is theoretical, hypothetical and doesn't apply in the real world," Bob McWhinnie, head of the Metropolitan Water Providers, told the *Denver Post*. Monte Pascoe, chair of the Denver Water Board, said the study overestimated Two Forks' cost by \$500 million and that many of the study's recommendations are already part of the Two Forks water conservation program. Woodwell's study is based on estimates that Denver residents use 160 gallons of water per person per day. The Rocky Mountain Institute is a non-profit research center that specializes in energy efficiency. The study is available for \$5 from RMI at 1739 Snowmass Creek Rd., Snowmass CO 81654 (303/927-3128).

TELL DOE WHAT YOU THINK

The Department of Energy will release a supplement in April to its 1980 environmental impact statement for the Waste Isolation Pilot Project in Carlsbad, NM. The draft SEIS addresses only two alternatives for public comment: (1) WIPP would operate as an experimental storage facility during the research and development period, and if approved, as a permanent repository for transuranic radioactive wastes; (2) Under the no-action alternative, waste would be stored — as it is now — at temporary sites until research is complete at WIPP. Public hearings on the supplement are scheduled for May. For a copy of the draft supplement and fact sheet, write WIPP SEIS Project Office, U.S. Department of Energy, PO Box 5400, Albuquerque, NM 87115 (505/889-3038).

LAW AND THE ENVIRONMENT

A look at how law and the public interest have shaped environmental concerns is the focus of a conference April 28-29 in Missoula, Mont., on "Conflicts in Resource Allocation: Defining the Public's Interest in Resource Use, Planning and Policy." Speakers include John Mumma, regional forester, F. Kaid Benfield, program director and attorney for the Natural Resources Defense Council and Charles Wilkinson, professor at the University of Colorado School of Law. Arnold Bolle, dean emeritus of the University of Montana School of Forestry, will give the keynote address on "The Bitterroot Revisited: A University Re-view of the Forest Service." Registration is \$100 for attorneys and \$50 for non-attorneys. For more information contact the sponsor, the Public Land Law Review, University of Montana School of Law, Missoula, MT 59812 (406/243-6568).



KEEP COMMENTING ON REFUGES

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has extended for one month the comment period on a draft environmental impact statement reviewing management of the nation's 448 national wildlife refuges. The closing date is now April 13. The draft evaluates four alternatives ranging from expanding multiple use in refuges to eliminating all activities that might interfere with wildlife (HCN, 2/27/89). Copies of the report are available from National Wildlife Refuge EIS Team, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Room 2343, Main Interior Building, Washington, D.C. 20240 (202/343-4944). Comments can be sent to the same address.



EVERYONE WANTS A SAY

High interest in a state plan for managing Utah's wildlife in the 1990s has led to an extended public comment deadline of April 1. Some 500 people and organizations asked for the state's draft plan after 300 were mailed out. Utah's wildlife is estimated to generate almost \$450 million a year to the state economy. For copies of the draft strategic plan or to send in comments, write Division of Wildlife Resources, 1596 West North Temple, Salt Lake City, UT 84116 (801/530-1252).

ACCESS

JOB OPENING FOR AN ORGANIZER in Wyoming for grass-roots organization formed in 1973. Must be committed to conservation through education and empowerment of people. Driving and long hours. Requires working with people, research, communication, fund-raising and planning on energy and toxics issues in 3 county area. Starting \$12,400/year. Health benefits; 24 vacation days/yr. Submit resume, references and writing sample by April 10, to Powder River Basin Resource Council, 23 N. Scott, Sheridan, WY 82801 (307/672-5809). (1x6 p)

PART-TIME EMPLOYEE NEEDED FOR PARK ADVOCACY: The National Parks and Conservation Association's Rocky Mountain Regional Office in Salt Lake City is accepting applications for a part-time assistant. Duties include office chores, computer data entry, and research and writing on park issues. 70 hours/month at \$6/hour. Send resume and writing sample by April 20 to Terri Martin, PO Box 1563, Salt Lake City, UT 84110. Call 801/532-4796 for more information. (1x6 p)

RESEARCH SCIENTIST/HYDROGEOLOGIST #9-078: This position is located at the Energy and Mineral Research Center. Requires a Master of Science degree and at least five years of experience in hydrogeological research or a Ph.D. and interests in developing a strong research program. Preference will be given to applicants with experience in one or more of the following: hydrogeology, contaminant hydrology, or aqueous geochemistry. A demonstrated research and publication record is also required. Send letter of application and resume to: Personnel Services, PO Box 8010, University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, ND 58202. SALARY: \$40,000-\$55,000. DEADLINE: April 14, 1989. EOE/AA (1x6p)

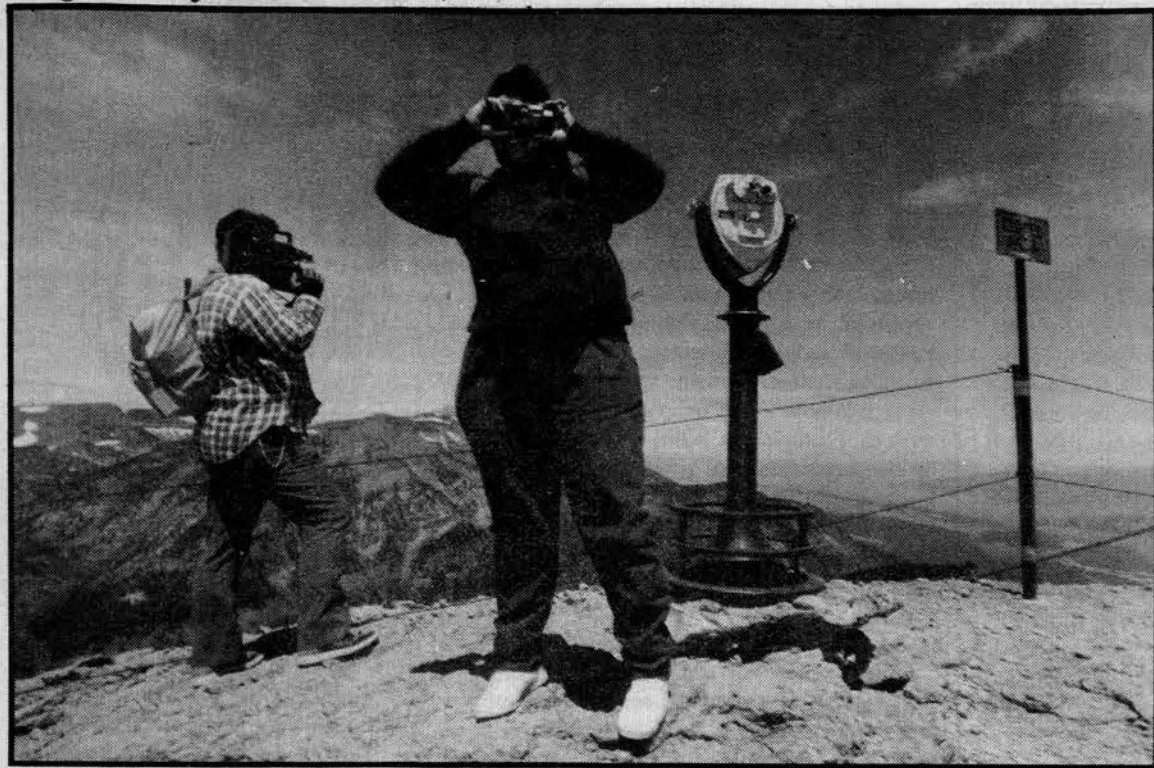
WESTERN ENVIRONMENTAL JOB LETTER lists environmental jobs available throughout western North America. For information and a back issue, send a twenty-five-cent stamp to: WEJ, P.O. Box 800H, La Porte, CO 80535, Attn: Jill. (1x7 p)

SUMMER INTERNSHIP: Canyonlands Field Institute is seeking applicants for its summer intern position, mid-June - mid-August, 1989. Experience in outdoor programming for adults and children, logistics and planning, and *The Canyon's Edge* slide production showings. Private housing in Moab provided. No stipend. Contact CFI at Box 68, Moab, UT 84532 (801-259-7750). (2x5b)

LLAMAS FOR SALE — Easily trained, enhance wilderness experience. Learn why people love to pack with llamas. Snake River Llamas, 1480 Antares, Idaho Falls, ID 83402 (208/524-0330). (2x5p)



8-High Country News — March 27, 1989



Warning: closed area patrolled by camera: Top of the tram, Teton Village



Leash law: "My son is allergic to rocks. If he's not kept on a leash he will run away and put rocks in his mouth." — Los Angeles father



The wading dilemma: String Lake, Grand Teton National Park

And you thought had fires here last

A private peek at a s

Why shoot tourists? As a social
I've discovered that little is know
the migration habits of *Touros Terr*

I was drawn to their relationsh
parks, the outdoor experience as
guided trip through Disneyland
endless need to verify their trip w
eras. Because of the numbers of w
the Greater Yellowstone area, p
phers have ignored the ecosystem
seasonal herd. There's nothing qui
American on vacation.

Ted Wood is a freelance photojournal
in Wilson, Wyoming. He has a M.A. in
from the University of Missouri and
photographer at the *Jackson Hole News*
years. These photos originally appeared
a gallery show entitled: "Poodles a
Tables," in Jackson, Wyoming. Several p
were converted from color.

