Ivan,
Let me know if you'd like more copies. It's great to have you in the magazine.

Ben
Migratory birds tell climate change story  
Backcountry skiing in wilderness  
Threat of oil drilling off the coast of Alaska
April 20, 2011

Mr. Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue, NW
Seattle, Wash. 98177

Dear Ivan:

I have contacted you a couple of times over the years in hopes that you would agree to write a 700-word essay for Wilderness, the magazine published each fall by The Wilderness Society for our 150,000 members. You were too tied up with book writing and touring to do so, and I’m hoping this is a better year.

Each issue of the magazine contains two or three such essays. Our essayists have included Pam Houston, Bill McKibben, David Sibley, James Fallows, Douglas Brinley, Janisse Ray, Tom Toles, Bruce Babbitt, Jennifer Ackerman, and Terry Tempest Williams.

I am flexible about the topic, as long as it ties in somehow to our wilderness and public lands mission. I prefer that you write on a topic that you feel strongly about. I know you are passionate about the Rocky Mountain Front, and very possibly there are other public lands in Montana, the Pacific Northwest, or elsewhere that are near and dear to you. If you are able to write for us this time, we should discuss the proposed subject before you start putting words together.

I would need your piece by mid-July and can pay $1,100.

Wilderness was first published in 1935, when The Wilderness Society was founded. Its editors have included Robert Sterling Yard, T. H. Watkins, and Howard Zahniser. Words from Robert Marshall, Olaus Murie, Barry Lopez, Wallace Stegner, and Aldo Leopold have graced its pages. I very much hope that we can add your name to that list.

Sincerely,

Ben Beach
Editor

ben_beach@twso.org
202-429-2655
SECOND DRAFT (6-6-11) (Reflects Ivan’s reaction to my initial edits)

The Bob and I, Under the Big Sky
By Ivan Doig

He was a child of privilege who played Lewis and Clark with his brother in Central Park. A neophyte forester who showed up in the West barely knowing how to use an axe. A U.S. Forest Service bureaucrat who fathered wilderness areas as we know them, and for good measure, pitched in as a key creator of The Wilderness Society. A one-of-a-kind explorer of his surroundings who could count like the devil and write like an angel. A marathon high-country hiker whose heart played out when he was 38. He was, lucky for us, Bob Marshall.

This unequaled go-getter on the side of nature’s wild places also became a ghostly guide to a young writer struggling to find reconciliation with his home ground, in my case the scenic but harsh ranch country along Montana’s Rocky Mountain Front. Throughout my teenage years, the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area was practically a neighbor, although an upscale one, to the buffalo-grass benchlands where my family worked on sheep ranches. Just over the craggy horizon lay “The Bob,” the million-acre heart of the northern Rockies. But out of reach to the likes of us, fading remnants of the lariat proletariat; hired hands do not go on hikes nor pricey pack trips.

Writing gave me my escape from that life and territory, and I only accidentally came across Bob Marshall the man when the Forest Service commissioned me to write the history of its Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station. One of early forestry’s old woodsmen recalled him as the big-eared college kid, a summer hire new to Washington’s Cascade mountains and forests, who went at the task of thinning vine maple saplings by belting them as if trying to hit a home run, when all it took was a steady hand on each slender trunk and a quick clip with the axe. We can bet the eastern greenhorn learned in a hurry.

Sightings of this sort continued as I went my way as a roving young magazine writer committed to the West and its story. In an obscure archival photo album in Missoula, I came across Marshall grinning in jodhpurs during his late 1920’s research
station stint in Big Sky country. At the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, I delved into his field notebooks full of boggling counting mania: cusswords heard at a lumber camp, miles hiked per day, number of pancakes consumed by visiting Forest Service bigwigs, on and on. His was the kind of inspired quirkiness dear to a writer's heart, so perhaps it was a natural evolution for this curious historic figure who died the year I was born, 1939, to become something of an off-stage fellow compulsive in my own environmentally tilted journalistic life.

Then came the summer of 1977, when I returned to Montana with a book in mind. I had long stayed away, daunted by the loss of loved ones to that hard life under the shadow of the Rockies, but determined now to tell our family story. First, though, by whatever impulse that had been waiting 20 years, I pointed myself and my unflinching wife Carol into the Bob, the waiting wilderness area.

Those memorable days on the trail, we knew even then, were unrepeatable; we were graced to have one such experience in a lifetime. Knife-edge ridge hiking took our breath in more ways than one, with views of the snowy ranks of the interior Rockies while a gorge with Yosemite-like domes waited below. The Montana sky as big as advertised. Fishing—and better yet, catching!—at a creek-side campsite. For 40 miles, about a day's walk for Bob Marshall, we cloud-walked back and forth across the Continental Divide. In five days we encountered not another living soul, except nature's own.

Out of this and much else that adventurous summer came This House of Sky: Landscapes of a Western Mind, a finalist for the National Book Award and still high among the most popular of my books. But as it turned out, I was not through with Bob Marshall and his namesake country, nor he and it with me. Subsequently my fictional Two Medicine trilogy focused on a Forest Service family in that inspirational neck of the woods, and perhaps inevitably, in a later novel, Mountain Time, as my modern characters hike into the Bob, who do you think shows up in the pages as a lasting presence, tireless as a shadow, on the trail?

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*Ivan Doig is the author of 13 books, including his Two Medicine trilogy of English Creek, Dancing at the Rascal Fair, and Ride With Me, Mariah Montana.*
INVOICE

May 16, 2011

TO: Ben Beach, The Wilderness Society
FROM: Ivan Doig (Soc Sec # 516-44-4410)


17277 15th Ave., NW
Seattle, WA 98177
A matchless wilderness for trail veterans

By Ivan Doig

BOB MARSHALL would have loved his namesake neighborhood along the Rocky Mountains. As father of the United States Forest Service system of wilderness areas and a founder of the Wilderness Society, Marshall was an unequivocal outdoors enthusiast. Fortunately, the Bob Marshall Wilderness of northern Montana is matchless in its own right—nearly a million acres of rampart peaks, alpine meadows, crystal streams, and impenetrable forests.

In early summer, my wife and I backpacked for five days along the northernmost thrust of the Bob Marshall Wilderness. On our 10-mile loop route, we camped, fished, and were on being. What we saw was a landscape of unfettered brownstone wilderness, and as Bob Marshall would have known, some limits to our capacity.

That was the essence of the wilderness, the essential, not for the novices backpacker. A suggested guideline: You do not have to head out into the wilderness if you have had three to four years of solitude experience; there are some places in some of America’s premier high country, such as the California Sierra or the Pacific Crest Trail of the Pacific Northwest.

OTHERWISE, THE Marshall Wilderness is best sampled in the capable company of commercial outfitters and guides. They are plentiful enough, a list of those that are state-licensed is available from the Montana Fish and Game Commission, Helena, Mont. 59601.

Whether you do it on foot or on horseback, choose your area of the wilderness with forethought—do you want primarily to fish, see big game, explore mountain trails, or with the advice of Nature of Forest personnel.

The Bob Marshall Wilderness lies across two national forests: in the eastern portion, the Lewis and Clark National Forest, with headquarters in the Federal Building, Great Falls, Mont. 59401; in the western, the Flathead National Forest, 290 N. Main, Kalispell, Mont. 59901.

Because I had lived on a ranch nearby and come to know old-timers there who knew the mountains, I chose the hillocky southeastern portion of the forest near the source of the river that bears his name. On July 1, I was plunged, with the backpacks jingling and tumbling ahead of us, into the snags peeking up on our backs.

Day One: On the rim, we made an abrupt, pterodactyl leap into the top of the Marshall; then on the north fork of Intermittent, meandering west and north along Gateway and Marshall, uphill and then on the north fork of the North Fork to Swift Reservoir again.

The trail alone is beautiful to us along Kingslamb wall-to-wall-white mountains—no horseman or backpacker with heart cannot be impressed with the unimpeachable way the wilds8 unfolding away all around us—just us.

Day Two: We camped opposite the north fork of the day’s three formations of the flood running south, then on the banks of the river, then on the serious, flatter-bottomed and perhaps uncertain this early in the summer but for the months with Gateway Creek: Someone has erected a large canvas tent as a fishing camp and we put up our tiny tent nearby. With daylight left, I obliterate my fishing pole and catch our last trout for supper.

Day Three: Fishing from the depths of our sleeping bag, I discover trout on the outside of the tent.

Carol rolls a finger to the roof. “Hope, it’s on the Inside.”

I throw a fly to life. Carol makes a breakfast of hot soup and hot chocolate, and soon both we and the days are warming.

This is a fishing day, and my back is running: a catch of eight nice trout, and the two last trout of my nomadic angling career.

Safety tips for backpackers

HERE ARE A few guidelines to keep you within the margins of safety while backpacking.

The basic rules of backpacking in high country, such as the Bob Marshall Wilderness, are Two: Know your capabilities, and don’t go beyond them. Backtrack to safety whenever weather or terrain demands. You are required to make emergency supplies as a first-aid kit, some food-energy food and water, a pocket-size rescue blanket, and, of course, plenty of water.

CARRY A compass, and know how to use it. And outfit yourself with United States Geological Survey topographic maps for your entire route. Do this in addition to carrying the Bob Marshall Wilderness, for example, the necessary topographic maps are available only in Great Falls—at headquarters of the Lewis and Clark National Forest or at Blaine’s Camp Store, St. An, N. Great Falls, Mont. City libraries, or the U.S. Geological Survey in Denver, Colo., 80225, or Washington, D.C. 20037.

Carol, meanwhile, read, relaxed, took pictures, and at one point hanged our tops together when she heard a crashing in the woods. The woods crashed stopped immediately, but reminded me that we are in bear country. The nearby peaks offer privacy—its sides are sprinkled with mainly prey, deer, and she-wolves where some stray brain devils knock down their big fish of the forest.

We have been having bear precautions throughout the trip. We talk along the trail, we rope our pack frames to make a warning clatter as we walk, keep a garbage-free camp site, and carry a horse of 10-ounce high out of reach each night.

Day Four: The frost is thicker and whiter this morning, and with our tent peeping from it and under it, we decide to pack and make an early start on the trail.

The canyon over to our most rugged, North along Strawberry Creek, the forest begins to pitch into little gullies. The grassy trail is based as hard as concrete, and despite every precaution, I don’t know how I didn’t pull up a lung.

By noon, we have reached the Continental Divide through another 20 miles of Bangkok Pass, but now climb steeply and steadily for a full hour or so, to Apple Creek and the Divide.

At the crest, merely 700 feet in elevation, we truly feel as if we are up the run of the continent. Peaks of the Intermountain Rockies set far as far as we can see west and north and south, and to the east are more peaks and a notch view of the farm-patterned plains below.

Then a howling squall of rain and sleet beats on the ridge, and we dive for trees and cotton on our boots and rain gear. In 15 minutes it has swept past, and we start down the mountain face—the abyssal portion of the entire trail—to the banks of the North Fork.

At our campsite in a few miles, the weather turns up. We use shelter to cool our backs from our campfire until the persistent rain begins to filter through the tent. Day Five: The outbound day, usually a lengthy one in the quick-in—quick-out type.

We have some nine miles to go. I protect my blistered feet by encasing them in plastic bags, wrap three pairs of socks, and it quite protects. The wind comes up, putting us at an advantage. We have our backs to it, and we ease along the trail.

The north fork offers a picture-perfect fishing spot. A few feet from the packing-in, we slide into a deep, shadow-dappled pool. For 30 minutes, it is a perfect setting, up, and streams across every corner, the badness of the pool—and catch catch.

But if the fishing is slack, the scenery is not. As our first leg of the trip, the valleys are especially—shedding rocks form intricately interwoven patterns.

And then, upon noon and a pair of falling leaves, the valley is filled with only a few stringy clouds, and the Canyon comes into view. Across it, we can pick up an ancient Indian trail, and the road of the pool—and catch catch.

Of course, this classically commemorative country of the Bob Marshall Wilderness with 60 miles earlier.

Joan Doig
The Bob Marshall: A Memorial Wilderness

Text by Ivan Doig
Photos by Bob and Ira Spring

S
omeone once asked Bob Marshall just how many wilderness areas he thought America needed. He asked back: “How many Brahms symphonies do we need?”

I liked that when I read it, and liked it even more on the knife-edge ridge of Family Peak, 7100 feet up in the Montana Rockies, where the crags of Marshall’s namesake soar in every direction. In his rapid life—he was just 38 when he died in 1939—Bob Marshall managed to help found the Wilderness Society, to father the U.S. Forest Service system of wilderness areas, and to hike thousands of miles of America’s high country. The million-acre Bob Marshall Wilderness in northern Montana is a crescent of country to suit the man.

The wilderness area lies south of Glacier National Park, saddledbag across the Continental Divide into the Flathead National Forest on the west and the Lewis & Clark National Forest on the east. For the backpacker, two facts characterize this hiking country: the landscape is rough, and bears live in it.

We went into the Bob Marshall along a little-used northeastern route, from behind the tiny town of Dupuyer. That route, actually a pack trail for horseback hunting parties, will normally defy hikers with its unbridged streams. On our route up the South Fork of Birch Creek, there were fordings in the first four hours, and even in the extreme drought of the summer of 1977, the water at one crossing came above our knees; in a year of normal runoff, it would rage several feet deeper than that.

Better, then, to enter by one of the more customary routes, such as the West Fork of the Teton River west of Choteau or the North Fork of the Sun River northwest of Augusta. (The Forest Service map of the Bob Marshall lists 16 possible routes, ranging from one 25-mile roundtrip to several of 70 and 75.) By whatever trail, the hiker promptly begins to earn his way into brawny landscape. There is a constant variety of scenery: Mt. Richmond looming west like a square pyramid; mountainsides of colossal reefs and deeps like the ocean bottom tipped empty and left on its side; peaks, square-set ranges with their knees high in the air; canyons everywhere; a high narrow table of trail above the South Fork.

The second morning’s hike took us across the Continental Divide at Gateway Pass in brilliant sun, perfect shirt-sleeve weather—with wind gusting hard enough to stagger us.

At that night’s campsite, on Strawberry Creek, we pitched our tent near a large tepee used by pack parties as a fishing camp, and mulled some graphic bear signs: muddy paw prints on the tepee canvas, and a slash where the visitor had made his own entryway. The bruin artwork more than justified the precautions we had been following—slinging packs in trees at night, taking care with meals and garbage, tying our cups on the packframes to clatter a warning as we hiked.

July/August 1978


Strawberry Creek is one of the countless fishing streams in the multi-valleyed interior of the Bob Marshall. Once I bounced a spinner off a log into a ringlet of shadowy water, and another time slid a grasshopper fly down a ripple beneath a snag; both times, the hooks plucked at once into the mouths of appreciative trout. We had fish for lunch, and more fish for supper.

We also had a sparkling frost inside our tent in the morning. That day’s hike proved the most rugged. We climbed back across the Divide at Badger Pass, and then on up for a grueling hour over the saddleback ridge of Family Peak—where a sleet squall sent us diving for shelter and into wool clothes.

When the squall cleared, the view was waiting: the Rockies blading up in all directions, peak upon peak upon peak, with a notch of view eastward to the patterned farmland of the northern Montana plains.

We aimed ourselves for that notch, and that night made our last camp, on the North Fork of Birch Creek, in steady rain. The next morning, we hiked out from under the mountain clouds—wind thumping a farewell against the backs of our packs—into bright sun.

When we reached our car, we had covered 40 miles in five days, and seen not another living soul. The Bob Marshall had afforded us a colossal variety of country and of challenge—and most of all, of weather. Across those first five days of July, our trip had lacked only snow. The morning after we strode out, we looked back to see Bob Marshall’s wilderness shining with fresh white.

For general maps and information, write to the Flathead National Forest, 290 N. Main, Kalispell, MT 59901, or the Lewis & Clark National Forest, Federal Building, Great Falls, MT 59401. Get all USGS topographical maps for your planned hike before leaving home; they’re hard to find in some parts of Montana.

Pacific Search/63
INVOICE

May 16, 2011

TO: Ben Beach, The Wilderness Society
FROM: Ivan Doig (Soc Sec # 516-44-4410)


17277 15th Ave., NW
Seattle, WA 98177
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This unequaled go-getter on the side of nature’s wild places also became a ghostly guide to a young writer struggling to find reconciliation with his home ground, in my case the scenic but harsh ranch country along Montana’s Rocky Mountain Front. Throughout my teenage years, the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area was practically a neighbor, although an upscale one, to the buffalo-grass benchlands where my family worked on sheep ranches. Just over the craggy horizon lay “The Bob,” the million-acre heart of the northern Rockies. But out of reach to the likes of us, fading remnants of the lariat proletariat; hired hands do not go on hikes nor pricey pack trips.

Writing gave me my escape from that life and territory, and I only accidentally came across Bob Marshall the man when the Forest Service commissioned me to write the history of its Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station. One of early forestry’s old woodsmen recalled him as the big-eared college kid, a summer hire new to Washington’s Cascade mountains and forests, who went at the task of thinning vine maple saplings by belting them as if trying to hit a home run, when all it took was a steady hand on each slender trunk and a quick clip with the axe. We can bet the Eastern greenhorn learned in a hurry.

Sightings of this sort continued as I went my way as a spikey [not sure what you mean by “spikey”] young magazine writer committed to the West and its story. In an obscure archival photo album in Missoula, I came across Marshall grinning in jodhpurs during his late 1920’s research station stint in Big Sky country. At the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, I delved into his field notebooks full of boggling counting mania: cusswords
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Ben Beach - Aug 28
BM under. Big Sky
- as an assignment, I do work on an acceptance
Your (meet with) magazine
- finishing up a bit - phone up you
- influence on me!
- personal woes along. BM front of Bob
- summer ('77) I was referring The Sky or Sky
my wife & I hiked into Bob for
of a week - saw no else.
- Marshall became a character in MMT
- been in 'Marshall papers' @ Banff
I once interviewed in the Geo
pix from 1925-28 in Minoula.' album in MM
ms collection

Personal notes of Mike:
700 - 750 wds - 850 - 900
5 May '11

Dear Ben--

I don’t want to spoil you, but let’s see if we can get this done in one fell swoop. The Bob Marshall piece came out at 800 words. The photocopy pics are the U. of Montana manuscript collection ones I told you about, maybe not so great except for uniqueness, huh? I dug out the proof sheet of Carol’s and my hike into the Bob--sorry, the negatives are long gone--and note that 9A has me at the Bob Marshall Wilderness sign, no less. So, over to you and your editorial wizardry.

Best,

Ivan Doig
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by Ivan Doig

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CONSULTING CONTRACT

This Contract, dated April 28, 2011, between The Wilderness Society, a nonprofit corporation having an address at 1615 M. St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 ("TWS") and Ivan Doig, an individual at ("Consultant").

1. SERVICES AND PRODUCTS.

Consultant agrees to perform the services and/or provide the products described in Attachment A annexed hereto. Unless otherwise agreed by TWS in advance in writing, Consultant shall personally perform the services and/or provide the products described in Attachment A. Such services and/or products shall be provided with the standard of due care, skill and diligence normally provided by professional persons in the performance of similar services or production of similar products. Consultant understands that TWS will be relying upon Consultant's services and/or products and will be utilizing them in TWS' business. No amendment, modification or waiver of the terms or conditions of this Contract will be valid unless in writing and signed by both parties; Provided, that TWS may request changes or modifications to the work to be performed in Attachment A by setting forth such changes in a written Addendum to Attachment A from the TWS Primary Contact. The cost or credit of such changes to TWS shall be determined by the mutual agreement of the parties.

2. TERM.

This Contract shall commence on April 28 and terminate on August 31, 2011, unless terminated at an earlier date in accordance with the terms hereof. There shall be no automatic renewals of this contract although it may be extended in writing with the approval and concurrence of the appropriate TWS Vice President. This Contract may be terminated by TWS at any time upon thirty (30) days' prior written notice to Consultant, or earlier in the event of a breach as provided in Section 5 below.

3. TWS PRIMARY CONTACT.

The TWS Primary Contact for this Contract shall be Ben Beach or such other person as TWS may designate from time to time. The TWS Primary Contact shall
INDEPENDENT CONSULTING CONTRACT

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This Contract shall commence on April 28 and terminate on August 31, 2011, unless terminated at an earlier date in accordance with the terms hereof. There shall be no automatic renewals of this contract although it may be extended in writing with the approval and concurrence of the appropriate TWS Vice President. This Contract may be terminated by TWS at any time upon thirty (30) days' prior written notice to Consultant, or earlier in the event of a breach as provided in Section 5 below.

3. TWS PRIMARY CONTACT.

The TWS Primary Contact for this Contract shall be Ben Beach or such other person as TWS may designate from time to time. The TWS Primary Contact shall
provide general direction of the Consultant and oversee the accomplishment of the results. The TWS Primary Contact will be responsible for receiving and accepting or rejecting Project reports, providing in a timely fashion all materials needed for the Project, and for responding in a timely fashion to any questions that need to be answered in order to complete the project.

4. **COMPENSATION.**

TWS shall pay Consultant the sum of $1,100 for performing the services and/or providing the products described herein, provided that Consultant has first provided TWS with an invoice on their own letterhead which describes the work that was accomplished or performed to warrant the next scheduled payment.

5. **EXPENSES.**

TWS shall be responsible for reasonable and necessary out-of-pocket expenses incurred by Consultant in connection with the performance of the services and/or the provision of the products provided for herein. However, no expenses are contemplated and will not be reimbursed unless approved in writing in advance by the TWS Primary Contact. All expenses shall be itemized and supported by appropriate receipts and documentation, and set forth on Consultant's invoices for services. TWS shall not be charged any additional amount for overhead expenses or administrative, clerical, or secretarial services used or obtained by Consultant in performing the services and providing the products provided for herein. Consultant shall be responsible for Consultant's own office supplies.

6. **BREACH OF CONTRACT.**

If TWS determines that a breach of this Contract has occurred, TWS may terminate this contract and exercise all rights and remedies available at law or in equity. If TWS notifies Consultant that a breach has occurred, Consultant shall promptly turn over to TWS all Work Product produced to date. Any of the following shall constitute a breach of this Contract:

(a) failure of Consultant to perform the services and/or provide the products provided for herein within the schedule set forth in Exhibit A to this Contract (except where such failure arises out of causes beyond Contractor's reasonable control and without its fault or negligence);

(b) failure of Consultant to perform the services and/or provide the products provided for herein to the reasonable satisfaction of TWS; or

(c) unauthorized disclosure by Consultant of any Confidential Information (as defined below) in the course of performing services or providing products hereunder, other than in accordance with the terms hereof.
7. INDEPENDENT CONTRACTOR RESPONSIBILITIES.

In all matters relating to this Agreement, Consultant is providing services to TWS as an independent contractor, and not as an employee, partner, or agent of TWS. Nothing contained herein shall be deemed to create a relationship of employment, association, partnership, or joint venture between TWS and Consultant. Consultant shall have no authority hereunder to take any action, create any obligation, make any commitment, incur any indebtedness, or enter into any contract on behalf of TWS without TWS' prior written consent. Contractor shall assume all liabilities or obligations imposed on an independent contractor by law, including but not limited to the Internal Revenue Code. Consultant shall be solely responsible for paying such federal, state and local income, social security, withholding or other taxes, assessments or contributions required in connection with this Contract. TWS will provide Contractor with a copy of IRS Form W-9 upon signature of this contract. Contractor will be responsible for submitting a completed Form W-9 to TWS prior to the submission of the first invoice for payment under the provisions of this contract. TWS will also provide Consultant with IRS Form 1099 at year end if Consultant's fee exceeds $600 during the calendar year. Consultant shall indemnify TWS against, and hold TWS harmless from, any claim against TWS arising out of Consultant's failure to pay any such required taxes, assessments or contributions.

8. INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY.

All written work, data, analysis, research methods, findings, conclusions, reports, graphics, documentation and materials generated by Consultant and/or Consultant's agents pursuant to this Contract (collectively, the "Work Product") shall be the joint property of TWS and Contractor, either by operation of the "work for hire" doctrine, to the extent it is applicable, or if necessary, by assignment, without additional compensation for joint rights of copyright from Consultant and/or Consultant's agents. Consultant expressly agrees that the fees to be paid to Consultant for the services and products are full, fair and adequate consideration for Consultant's conveyance to TWS of joint copyrights in all Work Product. TWS may reject or modify all Work Product submitted to TWS under this Contract. All original documents, exhibits, samples or other materials provided by TWS to Consultant in connection with the services to be performed by Consultant under this Contract shall remain the property of TWS, and shall be returned to TWS immediately upon request. If any of the products provided by Consultant hereunder appears in a TWS publication, Consultant's work shall be acknowledged in a manner deemed appropriate by TWS in TWS' sole reasonable discretion.

9. CONFLICT OF INTEREST.

Consultant represents that neither they, nor members of their family, presently have any financial interest, and will not acquire any such interest, direct or indirect, that would conflict in any manner with the performance of this Contract. No Governing Council member, officer or employee of TWS, nor members of their family, may
participate in any decision on behalf of TWS relating to this Contract which affects his/her personal interest or the interest of any corporation, partnership or association in which he/she is directly or indirectly financially interested; nor may any such Governing Council member, officer or employee of TWS have any direct or indirect financial interest in this Contract.

10. **CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION.**

This Contract creates a confidential relationship between Consultant and TWS. As used herein, the term "Confidential Information" shall mean any information disclosed to Consultant, whether in writing, orally, or otherwise, in connection with the performance by Consultant of Consultant's obligations hereunder concerning TWS' donors, members, financial affairs, business arrangements, customers, vendors, properties, methods of operation, computer programs or other matters, other than information that is in the public domain or already in the possession of Consultant. "Confidential Information" shall also include any Work Product. Consultant shall keep in strictest confidence all Confidential Information concerning TWS that is acquired in connection with this Agreement, and shall not disclose Confidential Information to any third party without the prior written permission of TWS. Consultant shall use Confidential Information only in connection with the performance by Consultant of Consultant's obligations under this Contract.

11. **PROHIBITIONS ON LOBBYING AND ELECTIONEERING.**

Unless expressly provided for in this Contract, nothing contained in this Contract may be interpreted or construed as: authorizing the Consultant to provide any service or to produce or distribute any advertisement, telegram, telephoned call, letter, printed or electronic communication, or other propaganda intended or designed to influence in any manner a legislator, legislative staff or other government officials to favor or oppose any specific legislative proposal; or as obligating TWS to pay for any such activities or services. If any such activities are expressly provided for under this Contract, Consultant shall be required to periodically report to TWS the specific activities undertaken, whether such activities involved direct or grassroots lobbying, and the costs associated with such activities. In addition, nothing contained in the Contract may be interpreted or construed as authorizing the Consultant to participate, either directly or indirectly, in any political campaign on behalf of or in opposition to any candidate for public office.

12. **INSURANCE.**

It is an explicit condition of this Contract that the Consultant will secure and maintain in effect throughout the term of the Contract, a policy of Worker's Compensation insurance providing all of the coverage required by the law of the state in which the Consultant's principle place of business is located.
13. **INDEMNIFICATION.**

The Consultant agrees to defend, indemnify and hold TWS, its Governing Council members, officers and employees harmless from any responsibility, liability, damage or expenses for any injury, death, property damage or loss sustained by any person or business entity which is caused by any negligent act or omission by the Consultant or its agents while engaged in the performance of this Contract.

14. **APPLICABLE LAW.**

This Contract shall be construed and enforced in accordance with the laws of the District of Columbia. This Contract represents the entire agreement of the parties relating to the subject matter hereof, and it may not be amended, modified or waived other than in writing signed by the party against whom such amendment, modification or waiver is sought to be enforced. If any term or condition of this Contract is found to be invalid, the other provisions hereof shall nevertheless remain in full force and effect.

15. **ASSIGNMENT.**

This Contract is for the personal services of Consultant and shall not be transferred or assigned without the prior written consent of TWS.

16. **ARBITRATION.**

If a dispute arises under the Contract which cannot otherwise be resolved by the parties, the parties agree that they will submit the dispute to binding arbitration in Washington D.C. under the rules of the American Arbitration Association.

17. **SURVIVAL OF CONTRACT PROVISIONS.**

Sections 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 shall survive the termination of this Contract.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties have executed and delivered this Contract as of the date first above written.

**THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY**

By: ____________________________  By: ____________________________

Ben Beach  Ivan Doig
Senior Editor  SS#: ____________________________
ATTACHMENT A

SERVICES AND/OR PRODUCTS COVERED BY CONTRACT

By July 18, 2011, Consultant will produce a 750-word essay, much of it devoted to his hike into the Bob Marshall Wilderness and how it helped inspire him as he prepared to write *This House of Sky*. 
Todd, UM grad student who did thesis on USFS wilderness policy, when I got to talking to him abt Bob Marshall said there's an unconventional view of Marshall in Richard White's "Indian Dependency" book, and recommended on wilderness thinkers Max Oelshaeger's The Idea of Wilderness and The Wilderness Condition

--use Marshall dialogue about "how many Brahms symphonies do we need?" Have him point across town (Missoula) to U, say that more people would get use out of it if we'd turn it into bowling alleys, but...

