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Interviewee: Stewart Brandborg

Interviewer: Kevin Proescholdt

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Stewart Brandborg: He [Guy Brandborg] belonged to the state board of regents [Montana Board of Regents] and had been put there by university professors, who, the Anaconda Company controlled the university. It was historically the controller of the newspapers, the politics. The academics would speak out about something, and they got morning paper and the board would find out they'd resigned. So, a bunch of academics got my dad on the Board of Regents, and the Republican governor appointed him. They got new leadership in, very enlightened leadership. The university system became a great friend of my dad and the whole progressive movement in Montana. That's a guy by the name of Melby [UM President Ernest O. Melby]. He brought in the Montana Study Foundation backed by the Rockefeller Foundation to say what do we need in our communities, what is our culture, what do we do to provide planning, and provide an economic basis. Really good [unintelligible] things. The overcutting here, my dad saying, "Well, we can sustain 15 million for a year, maybe more with more intensive management on the good, productive land. The Forest Service ran it up to 100 million a year. There isn't really anything left. They just took everything, and a lot of it clear cut. A lot of it on lousy [unintelligible] sites, where you still don't have any recovery. Some places they planted.

Interestingly, some that I'd love to show you they replanted stock from South Dakota, and they are a peculiar kind of Ponderosa that branches and doesn't give the fine, pure lumber that are native to the...Clear cutting on south facing aspects where it's taken hundreds of years for the vegetation, the big pine, to reach up there. Gone. Hellish impacts on the siltation and on the fisheries—all of this. Friends of Bitterroot [FOB] came along. They were still cutting 33 million board feet, and they were still clear cutting. So, they started to use the National Forest Management Act. Today, the cut is about six or seven million, including firewood and posts and [unintelligible], and the whole bit. Just because they gotta to live by the law that Hubert Humphrey and Lee Metcalf and those people, and that law had come out of the big fuss my dad generated in the Bitterroot that brought in all of the major newspapers across the country. Because it was a period of environmentalism, and there were writers, environmental writers, Gladwin Hill of the *New York Times*, led by the guy from the *Des Moines Register*, who followed a series in the local paper, the *Missoulian*, that was done by Dale Burk. That got picked up. So, the papers would come in, take a tour with the old guy. He had a Navy pilot fly him, he'd put them in his old Ford Falcon, and drove them all over. Exposed them to the old loggers, the old mill owners—little mill owners, who said, "This doesn't work. We're losing our land. We're losing our resources."

Finally, the networks came in—all three networks came in. The Lee Metcalf had the university forestry school do its study, and of course, it confirmed the tragedy of what was happening under the aegis of the United States Forest Service.

Well, the FOB started; there was a team of a dozen guys appealing. I went to them and said, “Hey, you need an organization.” So, I convened some meetings of 30 people, and that grew into the organization, and I was president for a couple of years. It’s evolved in its intensive coverage of forestry issues on the public lands. It has not evolved in the sense of reaching to the public. In early years, the local press did a job of polarizing the organization, so to many people, if you say Friends of the Bitterroot, they say, “Oh, that is the ultimate extremist outfit.” That has occurred with insidious leadership of one woman who was editor-reporter for a paper here. Well, this guy is now president and has been valiant, and they’ve gone into tough appeals and tough court battles. He was calling to say, “Let’s get this good friend, that’s got this knee infection, let’s make a campaign out of him and his need to consider surgery [unintelligible] the loss of that limb.” So that’s something to be done, get our friends to shake him off of this resignation to let the infection go with just treating it with antibiotics.