Dropped without directions, the tour gro
Town Square, Jackson, Wyoming

thought we only ere last summer!

week at a seasonal herd

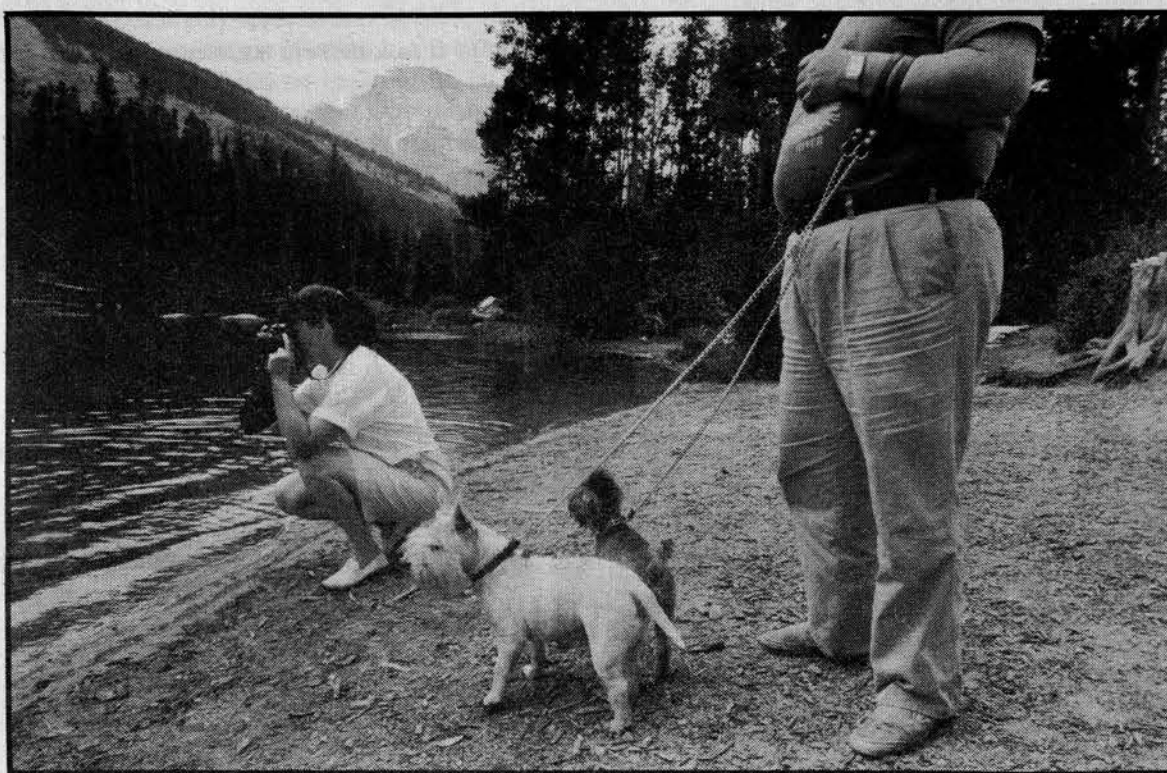
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er Yellowstone area, photogra-
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erd. There's nothing quite like an
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— Ted Wood

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photos originally appeared as part of
now entitled: "Poodles and Picnic
Jackson, Wyoming. Several photos here
ted from color.



We were there, and now we're here: Lower Falls Canyon, Yellowstone National Park



Something cuter in the distance: String Lake, Grand Teton National Park



out directions, the tour group turns ugly:
Jackson, Wyoming



Fun for the whole family #2: Old Faithful eruption, Yellowstone National Park

Grassroots...

(Continued from page 1)

each side until the moderator finally stepped in," Vincent's report said. "It worked out really well for us because at that point I was able to act like the impacted third party and suggest to the moderator that while the two opposing ends are beating each other about the head and shoulders, innocent people and communities in the middle are the real losers."

"Our testimony ... went largely untested. They were not prepared for the motherhood-and-apple-pie attack," Vincent wrote.

"There's some really poor choices of words in there," Vincent said when asked about the report. He acknowledged that his statement did appear to be a cynical and deceptive approach to the process, but claimed he was not putting on an "act" to deceive Congress. One of Montana's congressmen did not agree.

"They unmask Bruce Vincent's good-guy, public image and show him to be a very cavalier, cynical operator," Rep. Pat Williams, D, said in an interview. "When Bruce testifies here in Washington he likes to give the impression that he is just a guy from the sticks who hopes to be heard. His memo indicates he has an Ollie North attitude toward congressional deception."

Williams continued, "Montanans need to understand that despite the appearances, the rosy-cheeked, aw-

Kurt Wilson



Bruce Vincent and his wife, P.J., waved to truck drivers as they arrived in Darby, Montana during the Log Haul demonstration last spring

shucks appearance of Bruce Vincent and a few others, these organizations are a highly organized effort to persuade Montanans that all of the worker and environmental gains of the past 20 years should be thrown over for additional harvest of trees or exploration for minerals."

Vincent said his tactics were merely a reflection of a history of unfair

methods used by the environmental lobby. "They assume the moral high ground. They attack us with the flag in one hand and a bald eagle in the other," he said.

Vincent's ties to the timber industry run deeper than a shared philosophy. Reports he made to his steering committee show a pattern of financial support from industry groups and corporations. In fact, it appears the industry is using honoraria or fees for speeches — typically the reward for friendly congressmen — to bankroll Vincent's organization, Communities for a Great Northwest. He reported honoraria on three occasions from Stone Container Corp., which operates a major pulp mill in the area. Plum Creek was setting up a series of 28 meetings where Vincent was supposed to speak.

Meanwhile, he reported no fees from groups outside the timber industry. The only speaking engagements listed in several months' worth of minutes were for Indiana Hardwood Lumber Association, Washington Contract Logging Association, Sierra Cascade Logging Conference, Idaho Women in Timber, Stone, Oregon Logging Conference, Brand S Lumber, Plum Creek and Montana Wood Products Association. Vincent said fees ranged from \$500-\$1,000.

In the interview, Vincent acknowledged the list appears a bit lopsided and said he was attempting to broaden the base. As far as finances, however, the group is a creature of the timber industry, he said.

His reports also confirm what has been rumored for several months: that the group's effort is boosted by a check-off system for logging contractors. Basically, contractors pledge a certain amount for each load of logs. Three corporations that buy the logs — Plum Creek, Champion and Louisiana Pacific — deduct the money from contractors' checks and forward it to Vincent, he said.

"The major dollars come from the number one industry in western Montana — the timber industry," he said.

Despite the industry-wide network of support, Vincent says his organization has raised only about \$60,000 since its formation last June. There is no way to independently confirm that. The group is

seeking tax-exempt status from the Internal Revenue Service. Once that status is granted, the group will have to file publicly available tax reports. So far, though, it has not done so, Vincent said.

That tax-exempt status may be a problem because federal law prohibits such organizations from indulging in partisan political activities. It appears Vincent's group already has done that. Minutes from an Oct. 3 meeting contain a straightforward plug for a fundraiser for Rep. Marlenee.

"Ron has been a real friend to our area. Anyone who can make it (the fundraiser) we are sure he would appreciate it," the minutes said. "They are asking a \$25 donation for his campaign fund."

Before asking Vincent about that quote, I asked him if his group would ever do something like that.

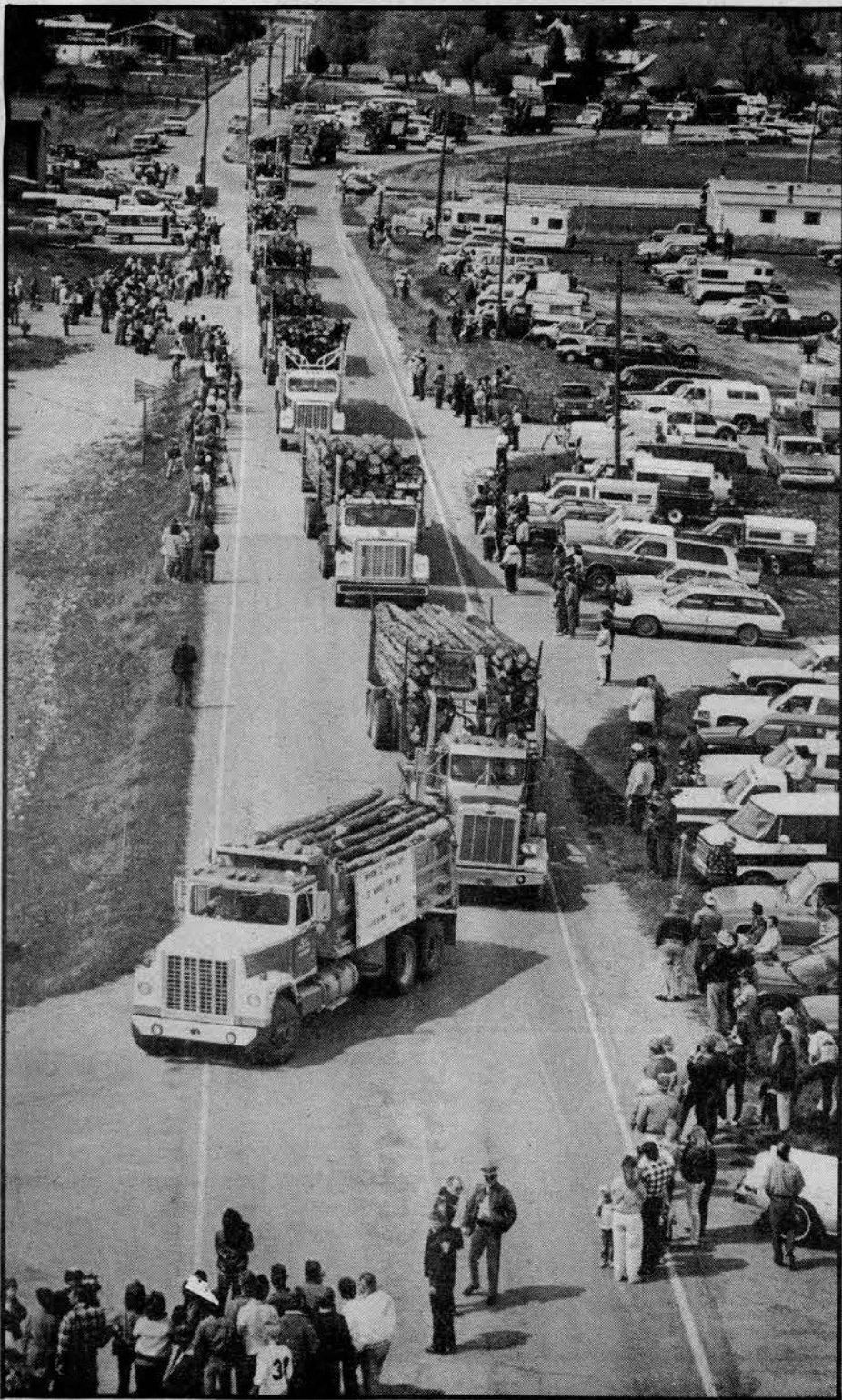
"Absolutely not," he said. He acknowledged, after seeing the statement, that it did appear like a plug for the candidate.