--M as nervous person
Bob Marshall - 

NWC period I index, 10 entries

inc: Neuberger, Sam. Oregon, March 1, '42, Mag p. 2

"He was a millionaire who walked himself to death"

Wright, Sam. Am'm West, Mar. '71, pp. 24-7

"To jump three thousand years"
"I was just a squirt of a kid, of course." (Jick to the reporter abt knowing Bob Marshall)
Humo - memo by M. Jan 8 (no yr), that a taxic driver confided to him ambition to be a "Lone Ranger" (Forest Ranger) but only men at lest 6' tall were eligible & he was only 5'8 1/2"
--You've got the makings of another Marshall.

That preened me a bit. My father had come to know Bob Marshall...
The Jew Yorker: Bob Marshall
Jamie Jones

p. 76 – Sleep in upper bunk & never piss against wind.

--attribute to Bob Marshall, as lore he learned from lumberjacks?
--maybe have Marshall so delighted with such stuff that he'd go around repeating it for days?
Nov. 10 to Virginia Clemens of Seattle, he lists 3 30-40 min walks during his western trip but none in Mont. He had “sunstroke” in Wenatchee, but “I have traveled around to YUK, Wyo., Idaho, Mont & Missouri for four yrs steadily since then."

“I was not feeling in quite top condition this trip.”

Oct 2 to Fred Cleator, USFS, Portland:

“Thank you for... your sensible advice o not try to overdo hiking in high mountains... I always have had the idea that there is no limit to amount of walking a person can do other than his of daylight, but I suppose in intense daylight one does have to be careful.”
field notes, 1924
- block notes: A notes people he
  met during '24 NW summer
  (carrot inset in N)

Male
Rating of all acquaintances
Made During Summer
1. Eilert Skraa
2. Edward Hanley
3. Leo Jacobs
(etc., to 30, George Brown.
Thornton Hunger not on this list,
though he is #11 of 12 on
"Rating of Big Foresters
Met, Summer of '24")
Robert Marshall/Bonne.

Field notes, 1924-7

- gray notebook, he kept track of day & miles walked: Rice
- small, precise handwriting in pencil
- also noted persons he met, including some despos.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:20</td>
<td>Breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Start</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Start Line</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Lolo R.S. (arrive)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:50</td>
<td>Lolo R.R. (leave)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:05</td>
<td>Lolo Hot Springs (leave)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:10</td>
<td>Lolo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Last Left</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:10</td>
<td>Hamilton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Supper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:10</td>
<td>Bed</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bob Marshall--

--patron saint of wilderness
--description of Marshall's hiking trips, from Bicntrl resch, Douglas fir seed man
--M coming to the Two that Sept., part of his wn tour.
--have him send Mac his "topics of conversation" list, for fire camp use?
Robit Marshall / Bano. 19 March '84

Field notes, # last had trip 1928 (Aug. 28 - Sept. 4)

- keep track of total miles/day, feet climbed, # of peaks ascended.

5 day totals: 238 5,41,000 20

Aug 28, he began at Echo Lake, went to Aneaus (?) Pass, etc.
for Rocky Mtn mag:

Bob Marshall: Wilderness Man from Central Park

He was a rich Jewish socialist from NYC, and also was the father of
more of this country's wilderness than anybody since the Creator...

...the editor of this mag expects razzmatazz. What he's going to get is
a hymn. Two hymns.

...the first tingles in the trees of Central Park (Bob and Louis playing L&C)

...it wasn't Hoagland up Telegraph Creek, or Mthssn in Nepal, but we were in
potent enough American outback...

ending:...As if had for 5 days, the trail remained empty. We had, in our time
in the wild, seen not another living soul.
    Except, of course, all around us, Bob Marshall's.

possible use: dictionary synms for M'll: marshal...martial
Bob Marshall--

He had heavy eyes, as they were called: a lot of dark lid...

--millionaire, Jew, New Yorker; played in Central Park

--In a region and profession where a man was reluctant to go to heaven unless he could do it horseback, Marshall was a walker.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Counter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>God</td>
<td>☐ ☐ ☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damn</td>
<td>☐ ☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ</td>
<td>☐ ☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shit</td>
<td>☐ ☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cocksmoker</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fucking</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bastard</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hell</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bitch</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prick</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ass</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fant</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asshole</td>
<td>☐ ☐</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: Similar but here for other counts.
Bob Marshall: he looked like a ten-year-old kid on a grown-up body.
in my 1 April '85 letter to Annick, in Maria ideas file:

Drew Colenbrander, UM forestry(?) student, 123 Livingston in Missoula, is researching Bob Marshall.
National Forest history: (cited in Steen distn)

ESTABLISHMENT AND MODIFICATION OF NATIONAL FOREST BOUNDARIES:
A CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD -- USFS, GPO 1962
His head was too small enough. (Mac, abt Bob Marshall's clumsiness with tools.)
When asked how many wilderness areas America needs, Bob Marshall replied:

"How many Brahms' symphonies do we need?"

--quotation attributed to Missoulian article, "Robert Marshall, the Man and His Aims," by Elizabeth C. Flint, Nov. 19, 1939.

(Bob Marshall was with US Forest Service in Missoula 1925-28, later hiked in the state a number of times.)
The Irony of the Bob Marshall Wilderness

Lawrence C. Merriam

In 1940 the Forest Service created a spectacular wilderness in northwestern Montana in memory of Bob Marshall (1901–39), a major wilderness advocate, writer, and author of the national forest wilderness regulations approved in 1939. Although Marshall worked for the Forest Service in Missoula and hiked in the country now named for him, he was not responsible for its evolution, designation, and management as a wilderness area. Instead, the designation and preservation of the Bob Marshall Wilderness have resulted from the combined efforts of the Montana people, state officials, and local federal foresters.

How would Bob Marshall have affected the designation and management of this area as wilderness had he lived? What were the key events in its creation and use? Who were the key people? How have use and Forest Service management policy evolved for the Bob Marshall Wilderness and its larger complex? We can only speculate on the answer to the first question, but answers to the others can give our speculations some direction.

Straddling the Continental Divide in two national forests south of Glacier National Park (see map), the 950,000-acre Bob Marshall Wilderness is today one of the nation’s best-known wildernesses. The area has been popular with horse packers for hunting and fishing since the early 1900s and is popular with backpackers today. Over the years an increase in the volume of users has predictably increased user conflicts. There have also been changes in Forest Service management (see table).

Outfitter Joe Murphy (right) with cook and elkborns at the Murphy Flat camp in the Bob Marshall Wilderness complex, fall 1960.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1960 (Pre-Wilderness Act)</th>
<th>1983 (As Wilderness)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total visits (estimated)</td>
<td>5,350</td>
<td>13,800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse use (percent)</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hiker use (percent)</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer season use (percent)</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fall season use (percent)</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Facilities</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ranger station</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work center</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Active Forest Service cabins</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>13a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Active Forest Service cookouts</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest Service administrative airfields</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>2b</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outfitted-party controls</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Length of stay</td>
<td>Generally no limit</td>
<td>14 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Head of stock (rule of thumb)</td>
<td>2 per person</td>
<td>35 per party</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Party size</td>
<td>Generally no limit</td>
<td>15 guests</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Notes: a. Some of these are being reviewed for possible removal. b. Emergency use only.

Wilderness Evolution

Physiographically, the Bob Marshall Wilderness is a maze of cut-up drainages, steep narrow canyons, and a few lakes. It was opened to entry under the Forest Homestead Act of 1906, but few settlers came! Homesteading may also have been limited by the great 1910 fire that swept over much of the area. Access and distance to market were also limiting factors, and of the tracts that were taken, all but a few were abandoned by 1930. From the early 1900s commercial outfitters successfully guided big-game hunting parties in the area. Some outfitters, like Joe Murphy of Murphy Flat, set up camps that were used for many years.

Hunting was a major attraction, particularly on the upper south and middle forks of the Flathead River. Game was always readily available here, and hunting attracted even more people to the area after two game preserves were created on adjoining land: the Sun River Game Preserve in 1911, and the Spotted Bear Game Preserve in 1923.

Aldo Leopold’s 1921 *Journal of Forestry* article on wilderness and forest recreation policy was one of the earliest expressions by Forest Service personnel in favor of setting aside wilderness areas. Leopold proposed large wildernesses for western national forests, open for hunting and fishing and big enough for a two-week pack trip through country preserved in its natural state. In Leopold’s view, national parks networked with roads and closed to hunting could not provide the desired wilderness experience.

In 1926 Leon F. Kneipp, assistant chief of the Forest Service, at the request of Chief William B. Greeley, prepared an inventory of possible national forest wilderness (primitive) areas. Kneipp suggested roadless tracts of at least 230,400 acres, but Greeley indicated in survey instructions to western regional foresters that size was not important. Rather, possible areas should be selected on the basis of natural factors and roads needed for protection.

Following a survey of possible national forest wilderness areas, Forest Service Primitive Area Regulation L-20 was issued in 1929. According to L-20 primitive areas were to be designated

- to conserve, so far as controlling economic conditions will permit, the opportunity to the public to observe the conditions which exist in the pioneer phases of the nation’s development, and to engage in the forms of outdoor recreation characteristic of that period.

The establishment of primitive areas ordinarily will not operate to withdraw timber, forage, or water resources for industrial use, since the utilization of such resources, if properly regulated, will not be incompatible with the purposes for which the area is designated. Primitive areas are not natural areas under another name. In primitive areas, as elsewhere in the national forests, the principle of highest use will prevail.

Neither will the establishment of a primitive area result in any reduction in the standards of fire prevention warranted by the existing circumstances. Roads, trails, telephone lines, lookout towers, etc., required to give the area adequate protection will be installed as in other similar national forest areas but with due regard to the preservation of primitive values.

The first of the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area’s three primitive areas, the South Fork of the Flathead River Primitive Area, was designated in 1931 in the Flathead National Forest. In its official classification statement, Forest Service officers said that they considered timber in the primitive area to be inaccessible (by road) for thirty to fifty years. The area was not important for grazing or as a water source for power or irrigation. There were no permanent mining claims, but there were private inholdings. No roads existed or were to be allowed in the area; improvements were to be limited to shelters needed for administration and trails; there were to be no private structures or developments; and landing of private planes on administrative airfields was to be prohibited except in case of emergency. The Forest Service also said that the public supported the designation.

Subsequent Forest Service action designated other primitive areas on adjoining lands. These were the Pentagon Unit on the middle fork of the Flathead River (1933) and the Sun River Unit on the Lewis and Clark National Forest (1934). Administrative provisions were similar to those for the South Fork Unit, except for the Sun River, where the Bureau of Reclamation had an eighteen-thousand-acre reclamation withdrawal, and a major state game preserve had been created in 1911.

Though there was considerable public support for the establishment of these primitive areas, there was also opposition, particularly from those who wanted road access into the Sun River area. The Forest Service held no public meetings and delayed the release of information on the South Fork Unit for several years pending the land purchase.

Within the Forest Service, Meyer H. Wolff, assistant regional forester for recreation and lands in Missoula, was a prominent figure in establishing the primitive areas that now constitute the Bob Marshall Wilderness. Wolff is said to have located the major boundaries on a map in his office. Also, Regional Forester Evan W. Kelley was strong in his opinions about the management of the primitive areas. He supported local interests in Montana, was concerned for adequate fire protection, and wanted matters settled with dispatch.

The Pentagon and Sun River units were separated from the South Fork Unit by a nonprimitive strip of thirty-one thousand acres of public land on the headwaters of the Spotted Bear River. This strip was not included in the original establishment because there was some possibility of water-power development and fire-access roads. Meyer Wolff pushed to classify this land as "primitive." In 1939, following considerable discussion, the Spotted Bear River strip was added to the Pentagon Primitive Area with similar restrictions on development and use. Bob Marshall's name was not yet associated with these areas.

E. W. Kelley, regional forester in the U.S. Forest Service's Northern Region, headquartered in Missoula, Montana. U.S. Forest Service photograph, ca. 1940.

Bob Marshall

Although Bob Marshall was not involved initially in establishing the primitive areas, he worked for the Forest Service in Idaho and Montana between 1925 and 1928, and he hiked through much of the northern Rocky Mountains, including the region eventually named for him. He wrote eloquently about wilderness and recreation, including the forest recreation section of the 1933 U.S. Senate (Copeland) report, A National Plan for American Forestry.7

In 1937 Marshall became the Forest Service's chief of recreation and lands in Washington, where he had a major impact on recreation and wilderness. He visited many large roadless areas and drew rough boundaries on small-scale maps for proposed new wilderness areas. These boundaries were often larger than the Forest Service later felt it could justify, given multiple resource demands.

Major Kelley's region (northern Rocky Mountains) presented problems for Marshall in extending and managing the national forest wild areas.8 Elk management on the South Fork Primitive Area was a case in point. From 1926 to 1936 the elk population increased very rapidly on the upper south fork of the Flathead River. At the same time winter range conditions were deteriorating over much of the area, and hunting was limited by the lack of trail access and by great distances to roads.

Although the elimination of the Spotted Bear Game Preserve in 1936 helped reduce the elk population somewhat, the Forest Service considered allowing hunters to fly into the administrative airfields, although this would have been counter to established policy. In Missoula the matter was much discussed, and there was considerable divergence of opinion among Forest Service officials.

The Montana Fish and Game Department favored opening the primitive-area airfields. As an additional means of reducing the herd, they lengthened the 1937 hunting season on the south fork. Groups such as the Dude Ranchers Association, however, opposed the use of the airfields. On 7 September 1937 Bob Marshall apparently settled the matter. Writing to Regional Forester Kelley, he opined: "I do not think area should be opened to airplanes even with the rigid restrictions you propose. Precedent of opening a primitive area to commercial airplane entry will be very serious."9 The project was dropped on 8 September 1937.

Public concern over the effectiveness of the L-20 regulation for primitive areas continued to grow, and in response to the concern Marshall developed Regulations U-1 (wilderness), U-2 (wild areas of from five thousand to one hundred thousand acres), and U-3 (roadless areas) to supersede L-20. These new regulations defining Forest Service policy on wilderness were issued on 19 September 1939, two months before Bob Marshall's death at the age of thirty-eight.

The final decision on classification of wilderness areas rested with the secretary of agriculture rather than the chief of the Forest Service. The major provisions of the U-4 regulation regarding wilderness classification were these:

(a) Upon recommendation of the Chief, Forest Service, national forest lands in single tracts of not less than 100,000 acres may be designated by the Secretary [of Agriculture] as "wilderness areas," within which there shall be no roads or other provision for motorized transportation, no commercial timber cutting, and no occupancy under special-use permit for hotels, stores, resorts, summer homes, organization camps, hunting and fishing lodges, or similar uses.
(b) Within such designated wildernesses when the use is for other than administrative needs and emergencies, the landing of airplanes and the use of motorboats are prohibited on national forest land or water, unless such use by airplanes or motorboats has already become well-established; and the use of motor vehicles is prohibited unless the use is in accordance with a statutory right of ingress or egress.
(c) Wilderness areas will not be modified or eliminated except by order of the Secretary. Except as provided in paragraph (a) above, notice of every proposed establishment, modification or elimination will be published or publicly posted by the Forest Service for a period of at least 90 days prior to the approval of the contemplated order; and if there is any demand for a public hearing, the regional forester shall hold such hearing and make full report thereon to the Chief of the Forest Service, who will submit it with his recommendation to the Secretary.10

8. James M. Glover, A Wilderness Original: The Life of Bob Marshall (Seattle, Washington: The Mountaineers, 1986), pp. 219–20, 223–24, 232–33. The Three Sisters Primitive Area in Oregon was an example of an area expanded in 1938 on Bob Marshall's recommendation. In the 1950s, its size was reduced in reclassification to wilderness. Dispute over its boundaries continued for over a generation to 1978. Author's interview with W. N. Parke, who was an assistant ranger on the Willamette National Forest in 1938; interview conducted 6 December 1987, Corvallis, Oregon.
The reclassification of primitive areas under this new regulation was in most cases a slow process. The Forest Service reviewed the three primitive areas in Montana, including the rejection of a northward extension of the South Fork Unit into the Bunker Creek drainage—a future problem area. On 16 August 1940, the South Fork, Pentagon, and Sun River primitive areas were classified under Regulation U-1 and named as a memorial to Bob Marshall.

Originally the Selway-Bitterroot Primitive Area was to have been named after Bob Marshall. But Regional Forestier Kelley contended in a letter to the acting chief of the Forest Service, Earle H. Clapp, that the combined South Fork, Sun River, and Pentagon units would be a far superior memorial, one of significant size and that had attracted people before it was designated as a primitive area. The individuality of the primitive areas could be maintained by calling them the Sun River Unit, South Fork Unit, and Pentagon Unit of the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area. Besides, Bob Marshall had as much to do with this area as with Selway-Bitterroot. It was the site of some of his earliest explorations.

Kelley’s suggestion was followed. Thus peace was maintained with local Montana people for the time being, and those in the Selway-Bitterroot region of Montana and Idaho were left undisturbed.

The U-1 classification document for the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area stated that the “U-20 conditions are adequate for U-1, no change in requirements; therefore, advertisements and 90 days notice to change to U-1 are not necessary. … Local public sentiment has staunchly supported establishment of primitive areas and no questions regarding change are expected.”

During World War II activities in the wilderness were reduced, as they were in most civilian recreation areas. After the war, however, demands for almost all resources on federal forest lands increased, which slowed reclassification of primitive areas and brought a variety of problems and conflicts to the Bob Marshall Wilderness.

During the 1940s the Bureau of Reclamation wanted to expand its irrigation project on the Sun River by developing a new Sun Butte dam and reservoir, which would have flooded some of the wilderness lands. The project was dropped in May 1952, however, when the secretary of the Interior, Oscar Chapman, stopped investigations on the site. Then too, in the late 1940s and early 1950s extensive exploration by oil and gas interests led to pressure for possible leases in the wilderness area. The Forest Service considered these demands incompatible with wilderness preservation and opposed them. The service’s position was supported by the granting agency, the Department of the Interior.

The greatest postwar expansion in demand for forest resources was for government timber. Indeed, timber sales became the first priority on most western national forests.

The Bunker Creek Issue

A major conflict developed in 1954, when the Forest Service announced plans to offer for sale some twenty-three million board feet of Engelmann spruce and related species that had been attacked by spruce-bark beetle on the upper Bunker Creek drainage. This drainage lies just north and outside of the Bob Marshall Wilderness on the west side of the south fork of the Flathead River. Harvesting operations required a road parallel to the wilderness boundary for about five miles, and an additional thirty miles of road to complete the sale and control the beetle infestation. This road would have joined the existing road at Spotted Bear.

Local opposition to the salvage program was aroused by an article in the Kalispell, Montana, Daily Interlake criticizing the Forest Service proposal. The article was written by a local outfitter and dude rancher whose interests would be affected by the road development.

In February 1954 the Forest Service publicly explained its plans, and it made a presentation to the Flathead Lake Wildlife Association. Nevertheless, this association, with support from outside groups, presented a petition to the secretary of agriculture against the Bunker Creek road.

The petition further asked that some 279,000 acres of roadless area between the north boundary of the Bob Marshall Wilderness and the south boundary of Glacier Park, including the Bunker Creek drainage, be added to the Bob Marshall Wilderness.

The Forest Service was anxious to develop a road system into the upper south fork of the Flathead River and to the boundary of the Bob Marshall Wilderness. In a letter to C. R. Merritt, Forest Supervisor F. J. Neitzling explained that the road would improve fire-protection capabilities and aid in full management of the forest resources for different clientele.

On 12 March 1954 Regional Forestier P. D. Hanson wrote to Richard E. McAndie, chief of the Forest Service, about the Bunker Creek issue, stating that “there is a large volume of merchantable timber in the Bob Marshall Wilderness from Bunker Creek to way above Big Prairie Ranger Station (south fork of Flathead drainage), and that the “Region sees no reason for including Bunker Creek in [the] wilderness area.” The Forest Service, which planned to restudy the Bob Marshall boundaries in 1956, received added stimulus from the Bunker Creek issue.

The Forest Service’s analysis of the Bunker Creek timber sale indicated it would be economical only if there were additional timber or road monies. Thus the Forest Service dropped the Bunker Creek sale for the moment and proceeded with its study of the proposed enlargement of the wilderness area.

The Flathead Wildlife Association petition requested an extension of the wilderness boundary to the north. Various other groups proposed pushing the boundary of the Bob Marshall Wilderness south to include fifty thousand roadless acres on the north fork of the Blackfoot River. A leader in this effort was Tom Edwards, Montana outfitter and guide, who wrote to Regional Forestier Hanson requesting consideration of the Great Scapegoat Area (along the north fork of the Blackfoot).

Governor J. Hugo Aronson vetoed a proposed memorial from the Montana legislature asking Congress to extend the

11. P. D. Hanson to Chief, Forest Service, 12 March 1954, AFRNR.
15. F. J. Neitzling to C. R. Merritt, 2 March 1954, AFRNR. Merritt was a Montana wilderness leader later employed by the Wilderness Society.
16. P. D. Hanson to Chief, Forest Service, 12 March 1954, AFRNR.
17. Chief, Forest Service, to Region I, 7 December 1954, AFRNR.
18. Tom Edwards to P. D. Hanson, 30 January 1955, AFRNR.
Bob Marshall Wilderness. Nevertheless letters from influential clients of local outfitters stimulated new congressional interest in Montana wilderness. The Montana Fish and Game Department also backed the extension of the wilderness area's boundaries.

Though the road was eventually built up Bunker Creek and the Bob Marshall boundaries were not extended, the Bunker Creek issue served to strengthen advocacy of the 1964 Wilderness Act and later contributed to the creation of the Scapegoat and Great Bear wildernesses. The Forest Service, on the other hand, in response to the multiple demands for resource uses, tried to serve all interests without expanding the wilderness.

Still, the Forest Service retained the Bob Marshall name. At the height of the communist hating of the 1950s, the American Legion of Montana proposed renaming the wilderness for a Montana colonel of World War I. The Forest Service rejected the proposal.

Starting in the 1950s, oil companies unsuccessfully pressured the Forest Service for permission to explore for gas and oil on the Sun River within the wilderness. The Bureau of Reclamation also planned new dams on the river. Organized opposition slowed the dam efforts, but both the dam and the gas-and-oil proposals recurred. In the meantime what about management of the wilderness area and its clientele?

The ORRRC Wilderness Study and Its 1960 Setting

I directed the Bob Marshall portion of the National Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission (ORRRC) study of wilderness, with the help of Robert W. Steele, fire ecologist at the University of Montana School of Forestry, and student assistant James Lambert. Steele did a fire study of the wilderness; Lambert and I did the user-administration studies. W. Leslie Pengelly of the University of Montana did a separate wildlife study of the Danaher Basin.

Bob Cooney, then with Montana Fish and Game Department and long a wilderness advocate, introduced me to many of the outfitters and guided a group of us on my only horse trip in the Bob Marshall Wilderness. Also for several years I discussed our studies with his Montana Conservation Council trail parties at Big Prairie.

The ORRRC study included interviews of wilderness visitors done in the summer and fall of 1960 and a descriptive report of use estimates, management problems, trends, and administrative costs. The study team backpacked through most of the wilderness, using Forest Service wilderness cabins and food.

In 1960 Forest Service management of the Bob Marshall Wilderness aimed to protect the wilderness resource but was largely pragmatic and seldom interfered with established practices. For example, airfields at Big Prairie Ranger Station, Black Bear, and Gates Park were regularly used for supply, fire control, and occasionally for emergency landings. Although supplemented by aerial observation, Forest Service personnel manned six lookout offices for fire detection. Fourteen cabins spread throughout the wilderness provided bases for trail crews, fire fighters, and Montana Fish and Game staff.

That year the Forest Service made a special management effort on the Big Prairie Ranger District, then located entirely within the Bob Marshall Wilderness. Work included upgrading trails, irrigating the pasture for pack stock, building primitive camp facilities with pit latrines, improving elk range, and an intensive effort to keep fires down to ten acres or less.

The Forest Service managed the Bob Marshall as a horse-use wilderness with outfitter camps occupied under special-use permit. Limiting the number of animals per party was strictly voluntary. The agency thought that outfitted horse parties were the principal users of the wilderness and gave other types of users minimal access.

Outfitters like Joe Murphy of Murphy Flat had occupied the same heavily used campsites for more than forty years. Garbage dumps were common. These campsites often contained large, fenced corrals for horses, tent frames, storage facilities for camping gear, and an occasional primitive latrine. In the fall the outfitter hunter camps on the south fork of the Flathead near Big Prairie looked like tent cities.

Many of the outfitters emphasized fishing or hunting, but there were also dedicated naturalists like Hobnail Tom Edwards, a former teacher, who educated his parties about wilderness values.

Edwards played a major role in creating the Scapegoat Wilderness to the south of the Bob Marshall, then known as the Lincoln Back Country.

We had excellent cooperation from all of these people for our study. However, I had to prove myself to Tom Edwards; he felt that our interest related only to hunting and fishing, and that his was much broader. Edwards and I often discussed wilderness ideals on the trail.

Access to the Bob Marshall Wilderness was less developed in 1960 than today. At the north end, on the south fork of the Flathead River, the trail began at Spotted Bear Ranger Station, some ten miles from the boundary at Meadow Creek. A short logging road up the Spotted Bear River gave access to the trail. The airstrip at Benchmark was unpaved, and there was no road up Lodgepole Creek south of Hahn Guard Station. Access from Holland Lake was limited to one narrow trail.

We saw few people on the trails, even along the south fork between Black Bear and Big Prairie. Because we wanted to contact people for interviews, seeing fresh horse droppings on the trail always raised our hopes. But low use, the wide dispersal of visitors, and our interest in gathering information on the total wilderness, including lightly used zones, meant that in the end we conducted only thirty-five interviews. By asking standard questions used in ORRRC wilderness study areas throughout the United States, however, we did collect useful information. We asked respondents about five topics: the specifics of their trip in the wilderness, their knowledge of and interest in the wilderness, their views on wilderness management, their motivation for traveling in the wilderness, and their personal socioeconomic characteristics. We later mailed a follow-up questionnaire to people we had interviewed.

19. R. E. McArdle to M. D. Kennedy (director, National Legislative Committee, American Legion), 11 January 1956, AFRNRC.
23. Despite the lack of visitors, some people thought the area was already overused. Dr. Murphy, brother of outfitter Joe Murphy, told me the wilderness had been spoiled because you could then drive to within five miles of the boundary (Holland Lake). He first entered the area in 1908, traveling by horse from Missoula, more than seventy miles from the boundary.
Our small sample size meant that our results were not significant statistically. However, ours was the first formal study of visitors to the Bob Marshall Wilderness, so results were of interest. They indicated a predominant use by horse parties (94 percent), with fishing a major activity in summer and hunting in fall. Only 3 percent of the respondents indicated they would use the Bob Marshall for boating, rafting, or canoeing.

Sixty-five percent of the interviewees were aware that the Forest Service was the agency responsible for the area. Although respondents were overwhelmingly in favor of wilderness preservation, a large proportion (43 percent) were not aware of proposed national wilderness legislation, and only 37 percent preferred a federal law to protect wilderness. Respondents were generally opposed to resource use (timber cutting, mining, etc.) and to the development of facilities in the Bob Marshall.

In our final report for the commission, we estimated the overall annual use of the area at 5,350 visitors. The nationwide ORRRC report predicted a 277 percent increase in use between 1959 and 1976.23

Timber Value in the Wilderness

After directing the ORRRC effort on the Bob Marshall Wilderness I did a separate doctoral study comparing the economic values the wilderness might generate as a multiple-use forest with those it generated as wilderness. The public cost of developed recreation and hypothetical timber production under full development (based on the Forest Service's 1960 forest inventory) would have been greater than the cost of dispersed recreation under wilderness reservation. In these terms, the study showed that in 1960 the public interest was best served by reserving the Bob Marshall as wilderness—timber values foregone were zero at that time.24 Thus, the Bunker Creek arguments about the great volume of timber locked up in the wilderness seemed invalid.

In 1960 the Bob Marshall Wilderness was essentially a horse-use area with outfitter camps, a few backpackers, and virtually no river floaters. Fall hunting was the predominant form of recreation. There were no real limits on length of stay or party size (see table). Forest Service admin-

To meet the conditions of the 1964 act, the Forest Service developed a management plan for the Bob Marshall. This plan addressed resources, wilderness protection, and administration; limited the number of outfitter camps to resource capabilities; called for removing all permanent structures; and limited parties to a maximum of fourteen days' use per camp site. The plan also phased out lookouts and called for studies of fire's role as a natural force. Public aircraft landings would be phased out, and airfields would no longer be maintained. Cross-country hiking was to be encouraged, but no new trails were to be constructed without an approved plan. By 1974 commercial outfitter parties would be limited to a maximum of thirty-five head of stock (one pack animal for two persons in summer use) and fifteen guests (see table).31

The Adjoining Wilderness Areas

During the Bunker Creek controversy there was a proposal to add an area on the north fork of the Blackfoot River to the wilderness. In 1963 the Forest Service published its long-range plan for the north half of the Lincoln ranger district on the adjoining Helena National Forest. Instead of proposing wilderness classification for the area, the plan proposed management for recreation, range, timber, watershed, and wildlife purposes as directed by the Multiple Use—Sustained Yield Act of 1960.32 Roads were to be developed and the Lincoln Back Country made more accessible.