It leads me into a young man who appeared maybe six or eight years ago, has formed, recently, Wild West and incorporated one of the most effective appellates on cuts. They were in partnership. This new organization, replacing the Ecology Center—earlier organization—and now these two have fallen out. The man I just spoke to said that Howie had sided with this man who writes appeals, and the appeals are laden with the accusative, destructive terminology and insulting terminology to the agency. The fact that this isn’t in keeping with professional procedures and civility, even though you are trying to stop this agency from inflicting terrible damage on the landscape. Howie had sided with this ecologist, this guy from the Ecology Center, and Howie’s being part of this breach. Howie has had experience of being incarcerated because he pulled up stakes on a Forest Service job. He has zero tolerance for anybody in the Forest Service. I think that is a consideration for Wilderness Watch, and our having to go forward dealing with agencies and I don’t think our organization is aware of that harsh approach of Howie. He brooks no favorable words about the agency. I, perhaps, have taken the brunt of as much of their reactionary policies as anyone, but I still know there are many good people in the Forest Service, particularly at lower levels, that are as disturbed about the old log-it-all leadership of the agency as you and I, and I don’t think we should do that. Well, I don’t need to say that to you because it’s a dead subject.

You got on that, and young man down here who’s on one side is now being condemned by Howie and this guy who writes these appeals that are full of acidic, destructive commentary, not sticking to the facts of environmental impacts.

What do you want to do? The pipeline?

KP: Well, before we go to the pipeline, I was going to ask you a little bit more about Ober [Ernest Oberholtzer], and if you could just tell me a little bit more about what Ober was like and his role on the governing council. He seemed, from everything I've read, like a fascinating guy.

SB: Yeah. Well, indeed some of the most pleasant company you've ever experience with a background of having contended with the corporate world in the form of...I forget the name of the man that wanted to...It was his lifelong foe.

KP: Edward Wellington Backus.

SB: Backus. All of those scraps and the fights for the boundary waters and all the rest, revered within our circle, but not much inclined as an individual to reflect on those things in a way that gave you measure of all that he'd given to the good fight. I saw him as a source of delightful company with his humor and serious consideration of what was going on at the meeting and fine occasional observations, but remember him more than anything else for his wit and charm and his good humorous treatment of people in the circle who were inclined to be serious and focused. The ability to come into the conversation and, in a very subtle way, turn a comment that reflected on himself or someone like Harvey Broome, who he dearly loved, and then there'd be another comment. About the third comment, you'd realize this guy was up to great humorous mischief. He'd just make everybody break out in laughter. I remember that just as an outstanding talent, a characterization of man.

We had a canoe trip from Ober's in 1956 and came out to this island. Fought the waves across the lake to get to this favorite spot, and there's this boulder as big as this deck and we put the canoes up against it and unloaded. Harvey slipped and fell in way over his head into this deep water. Of course, there were clothes that got wet. Through the evening, Ober couldn't resist from the humor about the president's—it was cold as hell—the president's need for cleanliness and having to bathe frequently. Constantly. Harvey was, of course, mad at himself, and Ober just kept it going all evening long. "Mr. President was so preoccupied with his health and his personal sanitization," but it would be dropped into the conversation. Of course, we weren't interrupted by the fact that the president felt, at that point, that he needed a bath. [laughs] Whatever. That was just one incident.

Another that Harvey delighted in telling was the Alaskan meeting where Anne and Harvey decided to pick up Ober in Minnesota and drive to Alaska. At that time, there was a scandal, much well-documented. I think they called it the Profumo affair in England that the Canadian papers were reporting on daily. Ober would, any time they stopped for gas or a drink of water, why, Ober would crawl out and go buy the paper. Then, he would sit in the back seat and read part of the reports and then give his interpretation about all this. [laughs] That is what kept them laughing all the way across the long, open prairies of southern Canada. The wheatlands were dull going, but there was Ober, lying back in the back seat with the newspapers. It tickled him to no end. [laughs]