"References like this should not exist," he said. "It was not intended that way, and we can't be doing that."

Rep. Williams said he will cite that statement as grounds for challenging the group's tax-exempt status. Meanwhile, the statement and similar moves are prompting some dissent within the organization itself, largely from Larry Dolezal, a Lincoln County commissioner and member of the group's steering committee. Both Vincent and Dolezal acknowledge the dissent, and Dolezal said he has considered resigning from the organization because of what he sees as a political bias.

"I was receiving comments from a lot of my constituents. The perception of that group is that it is very tainted toward partisan politics in support of Republican ideals," said Dolezal, a Democrat. He said his concern peaked during last year's election when Vincent's group began running some fairly vituperative ads attacking Williams and Sen. John Melcher, D, for their support of a wilderness bill.

"There seemed to be a twist of partisan politics in the way that was handled," Dolezal said. He said he also is concerned about appearances by a spinoff group to Citizens for a Great Northwest called Montana PLUS (an



Darby, Montana, residents and supporters of the Log Haul watch the parade of logging trucks fill the town

acronym for Public Lands Used Sensibly).

Supported by a board of directors that reads like a Who's Who of industry and motorized recreation groups, Montana PLUS is preparing to take to the airwaves with an anti-wilderness advertising campaign. The idea for the group was Marlenee's, and its organizational session last year was called by the eastern district congressman, both Vincent and Marlenee acknowledged.

Vincent said that Marlenee has maintained a hands-off policy toward the group since it was formed. He added that largely because of Dolezal's concerns, he has mended some of his ways and is avoiding any appearance of partisanship in the organization. He said part of the problem has been his inexperience in learning the complicated rules governing tax-exempt organizations.

"It happens a lot. We are having to watch ourselves because we are learning," Vincent said.

But Dolezal said there still are discussions he judges to be partisan at board meetings and he is still considering resigning.

"At times I am encouraged and at times I am not real encouraged," he said. "I guess I still feel at times there is a tendency for things to be somewhat tainted in one direction as far as partisan politics are concerned."

Vincent said his tactics were merely a reflection of a history of unfair methods used by the environmental lobby

a trend fostered by a variety of industry groups. One example is the Blue Ribbon Coalition, off-road vehicle advocates whose board includes representatives from the Yamaha Motor Corporation, the Colorado Motorcycle Dealers Association, the Utah Snowmobile Association and Kawasaki Motors Corp.

"The time has come for corporations to support and foster a grass-roots movement," wrote Ed Wright of the Blue Ribbon Coalition. "They are beginning to support, without fear, grass-roots organizations that support the U.S. system of resource development, industry and capitalism."

Said Williams, "There is a well-financed, highly orchestrated corporate-run effort ongoing in Montana and a few other Pacific Northwest states which is masquerading as a community-based, worker-run lobbying effort."

Richard Manning covers the environment for the *Missoulian* newspaper, where a version of this story first appeared.

Kurt Wilson



Log Haul demonstration for more federal timber last year

According to Rep. Williams, Vincent's group is not an isolated case and is part of

LETTERS

TRAPPED

Dear HCN,

Westerners are trapped by unchallenged assumptions about how the world works. We work within these narrow parameters, and as a consequence never even consider if the basic assumptions are faulty.

For example, no one seems to challenge the assumption that the Western livestock industry has a "right" to operate in a predator-free world. In a recent HCN article on mountain lions (HCN, 2/27/89) it was mentioned that the Colorado Fish and Game paid \$34,000 to ranchers for losses due to mountain lion predation. I would argue that instead of paying ranchers for livestock losses, we should insist that ranchers protect their livestock by hiring herders and corralling their animals at night for protection. Of course this would increase their operational costs; however, I would ask why we should indirectly absorb costs that should be their responsibility.

More importantly, why should we accept without protest the collective loss in our native fauna and flora heritage simply to accommodate livestock operations?

Rather than paying ranchers for wildlife depreciations, as well as funding predator control year after year, I believe ranchers should be paying the rest of us annual compensation for having to live in a world where wolves and grizzlies are absent. Where bison cannot wander freely. Where our rivers are dewatered to grow hay. In return for freely accepting these losses, ranchers give us as compensation cowed-out riparian areas and wildlife deserts. This will continue as long as we accept present assumptions about the relative importance of the live-

stock industry and its relationship with the rest of our natural heritage.

George Wuerthner
Livingston, Montana

LINE CROSSED

Dear HCN,

A book review should review a book, not a personality. In the case of the review on *Fool's Progress* that appeared in *High Country News*, that line was crossed. When are we going to realize that Ed Abbey has gifted us in the West with an honest voice that has lured us out of complacency? Leave him alone. God bless him.

Terry Tempest Williams
Salt Lake City, Utah

SLAM

Dear HCN,

I write in response to the recent slam piece on Edward Abbey that appeared in the guise of a book review by Ed Marston.

The reason why your paper would use the publication of Mr. Abbey's new novel, *Fool's Progress, An Honest Novel*, to mount such a vicious, personal attack on the author escapes me. Mr. Abbey's novel, aside from rather divergent opinion about the man, is, precisely as billed: an honest novel.

Mr. Marston's "review" is neither. Neither a review nor honest. It is simply a particularly mean-spirited diatribe against the man and uses the forum of a book review to launch the attack.

In the past, HCN has oftentimes made use of his name on the cover several times, and his occasional missives are usually to be found at the front of the Letters page. And now, the rather prominent placement of this "review" on the back pages.

Could it be that HCN doesn't mind boosting "ratings," as it were with Mr. Abbey's name and reputation? This is one time I suspect you won't be receiving any comment from Abbey. But, then, you could always run his name on the cover, anyway... "ABBEY REFUSES TO COMMENT"... you get the idea. And, as for Mr. Marston, what next? Now that you've condemned the man, how about putting a price on his head? Look at the publicity the Ayatollah is receiving — he's on the cover of all the magazines. Anything to sell papers, it would seem.

Ken Sanders
Holladay, Utah

ALLEGATIONS

Dear HCN,

It's nice to hear from Robert Weed again (HCN, 2/27/88 letter). We obviously stand by a very rational position of recognizing a melange of interests and trying to resolve those interests equitably and always striving for maximum environmental protection. I believe we have no other choice.

Your allegations concerning the Henry Mountains Coordinated Resource Management Plan are muddled and too convenient. Because of UWA's involvement, that plan reduced the amount of land disturbing chainings and other range projects, concentrated on re-treating old chainings, and eliminated the possibility of proposed chainings on 4,000 acres of wilderness study areas, including the 75,000-acre Mt. Pennell wilderness study area, which was not recommended for wilderness by BLM in large part due to those proposed chainings. This Henry Mts. plan set up a monitoring process to reduce damage to riparian areas and other resources. We concur with the critique that too many

cattle still graze the Henry Mts. This process at least continues the decrease in grazing permits due to environmental constraints raised by the Utah Wilderness Association and others as a result of this process. There are no plans to increase cattle numbers in the Henrys and active preference has decreased by as much as 35 percent over the last few years.

The Henry Mountains plan was a remarkably cooperative effort between BLM, local ranchers, sportsmen and conservationists, the Park Service and the Utah Division of Wildlife Resources (20 parties signed the final decision) with the goal to solve serious resource damage occurring in the Henrys. While some other environmental organizations declined to participate, the Utah Wilderness Association pursued the effort diligently with, for example, the Sevier Valley Wildlife Federation and a conservation organization from Torrey, Enchanted Wilderness.

Unfortunately, this positive effort has been appealed by a number of other environmental organizations.

Gary Macfarlane
Salt Lake City, Utah

The writer is conservation director of the Utah Wilderness Association.