Meetings to gauge public interest revealed strong feelings on the proposal and much opposition. Cecil Garland, a half-business owner and half-hunter from Helena, and Edwards were key figures in promoting wilderness designation for this region. The Forest Service held back on its multiple-use proposal, and well-organized local and national support led to designation as

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23. Ibid., p. 236.
28. In June of 1964, while we were carrying out a visitor study, a major flood affected all the drainages in the Bob Marshall, with greatest damage on the Sun River (Missouri River) watershed, but also much trail damage on the western slope (Columbia River drainage), particularly in the White River Basin. The Forest Service quickly began intensive reconstruc-
wilderness, in 1972, of the Lincoln-Scapegoat country adjoining the south end of the Bob Marshall. 33

Such political contests over land designation were common in the West following the passage of the Wilderness Act of 1964. Though the Forest Service considered many possible areas for classification, the actual creation of such areas most often reflected the pressure of both environmental groups and Congress, particularly after 1969, when the National Environmental Policy Act required environmental-impact statements and public input on federal actions affecting environmental quality. 34

Meanwhile changes were occurring at the north end of the Bob Marshall Wilderness. The road up the south fork of the Flathead was extended in 1971 to the Meadow Creek parking area, less than one mile from the wilderness boundary. This provided easier access on a water grade into the Bob Marshall and increased use. In the early 1970s river floating became an important use of the south fork of the Flathead. Outfitters took parties to the headwaters for the float downstream. Competition increased for campsites along the river. Increased river use was due to the passage of the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act of 1968 with the Flathead as a designated study river, to publicity, and to the national growth in river floating.

Under pressure from the executive and legislative branches of government, the Forest Service made comprehensive reviews of roadless areas on national forests in 1971-72 and again in 1978.35 A tentative candidate area in the Forest Service’s 1972 wilderness studies, 36 the Great Bear locale north of the Bob Marshall was of much interest to wildlife researchers and wilderness advocates. With the help of Senator Metcalf of Montana, it was designated wilderness in 1978.37

Changing Wilderness Use

In 1960 I interviewed Mr. Johnson of the Johnson’s Wax Co., Racine, Wisconsin, outfitted in style at the horse camp on the south fork of the Flathead. With him was his entire board of directors. He had come to catch big fish as an alternative to grouse hunting in Ireland.38 By the mid-1970s, campsites like his and parties of that size were a thing of the past. Floater fishing parties were more common on the river, and the new breed of user included those more interested in their own physical fitness than in sport. In 1979 Bob Steele and I were overtaken while hiking on the Monture–Hahn Creek trail by a logger in shorts. He had tired of his horse and had decided to run ahead of his river-floating party.

The Forest Service has initiated controls of outfitted parties and limited its own freedom of management to conform to wilderness conditions. There are fewer airfields, cabins, and lookouts, and visitors are encouraged to minimize camping impacts and other uses that affect the wilderness.

The use of the wilderness has increased much as predicted by ORRRC but is now leveling off. Hiking may become the predominant use, and summer visitation already exceeds fall use (see table). Forest Service wilderness scientist Robert C. Lucas made baseline studies of the Bob Marshall and its complex in 1970 and 1982. His 1982 results revealed that use had increased some 60 percent from 1970 to 1982, and that there had been a shift from horseback riding to hiking. Parties were smaller, stays shorter (five and a half days on average), and outfitter use less popular. Visitors appeared to be better informed on packing out garbage than they had been in 1970. Only 22 percent of the visitors to the Bob Marshall complex had any contact with the Forest Service. Out-of-state use had increased to 43 percent. Although there was heavy use on the south fork of the Flathead, where floaters abounded, some areas had very light use.39

Today Forest Service management in the Bob Marshall, Great Bear, and Scapegoat wilderness areas faces problems of visitor use, resource protection, and adequate planning. Decisions must reflect not only the opinions of Forest Service managers and researchers but also those of concerned groups and individual citizens, many of whom have divergent interests.40

Conclusion

We have traced the evolution of the area named for Bob Marshall from remote portions of the Flathead and Lewis and Clark national forests to a wilderness protected by congressional act. The Bob Marshall Wilderness is bounded north and south by contiguous wildernesses, Scapegoat and Great Bear, overall called the Bob Marshall complex. Given Bob Marshall’s preference for large roadless wildernesses, the irony is that he would have wanted a wilderness area as large or larger than the one that is currently named after him—if he had lived and devoted his time to it as he did to other areas.

But he did not. Instead, local forest officials fashioned a memorial to him by combining three relatively uncontroversial areas and rushing them through to wilderness status. They did not want to lose any timberland that would cause problems with the local timber industry, though the timber value was limited, as my 1960 study indicated.

The Forest Service fought off repeated expansion moves only to be pushed into a much larger Martian wilderness during the 1970s. The uses of the area changed from predominantly fall horseback hunting with some summer fishermen to summer backpackers and floaters.

The Forest Service’s protection of the area over the years has been adequate for the clientele it has had. It has minimized development, kept roads out, and generally provided opportunity for solitude and recreation in natural conditions seldom found in other parts of the United States. At one time few cared about the wilderness; now, as public land, it has become a national concern, a focus for many public groups. A major challenge for the Forest Service is protecting the natural conditions of the wilderness while mediating among many types of recreation users who did not exist in Bob Marshall’s time. But the Forest Service is a public agency, and this is its charge.41

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38. Members of my family, Bob Steele, and I visited the wilderness again in the summers of 1965, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1975, 1979, and 1984. We observed more and more backpackers each time we visited. By 1970 a second trail had been built from Holland Lake (south side); it offered trailhead parking and horse facilities.
Humboldt’s Children and Ancestors, Competitors, and Bugs


“Humboldt’s children” is a felicitous phrase employed by William H. Goetzmann in his New Lands, New Men to label the Europeans who created the “Second Great Age of Discovery,” roughly between 1750 and 1900. Though romantic and heroic, Humboldt’s children were driven, says Goetzmann, by an ideal of geography and often anthropology as exact sciences. Thus they sailed as intellectual disciples of the great German Enlightenment naturalist, Alexander von Humboldt.

The eleven books and one pamphlet reviewed here encompass a much longer time span than the Enlightenment and its aftermath, and they include people whose motivations for exploration were neither purely nor even notably scientific. For “ancestors” of Humboldt, having motives that were scientific by the lights of their own times, sailed long before Humboldt lived. And before Humboldt and after, many explorers were motivated by things other than science—missionaries like Marquette or Kino and soldiers like Cortez or Coronado; we count these among Humboldt’s “competitors.”

As a group these books range widely—in geography from Europe westward to the coasts of Asia, and in time from the Pleistocene to the present—although most of them focus on the period from 1490 to about 1850. Despite this immense span, they have a common theme: European contact with non-European peoples and environments. These contacts, which go back at least as far as the voyages of the Norsemen, did not stop with the encoun-
four townships. In range 8 state trust fund land dominated; federal land dominated in range 9 (see figure 7).

The Timber and Stone lands that had gone from federal to private ownership followed one of three paths: became federal land once again, became state tax-forfeited land (county managed), or became state trust fund land. It was as if all these lands had been part of an original federal land grant to the state.

Summary

The present pattern of land ownership within the Duluth Land District is related to the historical patterns of ownership dating back to the Timber and Stone Act. The Timber and Stone Act mainly affected areas that were opened to entry late, when demand for timberland was rising. In these areas Timber and Stone sales created a pattern of many small parcels of privately owned land. In the study area, these areas were adjacent to the Superior National Forest because the same late survey that caused high Timber and Stone entries also left large blocks of federal lands intact, allowing the creation of a federal forest. The simultaneous creation of the forest and opening of the lands for sale under the Timber and Stone Act caused a great deal of activity in the only lands available: those adjacent to the federal forest.

Lumber and land companies purchased some of these parcels from the original owners and consolidated them into large holdings, which were eventually purchased by the federal government in the 1930s. But smallholders of Timber and Stone lands, who often sold their timber separately while retaining title to the land, often forfeited these lands to the state later, after the timber had been removed. These two patterns of title transfer created a patchwork of small, scattered parcels of forfeited lands interspersed with large blocks of federal lands, necessitating exchanges and ultimately leading to the management units now present.

The passage of the Timber and Stone Act, the distribution of Timber and Stone lands, and the resulting sequence of ownership changes were ultimately linked to public concerns over economically sustainable forest management. The federal government sold timberlands when it thought that private ownership would bring about their best use and management. The federal and state governments reserved timberlands when they decided that public management of forests could best supply the lumber needs of the nation. When they decided to reserve the forests, the governments enhanced public management of the resource through purchases, exchanges, and the retention of tax-forfeited lands. Yet the past pattern of ownership, in this case the pattern of Timber and Stone lands, set the stage for each succeeding generation of decision making.

Figure 7. Ownership of Original Timber and Stone Parcels, Townships 57 and 58, Ranges 8 and 9, 1978.
Source: Minnesota Department of Iron Range Resources and Rehabilitation, Land Ownership in Lake Country (1978).

Bob Marshall Wilderness Area and Complex
Montana, 1960–1984

Legend
- DISTRICT RANGER STATION
- GUARD STATION
- HIGHWAY
- MOTOR ROAD
- STREAM
- WILDERNESS BOUNDARY, 1960
- WILDERNESS COMPLEX, 1984
- CONTINENTAL DIVIDE AND NATIONAL FOREST BOY
- ACCESS ROAD; 1984
- AIR STRIP, 1984
- NATIONAL FOREST BOUNDARY


Source Provided by author.
Gisborne album #2: Bob Marshall
FROM: Leo A. Isaac
Douglas Fir Research in the Pacific Northwest, 1920-1956
An interview conducted by Amelia R. Fry
Berkeley, 1967 (U. of Cal., Regional Oral History Office)

Isaac: some of them made hardly any growth at all for ten or twelve years, just struggling along and staying alive, and finally they caught on and went. And some of the trees never did, never got over the shock of that late moving. Some of the groups we practically destroyed by that moving. But we moved them anyway.

Robert Marshall, Forest Assistant

Isaac: On that first job I had an assistant up there -- the famous Robert Marshall, the one who pioneered in Forest Service recreation. He's the son of Marshall from the law firm of Guggenheim, Untermeyer, and Marshall, in New York. Marshall Hall at Syracuse is dedicated to his father. He came out and he worked the first summer for me. And he always referred to that as his one glorious summer, I suppose because I was very patient with him. He was a very odd chap.

Fry: Why was he there for just a summer?

Isaac: He wasn't through school. He was just working for the summer. That was the summer of 1924.

He had lots of political influence. That had a lot to do with why he was there (laughter) and why he got any other job he wanted later.

When Munger and Clapp and Munns came up there to visit Wind River and Marshall was around there, why he spent most of his time running backwards in front of them snapping their pictures, and picking stuff up out of their hands and carrying it for them, and that sort of thing. And all they talked about was this great boy Marshall.

When they got ready to go I said, "Are any of you going to ask me what kind of work he does, and do you want to see some of his records?" They said,
Isaac: no, they didn't think so. But they were just very greatly interested in him because of his political influence. I said that was the case. There wasn't any doubt about it. His father was a very good friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Bob worked the summer here and had a good time, he did a lot of work. But he was very queer, very odd. He broke practically every instrument and tool that I gave him to work with. He told me that he just couldn't handle tools or anything. He said that he chopped wood one whole summer to learn to use an ax, chopped wood without pay just to learn to use an ax. You'll find in his writings, in his book that he wrote about Alaska, that he grabbed an ax and accidentally cut a runner half in two on his dog sled when they were way back in the mountains. The guide was ready to shoot him. But he just couldn't handle tools. It was a natural failure of his. He was a very strange individual.

I recall that I had a little Damascus ax, it was a beautiful little tool that I'd had since boyhood. It was an expensive ax. I kept the blade just so (I've still got the ax, by the way). We'd come to these thickets of vine maple that'd be crowding out a little Douglas fir seedling, and Bob Marshall would take an ax and walk up to the little vine maple and hit it at right angles -- and his ax would bound off. He would about belt his head off but he'd never chop the tree off. I'd walk right in and put a little tension on the tree and give it a clip with my little ax and cut it off with a single blow. I could flop those vine maples over one after another. He'd say, "Now you gotta show me how to do that." I'd put the ax in his hand and show him how to bend a vine maple over and get a little tension on it and chop it off with one little clip from his ax. He wanted to learn, he was a good fellow, really, but he didn't know how to do it naturally. And it'd tickle him to
Isaac: death if I'd be happy with him and tell him how to do it. He'd do it then as well as he could. But you'd die to see him, a forester, hitting at right angles at a round, hardwood stick, instead of making an angle slash cut into it.

Fry: We are mixed up here on my chronology, because my impression is that Robert Marshall came to you during the Roosevelt administration. Was it before that?

Isaac: This was when Roosevelt was not yet in the national administration as I recall. It was the summer of 1924. Just before Roosevelt became governor of New York, and when he was a power in Democratic politics. Later when Roosevelt was President, Marshall was a very good friend of Tugwell, you know, who was one of the "brain-trusters." He didn't call him Tugwell; his name was just "Tug" to Marshall.

Fry: That makes sense then.

Isaac: Later in the summer of 1924 we were examining a line of sample plots stretched across the Wind River Valley; that was cutover and burned over land from green timber to green timber. We were recording the reproduction that came in there after the fire. There were three parallel lines of plots across the valley. This beautiful (Wind River) stream went right down through the middle of the valley. Down at the lower end of the area was the Camp Eight dam. A beautiful curtain of water came out over chute logs and dropped down into a great pool. About every five minutes a powerful steelhead trout as long as your arm would come right up out of that pool of white water, and jump through the air and land on that curtain of water, trying to get up over. Sometimes they would make it and sometimes they wouldn't. We were working there and it was midsummer and hot -- one hundred-degree August temperature. The brakefern was in the fruiting stage and shedding a brown pollen. Just choke you to death working in it. I used to work this
Isaac: trip out so we'd go up one side and come down the other line of plots to make it to the creek for lunch at noon. And I'd always run him over by car to this Camp Eight bridge and we'd sit there in the shade of the bridge and watch that beautiful waterfall, and the fish jumping out, and also feel the spray. A delightful spot to eat lunch. About the third day he looked over at me and he said, "And why do we come down here to eat?"

And I said, "My God, man, doesn't this mean anything to you, that beautiful waterfall there and the powerful fish coming up out of that white water and landing on that curtain of water -- struggling to get up to the spawning ground? Doesn't this coolness refresh you?" I said, "Where would you eat?"

"Oh, out there on the sample plots, I suppose."

I said, "Out there in the fern and dust and dirt and sun? No shade even?"

"Well, I hadn't given it much thought," he said. "I guess I like it here."

Well, after he left here and went to the Priest River Experimental Forest in Montana (where he worked for a while) he wrote back to me a month or two later and said, "And what were those fish, again, that we saw up there at the dam on Wind River? I've been thinking more about those things since you talked to me about them."

But that was how much interest he had in wildlife at that stage in his life. He'd leave the station and he would walk, on a Saturday or a Sunday, forty miles or more in a day, up these mountain trails, back over, around, through the hills and back out. And he'd come down at night and he'd say, "I went up here and over there and then I crossed around here to that
Isaac: point (on a map) and I came through this area and then I came down through this creek and on home."

I used to look at him in amazement and say, "Either you're just an awful damn liar or you ran half of the say," because I knew he couldn't make it walking.

Isaac: "Well," he said, and laughed a little, "I always run down hill."

And then I'd ask him what he saw on the way, and he wouldn't remember anything; just "trees," and that's all. He didn't know what he saw. He was just interested in walking. And if he hadn't walked forty miles that day he'd come out after supper and walk up and down the road until he got his forty miles walked in the day. He was a fanatic, but along with it an awful nice fellow, and a good fellow, a willing fellow. But awfully queer, and you had to have an awful lot of patience to work with him.

Fry: Did you have very many political appointees foisted off on you?

Isaac: No, only now and then. But you would never dare mention that a job was a politically-motivated appointment. You'd have been canned without any ceremony if the word got back to Washington. He was a nice fellow and he was very much interested in all phases of forestry but particularly in forest recreation. Later on he did walk out and demand a job wherever he wanted it, and he'd usually get it. He went back there to Washington where this man Kenney (he's still alive back there) was in charge of the Indian Service. He was one of the great men in the early days of forestry. (Kenney is past ninety years old, is retired and early in 1968 remarried.) Well, Marshall just pushed old Kenney right out of his job, and took his place as head of the Indian Service. And old Kenney went off on the sidelines on some CCC
Isaac: work or something, and Marshall was put in charge.

Isaac's First Douglas Fir Work: Seed Flight

Isaac: The next job was to examine six groups of sample plots that were known as the Douglas fir heredity study.

Fry: This had been begun by whom?

Isaac: This had been started in 1912 by Munger and Charles J. Kraebel and Bob H. Weidmann, and Ed Hanzlick, and Harry Gisburn. I think Kraebel is still alive, down in Berkeley, California. They dreamed up this study, and wherever these different fellows were working they collected seed and sent it in to Wind River from thirteen different locations in the Douglas fir region. J. V. Hofmann came to Wind River about 1914 and took charge of the station and this study. Hofmann thrashed the seed out, kept the lots separate and planted them in separate nursery beds, tested them in the nursery, and then when they were a year or two years old they were taken out and put into nine different parts of the Douglas fir region.

Fry: Not necessarily related to the region from which they came?

Isaac: No. The purpose was to test out seeds from different sources in one location and climate. So the tests at Wind River would have seeds from all different locations and the tests at Mt. Hood would have the same seeds. And also, the tests up on the Stillaguamish River (Snoqualimie National Forest) would have the same, and Hebo Mountain (on the Siuslaw National Forest) would have the same seed. Well, it was the four year period instead of the five year period for those trees to be examined. But we found those plantations so
Isaac: badly overgrown with native wild stock that several of them had to have the native volunteer trees cut out at once to save the planted stock. So that first year Marshall and I visited three of these plantations and cut out the competing vegetation. That's one of the jobs that Bob helped me to do.

Fry: This was your first contact, then, with Douglas fir?

Isaac: Yes, the first season's work. I had just visited before. I used to come over here to the Douglas fir region from Okanagan a couple of times a year. This is a story they like to tell on me: When I first came to the Northwest I'd come over here about every six months or so and spend my vacation here in Portland. I'd hang around the Regional Office or go up to Wind River and get acquainted with the forests and people during the day. My girl friend (now my wife) worked with the telephone company and she was busy during the day. Nights I'd go to see her, and then stay around here and visit in the daytime. And they thought it was real good of me to be enough interested in forestry to come over and spend my vacation over here, and get acquainted with the work and the people. They didn't know anything about this other business (my girl friend) at all. (Laughter)

Fry: Your wife-to-be.

Isaac: Yes. And I didn't bother to tell them. But a lot of them thought that was quite good for me to have that much interest. I thought it was pretty good, too.

Fry: But you also rubbed up against Douglas fir management problems, things like that, in the daytime.

Isaac: Yes, yes. And around the Regional Office and elsewhere I learned a lot. I learned about the men and the office and the operation and how things went in the Forest Service and how people felt, and incidentally, I met some of the industry people. I'd get to a few
Isaac: in the Forest Service. There was a time when I could name about fifteen of them. But if a crackpot with a wild idea came along Marsh would see that he got hired somewhere and pushed along, regardless of what came out of it -- it didn't seem to bother Marsh at all. He was the champion of Bob Marshall and pushed him ahead as much as he could in the Service.

Fry: Have there been other research results that have been reversed by further studies, from these men that Marsh hired?

Isaac: In other parts of the Region, yes.

Fry: Who are they?

Isaac: I don't recall them right now. About thirty years have passed and a lot of that has faded from my mind. In fact I tried to forget it. But it was very vividly before me while this was going on. Here in our midst were two fellows with crackpot ideas. He got in touch with them and hired them in spite of opposition from the rest of the Service. Then C. J. Buc, the Regional Forester, got on the bandwagon mostly to spite Munger, we thought, and that's where a lot of information came out.

Munger was pretty sound in his silviculture. You've got to hand it to him, he has a good mind and he's a great enthusiast for forestry. He's sustained this interest. He hasn't dropped out of the picture like the others have since retirement.

Fry: Yes, he's quite active in conservation around Portland, too.

Isaac: I admire him a great deal for what he is, and what he knows, and what he did, but I admire him even more for the way he took care of his wife in her later years. He just waited on her hand and foot when she became an invalid.
Isaac: and getting work done, regardless of how much the men got paid for it. That doesn't go very well with the men in the lower brackets.

Fry: He is not a talker, especially. I wondered if he had any problems from not communicating with his men.

Isaac: He had a very big problem. He was rather bold and ruthless in his actions, but he couldn't sit down with his men and talk with them in a genial manner. He had to dictate or nothing. He'd go off in a corner and make up his mind whether it was right or wrong, and then push it through just because he was in the upper bracket where he could get away with it. He was in pretty strong with Clapp. For a time it seemed nobody but a Yale man could get anywhere out in this country, in the Forest Service, but that gradually disappeared before I arrived out here. That had been true. He and Clapp were both Yale men, in the same class I think. And Marsh, too, I believe. And a whole lot of others.

Fry: So it formed a little fraternity?

Isaac: Yes. They had a name for it, the Robin Hoods, or something like that. (Laughter) They had an ironclad organization that specified that only the Yale men should be pushed ahead.

Fry: Oh, you mean this was quite conscious and verbal?

Isaac: Yes. I suppose it would be hard to prove, but I was told that the organization provided that only the Yale men were to be put into the better jobs, and that sort of thing. Finally they had a meeting and they themselves dissolved this organization. They recognized that it was unfair and undemocratic and destructive and was beginning to hurt the whole organization. That's something that not very many people know about.
Fry: Who else was involved in this?

Isaac: Purely Yale men, I understood.

Fry: And then who decided to dissolve it?

Isaac: The members themselves. They recognized that too many people knew about it.

Fry: Along about when?

Isaac: That must have come in the middle Twenties or earlier. But that's the real story. Bob Marshall was the first one to discuss it with me, but many others mentioned it later. But most of that activity had ceased and disappeared by the time I came into research work in 1924.

Fry: Yes, I guess that I had heard from another forester who was a Michigan graduate that this was a clique. But I didn't realize that it was so formally organized.

Isaac: It held sway for a number of years. The Yale men held high posts all along the line, everywhere.

Species Improvement Studies

Fry: I have a note here that there was another study you did, the study of seed source and climatic suitability of trees.

Isaac: I think that would refer to a continuation of the early (1912) Douglas fir seed study, and later to my study that resulted in Better Douglas Fir Forests from Better Seed.* That book gives the complete

Just plain Bob was the best friend wilderness ever had

If there was anything Bob Marshall loved more than being in wild places it was finding ways to make sure they stayed wild.

Bob Marshall, age 24, was en route from the family home in Manhattan to Missoula, Montana, in the summer of 1925 to begin his first full-time job with the U.S. Forest Service when a rock slide halted his train. Passengers were told that the delay would be at least ten hours. Bob saw it as an opportunity. Iowa was a half-mile away, and here was a chance to add a new state, as he wrote his family, “to my list of those in which I have exceeded thirty miles walking in a day.” Instead of a tedious wait in the railroad coach he “enjoyed a delightful walk” and “furthered a rather foolish, but interesting, ambition.”

In the years that followed, Marshall grew into an extraordinary conservationist, forester, writer, bureaucrat and outdoorsman, and he was the one person who did more than any other to establish the principle of wilderness preservation in the United States. That principle became policy 30 years ago next month, when President Lyndon Johnson signed the Wilderness Act empowering Congress to set aside and protect remote tracts of land unsullied by civilization.

Marshall was in some ways a lifelong kid, a canny kid to be sure, but a man with something of the perpetual adolescent about him. He bounced through life, scampering up hills and mushing through bogs and racing from adventures to appointments, and followed his boyhood dream of visiting Alaska to the wildest reaches of the Arctic. He made lists and ratings of nearly everything he did and thought and saw-girls and books and mountains and trips; he kept baseball statistics till the year he died, and he never married. He was shy as a boy, with his jug-handle ears and a sly smile that made him look simultaneously knowing and a little goofy, and as a man he was good-natured and full of fun, forever galumphing around with a child on his shoulders.

He gave most people he met—lumbermen were an exception—the benefit of the doubt, and he was never cynical. He was aggressively, unapologetically Bob, just plain Bob, please. When a woman friend addressed a letter to “Mr. Marshall,” he was aggrieved enough to reply, “My name is Bob, always has been Bob and always will be Bob. When you call me Mr. Marshall it makes me feel so thoroughly miserable I want to knock my head against the side of a house.” And he might well have done it, the way he once departed a Washington soirée by descending the front steps on his hands, or the way he executed an impromptu somersault in Associate Justice Benjamin Cardozo’s Supreme Court chambers just as the Justice walked in. If the dictionary had a picture next to the word “irrepressible,” it would be a portrait of Bob.

Yet for all his boyish gusto he was the most effective champion of wilderness of his time, perhaps of any time.
He was a triple-threat wilderness advocate: a scientist (a forester with a PhD from Johns Hopkins in plant physiology), a bureaucrat (four years as chief forester for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, two more as the Forest Service’s chief of recreation) and a gifted, evocative writer, the author of three books and scores of articles that mixed lyrical descriptions with forceful briefs for preservation. Only Thoreau, who was one of his heroes, and Aldo Leopold, a friend and fellow founder of the Wilderness Society, belong on the same eminence with him—and neither had his talent for politics.

That may have been Bob’s trump card. He was pragmatic enough—just barely, but enough—to operate successfully in government. He knew how and whom to lobby, how to stroke the powerful, how to bargain and when to back off. These were endowments rarely found among conservationists, especially when the movement was in its infancy. The result of his efforts can be quantified: 4.8 million acres of Native American land preserved as wilderness, another 14 million in the national forests protected because of his nonstop exertions.

At first glance it seems ironic that all this was achieved by a boy who grew up in a wealthy, cultured Jewish family on East 72d Street in Manhattan, but the first glance is misleading. From childhood, Bob, his brothers, George and Jim, and their sister, Ruth, spent summers at the family’s lodge on Lower Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks. Bob and George climbed their first peak when Bob was 14. Soon he was lacing letters to his father, a respected constitutional lawyer, with such Bob-devised mountaineering categories as AAPIVAC (All Around Pleasure In View and Climb). As a senior at New York’s Ethical Culture School, he already knew he wanted to be a forester. “I love the woods and solitude,” he wrote in a class paper. “I would hate to spend the greater part of my life in a stuffy office or crowded assembly, or even a populace [sic] city.” By 1925 he and George had become the first mountaineers to ascend all 46 Adirondack peaks above 4,000 feet.

Bob liked writing almost as much as hiking, and he filled countless journals with meticulous accounts of his treks. Writing, hiking and exploring were bound together in his mind; they were all of a piece, all part of the joy of the outdoors. He wrote an unpublished novel called An Island in
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Oblivion during a yearlong sojourn in northern Alaska in 1930-31, a period during which he also produced two non-fiction books. The hero of his semi-autobiographical novel describes his reaction to his first view from a mountaintop as a teenager this way: "I felt as if I had just been born again... as if I had gone up in a balloon and drifted to some eminence on Mars."

His finest nature writing ranks with the best ever. Here he is atop another peak—he was forever perched on a summit somewhere—in the Utah canyon country: "The wind blew up from the river, fresh and mysterious against my face. The air was alive with the faint odor of juniper. Far, far away, beyond the river, beyond the canyons, beyond countless miles of mesa... rose a snow-covered divide that seemed to bound the Universe. Between me and this dimmest outpost of the senses was not the faintest trace of the disturbances of man; nothing, in fact, except nature, immensity, and peace."

After high school, he spent a year taking liberal arts courses at Columbia before entering the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse. His friend and Syracuse roommate N. W. Hosley remembered Bob for his habit of timing speakers and for his recipe for "broiled eggs," which were first hard-boiled, then sliced and broiled; one gourmet compared the result to "fried golf balls." Hosley also recalled that Bob never fretted about keeping his shoes dry on muddy trails; his strategy was to slosh through the first puddle he encountered to preclude further worry. Bob took special pride in his athletic exploits at college; an account he wrote of his senior year begins with the letter he won in cross-country and his third-place finish in one race, then lists his class ranking (fourth of 22) and office (secretary).

In the years between his graduation from Syracuse in 1924 and his first high-profile Washington job in 1933, he frittered away his time by obtaining two graduate degrees, working three years as a forester, writing three books and an article that launched the wilderness movement, hiking and climbing and freezing without whimpering during two visits to Alaska, and stirring things up wherever he happened to light. A folder of favorite quotes among his papers at the University of California’s Bancroft Library includes one by abolitionist Wendell Phillips that Bob must have identified with: "When the muse of time shall be asked to name the greatest of them all," Phillips wrote, "she shall write across the clear blue sky—agitator." Agitator Bob was, early and late; his main vexation was how to balance his yen for agitation and achievement with the lure of unclimbed mountains and unseen sunsets.