Later years, I guess we were meeting in the Olympics, northern Washington, and Ober was taking the train, which was the only sensible thing to do. He got next stop and went on to Seattle or some place, so we had, I think it was Paul Oehser [Paul Henry Oehser] that was sort of his special custodian, and had to go find how to get Ober shipped back to a place where we could haul him off the train and get him there. That was when he was really getting old. I just remember him...he didn't come into Washington in my period, so I didn't have a time where I was with Ober, just taking care of his accommodations and things like that. My time was limited to those meetings, and there weren't many that he attended, so I'm not a good Ober source. Except he told, he and his mother decided they were going to raise sheep, so they put sheep on this big raft and toted them out to the island behind the boat. Long story about how the sheep were tended, and life with the sheep, and how they enjoyed them, and then got into the docking of the tails. He described how they had this little cheese board kind of thing with a handle on it with a hole in it, and they'd stick the tail through that and the other one would snip it. He would have the job, as I remember it, of holding the lamb, putting the tail through, then he would turn his head away and she would take the scissors and cut the tail off. All of those things brought the crowd together to listen to Ober's great, incomparable humor. He was something.

A little bit about native lore when we were on Mallard Island for the meeting. That was my first meeting when Sig [Sigurd Olson] and I joined the council in 1956. I hadn't been in Washington very long, two years. It was my first exposure. I remember Robert Griggs, who was a geologist back then and had documented the story of the Valley of a Thousand Smokes, Katmai National Monument in Alaska and the lava flow. He had gone into tell the story of how that had occurred. It was my privilege in that trip of 1963 to go into Katmai and see these layers [unintelligible] but have left a few trees. Of course, skeletons of trees standing. Indeed, a few areas where steam came out of the ground. I remember Griggs interrogating me in a casual, friendly way: what I did, what I had done, what I aspired to do. At Ober's, the first meeting of the council.

Wish I had taken more time with Ober. Wish I had gone just to hang around with him a few days. I think, as a young person, particularly once Zahni [Howard Zahniser] was gone, I felt the great pressure of having to implement the law and move quickly and not lose any time.

I had one thought that I wanted to mention in context of the wilderness review work. It was a tremendous task, and very complicated. One of the ways that I discovered to meet it was to use, what I called, consultants. There was a man by the name of Bill Ackernak (?) that retired from the refuge branch [Division of Wildlife Refuges] of the Fish and Wildlife Service, and retirees, federal retirees, often quit the job when they have lots of mileage left in them. Bill stumbled in and said, "The condition of the refuge system is that of preservation." He had been there under the aegis of Mark Clark Salyer [John Clark Salyer?]. Clark Salyer had developed while in office—I remember I was in the 15th Street office when I received a call from Clark on afternoon, and it was an impassioned plea from this man who had been the leader of the refuge branch through the years and had been exposed to leadership, I believe, of "Ding"

Darling [J.N. "Ding" Darling]. Ding Darling came in during the Franklin Delano Roosevelt administration, a very sharp critic of Roosevelt. A cartoonist—

KP: With the *Des Moines Register*.

SB: With the *Des Moines Register*.

KP: I used to be a paper boy for the *Des Moines Register*.

SB: Well then, you replaced Ding. Ding of course, was the one that drove the conservation groups into the first North American Wildlife conference. He indeed envisioned a federation of all groups—women's clubs, garden clubs, sportsmen, fishery—all groups into this federation, and was very sorry and got out of the National Wildlife Federation as it narrowed into being an organization of wildlife-oriented groups, mainly hunters and fishermen. Ding had been a critic of Roosevelt, and somehow Roosevelt learned of his interest in the Fish and Wildlife Service and brought him in as director. Ding had one mission that he fulfilled zealously. That was to capture any piece of land that was available from rocky shores to isolated little islands off the coast of Florida, California, Alaska and make them among the refuge system, and he did. Anything that was available he added to the system with a zealously. It was Ding who came up with the idea and produced the first conservation stamps for the National Wildlife Federation.