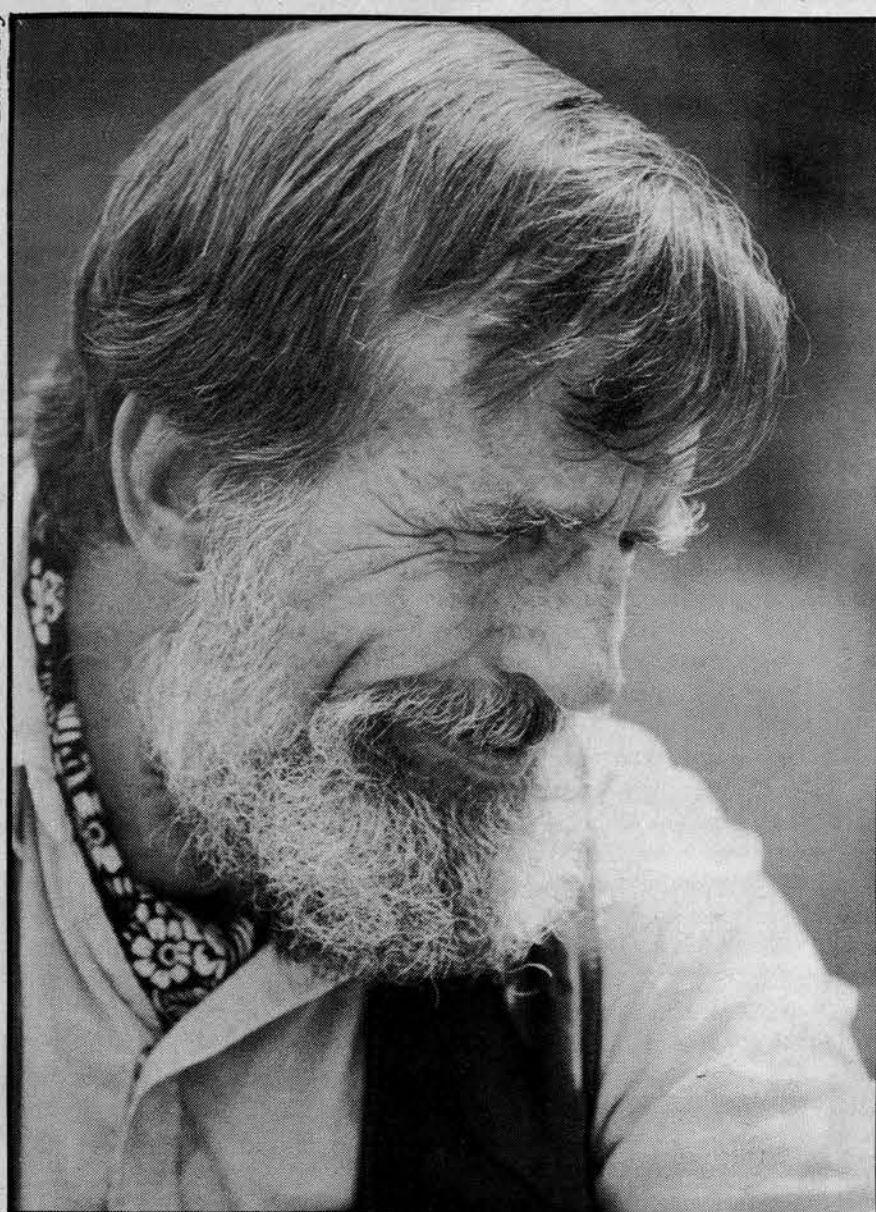
Position: Program Assistant

With: Greater Yellowstone Coalition

Deadline: March 13, 1989

Contact: Gwen Arnesen
Greater Yellowstone Coalition
P.O. Box 1874
Bozeman, Montana 59771
406-586-1593

Bill Fitzey



Edward Abbey, 1986

The sudden death last week of Edward Abbey recalled to us this superb profile of the writer by Bruce Hamilton, who was HCN managing editor in 1976, when this story appeared. Hamilton is now with the Sierra Club in San Francisco.

by Bruce Hamilton

People picture him, at least I did, as the latter day John Muir in the land of the Latter Day Saints. What Muir was to the Sierras in California, Edward Abbey is to the canyon country of Utah.

achieved in their writing an integration of language and the wilderness experience. Abbey's frequent forays against Glen Canyon Dam are reminiscent of Muir's fight to save Hetch Hetchy from inundation.

Muir knew Yosemite in all weather, all seasons, all moods. He scaled its highest granite peaks, climbed towering pines to experience its wild storms, washed in its glacier-fed streams, rode out its avalanches, slept on its peaceful valley floor.

Abbey's base is the parched colorful canyon country in and around Arches National Park. An area he describes in *Slickrock* as the "least inhabited, least inhibited, least developed, least improved, least civilized, least governed, least priest-ridden, most arid, most hostile, most lonesome, most grim bleak barren desolate and savage quarter of the state of Utah — the best part by far. So far." He walks the dry washes, bathes in potholes, runs from flash floods, floats its remaining wild rivers, and sleeps under the clear desert sky.

But the comparison, if carried further, is hard to complete and grossly

unfair. Muir, posthumously, appears heroic, legendary, prophetic, wise beyond words. Abbey, available for personal inspection and interview, appears all too human.

In *Slickrock*, Abbey recalls climbing out of Coyote Gulch in the Escalante to have a look at the world that lay above and between the canyons. When attempting to return to the canyon floor he discovers: "All the sandstone hills look dismayingly alike, at least when you're lost..." He becomes "rimmed up" and backtracks and circles once, twice, three times until he chances upon the one and only route down. Safe at the bottom he reflects: "If I were the John Muir I'd like to be I would have spent the night up there."

I imagined Abbey as the desert hermit. Abbey imagines Abbey as the desert hermit: "Someday, I thought, I shall make the experiment, become an ancient baldheaded troglodyte with a dirty white beard tucked in my belt, be a shaman, a wizard, a witch doctor crazy with solitude, starving on locusts and lizards, feasting from time to time upon lost straggler boy scout."

Abbey says he lives near Wolf Hole, a ghost town on the Arizona Strip. Where does he really live? It doesn't matter. Suffice it to say he and his family live in a semi-modern, comfortable house on the outskirts of a small city in the canyonlands. On the bulletin board in his study is a photo of a weary-looking friend beside a weathered sign which says Wolf Hole. The friend came to visit Abbey the hermit. He found only dust.

There are other photos on the walls. A photo of a clean cut, dark-haired, park ranger riding a power boat on Lake Powell — Ed Abbey in 1967. An aerial view of Glen Canyon Dam with spray paint graffiti across the roadway: "Bomb the

Edward Abbey,

dam, not Cambodia." A color poster of a buxom woman advertising chainsaws. A photo of him and Renee being married in the shadow of a cactus.

The ranch-style house is served by electricity which is probably generated by a dam blocking Abbey's beloved Colorado River or by a coal-fired power plant which pollutes the clear desert air. The yard is slowly being invaded by weeds and transforming back into a desert ecosystem. In the meantime, there is tumbleweed — Russian thistle — an introduced species which has become the quintessential symbol of the Old West. Alas, poor Abbey, he's allergic to the omnipresent weed.

The Volkswagen in the driveway bears the bumper sticker: "Eat more gophers and mice, 20,000 coyotes can't be wrong." A beer cooler in the back seat serves as the car's odometer. Five six-packs from Arches to Lander, Wyo. A slight tell-tale paunch protruding from his otherwise sturdy six-foot-plus profile reveals the consequence of a lifetime trying to get drunk on 3.2 beer, one of the hazards of living in Mormon Country.

"It's always somewhat of a letdown to meet an author," Abbey tells me. "I put the best part of me in my books. I keep the scummy side secret."

Wild Preservative

Abbey is not a conservation group leader like Muir. In fact, he's an anarchist. He is a writer, leading from behind. What he offers environmentalists is spiritual leadership — a quality many desk-bound, environmental leaders lack.

Abbey doesn't limit himself to conservation themes, but he is best known and best loved for his writing in defense of the land. He says he "tumbled into" environmentalism many years ago, "and the more I try to dig myself out, the deeper I get."

Unlike Muir and other conservation leaders that followed in his footsteps, Abbey claims he doesn't know "a megawatt from a gigawatt, a syncline from an anticline."

He says he's "too ignorant to be a true environmentalist or conservationist." Instead, he classifies himself as "simply, a wild preservative." That means "I prefer to save something no matter how worthless and let other things go to hell," he tells me.

Abbey was born in 1927 in Home, Pa., where he was raised on a farm. In 1944, while hitchhiking back East from California, Abbey got his first glimpse of the canyon country from an open boxcar door. He was pressed into the infantry in 1945, and was released two years later — still a private.

"The Army made an anarchist out of me and what with one thing and another I've been living off the government ever since," he says.

Abbey attended Indiana Teachers College (one year), University of New Mexico (six years), Edinburgh (one year), and Yale (two weeks). He has been a fire lookout, a university teacher, a park ranger, a social worker in and around Nelson's Marine Bar in Hoboken, N.J., a desert rat, a guest lecturer, and all this time, a writer.

His books include *Desert Solitaire*, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, *Slickrock*, *Black Sun*, *Fire on the Mountain*, *Cactus Country*, *Jonathan Troy*, *Appalachia* and *The Brave Cowboy* (on which the

film *Lonely Are the Brave* was based).

Abbey says he flunked journalism in high school not once, but twice. "I couldn't get basketball scores right." His biggest problem has always been that he "was not interested in facts; only in truth," he says.

"I think I could have been a great writer if I'd stayed in Hoboken," Abbey says as he strokes his salt-and-pepper

beard. "It was easy to write there. It's hard to write in the West. Hard to stay indoors. Hard to carry your typewriter in your backpack."

Twist of Fate

Abbey disavows being a regional writer, even though his most famous books are set in the Southwest. Abbey explains his venture into writing about the West as a twist of fate. He was merely following the writer's first rule of thumb — "reject all rejections." He tells me the story this way:

"One New York publisher's editor once had the gall, brass and temerity to return a novel to me saying, 'This here book, Mr. Abbey, has no form, no content, no style, no point, no meaning, no nothing. It's not even obscene. It has no redeeming social value whatsoever. I advise you to destroy it before it multiplies.'"

"He was right, of course, and that book has never been published — thank Gawd — but at the time I was rather hurt by his remarks. And astonished: how could any one man be that stupid? Takes team work to be that dumb. So I replied at once by return mail. My letter began: 'Dear Sir, In simple justice I must inform you that I am saving your letter for the laughter and ridicule of posterity. You have committed the greatest literary blunder since Simon and Schuster rejected the *New Testament*. Beethoven's early work, too, was scorned by the academic critics of his time,' etc., etc., in that vein."

"Well, a few days later this same publisher's editor invited me to lunch. I was living across the Hudson River, in Hoboken, at the time. (Hoboken is in New Jersey. New Jersey is in hell.) So I put on my galoshes and walked across the river — the sewage gets thick on the Hudson — and we had lunch.

"He said, 'Why don't you write about something you know about?' I said, 'Well, I don't know.' And he said, 'Write about Hoboken. Write a book about the Wasteland.' I said, 'I don't really know much about it.' And he said, 'Make up something.'"

"I said, 'OK,' and went home and wrote a book about the desert, which made me rich and popular — and ruined the desert..."

"Ever since I wrote the desert book I've been tagged and barbed as a regional writer — Southwest — which I resent. If I'm a regional writer I want it understood that I claim not only the Southwest, but also Hoboken and Naples and Edinburgh and the human heart and the human reproductive organs and Moab, Utah, and Wolf Hole, Ariz., and Diamond Street, San Francisco, etc., etc."

"I am not a writer of westerns. I refuse to be put in that paper bag — just because my bag is paper."

Abbey also resents being labeled a travel writer. "I had a letter from some landscape photographer who wanted me to help him 'do' a book about Cape Cod," says Abbey. "Cape Cod! Good

What is Abbey's sign?