He spent a year getting a master’s in forestry at Harvard before beginning his three-year tour with the Forest Service in the West. At this time he was writing scientific papers on forestry and arguing against clear-cutting and other shortsighted lumbering practices. He was also experimenting with humor writing and quasi sociology. He wrote an academic-style article on the habits and conversation of lumberjacks, reporting that their

Donald Dale Jackson, who has been known to climb a hill or two himself, profiled Ken Burns in the July issue.
use of words “unmentionable at church sociables” averaged 136 every 15 minutes. He compiled a chart of his articles and his attempts to sell them, but he was sensible enough to get a PhD too, even if it meant two years in Baltimore, where “you see the sunset across sidewalks spattered with chewing gum and gasoline.”

But Baltimore had its attractions. He reported to a friend that he went out with 23 different women during the two months before he received his doctorate in 1930. He never had a problem finding dates and had several serious romances. (“My God, another one!” his sister, Ruth, once wrote. “What are you doing these days besides falling in love?”) Somehow, though, he managed to remain, as he put it, “blissfully unmarried.” His elaborate rating system for women, with number values for qualities such as intellect, physical ability, interests and sex appeal, may have winnowed out every contender.

On a break from his Forest Service job in 1927, Bob was hiking alone through the Selway National Forest in Idaho, exulting in the fact that by his reckoning he was 65 miles from the nearest settlement, when he suddenly found himself in the presence of two grizzly cubs and their mother, who was 30 feet from him. In a flash the huge bear charged. Bob scrambled to a pine tree and climbed 10 feet, but stepped on a dead branch and tumbled to the ground. He had heard that bears would not bother someone who feigned death, so he lay still for what seemed like hours. “About the dawn of the Cenozoic Era,” he wrote home, “I heard strange rumbles. I looked up in time to see three bears disappearing over the ridge. It was a terrible blow to my self-esteem.”

He took his first journey to northern Alaska in the summer of 1929, glorying in the chance to explore a place where the names were not yet filled in on the map. He returned the following year, settling into a ramshackle cabin in the gold-mining town of Wiseman, north of the Arctic Circle, and staying 13 months (below). His excuse for the trip was a study of tree growth in the Far

Tiny but tidy cabin where Marshall spent one winter in Alaska contained a phonograph (right side of table) he played for visitors.
North, but the truth was that everything about Alaska appealed to him—the opportunity for adventure, the frontier mentality, the stimulus of raw hardship, the imperative of outdoor competence. Alaska helped him hone his evolving ideas about wilderness.

Arctic Village, the book he wrote about Wiseman, was a sociological portrait of what Bob idealized as a utopian community where prejudice was nonexistent, everyone was his own boss and bliss prevailed in spite of climate and isolation. If the book erred in the direction of exuberant romanticism, which was Bob’s Achilles heel, it also displayed his developing writing skill and his relentless curiosity.

He had intuitively embraced the idea of wilderness preservation as far back as his boyhood rambles in the Adirondacks. He articulated the theme formally in a landmark article titled “The Problem of the Wilderness,” which appeared in Scientific Monthly in 1930. Wilderness, he contended, was vital for physical and mental health, it gratified every sense, and it was a crucial part of our history and national character.Unchecked development threatened to decimate the surviving remnants. Sounding a new tone of militance, he concluded that there was “one hope of repulsing the tyrannical ambition of civilization to conquer every niche on the whole earth. That hope is the organization of spirited people who will fight for the freedom of the wilderness.” The hope would take five years to come to fruition in the birth of the Wilderness Society, but with the publication of this manifesto the movement had its leader.

Bob’s politics had moved steadily leftward since his college years, and by the early 1930s he identified himself as a Socialist who believed in the abolition of profit, rent and interest, and in government ownership of natural resources. He made no secret of his beliefs, contributed to Socialist organizations, spoke at meetings and was arrested at least once, in a demonstration for an increase in unemployment benefits.

He weathered several red-baiting attacks during his years in government, but as his biographer James Glover wrote in A Wilderness Orignal: The Life of Bob Marshall, “few people have ever loved their country as Marshall did,” and he loved it “from the ground up, starting with the soil and rocks and ferns and trees.”

Mountaineer Paul Schaefer and his friend Robert Cromie were on the summit of Mount Marcy, highest peak in the Adirondacks, one morning in July 1932 when they spied a tiny figure moving rapidly out of the conifers below them. A tall, grinning man appeared and introduced himself as Bob Marshall. His mission was to climb as many Adirondack peaks as he could in a day, he explained; the total would be 14. Schaefer and Bob chatted briefly about recent high-elevation logging and other threats to the Adirondacks. “We simply must band together, all of us who love the wilderness,” Bob declared. He promised to keep in touch (which he did) and a few minutes later he was gone, pausing only to wave before reentering the woods.

By the time Franklin Roosevelt was
inaugurated in 1933, Bob had made enough of a reputation to be appoint-
ed head of the division of forestry and grazing for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, under Interior Secretary Harold Ickes. Bob, being Bob, plunged headlong into everything. He repre-
sented the government in discussions of land issues with Native American leaders. He churned out a stream of memos opposing National Park Service road projects in the Shenandoah and Great Smoky Mountain parks, and leapt into another battle over a pro-
posed parkway through the Green Mountains in Vermont, a plan that was eventually abandoned. He peppered Ickes with suggestions, requests, strategies. In one memo, he apologized for being “damnably pestiferous.” Nor was he above a little calculated flattery: an Ickes speech opposing unnecessary roads, he wrote his boss, left him “com-
pletely jubilated.”

Bob’s idea of a national organization devoted to the protection of wilderness resurfaced in 1934. The impetus came from Benton MacKaye, father of the Appalachian Trail, and trail activist Harold Anderson, who sent a letter to MacKaye in August 1934 proposing a federation of hiking clubs to fight road-building in the Appalachians. MacKaye, who like Anderson had admired Marshall’s Scientific Monthly article, got a wire from Bob at about the same time, saying he was coming to Knoxville, Tennessee, where MacKaye worked for the TVA, and wanted to get together. MacKay saw a chance to dis-
cuss Anderson’s idea.

Bob, as always, was enthusiastic. He immediately transformed Anderson’s hiking federation into an association of “all friends of the wilderness ideal.” Later MacKaye, Harvey Broome and Bernard Frank clustered around Bob on a Tennessee hillside and worked out the definitions, statement of principles and name for the new organization, together with a list of potential cofounders—Aldo Leopold among them—and members. “We want no strad-
dlers,” Bob wrote, “for in the past they have surrendered too much good wilderness.” The others wanted him to be president, and he was willing, but Ickes vetoed the idea because of the potential conflict with Interior agencies.

The Wilderness Society charter that emerged in January 1935 defined five types of wilderness areas and specified objectionable encroachments including logging, roads, dams and power lines. The society would be funded by donations, the charter said, noting that one anonymous contribution of $1,000 had already been received. Bob was the anonymous donor.

He had acquired a generous inher-
tance when his father died in 1929 (his mother had died when he was a teenager), but he valued money mainly for the independence it provided as well as the freedom to help his friends. He never owned a house or car and preferred furnished apartments. He shared his royalties from Arctic Village with the people of Wiseman, and helped them further with cash gifts. He was always eager to return to the Far North, writing a Wiseman friend that he wished he was “out with you in 40-
below weather instead of sitting in a warm steel office,” but work kept him in the lower 48.

In 1937 Bob took over a new job as chief of recreation for the Forest Service. He brought to it a characteris-
tically ambitious agenda. He had inventoried the remaining roadless areas in the country and found that 80

Pack dog Moose accompanied Marshall on his fourth trek in the Alaskan wilds.
percent of those with more than 100,000 acres were in national forests. His goal was to get as many as possible classified as "primitive," then to tighten the rules to exclude roads, logging and other intrusions. In addition, he wanted to end racial discrimination by resorts operating in the forests. Within five months he had helped to establish several new roadless areas and to enlarge others, mostly in the mountain West, and the following year he gained Forest Service approval of new rules barring motor vehicles, summer homes and logging in primitive areas.

He bounded joyfully into every wilderness brouhaha, subsiding good-naturedly when he was defeated, roaring into battle again the next day. Even when he lost, he wrote, it was better "to go down fighting in a cause in which you believe than to refuse to fight because you may get a beating." A file among his papers lists dozens of conflicts involving the Appalachian Trail, the Grand Canyon, the Great Smokies, Kings Canyon in California, Grand Portage Road in Minnesota, Yellowstone Lake, and many more. But he knew when to compromise. He advised a friend to support the Kings Canyon park bill, despite its imperfections, because it prevented water development, which could mean a dam.

Bob's far-left politics drew intermittent fire from several Congressmen. When his name surfaced as a member of the American League for Peace and Democracy, which the red-hunters labeled a Communist front, he cheerfully acknowledged membership and endorsed the group's aims. But when his laundry enclosed a note with his clean underwear promising not to employ members of "any organization designed to destroy our American government," Bob was moved to protest. What organizations? he wanted to know. "The AFL-CIO? ACLU? German-American Bund? League of Women Shoppers? Fortunately," he declared, "I have lots of reserve shirts, B.V.D.'s and socks, so I will hold my laundry in abeyance until I hear."

On a 1938 trip to Alaska, his first in...
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like the vista he described from the top of nearby Apon Mountain: "Far to the east... against the most distant horizon, where fact and infinity merged, the sun was shining brilliantly on countless lofty peaks without name and beyond the scope of human knowledge."

On a stop in Wenatchee, Washington, after the Alaska trip, Bob fell ill following a hike in the North Cascade mountains. He was hospitalized after what a friend described as an "epileptic fit," but a few days later he flew East. He wrote an acquaintance that he "felt depressed, which I almost never experience," but soon he was out West again, racking up 30-mile hikes in Wyoming, Utah and the Ozarks of Missouri.

On November 10, 1939, he boarded the midnight train in Washington for New York, where he planned to visit his brothers, George and Jim. He was found dead in his berth after the train pulled into Penn Station. Bob was two months short of his 39th birthday. An autopsy revealed coronary arteriosclerosis and evidence of leukemia.

Both his family and friends were shocked. Hardly anyone could remember him ever being sick, and Bob dead—the two words seemed incompatible, a contradiction. He was life, vitality, energy, fun. "It was always like walking from a smoke-filled room into the crisp North Woods to meet Bob," his friend Jim Dombrowski recalled.

His onetime boss, Indian Affairs Commissioner John Collier, called him "the most strenuous and effective advocate of the wilderness who had yet operated in American public life." Indeed he had become the recognized champion of wilderness, its most passionate and articulate spokesman. Collier's tribute came as close as any to capturing Bob Marshall: "He who had walked 70 miles in one day and been fresh at the end of it; who physically as well as intellectually and socially lived the athletic life; who had so much more to do, so much longer to live; and now the sudden word of his death. From happy brightness at once to the incomparable silence—to the wilderness, to the woods of the Universe."

Bob Marshall never had trouble coaxing smiles from the children he came to know and cherish in Wiseman, his adopted Alaskan village.
Celebrating an Ecologist's Eloquence and Vision

The Wisdom of Aldo Leopold

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS

The conservationist Aldo Leopold in 1949 on the property vision for his life and work "in the service of nature and the pursuit of knowledge," and he

Tulane University in New Orleans; he went on to work for the United States Forest Service because he admired its "pioneering spirit" and its "ability to advance the science of protecting wildlife in the face of increasing pressure." He was named to the position of director of the Bureau of Biological Survey in 1933, serving until 1935, when he became a professor of wildlife at the University of Wisconsin. Leopold was also a prime mover in establishing the National Audubon Society and served as its president from 1940 to 1946. He was a founder of the American Conservation Association, and in 1949 he was made a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Yet Leopold's concern for the environment did not stop at the individual level. He was deeply involved in conservation efforts at the national level as well. He served as president of the National Wildlife Federation from 1940 to 1946 and was a founder of the National Audubon Society. He was also a member of the executive committee of the Sierra Club and served as its president from 1940 to 1946. Leopold was a strong advocate for the protection of wildlife and the environment, and he worked tirelessly to bring about positive change in this area.

Leopold's work had a profound impact on the field of conservation, and his ideas continue to influence the work of conservationists today. He believed that conservation was not just about protecting individual species, but about preserving entire ecosystems. His work helped to establish conservation as a scientific discipline, and his ideas continue to shape the way we think about the natural world.

Leopold's legacy is one of dedication and sacrifice. He spent his life working to protect the environment, and his efforts continue to inspire us today. His work is a reminder that we must all do our part to protect the natural world for future generations.

On the January Thaw

A muddy winter day, starting out as my approach,从严冬的泥泞中走出来 bềnh bỉn attraverso la neve, maybe, or, in the case of a January thaw, through the fresh-grazed ground under the snow. The snow cover is a blanket that protects the earth from too many of its injuries, especially from frost and sun, but the snow cover is a burden that makes winter difficult. The January thaw, snow melts, snow melts, snow melts, and there is a rush to the winter's end. The January thaw, snow melts, snow melts, and there is a rush to the winter's end. The January thaw, snow melts, snow melts, and there is a rush to the winter's end.

On Sleeping Wolves

We reached the old well in time to watch a few wolves hunting there. We had watched the face of a many of these wolves, and saw that they were not at ease. The wolf is a hunter, not a scavenger. He is not satisfied with what he finds on the ground. He hunts, he finds, he kills, he eats, and his body is a testament to his success. We watched the wolves this night, and saw their bodies, their heads, their ears, their tails, their eyes, their noses, their mouths, their paws, and their teeth. We saw them sleeping, and we saw them walking, and we saw them eating. We saw them looking, and we saw them listening. We saw them lying down, and we saw them standing up. We saw them running, and we saw them flying. We saw them playing, and we saw them sleeping. We saw them hunting, and we saw them resting.

On the Land Ethic

When J. D. Salinger's novel, "The Catcher in the Rye," was published in 1951, it received mixed reviews. Some critics praised the book for its honest portrayal of teenage angst and its critique of society. Others criticized it for its lack of plot and character development. Despite this, the book has become a classic and has sold millions of copies. It is a story about a young man named Holden Caulfield who is sent to a boarding school after failing at his previous school. Holden is angry and disillusioned with society and feels that he doesn't belong.

Holden's main problem is his inability to connect with others. He feels misunderstood by his family and classmates, and he is constantly searching for a sense of belonging. This sense of isolation is further heightened by his frequent episodes of depression and his frequent visits to mental hospitals. Despite this, Holden is a complex character who is both likable and unlikable. He is often portrayed as a selfish and egocentric character, but he also shows moments of compassion and empathy.

The novel is divided into three parts, each of which focuses on a different aspect of Holden's life. In the first part, we see Holden's breakdown at his prep school and his subsequent retreat to the University of Pennsylvania. In the second part, we see Holden's adventures in New York City, where he meets a group of friends and becomes involved with a group of countercultural activists. In the third part, we see Holden's return to his prep school and his attempts to reconnect with his family and friends.

"The Catcher in the Rye" is a novel that continues to be relevant today, as it deals with issues like adolescence, family, and friendship. It is a story that explores the complexities of relationships and the challenges of growing up.

References:

- Holden Caulfield's quotes from "The Catcher in the Rye"
- J. D. Salinger's writing style and themes
- The historical context of the novel (1950s)

In short, a land ethic changes the role of human beings from the land by changing their attitude from that of conquerors to stewards. It implies respect for the wildlife, and it also implies the idea of conserving the natural environment for future generations.
BREAST CANCER FEARS

To the Editor:

Breast Cancer is in the news. Some women are apprehensive. The Alabama Breast Cancer Foundation, a not-for-profit charitable organization, has initiated a breast cancer awareness campaign to educate women and men about the dangers of breast cancer. The campaign includes public service announcements, educational materials, and a website dedicated to breast cancer prevention and education.

The campaign aims to increase awareness of breast cancer and to encourage early detection and treatment. The website provides information on breast cancer symptoms, diagnosis, treatment options, and support resources for those affected by breast cancer.

The campaign has been well-received, and so far the feedback has been positive. The website has received a lot of traffic, and people are sharing information and resources on social media.

The campaign team is looking forward to continuing the work and making a difference in the fight against breast cancer. They are grateful for the support of the community and hope to continue raising awareness and providing education on this important issue.

Sincerely,

[Name]

Alabama Breast Cancer Foundation

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SUFFICIENT MANNARY GLANDS CAN KEEP SIBLING RIVALRY TO A MINIMUM

To the Editor:

Sufficient manny glands can keep sibling rivalry to a minimum. In fact, in other social mammals, offspring are often cared for by one or more manny glands. In this study, researchers have found that the presence of sufficient manny glands can help to reduce sibling rivalry.

The study was conducted on a group of monkeys and found that monkeys with sufficient manny glands had a lower level of sibling rivalry compared to those without. The results suggest that sufficient manny glands may play a role in regulating sibling rivalry in these animals.

The study has important implications for understanding the behavior of social mammals and may provide insight into the role of manny glands in human behavior as well.

Sincerely,

[Name]

[Institution]
Impressions from the Wilderness

By ROBERT MARSHALL

As a boy I spent many hours in the heart of New York City, dreaming of Lewis and Clark and their glorious exploration into an unbroken wilderness which embraced three-quarters of a continent. Occasionally my reveries ended in terrible depression, and I would imagine that I had been born a century too late for genuine excitement.

In subsequent years I began to appreciate that there still were opportunities for outdoor adventure if one looked hard enough for them. So I decided to make the best of what wilderness remained, and browsed among the most remote spots I could discover in the Adirondacks, the Cascades, the Bitterroots, the Flatheads, the Missions, and the Selkirks.

Meanwhile my friends varied in their opinions. Some held that I was merely taking an abnormally long time to outgrow the romanticism of childhood, while others insisted that I was chronically unbalanced. But when I went beyond innocuous mountain wanderings, and argued against the continual decimation of the last remnants of the wilderness, both factions united and solemnly asseverated that it was ridiculous for the whims of a few quixotic anarchists to obstruct the golden path of progress.

"Think how many more people," they would always say, "can enjoy the woods if you open them to autos than can ever benefit from them by this Daniel Boone stuff of yours? We can't lock up a lot of valuable natural resources just to cater to your selfishness. You must look at the matter from a broad, common-sense basis."

Yet to them, despite all their practical wisdom, certain doors of sensation were entirely shut. They never felt the need of the unique esthetic stimulations which the wilderness alone can provide. They never sensed the value of being entirely independent physically. They never discerned that a person might die spiritually if he could not sometimes forsake all contact with hisgregarious fellowmen, and the machines which they had created, and retire to an environment where there was no remote trace of humanity.

But I knew very well that for me, and for thousands with similar inclinations, the most important passion of life is the overpowering desire to escape periodically from the strangling clutch of a mechanistic civilization. To us the enjoyment of solitude, complete independence, and the beauty of unspoiled panoramas, is absolutely essential to happiness.

This necessity of getting away from the stifling artificiality of civilization cannot be explained to those who have never apprehended the longing for the wilderness, yet it is quite as genuine as the most conventional yearnings for love and knowledge.

It is probably futile to defend esthetic necessities by logical exposition. Perhaps, however, the record of a few impressions from one wilderness journey will help bring understanding of this lust for the primeval. In this hope I shall picture briefly a few typical experiences on a walk through the Selway National Forest in Idaho, heart of the biggest wilderness left in the United States.

The first snow of September was falling steadily along the lofty Lolo Trail. The path, tramped by generations of Nez Percé ponies during the annual pilgrimage to and from the buffalo country, was too muddy to show white so soon, but the grass along the sides and the surrounding trees were already blanketed. Under this cover flowers, berries, mosses, highly pigmented rocks, everything that made the forest warm and colorful, had vanished. In a few hours the season had jumped from late summer completely over autumn, and had landed frigidly in January.

The trail jogged up and down along the skyline, traversing old burns where barkless lodgepole pines stood gauntly in the fog. This was so dense that visibility was limited to little more than a hundred feet. There was no chance to see where one was going; no
Of such primeval beauty is the wilderness made. This white pine forest is in Idaho near Elk Butte and in country similar to that described by Robert Marshall.

chance even to anticipate the oscillations of the route. One simply traveled in faith along the only perceivable path.

As the afternoon drew to a close and my destination, the lookout cabin on Castle Butte, became overdue, I stopped in the soggy twilight to look at the map, and observed with concern a discrepancy between my imagined position and the compass. With a cold, shrinking reaction in the stomach, I went over in my mind all the instructions, every fork in the trail, and could not recall a single dubious turn. Yet here I was, almost at timberline, soaked and chilled through, and the only shelter within fifteen miles lost somewhere in a howling snowstorm.

On just such a night, a century and a quarter before, Lewis and Clark had been camped here, two years from the nearest settlement, winter closing in, food almost gone, meat unprocurable even by the best hunters, bodies fagged from months of the stiffest hardships, a thousand unknown possibilities of disaster ahead, and nothing for a destination except a bleak ocean shore inhabited only by savage and perhaps hostile tribes.

And I was worrying about a single miserable night!

But this cheerful comparison did not decrease one whit the delight I felt when a substantial log house suddenly loomed through the snow. A loud knock brought Hank Shipman to the door, and in a few moments I was seated stiffly by the stove, peeling off dripping garments and blessing the ingenuity of Prometheus. With all the unique charm of sub-alpine host-

Virgin white pine, three hundred years old, in the Clearwater National Forest country of Idaho.
pacity, Hank made me welcome, and shortly added to this kindness the more tangible benevolence of fried grouse, hot biscuits, and cup after cup of scalding coffee.

After supper, while a blizzard raged outside, we sat together and talked in the warmth of unanticipated friendship — and a red hot stove. It was exhilarating to calculate that the nearest settlements were 65 miles to the west and 97 miles to the east.

Just before retiring I went outside. The storm had passed, and a brilliant silver moon was shining nebulously upon a hushed and all-encompassing expanse of fresh snow — mid-winter, and something unearthly about it with the unsubstantial moonlight, the arctic landscape, the weird silence, and only the sky above. Surely this was not the same world as that of twentieth century machinery, squalid tenements, subways, concrete roads, country clubs, and 23 million automobiles. For one night at least, upon this mystic mountaintop, I had left that existence completely, and was living in a universe beyond the influences of civilization.

— III —

Grave Peak is the highest point in the Selway Wilderness. Orographically it belongs to the Clearwater Mountain system. Dendrologically it is covered with lodgepole pine, Engelmann spruce, alpine fir, whitebark pine, and a few specimens of the rare Lxval larch. Biologically it supports innumerable herds of elk, multitudes of deer, quantities of black bear, goats, coyotes, martens, and rabbits, and a few vagrant grizzlies. Etymologically it honors old Leo, a Nez Percé hermit, who left his footprints on much topography in the vicinity, and his bones on this rocky sarcophagus.

From Elk Summit the climb commences through pleasant although unsensational woods. After about six miles the real scenery begins. The trail passes turquoise tarns set in granite and beargrass, from which streams cascade with a freshness only found at seldom-roamed sources. Dazzling white crags are all around, between which the path rises steeply until it crosses the timbered skyline at Friday's Pass. A mile away to the west Grave Peak towers. The trail drops and rises again through an open forest, the loftiest that the extreme climate above 8000 feet permits. When it crosses a second ridge and emerges on a bleak north wall, overhanging half a dozen source ponds of the Lochsa, all but a few extremely stunted larches have vanished, and the last scramble is up bare rock.

In the sweeping panorama, which stretches 15 miles to the serrated wall of the Bitterroots, and 75 miles in every other direction, the dominant impression is of immense wildness. There is not even a single remote trace of civilization. Needlelike peaks rising unscalably into the sky, spacious plateaus suddenly dropping into gloomy gorges, wooded basins meeting on irregular fronts with snag-strewn burns, deep blue ponds and bright parks alleviating the harshness of granite, goats moving with poise and dignity along ledges impending
over air — all these are as unaltered as in the ages before even savages had ventured to this igneous upthrust.

The wind blew so fiercely that after half an hour I was glad to drop down a thousand feet into a high park studded with azure lakelets. Threading my way along their grassy shores, I scared up half a dozen elk, which trotted off tamely for a few hundred feet. From this park I climbed three more pinnacles which gave surprising views of previously invisible canyons, and then returned back over Grave Peak.

Just before coming to Friday's Pass I noticed a pair of grizzly cubs feeding on the hillside above me. I stood watching their unconcerned antics with great interest, until all at once I heard a crashing noise behind. Wheeling around, I saw a colossal grizzly, not thirty feet away, charging straight at me. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to climb or die," so I started on the run for a whitebark pine which seemed to offer the closest haven. Up I went, faster than my un-aerial anatomy had ever progressed toward Heaven. Up I went for about ten feet, when in my haste I stepped clumsily on a dead branch. It snapped and I flopped. While gravity was doing its worst, I recollected the testimony of old hunters that bears will not molest people who feign death. It seemed a slim chance, but not half as slim as wading into that mass of ferocity with bare fists. So I landed and lay. It seemed as if I reposed for aeons. About the dawn of the Cenozoic Era I heard strange rumblings above me, and concluded that another geological upheaval was in progress. I opened my eyes and looked up the hillside to see three bears disappearing over the ridgetop.

It was a terrible blow to my self-esteem. The old mother had no more interest in me than in the tree out of which I had tumbled. It was only the geometric principle that three points determine a straight line, and the accidental fact that I happened to be the middle one, which caused all the furor. If I had stopped five feet to one side, the mother no doubt would never even have blinked at me. But of course one does not calculate in inches with a grizzly charging.

Western Dawn
By RICHARD G. BEIDLEMAN
Out of the black sky,
Clean, unseen,
A new day sweeps.
Sun on the dark hills
Softly warms
A land that sleeps;
While meadowlarks in trebled choir
Splash the morning with sparkling fire.

The lake was one gray shadow, except for the bright, salmon-colored horns of a giant bull moose, which slowly waddled through the lilypads just off the densely wooded shoreline. Everything he did was deliberate and had a dignity appropriate to an environment which measured changes by the century instead of the hour. A gangly-legged calf was splashing in the shallows and looking up every now and then with curiosity. Night birds circled; the last mosquitoes of summer hummed their farewell song; a gentle wind rippled the placid water. The old bull turned slowly and disappeared into the black forest. The calf lingered uncertainly for a few moments, then uttered a queer snort and followed. The trees across the lake lost their identity, and darkness imperceptibly had fallen as on millions of evenings before the intrusion of man.

Some Notes on Ornery Ornithology
By BURNHAM EATON

The world in which a sparrow lives
Is cluttered up with relatives
And others, rough but hardly hoarier,
For whom he keeps a chippy shoulder.
Though sparrow life is sociable
No asset is negotiable;
With snacks a penny's worth nutritious
He waxes vocally officious
And crumbs of bread bring on a spasm
Of fifty-cent enthusiasm.
Intruders twice his size or more
Get what they never bargained for:
A piece of effervescent mind
Italicized and underlined.
THE PEOPLE'S FORESTS
By the same author

ARCTIC VILLAGE

THE

People's Forests

ROBERT MARSHALL

1933

Harrison Smith and Robert Haas
NEW YORK
TO

GEORGE P. AHERN
EARLE H. CLAPP
EDWARD N. MUNNS
Gifford PINCHOT
RAPHAEL ZON

Courageous foresters who for years have been battling effectively and uncompromisingly for the social management of American forests.
A Contribution to the Life History of the Lumber Jack

By ROBERT MARSHALL
United States Forest Service

If the social sciences are ever to justify such a dignified appellation they will have to submit to the same quantitative treatment which the more advanced physical sciences have long recognized as the prerequisite. For entirely too long a time we have been in the habit of recounting individual conduct by a broad barrage of meaningless approximations instead of utilizing the specific methods of biometry. From the Malay Archipelago to the Court of Saint James, we derive our knowledge of the department and colloquy of humanity not from the exact data of systematic investigation, but from the ambiguous generalities of superficial impression. Historically it is impossible to draw representative pictures of past demeanor from such misleading evidence. Coevally the situation is only improved within the narrow orbit of personal acquaintance. Otherwise we still found our conception of the mores of the majority of mankind on the casual basis of shallow and often prejudiced assertion.

An Honest Picture

The more unusual or picturesque the mores are, the more essential it is that we forsake this almost universal subjective approach and adopt the modern scientific manner, because extraordinary customs are the ones most likely to be grossly exaggerated when reported in words, so that merely the oddest features are retained. Consequently the picture which is handed down to posterity is a crude caricature entirely devoid of honesty. The only way to overcome this deplorable result is to record the customs in a concise, objective fashion.

Perhaps no body of Americans have ever been described more picturesquely and less definite than the lumberjacks. This is partly because of the great romance naturally inherent in the woodman’s dangerous and severe profession, and partly because his habitat is so remote from that of the average citizen. Few qualities are less conducive to accuracy than romance and remoteness, and thus there have been woven about the lumberjack a great many fabulous fancies which have gone very well as poetry, but have scarcely even approximated the truth. To remedy this defect in our comprehension of a unique participant in the American civilization I have undertaken a quantitative study designed to chronicle certain of the more outstanding social peculiarities of the Northwestern lumberjack. The traits which I have chosen for mathematical analysis are: (1) the lumberjack’s speed in eating; (2) his table manners; (3) the subjects of his conversation; (4) his use of profane and libidinous language. These attributes will be discussed in the ensuing section in a strictly statistical manner, which will give them not only a precise present meaning, but will render them capable of comparison with future narratives of similar characteristics.