Carl Shoemaker, the fine old, senior conservationist at the Federation who interviewed me when I first went to see Callison [Charles Callison] in 1953, spoke of being on the train with Ding, going to the annual meeting of the Federation, and Ding was painting these pictures that were later put on the stamps. The stamps had been a great success. First, they sent them out to the state affiliates, and the affiliates distributed them and asked people to give a dollar. Well, they found that the guy from West Virginia had taken his truck across the creek in high water and the stamps got stuck together, so that \$20,000 was down the drain. One thing or another happened [laughs; unintelligible], maybe the guy had the \$20,000 to buy a couple of new cars in that period. They finally got into a direct mail, and that, of course, was the bright future of the Federation when I arrived. The biggest outfit with this 300,000.

Ding had the preservation commission. Clark Salyer had inherited that assignment. This guy, Bill Ackernak (?) had been part of that team, had come to my office and said, "What role could I fulfill?" The plea from Clark Salyer who was suffering from a brain tumor, a very impassioned, directly to me saying, "Brandy, the only thing that will really save this refuge system in face of the big drives for development"—everything from the oil cartel doing what they've done to the Kenai, filling the place with oil and development wells, lines—"This is a time we're under siege and putting these areas of the wilderness system." At the same time, the agency suffered from this great quest to find what we know was a good term, but so badly implemented many times—multiple use—so that the manager of a refuge was encouraged to raise wheat, have grazing, where the idealized purpose was to let the area revert to nature and be a natural area.

Well, this man actually broke into tears. This was weeks or months before he succumbed to this affliction, but it touched me deeply. What I saw happening was I served as executive director were a lot of these old, senior bureaucrats coming in and saying, "I want to tell you what I've done. Here's my contribution. Anyway, I could tie in with what you're doing?" Bill Ackernak (?) was, perhaps, one of the ideal professionals to come in. I said, "Well, Bill, could you help us? We don't have much money, but we'll try to give you some. We can certainly buy you a ticket, provide food and lodging, if you help us with these coverages. If we're not broke, we'll try to give you some kind of stipend."

Another one was named Wright (?). He was a bureaucrat. I think he'd been with the FAA (?), Art Wright (?). We retained him that way. So, it was a matter of taking—I remember Ackernak (?) being with us when the council met at Isle Royal in Michigan, and trips with that group included Jim Dean, and I think Doug, Scott, George Marshall. I remember being in the canoe with George Marshall and "Peeps" Carney [Virginia "Peeps" Carney]. There were four of us, and we encountered this moose out in deep water and paddled probably foolishly close. I said, "Let me get on him and grab his antlers and ride." It was an August [unintelligible]. It might have been fatal because you don't know what might happen with those [unintelligible]. They didn't let me do it, but that was one of the great experiences on a Wilderness Society council trip.

The use of consultants let us pick up able young men and women at field level. Clif [Clifton Merritt] identified a lot of these people that were able to carry you through a wilderness review, and then they drew in their competence so you could have them go to other areas and do the essential work in preparing for the hearings, identifying the resources, and mobilizing the public and all the rest. That was the gift that the Society could give to people, sometimes out in the field, older agency people saying that we'd like...I remember Art Wright (?) coming in, and he was feeling the impact of not having anything to do. I reached in my pocket and said, "Art, here's a quarter. From now on, you're retained as a consultant." Later, when I was without jobs in Washington, I realized how important that was to people. You're having [unintelligible], you say, "Well, I'm consulting with the Society." Indeed, they were! You have a place, and that worked remarkably. I would have been disappointing to myself had I not engaged these guys.

Ackernak (?), with a lifetime spent with the Fish and Wildlife Service and refuge program, what better? His competence paralleled that of Harry Crandell, whom I ran into in the course of early implementation of the act. Harry was in the refuge branch. Harry finally said, "What's the chances for going to work with the outfit?" I thought he had tremendous competence. Tremendous competence through the years in contending with the bureaucratic resistance and moving with skill around the barriers that would come out of the bureaucracy. Also, a skill and capability for writing what became an executive order, which would have given wilderness protection to all of the areas that were to be designated and reviewed by the Wilderness Act. Michael McCloskey of the Sierra Club showed up, and these two guys wrote this executive order. We started that through the governmental process. I can't remember where it got killed, the Bureau of the Budget, but we were thinking, man had we yuckered (?) them. It was this

thing that would freeze these areas for all intents and purposes and make them invulnerable to encroachment while you plodded through this 10-year process which, as we said yesterday, still isn't finished. Many parks, many areas still haven't gone through the review that the law required within a 10-year time frame.