'Get out of Cambodia.'

druid of the arches

God! What do I know about Cape Cod? Good God! I ain't no caption writer. I'm an artist. A serious artist. As I've told Eliot Porter, Ansel Adams, and Phil Hyde: 'One picture is worth two, three, words. Maybe.'

Arches Revisited

We're traveling together through Arches National Park, the setting for *Desert Solitaire*. "In the center of the world, God's navel, the red wasteland — Abbey's country." At least it was.

The arches are about the same as they were when Ranger Abbey scouted the trails, but much of the park has yielded to the inroads of "industrial tourism." The desert persists, but the solitaire has been invaded.

The old sign at Courthouse Wash which read "WARNING: QUICKSAND. DO NOT CROSS WASH WHEN WATER IS RUNNING" is gone — replaced by a bridge. Most of the dirt jeep trails have been paved. Ranger Abbey's late night hikes to remove road-crew survey stakes were ineffective. (Abbey notes that the statute of limitations on this "crime" is up.) The campground is crowded with Winnebagos and campers trailing dune buggies and dirt bikes. In the evening, bats soar in and out of the persistent glaring lights at the modern comfort stations.

The seasonal ranger, Jim Stiles, complains about the insensitive tourists. He toys with the idea of blowing up the arches so people won't be interested in entering the park. Hopefully, they would all stay in the visitors center and watch the park movie. Then the area would be saved. In his spare time, Stiles draws and markets "exploded views" posters and note cards. His most popular one is a view of Glen Canyon Dam in a pile of rubble. The caption: "To Edward Abbey, wherever you are." On his house trailer at the campground is a sign which tells inquisitive tourists, no, this is not Edward Abbey's trailer.

"I went through some heartbreak 20 years ago when I saw Arches changing," laments Abbey. "I suppose the paved roads haven't destroyed too much. But it takes away the adventure for some."

But Abbey refuses to forgive and forget the construction of the Glen Canyon Dam and the death of the free-flowing Colorado River which ran through the temples of slickrock that he loved so well. "Let all the Faithful living down-river from this dam take warning. There are thousands of us who never forget, during our bedtime prayers, to ask God for one little precision earthquake in the immediate vicinity of Glen Canyon Dam," he says. "We are devout; we have faith; and someday soon our prayers shall be answered."

Abbey's latest book, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, details the exploits of a band of eco-saboteurs in the Southwest. They blow up bridges and heavy construction equipment, but their ultimate goal is to blow up the dam.

"Living out here in the West I find plenty to get mad about," says Abbey. "I long ago had the idea of blowing up the dams, but it took awhile to materialize it into a book."

Asked if he condones the type of sabotage plotted by the Monkey Wrench Gang, Abbey says he is "opposed to all forms of illegality — except at night."

Home on the Rocks

We start hiking down one of the trails in Arches. The heat is torturous, but the scenery makes it tolerable. Abbey wears a tiny Army surplus backpack filled with a water bottle and a lunch. On his head he wears a drugstore straw hat — so old the top has fallen off and only the brim remains.

He walks slowly. No sense working up a sweat. Sweat comes freely without any work. Stop frequently. Drink often, or you'll desiccate.

I feel vulnerable. I carry sun screen cream, Chap-stick, Gatorade, and salt tablets.

We stop at a muddy pothole. Abbey takes off his shirt, soaks it and puts it back on. I do the same.

We pass through a wonderland of grotesque, startling, spellbinding rock forms. Sandstone shaven into finely sculpted shapes by winter. Fins, arches, bridges, balanced rocks. If you sit still enough, you can feel the magic of the place.

The rocks have names as well as spirits. The petrified sand dunes are Navajo sandstone. The arch-forming layers are Entrada sandstone. Abbey follows the trail up a rock face made safer by Park Service cement steps. Portland formation, says Abbey.

He scrambles up a nearby rock tower and sits down to soak in the desert. He pulls what is left of his hat down over his eyes to block the sun. Chews on a piece of dried grass. (What? Picking grass in a national park?)

Abbey says his highest ambition is to pick out a good spot and just sit there, not moving, for about a year. Keep your eyeballs peeled and just sit there, through the hours, through the days, through the nights, through the seasons — the freeze of winter, the stunning glare and heat of summer, the grace and glory of the spring and fall and watch what happens," he wrote in *Slickrock*.

One evening, we walk the trail to Delicate Arch. I marvel at the way the trail follows a level ledge along a sandstone cliff to reach the arch. I ask Abbey if he thinks the trail was worn so evenly just by weather and frequent human use. Abbey replies no, he blasted out the trail with dynamite when he was in the Park Service. "The Park Service spawned my interest in using explosives in southern Utah," he says.

I laugh, and look up at the precariously balanced Delicate Arch nearby.

As the sun sets, Abbey walks over to the thin foot of Delicate Arch and pretends to pry the supporting boulder foundation away. The night is clear and still. All that can be heard is the sound of a distant coyote and the nearby grunts and groans of Abbey struggling at the base of the arch trying in jest to topple it into the Colorado River.

Fat Masterpiece

Another evening, Abbey talks to a

group of writers and students about writing. The occasion is casual — a seminar held in Arches. Abbey sits on a sand dune, beer in hand. He claims he can't speak extemporaneously so he reads something he's written and departs from the text to tell jokes.

"Why write?" he asks. "Especially in view of the fact that ever since God first spoke The Word (what word was that?) the world has been flooded with words, words, words..."

"We live on a great leaning tower of babbles, assaulted on all sides, outside and inside, by a constant hail of messages, a rain of books, a deluge of paper and print..."

"We are deforesting a continent in order to suffocate ourselves beneath a flood of print. Why? I think of those joyous young pines, with who knows what aspirations of their own, cut down in the flower of their youth and ground to pulp, for the sake of paper paper paper. Muchas papeles. Why?"

Abbey then reveals the reason behind the question: He feels guilty. He feels there are too many books, and yet, his ambition is to write a great fat book.

"Or, if not great then at least fat," he says. "A monstrous tome, or tomb — of exactly 1,000 fine-print pages. When I get to page 1,000 I'll quit. Right in the middle, and resign myself from the writing business. That's a promise. Retire to my stone hut in the desert and spend the rest of my life contemplating ... my novel."

The title of his fat masterpiece will be *Fat Masterpiece*.

Abbey concludes in the course of his speech and his six-pack that there are several good reasons for writing: money, fame, women, easy life, alcoholism, early death and ecstasy. "Never mind the flood of books. Throw another in the river," he advises.

Abbey says he 'was not interested in facts; only in truth.'

"I'll tell you why I have to write. Because nobody, nobody, has yet written the book that I want to write..."

"Why climb Everest? Mallory said, 'Because it's there.' Why do I want to write that one more book — and then maybe one more? Because it's *not* there, yet."

Later, members of the group ask Abbey questions.

"How much time do you devote to writing?"

"As little as I possibly can."

"What's your sign?"

"Get out of Cambodia."

Then self-proclaimed anarchist Abbey offers his disciples some political advice: "I've always been reluctant to join any organization. But if we are going to defend the American West against industrial exploitation, we will have to cooperate with one another in some kind of political, social and legal action."

Abbey suggests supporting candidates for public office "who will put the public interest before corporate-business interests. The two are seldom the same." He regrets that in Utah there are no such candidates. "We'll have to find some, or invent some," he says.

He tells the group we are all

"obliged to join or work or at least contribute money to a citizen conservation organization." Having little time or effort to offer such groups, Abbey says, "I appease my guilty conscience by giving a tithe of my income — like a good Mormon should — to several environmental organizations."

"Devoted though we must be to the conservation cause, I do not believe that any of us should give it *all* of our time or effort or heart," he warns. "Give what you can, but do not burn yourselves out — or break your hearts."

"Let us save at least half of our lives for the enjoyment of this wonderful world which still exists. Leave your dens, abandon your cars and walk out into the mountains, the deserts, the forests, the seashores. Those treasures still belong to all of us. Enjoy them to the full, stretch your legs, expand your lungs, enliven your hearts — and we will outlive the greedy swine who want to destroy it all in the name of what they call GROWTH."

"God bless America. Let's save some of it. Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet!"

Druid of the Arches

An hour before sunrise, I get up to take a morning bird walk. Abbey is still asleep in the back of his VW wagon.

It is a good morning for bird watching. In the pinyon-juniper forest of the Devil's Garden in Arches I find a rock wren, scrub jay, plain titmouse, blue-gray gnatcatcher, sage thrasher, common bushtit and hairy woodpecker. A porcupine waddles across my path. In the sand, tracks of kangaroo rats, dune beetles and cottontails can be found.

The sky lightens. There is a faint glow over the Sierra La Sal to the east. I

flush a Cooper's hawk. Then a strange noise catches my ear. Not a bird call. More like a faint elk bugle. No, I must be hearing things.

There it is again. And then a series of notes. Why, it's flute music!

I follow the sound and there, perched high on a fin of sandstone, facing the rising sun, flute in hand, is Abbey. The druid of the arches.

He plays a wide variety of tunes. Softly. Clearly. Some he starts, but stops abruptly. Half the concert is silence. Listening to the accompaniment of the natural world.

He plays "A gift to be simple." Two does and their fawns walk by between Abbey and me. He plays "Greensleeves." Silence.

The sun appears behind the mountaintops. Its pale yellow light strikes the deep wine-red sandstone and makes it glow. Abbey makes a shrill long whistle with his flute. Then another. Silence.

He repeats the call. And from somewhere in the east a chorus of coyotes answer. They yodel for several minutes. I look back at Abbey to see if he'll repeat his coyote call. He is gone.

Muir-like? No, just like Abbey.

□

*'...do not burn yourselves out -
or break your hearts.'*

14-High Country News — March 27, 1989

OTHER VOICES

When you say 'Western history,' stranger, frown!

by Patricia Nelson Limerick

"When shifting paradigms," a student of mine once wrote, "remember to put in the clutch."

In the last few years I have joined in the campaign to shift the operating assumptions of Western American history. I take no pleasure in the sound of grinding gears, and I'd just as soon make this transition as smooth as possible. But operating the paradigm clutch is no easy matter. The one thing I know for sure is that this vehicle is no automatic; if it were, the terms of Western history would have shifted a long time ago.