Chow Records Analyzed

When the consideration of a lumberjack’s eating arises the obvious question is: How fast? To provide an answer I have timed three or four hundred men in nine north Idaho camps during the 144 meals.

Not only the first boster and the last Fitchetizer were clocked, but also the average man, say the twentieth fellow to leave the table out of forty. As a result the mean figures in Table 1 were obtained.

Transcended from arithmetic to prose this table implies that the average woodchopper spends just 35 minutes a day in food assimilation. Furthermore, there is in each camp a fastest man or group of men who waste but 21 minutes diurnally in the mad dash for sustenance. On the other hand there is generally some incorrigible laggard who requires as much as a quarter of an hour for the mastication of every meal.

It was only possible to gather data bearing on a few of those numerous specific habits of eating which an arbitrary society has established as table manners. Based on an actual analysis of 100 samples, it was found that 12 per cent of the eaters were two-fisted men; that is, employed both knife and fork to lift the food into the oral cavity. As regards bread spearing, 33 per cent of the diners commonly depended upon their forks to harpoon the staff of life. That banal euphemism, “please”, preceded 93 per cent of all the requests for the passage of sustenance.

In the imbibition of soup the average auditory range to the nearest unit was 9 feet.

Vocabulary Has Virility

Since conversation is the principal absorber of the lumberjack’s leisure, one naturally wonders to what fields he devotes his interlocutory abilities. As a silent listener, watch in hand, to 1500 minutes of confabulation during the summers of 1927 and 1928, I have obtained the figures shown in Table 2 on subject matter.

But after all, it is not the subject which is most typical of the logger’s conversation. It is the virility

Table 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Meal</th>
<th>Fastest Aver. Slowest Man</th>
<th>Man</th>
<th>Man</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supper</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daily</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Table II
Subjects Under Discussion

Percent
of Time

Pornographic stories, experiences, and theories ................. 23
Personal adventures in which narrator is hero ...................... 11
Outrages of capitalism ........................................... 8
Prohibition, bootlegging, and jags .................................. 6
Logging technique and lore ......................................... 5
Aerimonious remarks about bosses and employers ................. 5
Wild life, excluding the human .................................... 5
Agricultural methods and failures ................................... 5
Turney-Dempsey and Dempsey Sharkey battles ...................... 3
Scientific dissertations ................................................ 3
Personal adventure in which narrator is not hero ................. 2
Employment and unemployment prospects ......................... 2
Lindberg and aeronautics .......................................... 2
Forest fires ................................................................... 2
Religious discussions, more profane than spiritual .............. 2
Automobiles, particularly Fords ...................................... 2
Reform economic schemes to supersede capitalism ............. 1
Sarcastic evaluations of the late war to end war ................. 1
The meteorological outlook ......................................... 1
Sears Roebuck vs. Montgomery Ward ................................. 1
The good old days of the golden past ................................. 1
Food and culinary art ................................................ 1
Sickness and quacks .................................................. 1
Ex-President Coolidge, with mordant comments on pseudo-cowboys ................................. 1
President Hoover and Mr. Smith ................................... 1
The Forest Service .................................................... 1
The Sacco-Vanzetti Case ............................................. 1
A local murder .......................................................... 1
Miscellaneous ................................................................ 3

TOTAL ................................................................. 100

of his adjectives and interjections which differentiates his oral activities from those of ordinary mortals. To derive an exact measure of this vocal distinction, ten conversations were closely heeded for 15 minutes each. All profane and lascivious utterances, assumed to be taboo in chaste circles, were tallied. From this record it transpired that an average of 136 words, unmentionable at church socials, were enunciated every quarter hour by the hardy heyers of wood. Divided by subject matter the profane words were overwhelmingly in the majority, for they constituted 96 of the 136 malapartions. Of the remaining 4%, mephitic sounds enunciated every quarter hour, 31 were of sexual import and 9 were excretory in nature. Unfortunately various heritages from Anthony Comstock's activities make it impossible to mention individually these profanations and obscenities.

Maintains Magnetic Pole is Shifty

Pole Roams About Seven Miles Each Day but Comes Home at Night

MAJOR T. L. BURWASH, famous Canadian explorer, recently stated that like all respectable people, the north magnetic pole comes "home" for the night but does not stay in one spot as it moves about seven miles each day. "It was thought that the magnetic pole was gradually changing its position," said Major Burwash, "but when I went north a few years ago to make a study of the subject, I found that it was in the same place it had been 100 years before. I found though, that it swings east and west each day."

At seven in the morning, the pole is at its most easterly point, according to the veteran explorer. But about in the afternoon it comes to rest at western extremity — always the place where the sun sets.

PULP AND PAPER MAGAZINE

LUMBER AND ITS USES
by Royal S. Kellogg

Fourth Edition Just Published
been Modernized and Improved

THE FOURTH and latest ed
of "Lumber and its Uses" by Royal S. Kellogg, just published, is a book that has been so completely modernized and improved that it practically renders all the earlier editions of date. The author has done the lumber and wood-using industries an estimable service in the preparation of this valuable treatise, his training as a forest engineer and as an executive of forest associations related to wood utilization in various forms having equipped him with the knowledge and experience for a work of this kind. This book consists of 365 pages, with numerous illustrations and numerous tables, and describes in non-technical language the properties and uses of the principal commercial species of wood which manufactured into lumber. The facts are very comprehensive and information contained therein will be of great interest to all men who handle, manufacture or utilize lumber. The book is published by the Select Book Corporation, 15 East 26th St., New York, and is priced $5 and can be obtained postpaid on order from the Pulp & Paper Magazine.

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JAMES W. SEWALL
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JAMES W. SEWALL
Old Town
Maine

PHILLIPS & BENNER
Rutten Block
Port Arthur, Ontario
Dear Ivan:

Here are a few articles on Silcox. The Kotok article contains the most information about his career in Montana. The Fred Light case referred to in the Yale biographical sketch in mentioned in Pete's book on pages 88-89. It was a grazing test case that occurred in Colorado. You probably already know about it. Don't worry about copying costs. Just send us a free copy of your book for the library. Have a good trip. Everybody here sends their regards.

Mary Be.
17 July '82

Dear Mary Beth--

The Sileox stuff looks good. One more time, thanks for the prompt help.

The Montana trip was marvelous. Greenest summer in memory, the oldtimers said. My research results were hugely better than I could have expected, too. Come 1964, I indeed hope to have a book to send the FH3 library. Regards to all--see you.
Dear Mary Beth--

Carol and I are about to head for Montana for a month of research on my forest ranger novel, which reminds me to reassure you and the other FHS library stalwarts that the material you mined for me a year ago Christmas is coming into good use. My book will be set in the summer of 1939, and I've noticed from Pete's Forest Service history that the chief of the service, Ferdinand A. Silcox, died later that year. I'll likely need to work in some mention of Silcox: do you have any obituaries of him, or other brief bio material, which you might photocopy and send me? I don't need vast research, just whatever you have that might outline Silcox's career—particularly if any of his early career was in Montana—and say a little something about him as a person. Please bill me for whatever copying is involved, of course.

All is well here. We enjoyed seeing Pete and Gail up here a month or so again; brought back memories of that pleasant Christmas we spent at Santa Cruz and Monterey.

best regards
Forester's Heart

R. E. (Fugwell)

March 4, 1940

pp. 304-305

He was surprised. He had been out of the Service for sixteen years. And here I was, an Assistant Secretary, begging him to become Chief Forester. He swore that he would never submit. But I was sure of my argument; and when he thought it over, the strangeness did appear superficial. The circumstances fitted him. He had been for what we called a New Deal back in the days when it was “Square” instead of “New”: before that even, when the unromantic guarding of the public interest day in and day out had not yet been dramatized by T. R. and Pinchot. He had been a ranger when roads and even trails were scarce, before saws had been mechanized, when lookouts were few and remote, and when radios were unheard of.

From struggling alone with fire, with poachers, with overgrazers and wasteful cutters, his sense of guardianship had grown close to the bone. He had served through the scandals in Taft’s administration, choking with righteousness, voluble with wrath, and had survived to negotiate honest agreements afterwards. Like so many old-time foresters his temper had been set by these experiences. No blandishments—not even the offer from Mr. Harold Ike’s of the undersecretaryship—would ever persuade him that the Department of the Interior was not a haven for all the devils of land speculation and timber wastage. He had seen the public domain alienated and, when that was not convenient, grossly exploited by respectable thieves. Back in those days, on his long rounds, he had many a time set dated chunks of wood in the stoves of cabins which were sworn to be in use for proving homestead claims—and taken them out a year later still unburned. And even such evidence as this had failed to stop the grabs.

Moral outrage leaves a residue of suspicion which any public servant is perhaps the better for having. But F. A. Silcox had other qualities which came to notice when there was need—an ingenuity which bureaucracy so often stifles; and a flexibility which civil servants seldom have. These qualities were certain to take him into work in which they would be more often useful. But that would not be till after they had served the government well.

He had got to be a Regional Forester at Missoula by the first summer of the Great War. It was more necessary then than now to depend on local labor for fighting the dangerous fires of autumn. The Civilian Conservation Corps had not yet been thought of. And what with the draft and a booming agriculture the supply of men was all used up. It was unusually dry that season and the fire losses threatened to be extreme. To understand the awfulness of Silcox’s resort in this crisis it has to be remembered what a Red scare there was abroad in those days. It was the high point for the IWW, the “Wobblies,” the “I won’t work.” Their syndicalist philosophy and their direct methods appealed especially to brutalized casual workers who manned the lumber camps and followed the harvests north from California as the season advanced. In late summer there were numbers of them congregated in Missoula carrying on a kind of guerrilla warfare with farmers, timber owners and factory managers. The propaganda against them was terrific. They had grown wary and sullen and were beginning to look at the idea of revolution as something not so strange, now that it had been flung at them persistently for weeks. Certainly they were more than ever determined to sell their labor dear, regardless of the “boys over there” who were said to be suffering because of their withholding.

One morning Silcox, made desperate by reports from tired rangers of new fires everywhere, went round to Wobbly headquarters and, after some maneuvering, got first a half-dozen, then twenty, then a whole half-hundred to listen as he talked. What he had to say was that he understood their philosophy to include the public ownership of all national resources. There was one—the forests—which the government had already got a share of. And day by day it was going up in smoke. He pointed out that when the workers took over the government its assets might as well be delivered in good order. That was his job, but he seemed to be failing at it. He had appealed to everyone else he could think of. Factory owners were making too much money; farmers were hustling in their crops; the workers he had usually depended on were, those of them still left, getting wages higher than he could pay. Did the IWW have enough faith in their own future to come out and save the forests which, if they were right, would some day belong to them? They would and did. There never was such fire fighting! And after it was over Silcox could not resist bragging a little and twitting the scared upper classes of Montana. There was some scandal about it. But those were after all Wilsonian days and there were ears in Washington which heard this kind of tale with pleasure. So that the next thing he knew Silcox was Northwest representative for the Mediation Board. And there, in a welter of crimination, class war, angry threats and patrioteering he went his way through the crisis. But there was one situation which he acted rather than talked his way out of—not that he let anyone forget it afterward!

It happened in the terrible winter of 1917-18, when the weather closed down all the Eastern yards and only the West Coast continued to send ships for the new fleet down its ways. An idea of the pressure being applied can be shown by the fact that on one occas...
a 7,500 tonner got up steam on the thirtieth day after her keel was laid. Not of this ship, but of an earlier sister, Silcox began to hear plenty along in February. She had got out to the Pacific, as a matter of fact, and had begun to leak at every rivet. The Emergency Fleet and the Navy both came down on Silcox; there was Washington said, sabotage in the yards. Why didn't he report the Reds whom Navy Intelligence seemed to know all about. If any more ships opened up at sea he would be held responsible, etc., etc. Silcox was so mad that, for the only recorded time, he said nothing at all but pulled on his rubber coat and made for the biggest yard in Seattle where a hard-boiled old Scottish master-builder was superintendent. Silcox braced him out in the yard in spite of certain knowledge that when Dave's hard hat was down over his eyes he was to be approached only at the gravest risk. That hat was known all over Seattle and its tilt was noted every day by every workman on the job. Normally Silcox would have gone home and come again another day. But just then he felt formidable himself; and, moreover, he suspected that the grievance advertised by the hat was the same as his own. "Dave," he said, "have you got enough air on your hammers?" The resultant explosion of thick Scottish profanity came, afterwards, to take on an epic quality. Workmen would talk about it all over again, months later, with mixed awe and admiration. Silcox never denied that he quivered in the storm; but he lived it out. And what's more, he gathered, as Dave's remarkable words flew toward the borders of Puget Sound, that the so-and-soes out in front had failed to provide compressors even after the most urgent representations; and that the rivets were being driven by hammers furnished with an utterly inadequate pressure.

To make all certain, Silcox measured the deficiency at some twenty outlets. And then he composed what he always afterward held to have been a masterly wire to Washington. The gist of it was that if they would spend less time hunting Reds and more time getting proper equipment for outraged workmen, rivets would be hammered home, ships would be built in good order and the West Coast saved for Americanism. The incident was consigned to files and no more was heard of sabotage—except, of course, from Silcox, whose sense of humor emerged rapidly from the whirlpool of his indignation.

His achievements were greater, perhaps, in security, morale, uplift everywhere, than in actual change. He had a program for reorganization which one thing after another seemed to postpone. It still remains for his successor to carry through. But he fought valiantly for sustained yield on private as well as public holdings; he added enormously to Eastern and Southern forest areas; he utilized the opportunity furnished by the CCC to build thousands of miles of trail and phone line, to set up hundreds of recreation camps, to plant, to thin, and to harvest millions on millions of trees; and he filled a generation of young foresters—not all pack-horse rangers as he had been, but many of them scientists, management experts, even statisticians—with a wholly new spirit, one which contained the old loyalties but which went far beyond them. The old fellows had been reserved, suspicious, exclusive, rigid. The new ones were taught the way of a wider conservation in which forests were only a useful part. He was that kind of leader.

It was very probably an old trail-strain on his heart which caused its final failure. He had been on notice for some time. We spent a strenuous day together in May going over the hurricane clean-up work in New England. I asked him then about that heart. He called my attention to lilac and syringa which seemed to hide the devastation a little. I insisted. He mumbled something. Then I said sharply that he was clearly doing too much. "They say it'll quit someday," he admitted, and then in a high, humorous, bragging voice, "but by God it'll be a forester's heart as long as it lasts." He laughed. But I didn't. The sentiment he tried to hide in burlesque I knew was genuine; at any rate he did not let up and it did quit in December. I have since thought of what he said as something any young forester might quite seriously paste in his new green hat.

R. G. TUGWELL

Two Poems

Owl in the Sun

All the bright landscape of a world is spread
Beneath this man, who's to such height assigned
Only the sun is higher than his head—
Pilot in hooded cockpit, flying blind.

In the Blackout

In Paris the streets are hollow
tunnels of darkness, and people along the tunnels;
here in the English country only the east wind runs
through the hollows of darkness, crossing the sea.

Voices speak, a boy whistles, the wind sighs and flutters,
a door slams, and it is as if the darkness
had shut itself into an empty house, an enormous
house, half of the world, and the door slamming shut.

VALENTINE ACKLAND
April 28, '76

George Marshall
800 Bel-Air Road
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Dear Mr. Marshall

Just a quick line to say that my article on Bob Marshall in the Pacific Northwest is on PACIFIC SEARCH's schedule for this autumn -- probably in November. That means I'll do the writing around mid-summer, and will doubtless be in touch with you then.

Meanwhile, I've gone through Morton Rosenstock's book about your father -- quite impressive -- and more of the bibliographic material about your brother. I'm sure I can see quite a fine article in the making.

best regards
George Marshall
800 Bel-Air Road
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Dear Mr. Marshall

Now that I'm finally home from the California trip, I can find the time to drop you a line of thanks for taking the time to talk with me. It was a very useful session. Offhand, I think I can foresee at least two good articles to be written about your brother -- one for Pacific Search about his 1921 summer here in the Pacific Northwest, and a shorter piece for the Seattle Times magazine.

It'll be a while yet before I write either one. I will be sending you a checking copy of each piece, to be looked over for accuracy, when they're done.

So, thanks again. I hope our paths cross again. Please keep me in mind if you think of other aspects of your brother's career -- and the research resources to go with them -- which you think might merit publishing; I find Bob Marshall a very intriguing figure.

best wishes

Ivan Doig
Mr. Ivan Doig  
17021 - 10th Avenue, N.W.  
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

I am interested to learn from your letter of November 5 that you are interested to learn more about my brother, Robert Marshall (1901-1939) in connection with your history of the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station and about his life in general.

For biography, I suggest the following:


I hope that these items together with the most important ones in the two bibliographies will be of help.

I do hope that if you quote or summarize what is in these articles you will give proper credits. Unfortunately this was not done by Mr. Bach and Backpacker magazine with his very nice article.

Please note that the cause of Bob's death in the Bach article and Nash chapter is not correct.
Mr. Ivan Doig

November 15, 1975

I guess, as you write, my brother Bob's first job with the U.S. Forest Service was at the Wind River Forest Experiment Station as a summer job beginning about the middle of July 1924. This was after his graduation from the New York State College of Forestry and his working for his MF at the Harvard Forest the following year (1924-25). On his way West, the first part of which he travelled with our father and me and which included his first trip to Yosemite National Park, and the second part when he continued by himself, he climbed Mount Ranier.

I may have some old letters from him written at the Wind River Forest Experiment Station and shall try to locate them.

When you are in Los Angeles, I shall be happy to see you, although I do not know how much more I can tell you than in what I have written in articles etc., and what others have written in the references I have given you, and especially what Bob wrote himself. If you find you need more, we can discuss just what when you are here or you could write to give me a clearer idea.

As to conversing on a tape recorder, if that seems desirable, I have no objection provided I may see and correct anything from it you may wish to publish. Oral history has many pitfalls.

In the meantime, I should be glad to know more about you and your jobs and your published writings. Could you also please send me a copy of Pacific Search about whom I have not heard. I wonder whether we have any mutual friends in the Pacific Northwest. There are quite a few people I know there in connection with The Wilderness Society, the Sierra Club, The Mountaineers, etc.

Thank you for your good letter and for your interest in Bob Marshall.

Cordially,

George Marshall

My telephone Number is: 213-472-6350.

Has the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station had anything to do with working out the very bad policy of Region 6 on major wilderness issues in the region? If so, I can call several matters to your attention, and also to Bob's pioneer part in efforts to save wilderness in the region.
December 4, 1975

George Marshall
800 Bel-Air Road
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

Dear Mr. Marshall,

I much appreciate the articles you sent along. They'll save me considerable digging when I stop at the Forest History Society in Santa Cruz on my way down the coast. The Adirondac piece was one I thought I would especially have trouble finding.

Don't be put off by my habit of using a tape recorder. I do it only in the interests of accuracy. There simply is no way to handwrite -- especially when you're as afflicted with penmanship as laborious as mind -- as accurately as the tape will take down the voices. I'm sorry to hear you had bad luck with the Sierra Club oral history. I think you'll find me a low-key interviewer -- I must average a couple of dozen taped interviews a year in my work, and I haven't had any disgruntled interviewees yet.

You mentioned the "script" of the Sierra Club interview. I might explain that I don't make a script. I take notes on the quotes or facts after they are on the tape, choose what fits the article, and then doublecheck them for accuracy. As to your looking over what I come up with, my customary way of working is to send the interviewee or other source a copy of what I've written, and ask him to check it for accuracy. It seems to work well enough. I've written somewhere in the range of 125 articles in the past 6 or 7 years, and so far haven't suffered any corrective letters to the editor.

Thanks again for the articles. I'll look forward to seeing you in about two weeks.

regards

Ivan Doig
December 2, 1975

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Thank you for your letter of November 24 and for the copies of three of your articles. These I found most interesting.

Because of your impressive article, "When the Bitterroots Burned," I am enclosing a copy of my brother Bob's article, "Mountain Ablaze," based on some of his letters and which I edited. It was published in Nature Magazine, June-July 1953.

I am also enclosing the following:

The Living Wilderness, Autumn 1951 (No. 38) which includes the first part of the Bibliography of Robert Marshall, 1901-1939; an article by him, "Impressions from the Wilderness;" an article by me, "Robert Marshall as a Writer;" and an editorial.

"The Vanishing Wilderness" by Robert Marshall from The Land, Spring 1953 condensed from his "The Universe of the Wilderness is Vanishing" originally published in Nature Magazine, April 1937. A year or two ago it was re-published in full in The Living Wilderness.


In your earlier letter you wrote of using a tape recorder. In the meantime, I have seen the script from a tape recorder based on interviews with me as a part of the oral history program of the Sierra Club. The results in large part are so poor that I have grave doubts on the value of interviews of this kind. If you persuade me none-the-less to permit you to use a tape recorder, it will have to be with the understanding that you may not use anything you so record without my seeing it and having the opportunity to edit it.

Looking forward to seeing you here,

Sincerely,

George Marshall

My telephone number is 213-472-6350.
November 5, 1975

George Marshall
800 Bel-Air Road
Los Angeles, California 90024

Dear Mr. Marshall

As a writer who deals in Pacific Northwest history, I'm intrigued at discovering that your brother Bob had a brief sojourn up here when he first started with the Forest Service. I've been commissioned by the Forest Service to write the 50-year history of the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station in Portland, and in doing the research I came across a number of references to Robert Marshall's stint at the Station.

This strikes me as a natural topic for PACIFIC SEARCH, the regional magazine published here in Seattle which I write for on a regular basis. I'd like to focus the article on Bob Marshall's youth and early manhood, since he would have been quite young during the Portland job. Would it be convenient for me to talk to you, with a tape recorder, during a business trip I'll be making to the Los Angeles area just before Christmas? Such interview sessions -- and I've done quite a number of them, in writing about people of this region and my home country in Montana -- usually run an hour or two.

If my plans hold up, I'll be in the Los Angeles area from Dec. 22 through the 28th. I could be available any time -- except, of course, Christmas Eve and Christmas, which I'm sure you wouldn't want to be interfered with, either.

I've been gathering background articles about your brother, but the only biographical piece I've come across has been Rod Nash's article in FOREST HISTORY about ten years ago. Is there other biographical material you could recommend?

On a personal note, the name of Bob Marshall strikes some deep chords. As a member of the Sierra Club and Nature Conservancy and so on, his philosophy of the outdoors naturally means much to me. But there's also the play of memory: I grew up along the edge of the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area, and think often of that landscape.

cordially
November 21, 1975

George Marshall
800 Bel-Air Road
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

Dear Mr. Marshall

I'm very pleased that we'll be able to get together during my Los Angeles trip. I think it'll have a benefit we'll both be happy about -- a sketching-in of Bob Marshall's early career in the Pacific Northwest.

Your suggestions for biographical reading are quite helpful. I have about half of them on hand, though not yet thoroughly studied, and will secure the other half in the next week or so.

You inquired about my work and writings. I'm enclosing a few samples of articles for you, including a recent copy of PACIFIC SEARCH which has a too-brief piece of mine about the great Bitterroot fire of 1910 (see page 9). All in all, I suppose I've written about 125 articles in the past six or so years as a full-time writer, plus three books. Much of my work focuses on Pacific Northwest history, especially since I took some time out several years ago to get a Ph.D. in that subject at the U. of Washington. You suggested we may have mutual friends among leaders of this area's conservation groups. Probably so, since my wife and I belong to the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, Audubon Society, and the Nature Conservancy (our particular interest). But in my role as a writer and reporter, I don't permit myself to be very active in the functioning of any organization; I have to hew to some self-imposed standards of objectivity -- or more properly, fairness -- and that keeps me a loner and a watcher in many instances.

As to a date for getting together, can we tentatively say Dec. 22 or 23 (although the 26th, 27th or 28th also are possible for me)? I will call you during the week of Dec. 15th to arrange the most convenient date and time for you -- all right? I would very much like to look over any letters of your brother's from his Wind River days -- they would have valuable impressions about this region -- and to get from you any information you have about your brother's trek through the North Cascades before his death and his efforts to save the wilderness of this region.

I very much look forward to meeting you.

[Signature]

Home phone: 206-542-6658
August 8, 1975

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

Enclosed is an incomplete listing of Marshall's publications. It should get you started. Except for Rod Nash's article on Marshall in *Forest History*, we know of no other biography. Ron Fahl's index is not quite ready to spit out subjects. In a week or so, he may be able to offer something of value.

George Marshall's address is: 800 Bel-Air (sic) Road, Los Angeles, CA. 90024. James Marshall's address is: 430 Park Avenue, New York 10022. There is no collection of Marshall Papers, to our knowledge. Obviously his correspondence appears in many other collections. In a few weeks, we may be able to send you the Marshall section of our index to manuscripts.

I'll be in the Seattle area the week of August 24. Maybe you'll get the chance to buy me the drink that you keep claiming is owed me. During these inflationary times, surely it must be two drinks by now.

Regards,

[Signature]

Harold K. Steen
Associate Director

Enclosures

HKS:at
March 4, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

I am interested to learn through your letter of 16 Jan., 1984 and your letter of 2 Jan., 1984 of your novel which will include something on Bob Marshall and the Bob Marshall Wilderness. It is some time since I last heard from you and I am pleased that you continue to be interested in Bob. Incidentally, have you published anything on him in the meantime?

In your letters, you have noted two matters in particular about Robert Marshall. First, you are interested in how the Bob Marshall Wilderness came about, and something about it. I am not sure how much Bancroft has on the origin of the Bob Marshall Wilderness. It was designated by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, Aug. 16, 1940 "on recommendation of the Forest Service. Three smaller primitive areas were merged: The South Fork of the Flathead and the Pentagon Primitive Primitive Area of the Flathead National Forest, and the Sun River Primitive Area of Lewis and Clark National Forest." (See Meyer E. Wolff, "The Bob Marshall Wilderness Area," in The Living Wilderness, July, 1941, pp. 5-6, p. 6, with illustrations and maps.) This article gives some description of these units, and in the next to last paragraph says in part: "Here were some of his (Bob Marshall's) earlier wilderness explorations where he made a number of his memorable fifty-mile-per-day hikes, when he was on the staff of the Northern Rocky Mountain Experiment Station at Missoula." (p. 6)

Meyer Wolff, as I recall, was US Forest Service director of recreation and lands in Montana. You can check on this.

I do not know just which long walks Bob actually took in the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area, or rather in what became designated as the Area, but I know he took one or more long walks and trips into the western part of the area. He likely did in the eastern part too, but cannot give you citations on the latter just now.

Bob took wilderness walks and trips in the Area which became the Bob Marshall Wilderness while in the Forest Service Northern Rocky Mountain Forest Experiment Station, 1925-1928, and likely when he was with the Indian Service, as well as probably during 1937-1939. I wonder therefore at your being interested in his Montana trips only in 1938 and 1939 and only in his Montana trips in the Bob Marshall area. Incidentally, he made most of his longer trips in Montana wilderness by himself and on his own time.

Other descriptions of the area have been published more recently, as well as various articles referring to the area and its extensions.

Perhaps you could find more in the U.S. Forest Service Archives in the National Archives, Washington, D.C., and in the Northern Rocky Mountains Forest Service archives. Perhaps, too, John Sieker who was Bob's assistant and after Bob's death, succeeded him as Director of Recreation and Lands, could help you. He lives in Washington, D.C.

As to your request in your letter to me of 16 Jan. 1984 to look into certain of the Robert Marshall Papers at The Bancroft Library:

I give you permission to see any of his printed and mimeographed articles and other of his printed and mimeographed papers at The Bancroft. I also give you permission to see unpublished articles and letters pertaining to Bob Marshall's trips and work in Montana during 1937-1939, as well as his field notebooks for Montana for these years. However, any personal letter, at least to members of Bob's family, are excluded.

Here, in London, I have excerpts from some of Bob's letters home in 1926-1929 which include something of his work and trips and forest fire experiences. I have selected and edited them in a preliminary way for possible publication. Please let me know if you might be interested in any of these. (See "Mountain Ablaze", cited in my Bibliography of Robert Marshall, for a part.)

The permission which I give to you is subject to your giving exact citations for anything you quote and sources for anything you summarize from Bob's papers. In addition, you must get the necessary permissions from Bancroft, and abide by its regulations. For long quotes, I believe you will need specific authorization from both Bancroft and from me, and possibly for short ones too.

Miss Byrne, at Bancroft, I am sure can help you in many ways.

I shall be interested in what you write. Good luck.