The use of volunteers, the inclusion of those people, in our working sessions, our training programs—training's a condescending word. Indoctrination programs, field level. These men and women just flourished under that experience.

What did you start off on, and how far have I digressed?

KP: Well, we started off on Ober, and I think that we kind of covered that. Did Ober and Sig get along very well?

SB: Ostensibly. Only feeling I have is Sig's affectionate and appreciation of Ober. Knowing Sig as intimately as I did, I spoke yesterday of Ed Hilliard, and when Sig had the heart attack, we decided to go up and visit Sig in his convalescence at Ely. Hilliard and I showed up. I hadn't thought of it till last evening after you and I finished, but there was one lovely upstairs guest room, but there was only one bed. So Hilliard and I slept together! Which was a kick. [laughs] This wonderful Hilliard, full of ideas and inspired, "Have you thought of this? Have you thought of that? Oh, there's a phone booth. I've got to call somebody." [laughs] He was a master, stimulating to me. I was kind of worried that he wanted to take me over the cliff. [laughs] But loved him dearly. I came back to the office one time—he'd been there. Here my dad had given away my old 32 Winchester special rifle. His nephews had shown up. He'd had it since his service as a packer for the nephew's father, grandfather. They were Brandborgs. He carried this gun there. I inherited it, carried it on my saddle in my trips throughout Montana and Idaho. Anyway, these guys showed up, and he went upstairs and said, "Here's your granddad's gun." I was mad as hops. My dad went to the sportsman's banquet here in Hamilton and won this fine 308, so he sent me that as a gift. Hilliard knew I had that, so Hilliard left me this beautiful Redfield scope as a [unintelligible] gift. So, I loved the man, but I didn't know how to cope. I absorbed what he said, brought the staff together, told to listen to him, but he was challenging.

Anyway, we spent the days there with Sig and Elizabeth. I remember Sig rested, part of recovery. I think we went out to Listening Point at that time. Later, in a meeting that was convened by Ted Swem, we had two or three days with the hierarchy of the Park Service to dope out the future and to look into the crystal balls. Swem was great on that kind of a session, recognizing, as we do, you and I have discussed in the context of Wilderness Watch, there's too little time to really reflect and say, 'what are we looking toward? How do we feel? What measures do we get? Where do we go from here?' I remember long discussions. I think Swem brought somebody, one of the hard drivers from the Bureau of Recreation. I can't remember that. I do remember the sweat bath and firing it up. Sitting in there. I think Sig watched me do it, but he didn't do it because of his health situation. Coming out and taking a big dive into the lake because you were so hot. It could have been solid ice, but didn't have hurt. Of course,

sweet Elizabeth. So much with Sig and with me and supportive always. It's like my relationship with Howard Zahniser. He had great influence on me, and it was almost fatherly at times.

One time, for the North American Wildlife Conference, which is a conclave of 1,100, 1,200 people. The annual meeting typically in March; I think it was going to be in Washington, maybe it was Chicago. I was the technical chairman for the technical papers in the meeting in Chicago one year. No, I guess it was in Michigan, where was it? No, I guess it was Chicago. [pauses] The vice president of the Wildlife Management Institute [unintelligible] an entertainment program, a comedian that needed a straight man, and pretty much said, "Would you do this?" I was then working with the Wilderness Society. Zahni says, "Well, you probably don't want to do that because of the media oftentimes tries to make you look like the ultimate rube." Other things I would be inspired by, not very often, but he would say, "Let's think about this." I remember I had the aspiration to fly, and he said, "Well, maybe you better do that now, while you've still got the reflexes." [laughs] He wasn't against it. Of course, loved to get in the Oldsmobile with the lid down and take off up to Tionesta.