According to what we can call "Old Hat" Western history, white American pioneers moved in a wave, called "the frontier," across the continent, courageously mastering the wilderness and improving nature. Indians appeared in the story primarily as obstacles, while Hispanics, blacks, Asians and women of all ethnicities barely appeared at all.

In final defiance of reality, "Old Hat" history drew a line at 1890, the year in which the frontier theoretically ended and the Trans-Mississippi West became just another homogenized part of the nation. In emotional terms, traditional history could be called "happy face" history, casting Western expansion in shades of success, and leaving it to the South to bear the burdens of teaching the nation that it had not escaped the usual human heritage of despair and failure.

Traditional Western American history not only catered to nationalistic pride, it also rendered public officials and voters nearly witless when confronted with the West's ongoing problems: booms and busts in extractive economies, struggles over the management of public land, upsurges of Mexican immigration, the impoverishment of Indians, competition with Asians. It takes only a moment's thought to realize that these issues carry long histories. And yet the imagined great divide separating the 19th-century West from the 20th-century West prohibits clear thinking on the origins of the problems that perplex us today.

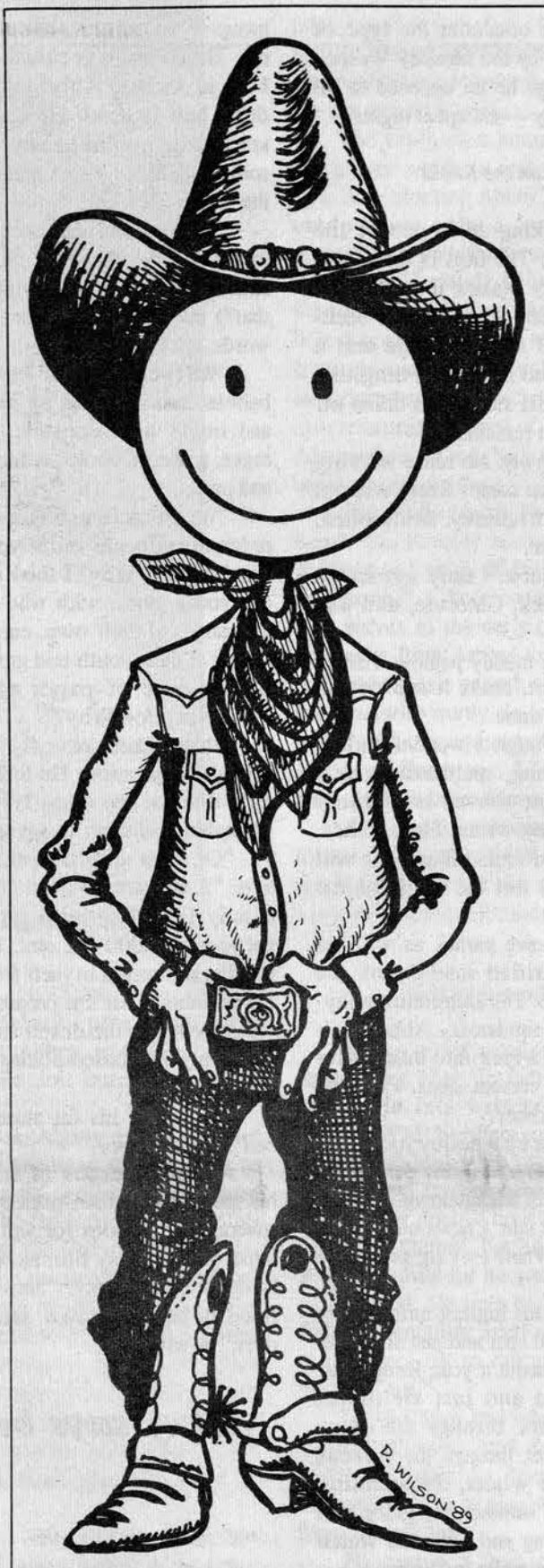
The trivialization of Western history not only served the nation and the region badly, it also did damage to Western historians. By cutting the "frontier West" off from our times, Western American historians had, in essence, issued a public request to be ignored.

"Pay no attention to us," they had said to regular folk. "We do have some amusing stories about the distant past, but they have no bearing on anything that affects you today. Relevance? We never touch the stuff."

Just as disturbing, conventional Western history refused to let the West be a real place. "The West," ran a standardized litany, "was sometimes west of Jamestown, sometimes west of Plymouth, sometimes west of Pittsburgh."

The West was a word playing musical chairs across the continent; when the music stopped, the West took a momentary stand at a particular place, but when the music started, the West moved frenetically on — until 1890, when the music stopped entirely and the West had to move on to Alaska ("Go North, Young West") or disappear entirely.

This migratory definition of the West may have satisfied those who like word-games, but it left the physical territory between the Pacific Ocean and the Mississippi River in limbo as the "region without a



name." If one defied this pressure and declared oneself a Western American historian anyway, then life was sure to be punctuated by encounters with professors, looking very pleased with themselves in the Little Jack Horner manner, and chanting, "Just where is the West? Wasn't it once west of Plymouth?"

Battered revolutionaries begin to wear down, and I have sometimes thought I would settle for minimal terms: for the disappearance of that dreary question and for the recognition that there is indeed a permanent part of the planet's surface which we may as well call the West.

But victory clearly requires more: namely, the recognition that the region is now defined as much by its tangle of human relationships as by its geography.

With many different Indian groups, with long-term Hispanic residents as well as more recent Mexican immigrants, with Eur-Americans of every variety, with Asians, with blacks, the American West proved to be one of the great meeting grounds of the planet.

While many of those groups might have preferred to keep their stories separate, the struggle over resources, power and profit brought everybody into the same narrative, a narrative defined by the concrete word "conquest" and only muddled by the abstract and mushy word "frontier."

Redefined in those terms, the West has as much right as the South to have its history treated with respect.

For reasons I can remember most of the time, I decided to carry the flag for the new Western history, putting the vision together in one book, *The Legacy of Conquest*, aimed at both professional historians and a general audience. With the book out for more than a year, it surely must be time to evaluate the status of the revolution. Did the paradigms shift? How can we tell?

It has been disorienting to encounter little in the way of direct combat. The two or three negative reviews of *Legacy* have conveyed much more in the way of authorial grumpiness than of argumentative cogency. Last October in Wichita, Kan., at a public forum on the book at the Western History Association, I could not get a quarrel started with anyone. Even in the Reagan/Bush years, it is not the most tenable approach to declare publicly that one preferred the days when Western American history was devoted to the triumphs of English-speaking white males.

I did not, in any case, set out to establish the "Limerick Thesis" as the new orthodoxy in Western history. I wanted, instead, to let fresh air into the increasingly stale debates over the meaning and relevance of the "frontier" West. Now, indeed, the windows and doors seem open, and fresh air seems to circulate freely. But was that it? Was that the revolution?

Maybe the best way to find out is to invite the public back into the discussion. "Old Hat" Western history is in a definite retreat, but does the public know that? Popular enthusiasm for the new Western history does not seem altogether guaranteed. The new approach cannot coexist with reverence for noble pioneer ancestors, and it will not permit any simple arrangement of black hats and white hats, bad guys and good guys.

Given the possible friction between the self-image of Westerners and the critical perspectives of Western historians, this might be the arena where productive intellectual combat over the shifting paradigms could finally get its start.

But how do we shift from debates among professors to full discussion with the public? "Old Hat" or "New Hat," the professional historian is a delicate and protected creature, better equipped to analyze a rough sport from a safe distance than to become an actual participant. Getting Western historians out of their protected territory and into a direct dialogue with Western residents — now, *that* would be a certifiable shifting of gears, and maybe even a new "frontier."

□

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OTHER VOICES

As tough and unyielding as the land itself

by David E. Brown

I well remember Myron Nelson's gate that guarded access to the east slopes of the Tortolita Mountains. I always dreaded having to drive through his yard to open it. The heavy plank frames opened forward, requiring me to park within view of his ranch house, and the hinges emitted a rasping creak that was sure to alert the crusty old cattleman.

Not that it mattered. The sound of my approaching truck was usually warning enough. On seeing the Arizona Game and Fish Department's quail logo on the door panel, he would emerge from the wooden frame door to flag me down before I could make an escape.

A litany of complaints would follow: Someone had left a gate open and his cattle had gotten out; the old Barril place had been vandalized by partyers; quail hunters had cleaned their birds in the water trough at

Derrio Well. I would dutifully write them all down and investigate each complaint. But there was never anything that could be done.

All desert ranchers had Anglo names that ended in a consonant and each one had a certain sameness about him. Nelson, Kayton and Carpenter in the Tortolitas, the Kings in the Baboquivaris, Claflin in the Silverbell Mountains, Sloan in the Sand Tank

(Continued on page 15)

GUEST OPINION

How to turn an inquiry into a Western

by Laverne Sheppard

Paul Natonabah

When the last shot was fired at a special Senate subcommittee hearing on fraud and mismanagement within federal Native American programs last month, the only victim on the floor was a corrupt tribal chairman.

As he stood up and dusted his chaps before his council back home, other tribal leaders circled around the senators to pierce arrows in the government's spaghetti western-style investigation.

"It's become almost like a witchhunt," said Wilma Mankiller, principal chief of the Cherokee Nation. "I'm beginning to think there's a hidden agenda ... to discredit all Indian tribes."