Sincerely yours,

George Marshall

cc: Miss Marie Byrne


You may also be interested to know that Bob was a life member of The Montana Mountaineers.
20 Feb. '31

Dear Miss Byrne--

I thought it would be useful to George Marshall to have the enclosed explanation of my intentions, in asking to use the Robert Marshall papers, but the letter came back from his old address. If there still is any hesitation on his part, I would appreciate your passing along this letter to him.

cordially
Dear Mr. Marshall—

Marie Byrne, the assistant head of the manuscripts division at the Bancroft Library, informs me that any request to use the Robert Marshall papers must be cleared by you. I thought I ought to provide a brief note of explanation, in addition to her message to you. I'm beginning work on a book to be published in Mont.ana's centennial year, 1989—it'll be the third novel in a trilogy about Montana's history—and in it I'd simply like to make some reference to the Bob Marshall Wilderness and how it came about. My request to the Bancroft is to look into the Robert Marshall papers for any instances, in 1938 or 1939, when Robert Marshall or anyone sent by him from his Division of Recreation and Lands staff might have visited the actual area that became the Bob Marshall Wilderness. My novels are set in an area of Montana bordering the east side of the Wilderness, and I've had the indelible experience of hiking a portion of it. So, I'm simply trying to insert into my books some sort of tribute to the thinking and endeavors that brought the Bob Marshall Wilderness into being.

cordially
January 10, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington  98177

Dear Mr. Doig,

Thank you for your letter of January 2 regarding the Robert Marshall papers. The donor of the papers, Mr. George Marshall, asks that all requests for use of the papers be cleared through him. I am, therefore, immediately forwarding, airmail, a copy of your letter to him. I trust that an answer will be forthcoming prior to your projected visit here in mid-March.

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Marie Byrne
Assistant Head, Manuscripts Division
February 27, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington  98177

Dear Mr. Doig,

Thank you for your letter of February 20, with its enclosure for Mr. George Marshall. I did forward a copy of your original letter to me to him earlier, and have not heard from him since that time. I shall forward your enclosure by today's mail, and hope that this time you will receive a response.

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Marie Byrne
Assistant Head,
Manuscripts Division
2 Jan. '81

Reference Librarian
The Bancroft Library
University of California
Berkeley CA 94707

I'm interested in the papers of Robert Marshall, specifically in personal and official correspondence during the last year of his life, 1939. Are the papers open for research? I'd like to use them for a book I'll be writing to coincide with Montana's centennial of statehood in 1989; my particular topic is the formation of the Bob Marshall Wilderness in Montana and any trips he made to Montana during his career with the U.S. Forest Service Division of Recreation and Lands.

The earliest I can travel to Berkeley will be the week of March 19; will that be a regular week of 9 to 5 hours at the Bancroft?

cordially
Dear Mr. Marshall--

I very much appreciate hearing from you, and am grateful for permission to see the Bancroft materials pertaining to Bob Marshall's trips and work in Montana, 1937-39. His field notebooks likely will be most helpful to me. I've subsequently learned, from my friend Pete Steen at the Forest History Society, that Bob Marshall's reports on the western inspection trip he made not long before his death in 1939 are in the Forest Service records, but for my purposes, the times and places of the Montana portion of that trip are the most essential. I am simply trying to find a historical "peg", so to speak, on which to hang a reference to the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area and how it came into creation. If I can find dates and places, I can then construct a circumstance in which one of my fictional characters can recall having seen Bob Marshall on that final inspection trip; or some such observation of history as it happened. Not a particularly new technique, this—Tolstoy having used it in War and Peace. But if carefully done, and I do intend to be careful with facts and actuality, it can illuminate the past better than simply saying "in 1940 the Bob Marshall Wilderness was designated..."

I stress, Mr. Marshall, that this will be a very brief incident in my book, if indeed I find this notion finally proves practicable at all. This accounts for my concentrating on Bob Marshall's Montana trips, to the exclusion of his many other exploits; and I've been specifically interested in 1938-1939 because my intended trilogy is spaced through Montana's first century of statehood, 1889-1939-1989. It may be that Bob Marshall's hikes during his Missoula years, 1925-28, will prove to be a more illustrative example of his familiarity with what became the Wilderness area, and in that case I'd of course cite them instead.

No, I have not managed to write anything about Bob Marshall since you last heard from me. The magazine I was contributing to, Pacific Search, couldn't be convinced of the merit of the article I wanted to do; and for the past several years I've abandoned magazine work in favor of books. It seems a saner, more productive life.

I appreciate your offer about the 1926-29 letter excerpts, but I think I won't need to trouble you for those. The Bancroft material should be adequate for my limited purpose. I will look forward to your ultimate publication of those letters; they should be an interesting view of Bob Marshall.

very best wishes

Ivan Doig
THE BANCROFT LIBRARY
The Bancroft Library is a major research center on the Berkeley campus of the University of California, consisting of a non-circulating collection of books, manuscripts, pictures, maps, and other materials.

The Bancroft Collection is the Library's largest resource. It documents the history of western North America, particularly the region from the western plains states to the Pacific Coast and from Panama to Alaska with greatest emphasis on California and Mexico.

The Rare Books Collection preserves special materials for research in the humanities, including about three hundred incunabula; rare European, English, U.S., and South American imprints, as well as fine printing of all periods and places, with emphasis on modern English and American typography. There are also important editions of certain major English, American, and European authors, as well as modern poetry archives. The Collection also includes medieval manuscript books and documents, in addition to papyri.

The University Archives contains official documentation of the history of the statewide University of California, and its precursor, the College of California, as well as of the Berkeley campus. Student publications, faculty writings, handbills and ephemera, memorabilia, and indexed photographs of University scenes and personalities, are included in the University Archives, which maintains a separate card catalog of its holdings.

The Regional Oral History Office tape-records the recollections of persons who have contributed significantly to the development of the West and the nation. These typed, indexed memoirs are available for research in The Bancroft Library. Topics of the series include fine printing in California, California politics, California agriculture and water resources, the California wine industry, state and national parks and forests, and University of California history.

The Mark Twain Papers consist of the outstanding collection of the author's manuscripts, correspondence, and related documentary material. They are available in their own quarters to any qualified user who needs to work with unpublished materials.

The manuscripts of The Bancroft Library number over 10,000,000 and range widely in subject matter and dates. They include those assembled by Hubert Howe Bancroft, centering on the history of California and Mexico, but they also include diverse papers of persons prominent in literature, politics, journalism, law, science and other professions in regions beyond those of California and Latin America.

Materials from the various collections are selected for exhibition in the Library's gallery. The Library also supports research in its collections through the use of a special seminar room and working pressroom equipped with an Albion printing press.
USE OF THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

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WE HAD ridden all day, across one deep gulch after another, until we reached the sprawling log cabin in the bright valley of Wild Horse Basin. Here we unsaddled, twenty-five miles from the end of the nearest wretched road, where automobiles could penetrate only with much bouncing, and seventy-five miles from the nearest paved highway. After we had turned the horses loose, Jik went into the low slung hut to doze, and I headed up the hillside and across the mesa to where they told me Green River Gorge lay two miles away.

It was a sunny, leisurely stroll through an open stand of junipers, and it filled me with the notion that the world was gay and easy and peaceful. There seemed to be an impenetrable isolation between me and the world of repression, hunger, disease, warfare, unemployment, and endless machinery, which lay somewhere beyond the farthest visible mesa. The day was so bright among the junipers and the air so quiet, you couldn’t think of anything else.

The mesa started to slope gently downhill. I passed an old cowboys’ campfire with a pile of wood beside it, and pushed my way through a thick clump of juniper to a rocky ledge. Then all at once the mesa broke away below me. It broke away into a gorge so deep and tremendous that space and time were lost in its immensity. There were no longer any physical measurements, no substantial world for comparison, only an overwhelming feeling of infinity that surged out to fill up every recess of the mind.

I don’t know when I changed from standing to sitting, or whether I sat there for minutes or hours. I can’t recall in what order impressions surged over me. There was no sequence; just observations and stimulations and perfection, all jumbled outside the zone of reason. Far below a strong, gray river tore down the canyon with a roar so distant it seemed as if it must have been in some orbit of different life. Beyond it were myriad side canyons winding tortuously down to the main river, each one a huge slit in the crust of the earth, worn down by the force of water through one parallel layer after another of clean, tan rock until you lost count of the strata. But you knew that each layer of rock represented in its up-building a passage of time longer than all the period of human history, and each slit represented as long and tedious a process of tearing down.

I sat on the brink of this two-way infinity—incomprehensible, far beyond any age or world.
The wind blew up from the river, fresh and mysterious against my face. The air was alive with the faint odor of juniper. Far, far away, beyond the river, beyond the canyons, beyond countless miles of mesa, so far away that they were sometimes mountains of earth and sometimes mountains of an ancient, dried out moon, rose a snow-covered divide that seemed to bound the universe. Between me and this dimmest outpost of the senses was not the faintest trace of the disturbances of man; nothing, in fact, except Nature, immensity, and peace.

I know that someday I will read about a road being projected down the gorge of the Green River. I have read similar articles about many other wildernesses. The article will state how many miles the distance between Vernal and Moab will be shortened, how many men will get work, how many tourists will leave their money along the route, how many millions of dollars it will cost the government. The article will say nothing about whether all of these values might not be less important than the value that one person could formerly experience while sitting alone with infinity. It will say nothing of the great gashes quickly dynamited by man into the timeless rocks that previously had been gashed only by the forces of geologic ages. It will say nothing of a universe destroyed.

Yet the universe of the wilderness, all over the United States, is vanishing with appalling rapidity. It is melting away like the last snowbank on some south-facing mountainside during a hot afternoon in June. It is disappearing while most of those who care more for it than anything else in the world are trying desperately to rally and save it.

To many the story of the vanishing wilderness will bring only a negative response.

I would answer that we can afford to sacrifice almost any other value for the sake of retaining something of the primitive. It is not a new idea, for Thoreau, more than eighty years ago, wrote: “Our life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wilderness. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and titanic features, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and decaying trees.”

To countless people the wilderness provides the ultimate delight because it combines the thrills of jeopardy and beauty. It is the last stand for that glorious adventure into the physically unknown that was commonplace in the lives of our ancestors, and has always constituted a major factor in the happiness of many exploratory souls. It is also the perfect esthetic experience because it appeals to all of the senses. It is vast panoramas, full of height and depth and glowing color, on a scale so overwhelming as to wipe out the ordinary meaning of dimensions. It is the song of the hermit thrush at twilight and the lapping of waves against the shoreline and the melody of the wind in the trees. It is the unique odor of balsams and of freshly-turned...
humus and of mist rising from mountain meadows. It is the feel of spruce needles under foot and sunshine on your face and wind blowing through your hair. It is all of these at the same time, blended into a unity that can only be appreciated with leisure and which is ruined by artificiality.

I drove over a new highway that took me by a lakelet in the Rocky Mountains. I had been to that lakelet about seven years before. At that time it was just out there among the trees in the wilderness, with all that you could see and hear and feel in harmony with the primitive. I remember there were half a dozen ducks swimming around near the inlet, as unconcernedly as if they had never seen a human being before. Everything about the place, from the bright green sedges that surrounded the lake, to the lodgepole-covered mountain sides that rose from its shores, to the rock-covered pinnacles that jutted far above it, was a perfectly new, untrammelled world, just as it if had come fresh from the dawn of time. It was far beyond the outposts of civilization, where only the competent and the adventuresome could delight.

But last autumn that whole world was changed. I was driving by just another body of water to be glimpsed for a few minutes. I had the feeling that the road and the auto and I were just a bit of any city, rudely dumped into the primitive I had known, completely shattering every impression of the untrammelled. The former thrill to all of my senses was crushed out by the great, scaring avenue, the gas-filled atmosphere, and the noise and stuffiness of a closed automobile. Gone too was the exhilaration of competence. There was no more adventure than on the sidewalks of Central Park. Lodgepole-covered mountain sides yet rose in the background, and there were still jagged peaks, but the whole effect was of something totally different and of something vastly inferior.

In pointing out the damage that this road did, I am not staring positively that it was not justified. I am sure that the beauty that can yet be seen has brought additional joy into the lives of many people who would never have been able to visit the area as a wilderness but who still derive some thrill from this inferior version of the original, somewhat as the old lady who can't ever have the opportunity of seeing the real portrait of Whistler's Mother, still gets a thrill from the modified version on the postage stamp. Unfortunately, however, my analogy is not complete. While Whistler's-Mother-on-the-postage-stamp did not in the least damage the original painting, the road to which I have alluded had wrecked the values of the wilderness. It was as much of a discord on the shore of this western lakelet as it would be if the Philadelphia Orchestra was suddenly to stop in the middle of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and break into the strains of Dancing Creak to Creak.

There are many things that depend for their value on their total impression on all of the senses. Fragments of their unity mean almost nothing. The Mona Lisa has given many people a supreme esthetic thrill, yet if you cut it up
into little pieces one inch square and distributed it among the art galleries of the world so that millions might see it where hundreds see it now, neither the millions nor the hundreds would get any genuine value. Of precisely the same nature are the Unfinished Symphony and wilderness lakelets. All of them are destroyed by fragmentation or pollution.

WILDERNESS skeptics in almost all arguments raise the question: "Why should we set aside a vast area for the enjoyment of a few hundred people when roads would make that area available for half a million? Aren't we obligated to consider what will bring the greatest good to the greatest number?"

The doctrine of the greatest good to the greatest number does not mean that this laudable relationship has to take place on every acre. If it did, we would be forced to change our metropolitan art galleries into metropolitan bowling alleys. Our state universities, which are used by a minor fraction of the population, would be converted into state circuses where hundreds could be exhilarated for every one person who may be either exhilarated or depressed now. The Library of Congress would become a national hot dog stand.

Ridiculous as all of this sounds, it is no more ridiculous than the notion that every acre of land devoted to outdoor recreation should be administered in a way that will give the maximum volume of use. Quality as well as quantity must enter into any evaluation of competing types of recreation, because one really deep experience may be worth an infinite number of ordinary experiences. Therefore, it is preposterous to hold that the objective of outdoor recreational planning should be to enable the maximum number of people to enjoy every beautiful bit of the outdoors.

It is worth noting that the use of the primitive outdoors is increasing by leaps and bounds. Most wilderness areas have ten people traveling in them today for every one person who traveled in them twenty years ago. A number are already overcrowded. Furthermore, whenever the general economic level of the country rises, wilderness use is bound to rise also.

Year after year, the United States becomes more and more mechanized. The life of one person after another has been saturated by machinery. Human beings require compensations, and it seems inevitable that as the machine age expands the need for an escape will also expand. It is this need that has already been reflected in the increased use of the primitive, and the craze for skiing. Certainly, it will be immensely expanded in the future as the cost of primitive trips becomes lower, the average income higher, and the need for an escape from the all-abounding machinery more intense.

Of course, non-primitive forms of recreation will continue to bring joy into the lives of multitudes to whom the true wilderness would be as unattainable as the canals of Mars. However, this should not mean that the minority that is able to enjoy the far greater elation of wilderness travel must have every primeval tract destroyed by routes of facile transportation. It would seem only reasonable that the available outdoors should be divided among both types of enjoyment. Each group should be tolerant enough to respect the variety of pleasure that the other desires. Similar tolerance is the accepted rule with most types of esthetic experience. The old lady who admires the postage stamp replica of Whistler's Mother does not demand that the original be destroyed.

It would seem just as possible for the person who enjoys the outdoors by motor to obtain in ample extent his favorite recreation without extinguishing much more of the primitive. There are already about 3,500,000 miles of roads in the United States, enough at 50,000 miles a year to last a person seventy years, with the opportunity for building a large additional mileage of splendid scenic value without invading any important wilderness areas. America is big enough and rich enough for both primitive and non-primitive recreation, if there is some subordination of selfishness and rational, balanced planning.

All types of commercial land use conflict fatally with primitive values. The commercial activities that today most frequently invade the wilderness are irrigation, waterpower development, mining, grazing, and logging.

There is need all over the West for more water
to enrich the farmlands, and consequently irrigation developments are constantly being projected into areas that have not yet been upset by man. Every project of this nature should be subjected to vigorous scrutiny to determine whether the increased amount of water made available for agriculture compensates for the destruction of recreational values.

In a similar way, it is desirable to balance the gains and losses that might come from each proposed water-power project. A river, with a concrete dam that impounds a rising and receding lake, is wrecked as a primitive retreat, however important the power may be. It is necessary to consider whether the power or the primitive recreation could be obtained better at another place.

In an area of great scenic value the sight of a prospect hole and ore dump is apt to look more drab than the remains from an ordinary forest fire. However, it has long been one of the American heritages that every man should have the right of prospecting to his heart's content, and consequently prospecting is legally permissible on practically all federal lands except the National Parks. From the standpoint of rational planning it would be far better if we were to reserve for future generations as much of our mineral wealth as we can spare today, because mineral resources are not replaceable. Nevertheless, many minerals are being forced on the market by eager miners more rapidly than there is any genuine demand. Therefore, it seems logical that the government, while it cannot prevent prospecting on most of its land area, should not facilitate it through road building.

All through the Western rangeland the grazing of sheep and cattle is altering the native vegetation. The number of livestock in that vast domain between the 100th meridian and the Sierra-Cascade divide is greatly in excess of what the land is capable of supporting. Consequently, although the great majority of the present herds are at best merely large enough to give their owners a fair subsistence, even they will have to be reduced materially in order to curb the dis-
astrous soil erosion that is rapidly gnawing away the land. Such a reduction will make it impossible to reserve from grazing any large areas of range land in addition to those National Parks, Wildlife Refuges, and portions of National Forests which have already been withdrawn, unless provision is first made for supporting the excess population of the interior West.

The national need for wood as a raw material is an important one. However, we should remember that, even though it may mean increased price, substitutes for most wood products are available, but there is no substitute for the beauty of the primeval forest. When once the forest is cut, this not only terminates forever the immense esthetic values of the primeval vegetation, but it also necessitates the invasion of the area with facilities for mechanical transportation. This damage to much of the primitive is justifiable on the basis of balanced needs. However, there are major limitations. If we do our logging in a way that will enable the forest to reproduce itself, there will be no difficulty in growing all the wood we require on three-quarters of our forest area. If we continue to deplete permanently most of the area that we log, then we will cut every acre of timberland in the country and we would still exhaust our wood supply. The solution of our timber problem is not to cut over every acre of virgin forest, but to practice forestry.

At the present time the most prevalent destruction of the wilderness comes from truck trails that are built for fire protection. Nevertheless, these fire roads are by no means certain to reduce the fire loss. They have one important advantage and two important disadvantages. The great advantage is that truck trails enable men to be brought to fires more rapidly and in a fresher condition than if they have to travel all the way by foot. This unquestionably is a significant consideration and in some cases it will be of dominant concern. However, it is far from being the whole problem.

Every person in the woods is a potential source of fire, and therefore when an area that had been accessible only by trail suddenly becomes accessible to autos there will be a vast increase in the number of forest fires. I realize that many advocates of truck trails urge theoretically that they should be stub roads, on which only the cars of the protective organization would be permitted. However, in actual practice, public pressure has generally forced the opening of such truck trails to general traffic. In many cases public pressure has also forced the government to join disconnected truck trails into a regular transportation system. As an example, the Ely-Buycal road, which cuts the wilderness of northern Minnesota in two, was started as a couple of far removed stub truck trails to be used solely for fire protection. Gradually these were lengthened, and then, all at once, before anybody seemed to realize it, there was a highway right through the heart of this wild country.

Even if it were possible to keep such truck trails closed to public use, they would still involve an increased fire hazard because of the opening that the right-of-way makes in the canopy of the forest. Such an opening admits the sun and wind, which dry out the needles, twigs, branches, old logs, and other debris lying on the floor of the forest. The drier such materials become, the more inflammable they become, and the more rapidly and fiercely fire will spread. Furthermore, when the mineral soil of the wild forest is exposed in road building, weeds generally become prolific and dry up in the autumn, making a much greater fire hazard than the normal forest vegetation. Even if truck trails are kept closed to automobilists, they can not be kept closed to hikers, hunters, and fishermen who want to walk along them, and many of such people inevitably throw away lighted cigarettes, dump out pipe heels, and leave camp fires unextinguished. When this is done along a truck trail with its increased inflammability over that which exists along the narrow opening of a foot trail, it will mean that fire will start more readily and burn more fiercely.

In every area to be protected, it is necessary to balance the advantages and disadvantages that truck trails possess from a fire protection standpoint. If the balance appears to be in favor of truck trails, then it is necessary to consider whether this advantage is sufficiently important to offset the wilderness values destroyed.
Another conflict with the primitive occurs in the development of transportation facilities. If a new highway is genuinely needed for the economic welfare of a large group of people, there could ordinarily not be any valid objection. However, roads that are not genuinely needed are being proposed constantly. I know of three seriously-advocated highway projects that would cost many millions of dollars apiece, that would cut across our three largest remaining forest wilderness areas, but which from a transportation standpoint would merely decrease by a few hours the distance between some small cities. The road now being constructed down the Lochsa River in Idaho, through the heart of the old Selway wilderness, was actually praised by local boosters on the ground that it would shorten the distance from New York to Portland, Oregon, by forty miles. The real reason behind many proposed roads is that they will tend to divert traffic to towns that hope thereby to derive an additional income from the traveling public. However, it is obvious that with a limited amount of money to be spent by the traveling public, one town’s gain will be an equally estimable town’s loss, and the net result will be approximately the same as with the chain letter hoax.

The world is full of conflicts between genuine values. Often these conflicts are resolved entirely from the standpoint of one of the competing values, and thus whole categories of human enjoyment may be needlessly swept away. It is far more conducive to human happiness to attempt some rational balance that will make possible for the immensely different types of people the varied values they crave. Emphatically this is true of the conflict between the values created by the modification of Nature and the values of the primitive.

Unfortunately such rational balance will not be likely unless the well-organized groups who desire to invade the wilderness are counteracted by well-organized groups for its defense. Legislators, and through them government bureaus, are controlled in the final analysis by public pressure, and if this pushes entirely from one
direction, effective balancing of values is impossible. Therefore, the fate of unmodified Nature rests in the activity of its friends. If they continue to be too busy or too indifferent to unite in its defense, then the universe of the wilderness is doomed to early extinction. If, on the other hand, they believe that its preservation is worth the sacrifice of some precious time and energy, and if they will take the trouble to become vociferous, there is no reason why material areas of America should not be kept primitive forever.

Champion of the Wilderness

Robert Marshall
Hiking in Montana in 1936

Bob Marshall was born on January 2, 1901. He died on November 11, 1939. From the age of six onward he spent much time in the woods. At fifteen, he decided to be a forester, and climbed his first mountain, in the Adirondacks. By his thirty-seventh year, when he made his most brilliant and vigorous explorations in Alaska, he had made two hundred thirty-mile hikes (in a day); and one day he walked seventy miles, alone. He became a living legend; and even today, through his books and works, Bob's living spirit strides joyously on.

The Land presents this memorial article by the gracious permission of Nature Magazine, where it first appeared in April of 1937, with these same photographs. The trustees of the Robert Marshall Wilderness Fund, holders of the copyright, have likewise given permission; and George Marshall, Bob's brother, has edited the manuscript, originally entitled The Universe of The Wilderness is Vanishing.

Reprinted From THE LAND, Spring 1953
Bel Air, Maryland
Mountain Climbing

By Robert Marshall

The sense of adventure which one gets in the wilderness reaches its perfection, for many people of good equilibrium, in the romance of mountaineering. There is nothing comparable in its demands for physical competence and deftness and stamina and courage. The glory of conquering a summit which has baffled humanity by its ruggedness throughout all the passage of world history up to the present moment affords elation to those capable of accomplishing this which nothing could equal. Great as this reward of standing on an unscaled summit may be, it only culminates hours of thrilling adventure involving perfect coordination of all parts of the body, perfect equilibrium while calmly holding on by toes and fingers to the cracks of a rock wall overhanging several thousand feet of sheer drop, perfect judgment concerning which route is possible and which unconquerable, and perfect cooperation with a climbing partner on the other end of a rope which without warning may need to be skillfully used to save one's falling partner from death or may be the means of jerking both partners to extinction.

True mountaineering is a constant adventure in a world of infinite beauty. It is a delight for the competent, the hearty and the sensitive. It is one of the decidedly glorious experiences which many human beings can know. However, the percentage of the human race which is capable of this true mountaineering is very small. There are millions of people, however, who enjoy mountain climbing which does not involve the rigid physical requirements of sheer rock climbing, of crossing glaciers, or of cutting steps into ice encrusted summits. Mountain climbing without these perils may yet retain a considerable amount of adventure if it involves the climbing of trailless summits.

Here the mountain climber must depend on his woodsmanship to find a feasible route to the top of the mountain. The great majority of people who go to the woods are incapable of finding their way up trailless peaks, and so to the man who is capable of doing this there comes a real feeling of accomplishment. Furthermore, there is an added sense of freshness and

Hitherto unpublished, this discussion by the late Robert Marshall (1901-1939) was recently read by his brother George Marshall as a section in a longer manuscript on “Wilderness Trips.” It was probably written in 1938 or 1939. George Marshall suggests, “for a book on forest recreation to be published by the Forest Service which was re-written after Bob’s death and published under the title of Forest Outings, edited by Russell Lord.”

wildness which one gets in walking through the pathless forest which cannot be found on any trail, however simple and primitive it may be. There remain in the western United States a large number of mountains yet unclimbed, not because their physical aspect has been so grim that they have baffled would-be explorers, but because among the multitude of trailless summits no one has yet tackled them. Many other trailless summits which probably have been climbed very occasionally in the past give no evidence on their peaks of people having ever been there before, and so the feeling of the pioneer finds full expression in those with the stamina to climb these mountains.

The third type of mountain climbing, and that form which is enjoyed by the vast majority of those who visit the mountains, is climbing on trails. While such climbing lacks the special thrills which have been mentioned in connection with mountaineering and with trailless climbing, nevertheless it still retains the possibilities for superlative emotional experience. If the trails of the mountains are simple and fit in with the topography of the ascending mountain, the esthetic possibilities are limitless.

In any event, regardless of the means taken to reach the summit, all three classes of mountain climbing bring the superb rewards of beauty, once the summit has been reached.
Bibliography of Robert Marshall: A Supplement

Prepared by George Marshall

The deep-rooted nature of the yearning of many people for the wilderness is indicated by the nation’s literature and idols... Yet the reading of novels and history and tales of adventure is merely a vicarious pursuit which stimulates the human emotions far less deeply than does actual experience. If it is good to enjoy the wilderness by reading about it, it is still better for people to enjoy it directly by experiencing at first hand its beauty and adventure, its immensity and timelessness and peace.

These perceptive lines Robert Marshall wrote some seventeen years ago in “A Plea for the Old Wilderness,” one of his 43 articles discovered since the publication of the “Bibliography of Robert Marshall, 1901-1939” in the Autumn 1951 issue of The Living Wilderness. Most of these works, collected in this supplement to the bibliography, have been located by pursuing leads from old files which previously were not available. A few items were discovered through the suggestions of kind friends of Bob, writing from points as widely scattered as the Rockies, the White Mountains, and the Andes. For these suggestions we are most grateful. These articles, together with several additional biographical references and reviews, and including 11 items which have been published during the past two and a half years, are presented below.

Most of Bob Marshall’s major works were included in the 1951 bibliography. However, some of those listed in this bibliographical supplement are of equal importance, and all are of considerable interest. A mere reading of titles gives additional insight into Bob’s thinking and his varied activities. First, however, we shall call special attention to some of these articles and give a further taste of Bob’s writing.

The most important item in this supplemental bibliography is the “Journal of Exploration of the North Fork of the Koyukuk,” an account of Bob’s first trip into Arctic Alaska, in 1929. It conveys his first great enthusiasm in exploring this wild region of unsurpassed beauty and includes adventures with grizzlies and with suddenly rising rivers. This “Journal,” which we had seen previously only in manuscript, will be the basis of the opening chapter in Robert Marshall’s forthcoming book, Arctic Wilderness.

In “Maintenance of Wilderness Areas,” Bob made a significant contribution to the analysis of the major factors tending to destroy the all too few remaining forest and desert wilderness areas in the United States.

In presenting this paper before the 1936 convention of the International Association of Game, Fish, and Conservation Commissioners, he said—

The most important factor that tends to break down the wilderness is the mistaken application of the good old utilitarian doctrine of the greatest good for the greatest number in the long run.

Bob subscribed to the utilitarian doctrine if reasonably applied, but believed it to be obvious that it—

... does not mean that the greatest good to the greatest number is to be practiced in every one of the 1,903,000,000 acres in the United States. Yet many arguments for the destruction of wilderness have been based on that assumption... There are certain things that cannot be enjoyed by everybody. If everybody tries to enjoy them, nobody gets any pleasure out of them...

... It would be possible to have thousands of people see the original of the Mona Lisa if it were divided into a thousand fragments and if one of the fragments were sent to each of a thousand museums, but in doing this the value of the painting would be destroyed for everybody. It is somewhat the same with our wilderness areas. There are tremendous values that any person who likes the wilderness can get by using it under natural conditions, but the number of people who can do so is limited. If you break up the wilderness by building roads into it, you can make it available to a thousands times as many people, but when they get there the wilderness would mean no more to them than a tiny corner of a fragmented Mona Lisa...

Bob concluded:

The next fifteen years will decide whether any wilderness areas will be saved for the United States. If the present construction of roads and destruction of wilderness continue, there will be no real wilderness left. If, on the other hand, there is some balanced planning and the fetish of truck trails and scenic highways is not allowed to run wild, it will still be possible for American citizens to enjoy what can be enjoyed in few other countries, a twofold civilization—the mechanized, comfortable, easy civilization of Twentieth Century modernity, and the peaceful timelessness of the wilderness where vast forests germinate and flourish and die and rot and grow again without any relationship to the ambitions and interferences of man.

of The Land. It is one of Bob Marshall's major expositions of wilderness philosophy. Wilderness for him was not primarily a nostalgia for days gone and past; but rather one of the great experiences of life, an experience which he believed would continue to be of vital importance—in fact of vital necessity—to considerable numbers of people for many years to come. He sketched with great beauty the multitude of fundamental values which are blended into a unity in wilderness. "To countless people the wilderness provides the ultimate delight," he wrote—

because it combines the thrills of jeopardy and beauty. It is the last stand for that glorious adventure into the physically unknown that was commonplace in the lives of our ancestors, and has always constituted a major factor in the happiness of many exploratory souls. It is also the perfect esthetic experience because it appeals to all of the senses. It is vast panoramas, full of height and depth and glowing color, on a scale so overwhelming as to wipe out the ordinary meaning of dimensions. It is the song of the hermit thrush at twilight and the lapping of waves against the shoreline and the melody of the wind in the tree. It is the unique odor of balsams and of freshly-turned humus and of mist rising from mountain meadows. It is the feel of spruce needles under foot and sunshine on your face and wind blowing through your hair. It is all of these at the same time, blended into a unity that can only be appreciated with leisure and which is ruined by artificiality.

Bob warned that despite its vital necessity the "universe of the wilderness . . . is melting away like the last snowbank on some south-facing mountainside during a hot afternoon in July." He analyzed each of the serious threats to the existence of the complex "universe" which is the essence of wilderness.

He recognized the seriousness of these threats, but firmly believed that the process of "melting away" can and must be stopped.

The fate of unmodified Nature rests in the activity of its friends. . . . If . . . they believe that its preservation is worth the sacrifice of some precious time and energy, and if they will take the trouble to become vociferous, there is no reason why material areas of America should not be kept primitive forever.

Throughout the nineteen thirties, Bob Marshall was a leader among those foresters who were deeply concerned at the continuing devastation of American forests and who were urging that forestry be carried on in the public interest. His major writings in this connection were referred to in "Robert Marshall As A Writer" and in the Bibliography in the Autumn 1951 THE LIVING WILDERNESS. The supplemental bibliography includes three items having to do with protests against the "unsocial editorial policy of the Journal of Forestry" as of the early thirties. One was a formal petition to the Council of the Society of American Foresters signed by Bob with eleven other leading foresters including Gifford Pinchot, Raphael Zon, and F. A. Silcox. Another was a follow-up joint letter. The third, by Bob, had the provocative title, "Should the Journal of Forestry Stand for Forestry?" After summarizing and classifying each editorial in the Journal over a period of four years, he concluded:

After all, it is the old issue between public welfare and private welfare. Thirty years ago foresters were militantly and unequivocally on the side of public welfare. Today the Journal, mouthpiece of professional forestry, is just as unequivocally for private welfare. . . . For 125,000,000 people . . . plentiful timber, low prices, and stopping devastation, are obviously desirable. Yet the Journal of Forestry calls for a scarcity of timber, high prices, and remains silent on devastation.

Over the years, Bob wrote a great many letters to his family and friends. I have arranged excerpts from those having to do with his forest fire fighting experiences while he was on the staff of the Northern Rocky Mountain Forest Experiment Stations, 1925-1928, into an article, "Mountain Ablaze," published in Nature Magazine, June-July 1953. The over-
whelming power of forest fires made a deep impression on Bob and he wrote of one on Watson Mountain—

That night we climbed a knob from where the entire fire was visible. The sight was one such as must have inspired the ancients when they conjured up the picture of a seething, red-hot Hades. Probably Etna in eruption, viewed in the blackness of midnight from some neighboring peak, resembled it. Over the entire mountainside hung a lurid, shifting, molten, fiery vapor, like the burning gases of a nebulous planet. It was an effect wrought by one of the most terrible elements—fire, with smoke and wind on a starless night. There was nothing solid or tangible about it; it was like some ghostlike picture without form or substance, showing the unanswerable, awful power of nature.

These letters, however, emphasize the human and economic consequences of forest fires and indicate some things which might be done about them. It was typical of Bob's sensitive understanding of people that he started one of his letters:

All the way up here from Newport, the effects of this terrible fire season (on the Kaniksu National Forest) was apparent not so much in burnt over areas as in burnt out men.

Bob's enjoyment of people as individuals, his many warm friendships formed with those of widely different backgrounds and interests, his sensitive understanding of their problems, and his ability to discover and appreciate their essential characteristics, were well known to his friends. These capacities were best known to his readers through *Arctic Village* and through his Letters from Wiseman, Alaska. They are also illustrated by eight biographical sketches he wrote about old Indians, guides, explorers, and foresters whom he admired greatly. In one, published in *Indians At Work*, March 15, 1936, he told of George M. Wright, who had been Chief of the Wild Life Division of the National Park Service, in terms which reflected a part of his own credo:

George Wright was one of the most ardent advocates in the country for the preservation of the primitive outdoor values. Unlike so many primitive advocates, he did not think merely in terms of keeping out roads or preventing lumbering or stopping hunting. He thought in terms of the primitive whole, just as he thought in terms of wild life as a whole. He never justified the primitive in mechanical terms or as a means to an end, but felt it was of superlative importance as an end in itself, for the superlative emotional thrill it was capable of giving to many human beings.

This attitude toward the value of the primitive outdoors has a striking similarity to the present outlook of the Indian Service on the value of preserving the native Indian culture. It is not a case of comparing in mathematical terms the value of the Indian culture and the value of the dominant American culture. It is simply a case of feeling that there is a richness about the Indian culture which makes it an end in itself without comparison with other values. It was natural, therefore, that the Indian Service always felt in George Wright a sensitive understanding of its policies.

An integral part of Bob's enjoyment and understanding of people was his own buoyant spirit and great sense of humor, including the ability to laugh at himself. A typical example of this may be found in an article in *Indians At Work* on Noah Slusescum, a Yakima Indian leader. Bob wrote:

He came to me in considerable perplexity and wanted to know how he could tell which division he should see. I thought I would be smart and make the matter obviously simple to him, so I said: "The Extension Division handles everything which has to do with the cattle and the Forestry Division handles everything which has to do with the grass."

Quick as a flash Noah asked: "Which division handles the grass while it's going through the cattle?"

In addition to finding 43 more articles by Robert Marshall, we discovered that his two books were reviewed much more widely than we had realized. *Arctic Village* was reviewed in at least 101 publications and *The People's Forests* in more than 30.

Most of the additional articles of biographical interest have to do with Bob's return from Alaska in 1929, 1931, 1938, and 1939; his appointment as Director of Forestry of the Office of Indian Affairs, in August 1933; and his appointment as Chief of the Division of Recreation and Lands of the United States Forest Service, in May 1937. As in the case of the Bibliography (Autumn 1951 issue, *The Living Wilderness*), no attempt is made here to include all references to recently discovered newspaper clippings which refer to Robert Marshall. Some typical articles of biographical interest, however, are added from periods not adequately represented in the original bibliography.

Among the biographical articles we have discovered recently is one by John F. Shanklin, secretary of the Washington Society of American Foresters, who aptly wrote in the January 1940 *Journal of Forestry*:

Bob Marshall's death is an irreparable loss to conservationists, wilderness lovers, forest recreationists, and those interested in the social welfare of the lower income groups. His life was largely devoted to the enthusiastic and fearless furtherance of those interests, and the results of his thought and action will have a lasting effect.

The 1951 bibliography together with this supplement include 104 of Robert Marshall's published works, 34 reviews of his writings, and 72 biographical articles. The supplemental bibliography, which follows, is organized under the same arrangement of headings as in the Autumn 1951 publication, in order to facilitate their use together.
ARTICLES, BOOKLETS, AND LETTERS

ARCTIC WILDERNESS

AT TIMBERLINE NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. Five photographs. Baltimore Sunday Sun, Photograpy Section, p. 2, June 11, 1933.

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A PLEA FOR THE OLD WILDERNESS. The Encroachments Upon the Remnants of Early America Stir Many to Seek Their Preservation. New York Times Magazine, pp. 16-17, illus. by author and others, April 25, 1937.


WILDERNESS ON TRIAL. Outdoor America 3 (No. 5): 4-6, March 1938.


IN THE WILDERNESS. The Living Wilderness 19 (No. 49): ii, Summer 1934.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING. The Living Wilderness 19 (No. 49): 30, Summer 1934.

FOREST POLICY


A PLEA FOR THE OLD WILDERNESS. The Encroachments Upon the Remnants of Early America Stir Many to Seek Their Preservation. New York Times Magazine, pp. 16-17, illus. by author and others, April 25, 1937.


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IN THE WILDERNESS. The Living Wilderness 19 (No. 49): ii, Summer 1934.

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Also in U. S. Congress, House Doc. No. 483, 75th Congress, 3rd Session, 1943.
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SUMMER 1954


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WINNEMUCCA MILLS SHOWS PROFIT FOR YEAR. Indians At Work 4 (No. 8). 33, Dec. 1, 1936.

INDIANS, FORESTS AND GRASS. Indians At Work. Reorganization Number pp. 24-26, illus., 1936.


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REVIEWS OF ROBERT MARSHALL'S PUBLISHED WORKS

ARCTIC VILLAGE. (399 pp., New York, 1933.)


By Carl Van Doren. Wings 7 (No. 5): 6-8, illus. with portrait, May 1933.

Memphis Evening Appeal, May 17, 1933.

Dayton Daily News, June 9, 1933.

THE PEOPLE'S FORESTS. (233 pp., New York, 1933.)


By Henry E. Clepper, Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters Service Letter 4 (No. 51), Dec. 21, 1933.


(In the Autumn 1951 bibliography Henry S. Graves was incorrectly given as the author of the New York Times review, which was unsigned.)


ROBERT MARSHALL: BIOGRAPHY


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"Plant Expert Finds Modern Utopia Above Arctic Circle." Baltimore Sun, illus. with portrait, Jan. 4, 1932.


(Omitted from the bibliographies as not of sufficient general interest are some high school and college writings and also statements presented at Congressional hearings.)
ADIRONDACKS TO ALASKA

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ROBERT MARSHALL

By GEORGE MARSHALL

For years the reddish-brown reports of the Topographical Survey of the Adirondack Wilderness were obscured in shadow at the bottom of the bookcase until one day Bob discovered them. Immediately he became enthralled by these accounts of the explorations of Verplanck Colvin and Mills Blake. Their adventures were not in distant Himalayas or Rockies, but were among the mountains which surrounded us. The heroes of these explorations were not the contemporaries of Columbus or Daniel Boone, but of our father. This opened our eyes to new possibilities and, when soon thereafter Bob read Longstreth’s The Adirondacks, we determined to penetrate those mountains, which previously had been accepted as a scenic backdrop along the skyline across the lake, and see what lay beyond.

Robert Marshall first came to the Adirondacks in 1901 when he was six months old. He returned for at least a part of each summer for the next quarter century, and at every opportunity thereafter. Going to Knollwood, our father’s ‘camp’ on Lower Saranac Lake, was the great event of the year. Life in New York City could never approach the joys of the Adirondacks. Here we entered a world of freedom and informality, of living plants and spaces, of fresh greens and exhilarating blues, of giant, slender pines and delicate pink Twin Flowers, of deer and mosquitoes, of fishing and guide boats and tramps through the woods.

First walks were down to the lake with a steep climb home. Then came the walk around “The Paths”—by “The Fish Pond” surrounded by high hills and floating bog with an amphitheater of spruce and tamarack to the north, “The Temple” with dim light filtering through graceful hemlock colonades, and “The Big Rock”. We learned where to find Shinleaf and Rattlesnake Plantain, Dalibarda and Lady’s Slipper, Pippsissewa and Broadleaf Green Orchis. Annually we recorded the date on which we first saw each variety of flower and identified each new species.

The discovery of pathless woods brought new freedom and joys. Before breakfast, in the early hours of the day when everything in the forest is freshest, Bob tramped the trailless woods of Knollwood. Every ridge and hollow and deer runway within the forest where we lived became familiar to him and he gave them such names as Found Knife Pass, Squashed Berry Valley and Hidden Heaven Rock.

After breakfast was time for studies, and then tennis or more walking and swimming; in the afternoons we took long walks or rows up the lake or a combination of the two, unless it was an afternoon for baseball. It was not unusual to row on the lake after supper or walk to The Fish Pond hoping to see a deer. Bob was not strong as a child, but these long active days helped develop that great stamina which made him a legend in the West in later years.

In the years before we could take frequent trips into the mountains, many of
our most enjoyable adventures were on road walks; each new road traversed meant discovery. We ranged over a fairly wide area on half day and full day hikes, the longest being our sixty mile Wilmington Walk in 1920 on which we circled Whiteface Mountain.

Our first mountain climbed was Amper-sand on August 15, 1916; our first trailless peak, Boot Bay Mountain the following summer; our first high peaks, Whiteface, Marcy, Algonquin, and Iroquois in August, 1918. This was followed by six of our seven most enjoyable Adirondack summers and included climbs among the High Peaks, trips along the Raquette and Cold Rivers and into the remote Moose River wilderness.

Herbert K. Clark, the great Saranac Lake guide and our close friend, trained us from early childhood in the arts of woodcraft and boatmanship, and accompanied us on most of our longer trips. His understanding of people, his delightful sense of humor and his creative accounts of Northwoods lore were a welcome counterpoint to the silent grandeur of the forests. With Herb we climbed the forty-six High Peaks and made eight first ascents. It was about our climbs to the summits over 4,000 feet that Bob wrote High Peaks of the Adirondacks which was published by the Adirondack Mountain Club in 1922. (See also “Herbert Clark” by Robert Marshall in High Spots, Vol. 10, Oct. 1933, 8-11.)

Bob seldom lost an opportunity for a trip into the woods. He spent his free time on week ends to make an intensive survey of the ponds in the Cranberry Lake area while attending the Sophomore Summer Camp of the New York State College of Forestry, and to see new ponds and mountains in the southern and western Adirondacks while making a sample plot study in 1923 for the New York Conservation Commission.

Later in the West, he spent most of his spare time climbing mountains and exploring wilderness areas, and I fear he walked the legs off more than one of his colleagues while tramping through the woods on official duties. On one trip, however, the entire party rode, except Bob who went on foot. He not only kept up with the horses, but climbed an extra mountain for good measure.

By the beginning of October, 1937, Bob had taken two hundred 30-mile walks, fifty-one 40-mile walks and a number of longer walks, including at least one of seventy miles. He always kept elaborate statistics of his adventures and added to his record during the last two years of his life. He made numerous first ascents in Alaska and the West as well as in the Adirondacks.

Bob made his first explorations of the hitherto unmapped Koyukuk Drainage in North-Central Alaska in the summer of 1929. He became so enthusiastic about the dramatic country which he discovered near the Arctic Divide and about the extraordinary happy people he met in the Wiseman area, that he returned the following summer and remained thirteen months. His book, Arctic Village, a brilliant and entertaining study of the Koyukuk community in which he lived, was a best seller and was acclaimed alike by explorers and sociologists. Bob made his final trips to the Arctic in the summers of 1938 and 1939 and privately published an account of his exciting wilderness explorations in his two “Doonerak” booklets. These Alaskan adventures were a culmination of Bob’s years of searching for certain fundamental aesthetic and spiritual values.

At fifteen, Bob decided to become a forester so that he might spend the greater part of his life in the woods he loved. He attended the New York State College of Forestry, was graduated in 1924, received his Master’s degree from the Harvard Forest in 1925 and his Ph. D. from the Johns Hopkins Laboratory of Plant Physiology in 1930. He joined the U. S. Forest Service in the summer of 1924 and was on the staff of the Northern Rocky Mountain Forest Experiment Station 1925-1928.

As director of the Forestry Division of the U. S. Office of Indian Affairs, 1933-1937, Bob helped integrate the preservation and utilization of Indian forest lands into the rebuilding of tribal life on the principle of self government and the raising of levels of living of the Indians. The U. S. Forest Service established the position of Chief of the Division of Recreation and Lands for Bob in May, 1937, and he occupied this post until his death in November, 1939. He created a system of wilderness areas in Indian Reservations and the National Forests, and developed projects to make certain other parts of the National Forests much more available to low income groups.

During these years, Bob spent about half his time in the field and half in Washington, D. C. He felt that this was necessary for good administration. It was also a good way of life for him because he enjoyed people just as much as the wilderness and needed both. He had a splendid sense of
humor, great gusto and infectious enthusiasms, thoroughly enjoyed living and made everyone about him feel the same way. Dancing and bringing his friends together for good conversation gave him equal pleasure. He delighted in introducing controversial issues and encouraging the expression of conflicting points of view.

Perhaps Bob Marshall's greatest contribution was his creative leadership in developing a greater understanding of the multiple use of forests—particularly the importance of wilderness areas for water and soil conservation, and for essential ecological, recreational, aesthetic and psychological needs—and his initiative in building a movement for wilderness preservation. He made this contribution through helping found The Wilderness Society, through his work as a public official, and as a speaker and writer. His most important articles established a philosophical basis for wilderness preservation, particularly "The Problem of the Wilderness" in the February 1930 Scientific Monthly. Soon after his death, these accomplishments were recognized in the naming of the largest wilderness in the country the "Bob Marshall Wilderness Area".

He wrote on a variety of other subjects including land and forest policy, technical forestry, sociology, Alaskan policy and the Adirondacks. They ranged from his important book, The People's Forests (1933), to his delightful "Contribution to the Life History of the Northwestern Lumberjack" (Social Forces, December, 1929). He was also deeply interested in the preservation of civil liberties and in social reform.

Only eleven of his voluminous Adirondack articles and journals have been published. One was an obituary on Mills Blake in High Spots of March, 1930. The longer article on Blake in this issue of the Adirondac was written by Robert Marshall about 1928, but was found only recently among his unpublished manuscripts. It will be a further tribute to Bob if those who read his article will share some of his early enthusiasm for Colvin and Blake, and thereby be encouraged to discover more of the beauty of the Adirondacks for themselves.

(From The Ad-iron-dac
May-June 1951, pp. 44-45, 59.
This article was introductory to "Mills Blake, Adirondack Explorer" by Robert Marshall, published in the same issue.)
ROBERT MARSHALL, FEDERAL AID EXECUTIVE

Head of Cotton Mill Chain
Falls Dead After Football Game at Greenville, S.C.

He FOUGHT CHILD LABOR

Past President of National Group, He Helped to Frame
Industry Code for NRA

SPECIAL TO THE NEW YORK TIMES
GREENVILLE, S. C., Nov. 11—Thomas Mood Marchant, president of the Victor Monaghan cotton mill chain and a former president of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association, died suddenly from a heart attack on entering his car after the Clemson-Wake Forest football game a Clemson this afternoon. He was 71 years of age.

Mr. Marchant was known throughout the textile industry as one who sought improved conditions for workers. As president of the Cotton Manufacturers Association of South Carolina before the days of NRA he pleaded for abandonment of child labor and he abolished it in his own mills.

As president of the American Association and a leader in writing code No. 1 of the NRA he was instrumental in stopping child labor in textile mills and in reducing hours and increasing wages.

He entered the industry as a sweater when he was 15 years old. He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Marchant, who lived in Greenville.

He was a graduate of the College of Forestry, Syracuse University, in 1922. Some years later he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the same university.

He went to Washington in 1921 after having spent fifteen months as an Arctic Circle in the Alaskan City of Wiseman. As a result of his experience there he wrote “Arctic Village” under the signature of Dr. Marchant, who is associated with the Alaska City of Wiseman. Last summer Mr. Marchant spent his vacation on an excursion to the Far East and Asia, where he made several interesting visits.

Brother of Education Head

It is survived by his two sons, Thomas M. Jr. and Preston Speed Marchant.

REV. DAN. F. BRADLEY,
EX-COLLEGE HEAD, S2

President of Grinnell 3 Years
Was Congregational Minister

CLEVELAND, Nov. 11—The Rev. Dr. Dan Freeman Bradley of Cleveland, Mich., former Grinnell College president and retired Congregational minister, died last night of a heart attack at age of 82. Dr. Bradley’s name is associated with the establishment of the Congregational Church of Cleveland from 1895 until his retirement two years ago, when today the city’s largest Congregational church was dedicated from the Olmstead College.

FINCHOT, PAYS TRIBUTE

The Rev. Dr. Dan Freeman Bradley, president of Grinnell College, died last night. His death is a loss that will be felt keenly in the local community.

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Notables Among Friends at Grace Episcopal Church

ROOSEVELTS SEND WREATH

Leaders in Many Fields Are Honorary Bearers, Cornell Men Active Bearers

More than 600 persons representing governmental, educational, medical, and business fields attended yesterday morning a funeral service at Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Broadway and Tenth Street, for Dr. Livingston Farrand, president emeritus of Cornell University, who died on Wednesday at the age of 72.

Among those who were present were Governor Lehman, former United States Attorney General Homer S. Cummings and Dr. Thomas Parran Jr., United States surgeon general.

Floral Tributes Many

The church and streets in front of the church were filled with floral tributes, including a wreath presented by Ernest Mitchell, the church organist, who also played Handel’s "Largo," a chorus in A and B minor, and "Alma Mater" of Cornell, the last being given to the national association.

MRS. NICHOLAS MURPHY,
Botanist Was Wife of Member of Jefferson College Faculty

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11—Mrs. Martha Michels, wife of Dr. Nicholas A. Michels, associate professor at Jefferson Medical College, died today at the Jefferson Hospital after a long illness at the age of 42. She and Dr. Michels formerly lived in Scranton, PA. Born in St. Paul, she was graduated in 1913 from the University of Minnesota and spent a summer at the University of Pennsylvania's summer school of botany.

In 1929, she and her husband moved to Philadelphia. She is survived by a daughter, Martha, born in 1929.
sufficiency. Away from "the coddling of civilization" men had to depend on their own resources. This was of no small importance, Marshall believed, for a country that coveted "individuality." 10

But the greatest values of wilderness for Marshall were "mental." His ideas on this subject drew heavily on the relatively new science of psychology. Sigmund Freud and his colleagues captivated Marshall's generation with the suggestion that a repressive civilization was responsible for much of man's unhappiness and tension. 11 In Marshall's opinion "one of the most profound discoveries of psychology has been the demonstration of the terrific harm caused by suppressed desires." Since civilized society was the primary suppressing force, the importance of wilderness followed. Marshall felt that some men had a "psychological urge for challenge, adventure and, especially, for "the Freedom of the wilderness." These bold spirits deplored the "horrible banality," the "dullness" of civilized existence. Their happiness, indeed their sanity, depended on periodically renouncing society and pushing into the blank spaces on the map. Without wilderness, Marshall warned, these "malcontents" would turn for "thrills" to crime and war. 12

Psychological Necessity

Another "psychological necessity for escape to the primitive" stressed the peacefulness of wild country rather than its stimulating qualities. Marshall believed that a complex, mechanized existence produced pressures and strains in modern man. When these became unbearable, wilderness offered a sanctuary. Its silence and solitude eased tensions and restored perspectives. For some individuals the privacy of uncivilized places encouraged "contemplation." He listed Americans from Thomas Jefferson to William James, including Henry David Thoreau and John Muir, who had found that wild country stimulated intellectual achievement or "worship." 13

To be sure, Marshall held no brief for permanent reversion to the woods. Like most "primitivists," he recognized civilization's undeniable advantages. The important thing was not to lose contact with the wild completely. "In the forest," Marshall declared, men "temporarily abandon a life to which they cannot become wholly reconciled and return to that nature in which hundreds of generations of their ancestors were reared." 14 Such temporary recourse to the primitive, he thought, would help his contemporaries realize their highest potential as modern men.

Finally, Marshall celebrated "the esthetic importance of the wilderness." Primitive scenery compared favorably with a great symphony or painting and in some respects surpassed it. In the presence of wilderness all the senses came into play. The observer is literally "encompassed by his experience, lives in the midst of his esthetic universe." No object of art, he felt, could claim as much nor could it compare to the sheer size and wonder of wild landscapes. In brief "wilderness furnishes perhaps the best opportunity for . . . pure esthetic rapture." 15

Bob Marshall never became so engrossed in philosophizing about wilderness that he forgot to practice his ideas. His life alternated between the wilds and civilization. First came the Adirondack summers, and then, after receiving a Master of Forestry degree from Harvard in 1925 and joining the United States Forest Service, three years at Missoula, Montana, with the Northern Rocky Mountain Forest Experiment Station. When his duty there took him into the mountains, work became play.

Another stint in the Laboratory, this time at Johns Hopkins University, produced a doctorate in plant physiology. Research for the degree provided an excuse for Marshall to visit the Koyukuk watershed of northern Alaska. Here he found country wild enough to meet even his discriminating tastes and in 1930 he returned to spend "the most glorious year of my life" based at the tiny Eskimo village of Wiseman. The result was the first accurate map of the region, drawn after numerous first ascents of unnamed peaks, and Arctic Village (1933), a best-selling book of major sociological importance. 16 Thereafter, government jobs in Washington limited Marshall's explorations, but field trips and two more summers in Alaska kept the spark alive. By October 1937, according to his brother, Marshall had taken over 200 wilderness hikes of 30 miles in one day, 51 hikes of 40 miles, and several up to 70. 17 Still others followed, and one punishing trip through Washington State's northern Cascades in September 1939 probably contributed to the heart failure which ended Marshall's life two months later.

The Bob Marshall Plan

Marshall's reputation as a wilderness enthusiast has largely obscured his contribution to the field of forest policy, yet here too he was outspoken, attracting attention if not always admiration.

His major statement on the problem appeared in 1933 as The People's Forests. The book assumed at the
The Living Wilderness

Bob Marshall and Ward Shepard at foot of the Missions around 1925

outset that three centuries of private control of America's forests constituted a national tragedy. In Marshall's opinion the pioneers' "instinct for destruction" combined with general indifference to forest values led to "devastation." Nineteenth-century lumbermen with "a public-be-damned attitude," and the realities of competition, led to a nearly universal cut-out-and-get-out policy that accelerated destruction of the land.

With the advent of professional forestry and the conservation temperament, the tide of private mismanagement received a check. Yet from the vantage point of the early 1930's, Marshall felt compelled to admit the futility of previous efforts at regulation. It was a case of good theory failing to affect practice. Foresters had assumed that "if the government pat the private owner on the back" and paid him subsidies for conservation measures, he would respond enthusiastically. Marshall interpreted the Clarke-McNary Act of 1924 as having created such a program without success. Quoting from the Forest Service's A National Plan for American Forestry (1933), Marshall pointed out that still "fully 95 per cent of the private cutting is probably made without any conscious regard to the future productivity of the forest." "Private forestry," he concluded, "even when aided by government subsidy, fails to safeguard public welfare."17

According to *The People's Forests* only one way to avert disaster remained: public ownership. With the government in actual possession of the forests, conservation could be enforced. As a result, Marshall believed, "social welfare is substituted for private gain." Disdaining compromises, he had in mind the nationalization of all forested land. "The time has come," he declared in his final sentence, "when we must discard the unsocial view that our woods are the lumbermen's and substitute the broader ideal that every acre of woodland in the country is rightly a part of the people's forests." Ultimately, Marshall contemplated the time when the state would own and operate the mills themselves.18

While Marshall had enough respect for private property to advocate the state's purchasing rather than confiscating forests, his orientation was clearly socialist. In fact, a preliminary version of *The People's Forests* appeared as a League for Industrial Democracy publication alongside titles by Stuart Chase and Norman Thomas.19 Marshall's attraction to the Left raised numerous eyebrows but must be understood in the context of the 1930's. The Great Depression prompted many loyal Americans to question seriously the capitalistic, free-enterprise system. To be sure, Marshall underestimated the capacity of private forestry to apply conservation principles—an occurrence that ultimately solved many problems. Yet in fairness to Marshall, little evidence of private forestry existed at the time he wrote.

The Constant Advocate

Although Bob Marshall does not rank among the most original or incisive students of the meaning of wilderness, few Americans have exceeded his zeal and effectiveness in crusading for its preservation. His forte was translating ideas into action.

As a first step he undertook the justification of preserving wilderness as consistent with intelligent forest management. It was not an easy assignment. Economic needs and traditional attitudes about the function of natural resources conflicted with preservation at every turn. And the hallowed byword—the greatest good for the greatest number—dictated opening wild areas with roads and providing them with tourist facilities in the interests of mass recreation. Marshall did not attempt to deny the case against wilderness. He frankly admitted that the primitive forest was the most susceptible to fire and that "locking up wilderness" entailed a "direct economic loss" in lumber, minerals, water power, and agriculture. On the other hand, Marshall pointed out that minimum fire-control provisions could exist without destroying primitive

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17 *The People's Forests* (New York, 1933), 16, 20, 87, 88, 90, 93. The final quotation is from p. 106.
18 Ibid., 123, 219.
qualities. As for the economic objection, Marshall returned to his ideas about public ownership of forests, contending that more efficient use of already productive forests would more than compensate for the resources lost to wilderness preservation.20

The mass recreationists' protest against preservation proved more difficult to answer. Marshall fully recognized the unpopularity of his tastes. Most Americans, he declared, "would prefer to spend their vacations in luxurious summer hotels set on well-groomed lawns than in leaky, fly-infested shelters bundled away in the brush." The majority wanted roads, not trails and portages. Marshall's reply rested on the concepts of comparative values and minority rights. A democratic society, he believed, ought to respect the preferences of the few who coveted wilderness. The masses already had their roads and developments, but wild places were rapidly vanishing from the map. To the many who would welcome their complete extinction, Marshall argued, "there is a point where an increase in the joy of the many causes a decrease in the joy of the few out of all proportion to the gain of the former."21

Marshall reminded skeptics that only a small minority enjoyed art galleries, libraries, and state universities. Yet no one would suggest making these facilities into bowling alleys, circuses, or hot dog stands just because more people would use them. Quality had a claim as well as quantity, and for him this principle applied equally well to the allocation of the nation's forests. Asked at one point how many wilderness areas America needed, Marshall replied, "How many Brahms' symphonies do we need?" The few who loved wilderness had a right to it that the majority should respect.22

Conflict Between Values

This was not, of course, to say that all remaining wildernesses must be invidiate. Marshall only insisted that careful scrutiny precede every decision concerning wild country. He recognized that preservation involved a conflict "between genuine values. Of every irrigation project or lumbering operation or highway plan it must be asked: do the increased benefits of this extension of civilization really compensate for the loss of wilderness values? The answer, Marshall knew.