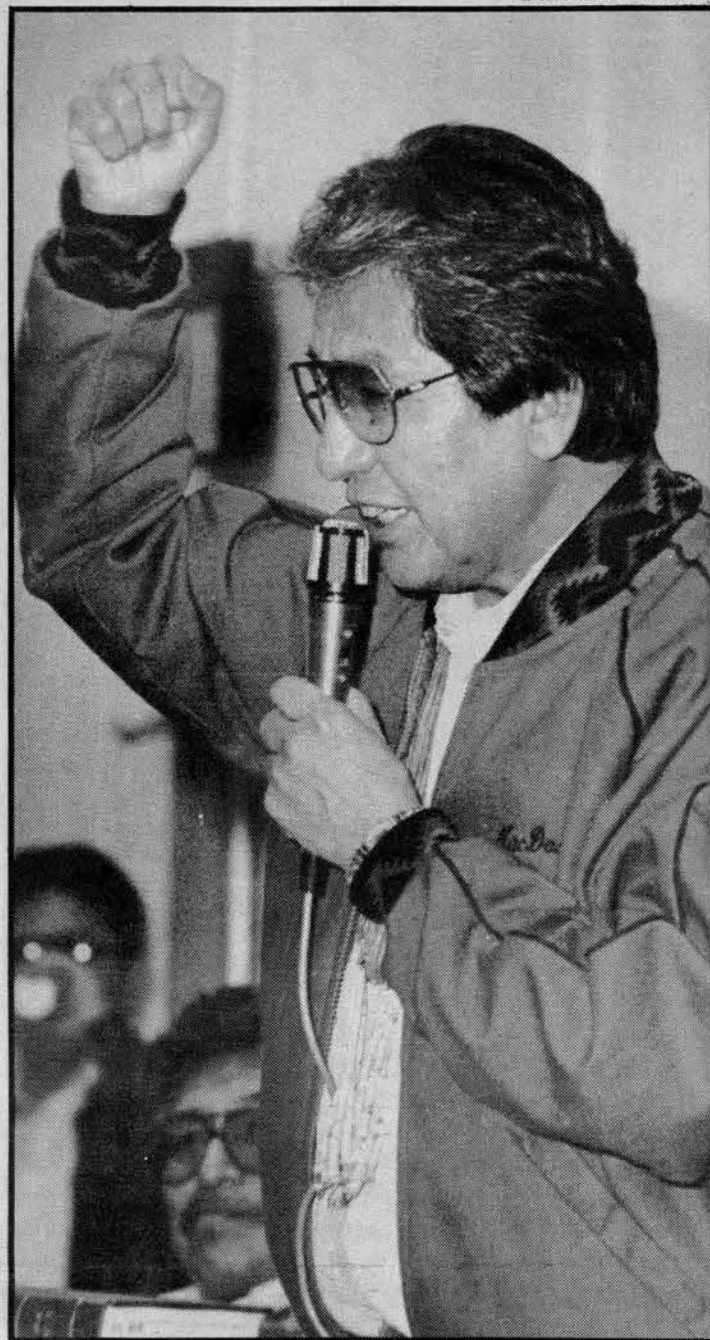
The hearings were prompted by a series of articles in the *Arizona Republic* detailing waste, fraud and abuse in multi-billion-dollar federal Indian programs. The newspaper found that of the billions spent to aid Indians over the last century, only one dime on the dollar reaches the Indians themselves while the bureaucracy feeds on the other 90 cents.

The newspaper series shook the Senate Select Committee on Indian Affairs into organizing a three-man panel to investigate the allegations. But what the team has uncovered, thus far, seems to place most of the blame on tribes for letting corruption and mismanagement rule over reservations.

The investigation's first target was Navajo Chairman Peter MacDonald who, it seems, was caught with his hand in the cookie jar one too many times. Several witnesses, including his own son, testified that Ol' MacDonald knowingly accepted kickbacks and expensive gifts — including a fully equipped BMW — for carrying out a questionable land deal and awarding selective contracts.

The investigation certainly brought to light what many Navajos have been alleging for years, but it also cast a shadow of darkness over the dealings of other tribal leaders. Not all chairmen are given as much power as the one at Navajo, but to single him out as the whipping boy gives the impression that he's only one of the countless tribal leaders with a bent for corruption.

Then there's the expert witness — who remains



Peter MacDonald

nameless — that testifies the mob is taking over Indian bingo. Several states that are opposed to Indian gaming no doubt cast his words in stone, but few even lifted an eye when an FBI agent two days later nearly refuted everything this convicted felon had to say.

Finally, the investigation's preoccupation with child abuse cases was puzzling to many tribes. Although this is unquestionably a problem on some isolated reservations (as it is elsewhere), there are many issues out there more national in scope that deserve equal — if not more — attention.

Take mineral fraud, for instance. At the outset of this whole investigation, Arizona Sen. Dennis DeConcini, who heads the Senate investigating team, said a top priority would be to find out how billions of dollars in oil, gas and mineral revenues were somehow being siphoned away from tribes by energy companies and a minerals "mis" management system clogged by red tape.

It'll be interesting to see how much time the committee devotes to calling top energy company and BIA officials to the carpet. Our guess is that Big Business, with its power and unyielding hand in the nation's political structure, will walk away from this investigation laughing all the way to the bank.

You see, Native Americans are always made out to be the bad guys. They are the only ones with corrupt leaders who can't handle their money. They cannot run respectable businesses nor can they be trusted to award contracts with federal dollars. That has been the conclusion of the investigation thus far.

If the guys in white are just as rough on the Bureau of Indian Affairs as they are on the tribes, we'll get somewhere after all this is over. And just maybe, the credits at the end of this movie will include some specifics on how the system can work in favor — rather than against — the tribes.

That's the whole intent of the investigation, isn't it?

□

Laverne Sheppard is a member of the Shoshone-Bannock tribes and editor of the *Sho-Ban News*. She lives on the Fort Hall Reservation in Idaho.

As tough...

(Continued from page 14)

Mountains; all were of the same race. Pale blue-gray eyes, accustomed to squinting, intently peered through at you from slits separated by angular noses — broken perhaps in some dirt-eating roping episode in their youths.

Their thin faces were rough and weather-beaten without being tanned; recently doctored skin cancers took their place among the scars of past removals. The jawline might show some stubble, but a beard, never.

Gazing downward to keep from intruding further resulted in witnessing hands much damaged from sun, rope and leather. Few of these men weighed more than 160 pounds.

A faded denim jacket with frayed cuffs was, when accompanied by well-worn Levis and a faded Western shirt, the usual uniform. Scuffed cowboy boots that appeared one size too small gave a crippled stomp to their bow-legged walk. The only jewelry would be a belt buckle — often displaying his registered brand.

To see one of them without his Stetson was to see him naked. When so, his wispy hair was inadequate to cover an unexpected amount of white.

Horses and spurs were rarely in evidence. Gathering and branding were only annual events and most of them no longer "rode their range." The few times I did see one horseback, I almost didn't recognize the metamorphosis.

They were so much bigger when in the saddle, so much more self-assured. Our usual meeting, however, was while crouched behind the wheel of a Chevrolet or Ford pickup, or at the ranch headquarters.

Most had roots somewhere in Texas and a twinge of that state's peculiar idiom and accent had survived through three generations. A large dose of prejudice had been inherited along the way and they were often unreasonable. They had seen good times and bad, but

only spoke of the latter. Whatever joys smoldered inside, they kept to themselves. Yet, they were never without a wry humor.

I never met one I couldn't get along with, but two or more together were impossible to deal with.

I almost never saw their children who were mostly grown — and I rarely met their wives, some of whom were Mexican.

Most of the youngsters had gone to town, leaving the "old man" to worry about cattle prices and stew about the increase in coyotes. They were taciturn men, and I almost never saw them laugh. Perhaps, because as one said, "It's damn tough to sit back and watch the country going to hell."

Their smallness was compensated by an air of determination and I sensed a certain meanness. I wouldn't have wanted to be between one and something he wanted.

When they spoke it was usually to complain about too many deer hunters, coyotes or environmentalists. Or, as for the range, it was now all "green feed" or mesquite. They hated the burweed and snakeweed that were robbing them of their livelihood, but it didn't make sense.

Weren't they running far fewer head of stock than their fathers had? Yet, the grass would not return. It had to be the weather. The rains didn't come like they used to. "There hadn't been a good year since 1941."

They had not always been impotent. Their ranches rose out of homesteads that their fathers had acquired between 1880 and 1920, and had been "grown on to" in the 1920s and 1930s when Congress recognized that a man couldn't eke out a living from 160 acres of Western rangelands.

Times were tough, but the ex-Texans persevered by absorbing their goat ranching and small cow-outfit neighbors — the Sotomayors, the Lopezes and the Martinezes. Sometimes it took a dead steer in the well

to settle the price, but *Shane* notwithstanding, it was the cattlemen who inherited the arid West.

By the time of their heyday after World War II, most cattle spreads consisted of around 30 or 40 sections, were made up mostly of state lands and included some scattered Bureau of Land Management parcels along with the acquired homesteads.

Soon the newcomers came. "Hobby ranchers" they called them: real estate developers, speculators and just those of another profession and an abundance of money who wanted to taste the "real West." Gradually, the cattlemen sold out. Money proved more powerful than homesteaders.

Selling out made economic sense. Even haphazardly invested, the capital accrued from selling the base properties and the state lease insured a comfortable income and a family inheritance. To free yourself of a lifetime prison of rocks, cacti and mesquite, all you gave up was a tumbledown ranch house, a few Aeromotor windmills and a bunch of old fence. You couldn't hardly make a living running cows on the open range anyhow.

One by one they succumbed. Now they are all gone or almost so.

I never thought that I would miss them. But I do. If I broke an axle or needed a horse to pack out a mule deer buck, I could count on him being there. He would bitch all the way out to the site of my need at 11:00 p.m., but he would come.

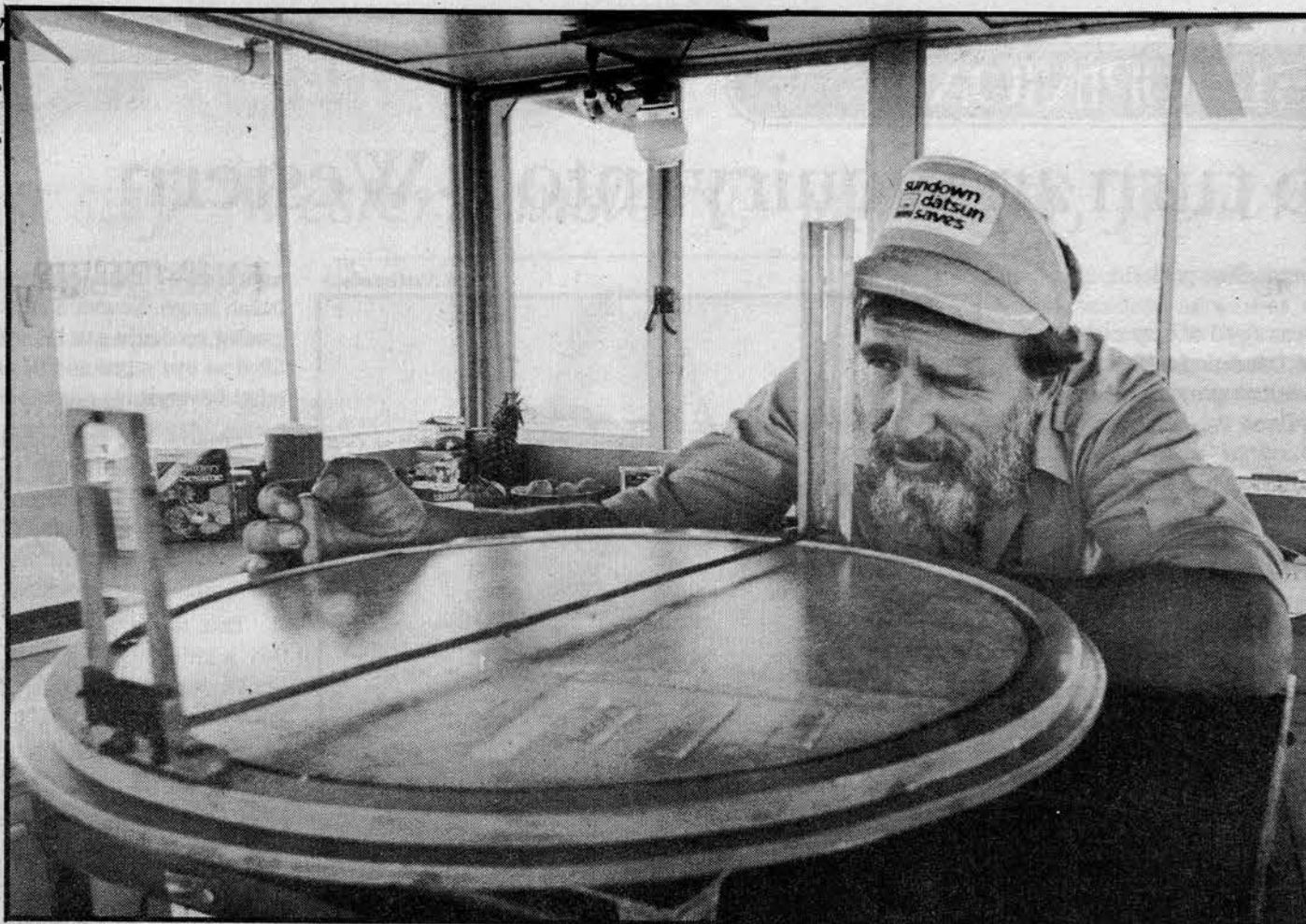
We knew each other and that was enough.

□

David E. Brown is a freelance writer in Phoenix, Arizona.

16-High Country New

Buddy Mays



Edward Abbey at Aztec Peak, Arizona, 1980

The West mourns Abbey's death

by Steve Hinchman

Writer Edward Abbey's sudden death on March 14th left the nation's environmental movement and lovers of wild and untrammelled land everywhere stunned and grieving.

Abbey, who had been sick for three weeks and hospitalized twice in that time, died at his home in Tucson, Ariz., of internal bleeding. He was 62.

As the news spread across the country, arguments about Abbey's endorsement of ecotage or his combative style gave way to praise for his passionate love of wilderness, his pointed and outrageous humor and his many battles with the establishment.

Abbey was a rare blend of artist and activist. His *Desert Solitaire* is already a classic environmental work. At the same time, his novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang* and his outspoken essays, talks and actions inspired the creation of a radical wing of the environmental movement, typified by Earth First! and its monkey wrench tactics.

But Edward Abbey's appeal wasn't limited to any one group, or even to those who considered themselves environmentalists. His writings about the West touched many who did not consider themselves environmentalists. Landscapes are shaped by natural forces, but they must be discovered by man. And Abbey — through *Desert Solitaire*, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, *Black Sun*, *Down the River*, *Abbey's Road* and 14 other fiction and non-fiction books — helped a generation of Westerners and visitors see the Western landscape, and understand their place in that landscape.

Although Abbey may have been read and appreciated by all sorts of Americans, the West's environmental movement claimed him as its own, and he welcomed that claim. His writings and talks, especially about his beloved canyon country, helped put the Colorado Plateau on the environmentalists' map, making them see its beauty and its plight. Such was the power of his words that he sent part of the movement into bureaucratic and political wars to protect the plateau, and others in search of bulldozers to disable and billboards to destroy.

"We'll miss that hard-nose," says author Wallace Stegner, who taught Abbey during a Stanford University writing fellowship in the early 1970s, when Abbey was writing *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. "I think he was an extraordinary partisan and a very useful citizen. A lot of people thought he was outrageous and I did myself. But nobody had his absolutely babbled conviction and humor. He did an extraordinary amount of good with his art."

"Abbey," says Friends of the Earth founder David Brower, "gave the environmental movement CPR when it was getting a little bit smug. There's no time for that now."

In 1982, Abbey gave the Belkin Memorial Lecture at the University of California, San Diego. Brower, who was sitting in the audience, asked Abbey how to join the Monkey Wrench Gang. Brower says Abbey replied, "You don't sign up, you just follow your conscience."

"I hope a lot of people remember what he said," says Brower. "His canyon country needs a lot of help these days. We should have the Edward Abbey World Heritage Reserve on the Colorado Plateau. All of it. Plow up the roads. Plow up the Burr Trail."

Edwin Way Teale, in *The New York Times Book Review* in 1968 called Abbey, "A voice crying in the wilderness, for the wilderness." And on his death, the *Associated Press* and papers across the country noted that his books provided "a manifesto for the radical environmental movement."

Brock Evans, a 25-year veteran of the environmental movement and now vice-president of the National Audubon Society in Washington, D.C., says, "I guess none of us thought he would ever die. I thought he was as ageless as the canyons he wrote about."

Evans says, while he doesn't and can't condone ecotage, Abbey's work has been a continuing inspiration. "Abbey taught us we don't have to take the destruction of our lands by exploiters lightly. We can fight back... So many of us by necessity are wearing coats and ties and fighting legal and legislative battles. He opened up a whole new front and activated a whole generation of

environmentalists. He kept alive the memory of the crime of Glen Canyon Dam."

Tom Watkins, vice-president of The Wilderness Society and editor of *Wilderness* magazine, says that long after Abbey's exploits are forgotten, his writings will be quoted and re-quoted. "*Desert Solitaire* already has become one of the central documents of the modern conservation movement."

Former Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall adds, "Some people will remember him for *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. Actually he was a talented artist with many voices. I guess I'll always remember him most for *Desert Solitaire*... He taught people the importance of conservation and the environment. He'll be read 25 to 50 years from now. That's the way you measure a writer."

Author Michael Frome compares Abbey to Benard DeVoto, Sigurd Olson and Joseph Wood Krutch. "He was a non-conformist with conviction and principles unswayed by convention. He set a standard for the rest of us."

But not everyone was full of praise. The *Denver Post* in an editorial last week called Abbey one of the American West's most eloquent admirers and ardent defenders, but added, "Abbey's purist views and polemical style alienated many of the readers he most sought to convert. And his zealotry galvanized scores of water, energy and mineral developers who might have otherwise stayed on the political sidelines, dispersed and disorganized. But by preaching an extremist gospel, Abbey also made the strong conservationist goals of mainstream groups like the Sierra Club appear more moderate. Like Thoreau, the 19th-century writer to whom he often was compared... (Abbey) may be far more revered by future generations than his own."

In addition to his books, Abbey leaves behind the people who knew him for years and are determined to carry on his spirit. Earth First! co-founder Howie Wolke says, "Once we get over the grief, we're going to celebrate that Edward Abbey was on the planet for 62 years."

Abbey showed up at Earth First!'s first action at Glen Canyon Dam in 1981 and was a supporter of the radical envi-

ronmental organization from then on. Wolke adds, "I hope that people who love the earth and care about the rampant destruction that's going on all over will carry on. That's what Ed would have wanted."

Ken Sleight was there almost at the beginning of Abbey's passionate relationship to the West. The long-time friend and river companion, who many say served as the model for Seldom Seen Smith in *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, says Abbey's sense of conscience stands out above all his other characteristics.

"He was one of the greats of the environmental movement. He made people question what they were doing. He didn't write letters to the editor for nothing. When things started getting dull here came a letter from Edward Abbey... He put things into words the rest of us wanted to, but couldn't."

Abbey and Sleight's friendship developed over the course of several trips down the Colorado River, through Glen Canyon. Sleight says for Abbey, the damming of the canyon and broken promises to protect Rainbow Bridge were the shots that started the war.

"That's the ultimate goal — to do away with the dam. Glen Canyon Dam has ruined a hell of a lot of things. That's what *The Monkey Wrench Gang* is all about, when they destroy your country and there's no way to stop it. We talked a lot about that; what you do when no one will listen to you any more. That's how Earth First! was born, when James Watt closed the door."

Abbey, who lived in Tucson since the early 1970s, had recently bought land on Sleight's Pack Creek Ranch and was planning to return to Moab. Sleight says during a trip to Grand Gulch, Utah, last year they were still making plans. "It seems everything was cut short."

Abbey had just written a new novel, *The Fool's Progress*, which he called his "Fat Masterpiece." A sequel to *The Monkey Wrench Gang* will be published in 1990.

Abbey is survived by his wife, Clarke Cartwright, son Benjamin, age 2, daughter Rebecca, age 5, daughter Susie, age 20, his sons Joshua and Aaron, who are in their thirties, and his father, Paul Revere Abbey.

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