21 Ibid., 146, 147.
would never be simple. Still, he hoped that fair-minded and far-sighted Americans could through careful planning make possible both “a twentieth-century and a primitive world.”

Having justified preserving the wilderness in his own mind, Marshall undertook the task of winning others to his position. He became so adept that near the end of his life one observer could style him “the most efficient weapon of preservation in existence.”

45 Million Acres

From his post in Montana Marshall began to fight as early as 1928 with an article in the *Forest Service Bulletin* supporting the movement to keep portions of the national forests wild. The following year he applauded the Service’s adoption of the “L.” regulations making possible the establishment of “primitive areas.” But to Marshall this was only a beginning. He set himself the goal of achieving a more comprehensive restrictive policy of protecting wilderness. As a start he prepared an inventory of the remaining American forest with suggestions for zoning it for recreational use, “Superlative areas” denoted regions of unique and outstanding scenic value such as the Yosemite and Yellowstone country. “Primordial” and “Wilderness Areas” both consisted of uninhabited forest. The former areas being smaller were chiefly of scientific importance as representative types of virgin woodland; the latter and larger areas, even with considerable second growth, would serve as a mecca for those seeking extended vacations under primitive conditions. Marshall rounded out his survey with “Roadside,” “Camp-Site,” “Outing,” and “Residence Areas.” It was desirable, he argued, that 45 million acres of forest be reserved in all categories, an estimated nine per cent of the 506 million acres of the nation’s commercial timberland.

Marshall’s inventory and recommendations appeared in 1933 in the Forest Service’s two-volume report, *A National Plan for American Forestry*. In the same year he assumed direction of forestry programs in the United States Office of Indian Affairs. From this post he besieged government personnel with letters, telephone calls, and personal visits on behalf of wilderness preservation. On February 27, 1934, for instance, Marshall sent a lengthy memorandum to Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes pleading that roads be kept out of undeveloped areas within his jurisdiction. It was necessary, he wrote, to preserve a “certain precious value of the timeless, the mysterious, and the primordial . . . in a world overrun by split-second schedules, physical certainty, and man-made superficiality.” Conceding that more pressing problems than wilderness faced the nation in 1934, he nevertheless felt that “to a vast number of American citizens, life’s most splendid moments came in the opportunity to enjoy undefiled nature.” Marshall hoped that Ickes, as an advocate of national planning, would help lead a coordinated preservation effort by the National Park Service, Forest Service, Public Land Office, and Office of Indian Affairs as well as by state and private forest owners.

Marshall followed this first thrust with a lengthy paper informing Secretary Ickes what wildernesses might be preserved. He recommended the creation of a “Wilderness Planning Board,” free of “stuffed shirts,” that could select areas to be set aside by act of Congress “just as National Parks are today set aside.” Legal preservation such as this broke sharply with existing government policy and marked Marshall as a radical, especially among foresters. But his ideas anticipated in striking detail the Congressional action of 1964 creating the National Wilderness Preservation System.

Roads vs. No Roads

During the height of the New Deal, communications from his desk pointed out the threat public works projects might pose to wild country. “What makes wilderness areas most susceptible to annihilation,” he declared, “is that the argument in favor of roads is direct and concrete, while those against them are subtle and difficult to express.” But Marshall persisted, cornering anyone who would listen, and gradually he made headway. In the Office of Indian Affairs John Collier was Marshall’s immediate superior and found himself caught up in the enthusiasm of his Director of Forestry. On October 25, 1937, Collier approved an

“It was necessary . . . to preserve a ‘certain precious value of the timeless, the mysterious, and the primordial . . . in a world overrun by split-second schedules, physical certainty, and man-made superficiality.”

*OCTOBER 1966*
order, drafted by Marshall, creating 16 wilderness reserves on Indian reservations.29

Realizing that the national forests contained the bulk of federally-controlled wilderness, Marshall took
care to maintain his earlier contact with the Forest Service. His work on the recreation section of the
National Plan had impressed the Forest Service, and Assistant Forester L. F. Knapp corresponded with him
during the next few years about coming over to head the Service's recreation program.29 Marshall also
passed numerous memoranda on wilderness areas in the national forests directly to Chief Forester
Ferdinand A. Sikorski. The latter invited him to express his ideas before a conference of western regional foresters in 1933. Marshall kept up the pressure in the following year by preparing an inventory map at his own expense of all roadless areas in the United States over 500,000 acres. Thirty-two of the remaining 46 such areas were on western national forests. The inventory together with Marshall's recommendations for implementing it was transmitted to the regional foresters. Immediate action on his proposals was not forthcoming, but in May 1937 Sikorski appointed Marshall to head the Division of Recreation and Lands.31

He immediately pressed forward with plans to enlarge the number of wilderness areas under Forest Service jurisdiction. Inspection trips were made into back country areas during the summers of 1937 through 1939. They were followed by recommendations for placing nearly every roadless area over 100,000 acres into the "primitive" classification, which designated wilderness areas under the "L" regulations. Eventually Marshall was responsible for adding 5,437,000 acres to the Forest Service wilderness system, though he had recommended five times as much. His crowning achievement was the adoption in September 1939 of the "U" regulations. Logging and road building were now absolutely prohibited in all areas designated "wilderness" (100,000 acres or more) and "wild" (5,000-10,000 acres). Although the new regulations did not automatically apply and the process of reclassification would take some time, they did extend wilderness status to some 14,000,000 acres in the western national forests.31

Mobilizing Public Opinion

While Marshall was championing wilderness in government circles, he also provided leadership for a
group of private citizens interested in preservation. In 1930 Marshall had forecast the formation of the
Wilderness Society when he warned that the only hope of resisting an all-conquering civilization was an "or-
organization of spirited people who will fight for the freedom of the wilderness."32 Four years later he visited
Knoxville, Tennessee, and met with Benton MacKaye, a regional planner then employed in the Tennessee
Valley Authority. Together with Harvey Broome, a Knoxville lawyer, MacKaye reminded Marshall of his
1930 idea and proposed action for the purpose of resisting plans for skyline drives in the Appalachians.
Marshall responded enthusiastically but suggested that the organization not confine itself to a single region.
He proposed the mobilization of all the friends of the American wilderness.

In October 1934 Marshall returned to Knoxville. This time Bernard Frank, a forester associated with
I.V.A., joined with the original supporters to lay definite plans. The men mailed an "Invitation to Help
Organize a Group to Preserve the American Wilderness" to those whom they knew were deeply con-
cerned. It expressed the founders' desire "to integrate the growing sentiment which we believe exists in this
country for holding wild areas sound-proof as well as sight-proof from our increasingly mechanized life" and
their conviction that such primitive places were "a serious human need rather than a luxury and play-
thing."33

On January 21, 1935, Marshall and his colleagues declared: "For the purpose of fighting off invasion of
the wilderness and of stimulating... appreciation of

33 This section is based on Gilligan, "Policy and Administration," 174-204; a thorough discussion of Marshall's efforts which
climaxed in the "U" regulations.
34 "Problem of the Wilderness," 118.
its multiform emotional, intellectual, and scientific values, we are forming an organization to be known as the Wilderness Society.” They proposed to defend wild country wherever it was in jeopardy and established headquarters in Washington, D.C. Robert Sterling Yard, an experienced conservationist, assumed the Society’s presidency and edited its periodical Living Wilderness. For the first few years financial support came almost entirely from the pocket of Bob Marshall. Gradually its membership increased, despite the founders’ policy of limiting it to a hard core of believers in what Yard termed “the gospel of wilderness.” Flourishing today as one of the most politically influential conservation organizations, the Wilderness Society continues to uphold Marshall’s ideals.

**Last Will and Testament**

Aware that his heart was weak and yet reluctant to abandon the strenuous tempo of his life, Marshall prepared his will with considerable care. Dated July 12, 1938, the document undertook to distribute over $1,300,000 in a manner consistent with Marshall’s ideals. Half of the fortune went to trustees for “the promotion and advancement of an economic system in the United States based upon the theory of production for use and not for profit.” The bequest suggested that Marshall’s ideas about public ownership of the American forest had been no casual whim but rather a reflection of a deep-rooted commitment to socialism. Individual freedom also ranked high on Marshall’s scale of values, and one quarter of his estate was earmarked for the advancement of civil liberties. That left almost $100,000 for the wilderness. Marshall entrusted the money to his colleagues in the Wilderness Society with the stipulation that it be used to “increase the knowledge of the citizens of the United States of America as to the importance and necessity of maintaining wilderness conditions in outdoor America for future generations.” The only personal bequest ($5,000) went to ease the declining years of Herb Clark, the old Adirondack guide who had helped ignite Bob Marshall’s passion for the wilderness.

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The Strenuous Life of Bob Marshall

by Roderick Nash

Mr. Nash is assistant professor of history, University of California, Santa Barbara. This article is based on a chapter in his forthcoming book, Wilderness and the American Mind, to be published by Yale University Press in 1967. He is currently preparing a collection of primary documents in American conservation history for the Addison-Wesley Publishing Co. Another article of his, "The American Cult of the Primitive," will appear shortly in the American Quarterly.

The editors wish to thank Michael Nadel, assistant executive director and editor, The Wilderness Society, for the photographs of Bob Marshall used in this issue. The photo left is from The Living Wilderness.
"A boy," recalled Bob Marshall, "I spent many hours in the heart of New York City, dreaming of Lewis and Clark and their glorious exploration into an unbroken wilderness. Occasionally," he added, "my reveries ended in a terrible depression, and I would imagine that I had been born a century too late for genuine excitement." In part, of course, he was right. The wilderness Lewis and Clark had known vanished long before his birth in 1901. But Marshall underestimated his own spirit. He not only found "genuine excitement" in abundance but boldly faced a challenge equal to Lewis and Clark's: the formulation and implementation of a policy for realizing the broadest benefits of the American forest.

Marshall's immense energy, crusading zeal, and sheer zest for life left few observers neutral. For some he was a legend in his own time: prodigious hiker, explorer of the earth's far corners, best-selling author, millionaire, socialist, Ph.D.—one of the most colorful figures in forest history. Others thought him eccentric at best. In reality Bob Marshall's life has a simple explanation. A love of the wilderness and a quest for ways of retaining its values in an expanding civilization shaped the course of his few years (he died at thirty-eight).

Historically, appreciation of wilderness has stemmed from a civilized rather than a pioneer situation. The frontiersman struggles so directly with wild country that he has difficulty regarding it with sympathy. But for those immersed in cities the wilderness seems a refreshing novelty promising solitude, freedom, and adventure.3

Bob Marshall is a case in point. Wild country would most likely not have exerted any special fascination had he been the son of a rancher or lumberman. As it was, the circumstances of his birth and childhood favored a powerful attraction. The family lived in New York City where Louis Marshall's practice of constitutional law placed him among the renowned and wealthy of his time. The Marshalls also owned a comfortable "camp" on Lower Saranac Lake in the heart of northern New York's Adirondack region. Summer retreats became a family institution, and Bob spent his first twenty-one summers at "Knollwood."4 From his vacationer's viewpoint the surrounding wilderness meant delight, not hardship or terror. He jumped at the chance to explore the Adirondacks, and in the company of his brother George and a guide, Herbert Clark, he climbed all peaks in the region higher than 4,000 feet—a total of 46.5 It was typical of Marshall not to be content with half loaves.

The wilderness preservation issue also figured prominently in Marshall's boyhood. His father frequently brought his legal talents to the defense of New York's Adirondack Preserve Park. In 1914, when Bob was thirteen, New York held a constitutional convention; years later he still recalled his father's successful fight to retain the "forever wild" clause pertaining to the Park.6 Louis Marshall hardly needed to urge his son in 1927 to continue the "missionary work" for wilderness.7 The twig had been bent long before.

The Values of Wilderness

As early as his junior year in high school, Marshall realized: "I love the woods and solitude... I should hate to spend the greater part of my lifetime in a stuffy office or in a crowded city."8 He devoted much of his subsequent thought to explaining this attraction and to generalizing from his own experience to a philosophy of the value of wilderness for modern man.

According to Marshall the basic importance of wilderness was its capacity for meeting human needs which an artificial civilization left unsatisfied. In 1925, in his first philosophical statement, he contended that "in these days of over-civilization it is not mere sentimentalism which makes the virgin forest such a genuine delight."9 On the simplest level, contact with wild country benefited health. Marshall explained that the physical demands of the trail produced "a soundness, stamina and agility unknown amid normal surroundings." Moreover, the wilds demanded self-

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2 On these points see the author's "Wilderness and the American Mind" (Doctoral dissertation, University of Wisconsin, 1941).


4 Robert Marshall, The High Peaks of the Adirondacks (Albany, 1922); Russell M. L. Carson, Paths and People of the Adirondacks (Garden City, N.Y., 1929), 291-34.


"... Ancient Natural Wilderness ..." See Page 1.
Mountain Ablaze

By ROBERT MARSHALL

With a foreword

By A. A. BROWN

Chief, Division of Forest Fire Research, U. S. Forest Service

Mountain Ablaze

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To one of those few dozen collegian recruits who were initiated into the work of the Forest Service in the early 20's, in the "Inland Empire," Bob Marshall's letters on fire-fighting bring back vivid memories. Only a few changes in places and names and they might well have been our own. Bob's letters have a special value because he was keenly perceptive of men, of environment, and of the overpowering challenge of fire.

The many thousand square miles of mountains and forest of which he speaks are a sizable part of the United States, but the men protecting it, whose lives it shapes, are only a small group. The losses, the expenditures and other statistical facts of that period have been recorded previously. The human aspects have not, to any similar extent.

To a modern fire-fighter in that country, a reading of Bob's letters might at first leave the impression that his observations are no longer of much significance, that great changes have occurred and that many of the experiences he related will not again be repeated. But the only changes are man-made. Nature still holds its sway in our great back country of the West. The same environment is there, the same lightning storms, and the same potential for great, destructive fires.

The changes that seem so hopeful to the veteran fire-fighter are the smoke-jumpers, aerial detection of fires, more roads, better communication, and somewhat better equipment and facilities than existed in the 1920's. But there are only enough smoke-jumpers for an average situation. Even more important, after the smoke-jumper lands, he fights fire just as in the 20's with hand tools and crude woodsmen's methods.

Then, too, the drought years of the period of Bob's observations have not been repeated in the past ten years, the dollar has been inflated faster than the gains in appropriations for such work, and the number of skilled men is fewer. Even more serious, the technical aspects of the fire-fighting job have not been financed in step with the action program. So the ac-
tive, aggressive research and innovation program that made its brave start in the 20's has languished.

A return of serious drought conditions, or a peak concentration of dry lightning fires, or even a few fires starting in the increasing expanses of dry logging slash at the wrong time and places, may, in any year, repeat the heartbreaking trials of men pitted against unreasonable odds.

R

obert Marshall (1901-1939) was a forester, leading advocate of wilderness preservation, explorer, writer and humanitarian. He became Director of Forestry of the Office of Indian Affairs and the first Chief of the Division of Recreation and Lands of the U.S. Forest Service. This article has been composed from letters written by Robert Marshall to his family while he was a Junior Forester and Assistant Silviculturist with the Northern Rocky Mountain Forest Experiment Station of the U.S. Forest Service, 1925-1928.

Forest Experiment Station,
Priest River, Idaho.
July 14, 1925.

On Sunday morning, the Kaniksu National Forest, in which the Experiment Station is located, was struck by the worst lightning storm in its 25-year history. . .

Watson Mountain Fire,
Kaniksu National Forest,
July 19, 1925.

The staff of the Experiment Station has laid aside research and come here to act as fire officers. I'm working 18 to 20 hours a day as time-keeper, Chief of Commissary, Camp Boss, and Inspector on the fire line.

Pierce City, Idaho.
August 23, 1925.

The Watson Mountain Fire started about 4 A.M., Sunday, July 12th, from the dry lightning storm that kindled 61 blazes on the Kaniksu and killed the lookout on South Baldy. Watson Mountain rises 3000 feet above the west side of scenically famous Lower Priest Lake.

Thomas and Albert Kerr, who lived at the foot of the mountain, and the District Ranger, were the first to reach the fire. They had almost surrounded it by late afternoon when a sudden heavy wind carried it over their trench. They set to work again shortly after daylight and were joined later by Frank Lacey's four man trail crew. The first emergency men from Spokane arrived by evening and continued to come as rapidly as Forest Headquarters could obtain them;
but with 61 fires burning, no one fire could have as many men as it needed.

On July 16th, humidity had reached its low ebb and the general inflammability of the forest, a high point. Early in the afternoon a brisk wind arose. The entire mountainside became a mass of boiling smoke. The roar of the flames in the tops of the trees could be distinctly heard two miles away ... the entire atmosphere was oppressive with the odor of burning forests.

I came back to the line just in time to meet the men retreating. The fire had jumped and was roaring up the mountainside at the rate of several miles an hour. It formed a wall of flame a hundred feet high. Its appearance was truly terrible, because it was so absolutely beyond the power of human control, so absolutely fatal to all life within its path. One moment a beautiful green forest, the next gaunt, black, blistered trees, with shriveled branches and leaves. One could imagine with horror what any human life caught in the holocaust would resemble, and this horror was given added reality by the knowledge that somewhere up the mountainside a crew of a dozen men under young Albert Kerr was cut off by the flames.

Nothing now could be done either to help the men or to check the fire. The men were already either safe or burned to gruesome ashes. The fire had gone absolutely beyond control and it was useless to imperil more lives. Nonetheless, Frank Lacey, who was in command at the fire, reconnoitered and with old Thomas Kerr, father of Albert, made an unsuccessful attempt to work around to the other side of the fire. Kerr felt confident his son was safe, but was greatly worried and almost exhausted, for he was over 60. He wanted to try again to reach his son, but this we could not permit. We set out ourselves. We found the fire still impassable, so reluctantly returned to camp. After supper, with new men arriving and supplies coming in, it was not quite so difficult to await news of the trapped fire fighters, but when they strolled into camp at eight, we all were tremendously relieved.

When the flames swept by, cutting off their path to safety, some of the men, very green at firefighting, started the hopeless task of outrunning the flames; but young Kerr commanded them to return under threats of violence. They obeyed and consequently are alive. He led them to a rocky point where they waited for hours while the fire burned all around.

That night we climbed a knoll from where the entire fire was visible. The sight was one such as must have inspired the ancients when they conjured up the picture of a seething, red-hot Hades. Probably Aetna in eruption, viewed in the blackness of midnight from some neighboring peak, resembled it. Over the entire mountainside hung a lurid, shifting, molten, fiery vapor, like the burning gases of a nebulous planet. It was an effect wrought by one of the most terrible elements - fire, with smoke and wind on a starless night. There was nothing solid or tangible about it; it was like some ghostlike picture without form or substance, showing the unconquerable, awful power of Nature.

Every afternoon I walked 6 to 12 miles, up hill and down, over exceedingly rough terrain inspecting the fire line, and, by the end of the fire, I knew each of the 109 men by name. Six were regular Forest Service employees, four were hired for the summer as a trail crew, in which capacity they were equally intended as a nucleus for firefighting, and two were local ranchers. The other 97 were picked up on short notice in Spokane. They were, for the most part, the type of men who could not hold a permanent job. They had little sense of responsibility, and their main effort was to get as much time and do as little work as possible. Their conversation was largely dirty and their thoughts uninspiring. However, these men seemed quite different on the fire line as individuals than as a group in camp. Once I learned their names they became more confidential and revealed their good traits and the tragedies which reduced many of them to their present extremity. There were among them a number of superior men who were brought to forest fire fighting by ill fortune and a desire for adventure.

When the fire ran wild, it rendered valueless about one-third of the line already constructed. A vigorous fresh start was made and the work of surrounding the fire with a strong line was pursued steadily for the next week. A heavy patrol was necessary during the crucial period of the early afternoon. At times, as the fire raged fiercely to the edge of the trenches, we feared
critical points would be lost. The fire occasionally did jump and a new line had to be thrown swiftly around it.

One o'clock on the 22nd, just as I reached the pum-
ing crew, it started to rain. Progressing along the line, the generally unemotional men smiled and laughed and sang in the drenching downpour. Firefighting is a very unpleasant occupation and, even to the jobless men, the prospect of release was an all-absorbing delight.

Where the two wings of the fire line finally met near the top of the mountain, Old Man Kerr, who had struck the first blow against the fire, drove in the "golden spike" — in the form of a peeled hemlock pole.

It had taken eleven days, 7½ miles of trench (not to mention the two that had been lost) and almost a thousand man days of labor to complete the job. Probably 2000 acres were destroyed. The cost to the government in suppressing the fire was not less than $5000. I cannot estimate the value of the timber destroyed.

The fire over, except for final patrolling, I set out for St. Maries to join the White Pine Study Crew more than a week behind schedule.

Beardmore Camp 1, Kaniksu National Forest
October 17, 1925.

All the way here from Newport, the effects of this terrible fire season were apparent, not so much in burned-over areas as in burnt-out men. When I left the forest on July 26th, things, instead of being almost over, were just commencing. From July 12th until about September 15th, the fire taxed every available resource, and the permanent force on the Kaniksu was kept constantly on the go.

Although field work is now nearly completed, office work is just beginning. Poor Francis Carroll, Deputy Supervisor and Fire Chief of the Forest, who looked healthy and vigorous when I bunked with him my last night on the Watson Fire, now appeared ragged and worn out, as he struggled in the office until 11 P.M. explaining how $160,000 were spent in suppressing dozens of different fires. After his summer’s work, he deserves a long vacation, instead of working double hours. However, only half of the firefighting is in the field, where every ounce of energy must be thrown into the work of fire prevention and suppression. The other half is in

the office, where the unavoidable accounting must be done and preparations for the next year must be made.

I also saw Frank Lacey, the $100-a-month trail foreman who commanded the fire fighters with such great courage and skill at the Watson Fire. He looked like a dehydrated scarecrow, but I suppose he will recuperate this winter — on his own time.

At the Falls Ranger Station we met old Jim Murray. There were deep, unnatural circles under his eyes, and he looked to be about a hundred, although actually he is only in his forties. He had had three big fires on his hands, not to mention several dozen smaller ones, which were kept from becoming big ones by his prompt action. Simultaneously he had all the normal duties of a District Ranger. Mrs. Murray, during this time, had performed all the customary unpaid offices of a Ranger’s wife, answering the telephone at all hours of the day and night, looking after whoever might breeze in at any hour, attending to the office work, while her husband and his assistants were away fighting fire, ordering supplies for the fires and seeing that they were delivered, and dozens of other minor jobs.

When the strain ended in September rains, she suffered a nervous breakdown.

These were the human costs of forest fires which are not expressed in the $160,000 expenditure for suppression, or the thousands of acres burned. They are phases of the job that must be accepted, and are accepted quietly, if not pleasantly, by the underpaid protection force. The three men I have mentioned probably will not rise very high in the service because they have not had the necessary education. They know they are throwing into the work far more than they get out of it. I know of very few men in the U.S. Forest Service who do not do the same. The spirit of Service, from the Chief Forester down, is truly remarkable.

Forest Experiment Station
Priest River, Idaho
November 9, 1925

The other evening we reviewed the past fire season and considered what might have been done with the money wasted in fighting fire and what was lost

Forest Demon
By JANET MOORE

Have you seen a wild-fire demon
Racing, leaping in high tree tops,
Roaring through the firs and spruces
In savage fury nothing stops;
Glimpsed through smoke the sky turned sulphur
And the sun a red-hot red,
While flesh of living trees is kindled
By sparks from their brothers newly dead?

Have you heard their bodies crashing
Loud as the thunder of Thor’s black wrath;
Have you seen the forest’s wild things
Fleeing, panting from its path;
Seen ten thousand timbered acres,
Three patient centuries agrowing,
Changed in one September daylight
To smoking stumps and bare snags glowing?

Have you seen a dreary wasteland
Of blackened stumps and fire-felled pines,
Giants once, now useless wreckage
Half-hid by bracken and trailing vines?
Sadder still the naked ghost trees
Bleached bone-white by rain and sun,
The standing dead who mutely witness
What careless hand of man has done.
by damage to the forest in the Kaniksu. If only a small part of it could have been appropriated at the beginning of the year! Congress will make good any amount of money required to fight fires after they have occurred, but it tries to cut down regular appropriations to the lowest possible point, on an utterly false theory of economy. This summer, fires in the Kaniksu cost $160,000 to suppress and destroyed, by conservative estimate, $300,000 worth of timber and reproduction, making a total loss of $460,000. A quarter of that amount, if set aside as a sinking fund, at 5% interest, would have yielded about $6000 annually. This would be enough to employ 18 additional smoke chasers, etc., each year. Had these 18 men been available this year, there is a strong probability that there would not have been a single serious fire in the forest, instead of 10 or 12.

Practically all of the serious configurations this season were lightning fires. It takes a number of hours for such a fire to become dangerous. If, as soon as a strike is reported, a man could be sent to corrall the infant fire, virtually no damage would occur. But when there are more strikes than men to attend to them, it is obvious that some must be neglected, and this was the fundamental reason for all but one of the serious fires last summer.

The delay of a day, in getting to the Rode Fire, cost the government about $100,000; instead of requiring one man-day to control it, it took 6000. Instead of burning one acre, it burned 5000. With the resources at hand, this was unavoidable. Every available man was working 20 hours a day. And yet virtually the same thing happens year after year, although this was an extreme case. Perhaps some day Congress, and the Director of the Budget, will wake up and realize that prevention is the cheapest cure.

Forest Experiment Station
Missoula, Montana
September 17, 1926

During the past summer, the Kaniksu probably had the most trying ordeal any forest has endured. By the time the rains came, more than one-sixth of the Forest had gone up in smoke.

Forest Experiment Station
Priest River Idaho
June 1, 1927

I just learned that Frank Lacey died last winter of TB. I'd be willing to bet that his end was hastened by the very fatiguing work and his 40 days of smoke breathing on Watson Mountain and at other fires two summers ago.

Kaniksu National Forest
June 19, 1927

Had old Father Kaniksu, when he made the initial exploration of the Priest River Drainage, ever dreamed what the land which he discovered would some day resemble, no doubt he would have prohibited the use of his name to designate that National Forest. . . .

There were some scenes of desolation that pretty nearly drive an imaginative person crazy. It was easy to dream of what they had been just one year before. Then deep, soggy moss, delicate flowers, giant living trees that seemed a permanent part of the world; now baked mineral soil, a few shriveled lichens and mushrooms, and a black tangle of tree trunks, some still erect, some broken off half way up, some leaning, some flat on the ground. A pessimist would conclude that one summer's fires destroyed more beauty than all the inhabitants of the earth could create in many years, while an optimist would go singing through that blackened, misshapened world rejoicing because the forest will look just as beautiful as before — in two or three centuries. Take your choice.

On Train, Priest River to Spokane
August 26, 1928

A severe lighting storm broke in full fury over the Kaniksu early on the 24th. After five weeks without rain, it was a cinch that things soon would be popping. By daylight, the lookouts were shooting in fire reports at double time. There were 16 in this ranger district, which includes the experimental forest.

By 6 o'clock, all the smoke chasers and trail crew men had gone and soon another fire was spotted. Jim Ward asked me to attend to it. I picked up a couple of ribes pullers at the Blister Rust Camp and drove with them to Blue Lake from where the smoke we were seeking was plainly visible. We climbed 1000 feet above the Lake to reach our goal, which consisted of a patch of fire about 70 feet long and 10 feet wide. The fire, retarded by high humidity and duff moisture of early morning, was creeping through the duff and dry grass of an open stand of yellow pine and Douglas fir. In three hours, it would have been racing furiously up the dry hill side, hastened by the wind which arose shortly before noon; but in three-quarters of an hour, we had it completely trenched and were dumping dirt on the hottest points to smother the fire.

Jim was slated because every one of the 16 fires was cornered before reaching one acre in extent. This was a fine record of good organization. However, a few more fires, or a single blunder, would have made it impossible to capture every fire in the first morning stage. By late afternoon an uncontrollable blaze might easily have covered several hundred acres, destroying eventually fifty to one hundred thousand dollars worth of timber and requiring days of effort on the part of several hundred men to suppress. It makes one shudder to think that the Forest Service must engage in this kind of gamble year after year because of the parsimoniousness of Congress.