One weekend before an annual meeting, he had driven up to his home, where he'd been raised, where he suffered the osteomyelitis that left the gaping hole in the front of his thigh—the deep, deep pit. He had nearly died. He told of being in bed for a year's period. Long time. His father, at that point, they couldn't stop that infection. They didn't have the antibiotics then. So, his father had talked to him about—is father being a Free Methodist minister had talked to him about possible reality of his not surviving. I think that probably had much to do with his compassion and gentility with people. He'd been as a kid in that situation. I don't remember. I envision this young teen's, 11, 12, something like that. Anyway, we gathered there, and nothing looked do, but we went to the nearby state area that was not wilderness but was a lovely, wooded place. We swam in the river. We dinked around. We'd done a little work getting ready for the meeting, but it finally got to be Sunday night before we were going back Monday. We were sitting at this card table, I guess, in the living room, and we were going through the budget and it went on and on. It was something like 80,000 or 90,000 bucks. I kept waking up with my head up on the table during these deliberations. [laughs] In that period, well, we [unintelligible] a bunch of stuff together. I was, of course, new, I think, but I was the direct mail, renewals. I was to take hold.

In this period, I remember meeting with Ernest Griffith, to whom I alluded earlier, the treasurer. He would meet us at the Cosmos Club. Instead of paying for parking in their cute little parking space, 50 cents an hour, he would park out at [unintelligible]. Come hell or high water, he'd be in heavy deliberations, Ernest says, "I've got to go," and he'd leave and take the position of being the critic and tearing up your projections and just getting you right out, spread all over wanting to reason with him and take him through what you had done as logically as you knew how. I remember standing on the street corner in front of the old Cosmos Club—

[Break in audio]

SB: I felt very confident about our capabilities for funding. As I pointed yesterday, the daily records after three or four days, a fall-off in the economy that was reflected in membership recruitment, a week or ten later we said, 'let's cut to the line, let's eliminate everything we can to save money and economize, so we won't sacrifice the most important part of our operation.' Later years, it became a demand that we seek big money. I had depended 90%, 95% on the generosity of our members, and as I said, issues were blowing up. It was of national significance; we mailed to all the members. Great Smokies got the deluge of mail that caused the pickup to be loaded with protests that went from the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Washington. They were regional, but we let people know of our activism and our leadership. That resulted in very generous contributions. Had this special appeal that went out to Zahni and started with Zahni in my first year 1950. No, not 1950. 1960, May 1 appeal brought in the bulk of, I can't remember whether it was 10 or 20,000 bucks, but a big shot in the arm for this little budget. The operation was always tightly managed. But we got this, 'let's get foundation money,' and I think, at that point that had become the call within the conservation movement. Let's seek foundation support and large requests. I didn't have much feeling toward dealing with those people. We finally hired a woman to do that, and she didn't have a great success. We didn't have great success.

I remember going up with her to Jim Marshall's office, and Jim having dinner in the dining room of, I think, his hotel. One of those special dining places where everything was done to the tee. But we just didn't really hit any big money. I had a reaction to those who were dispensing that money from those foundations. Typically, people who, too often, were the legacies of their rich families, had been given positions, or relatively inexperienced folks in terms of public service causes, who were looking at you somewhat condescendingly saying, 'what kind of presentation, dance, can you give me to justify my sending you 10,000 or 100,000.' I didn't particularly like those performances. I didn't like the humbling experience of contending with those people that by and large were lacking in the depth and understanding to really measure what we thought we were doing. At that point, I had been through the empowerment programs of the Society, the leadership development. We'd gotten real sophisticated in terms of weekend conferences where people talked about their own needs, what they needed to keep fired up, and recommit themselves and develop their resilience. How they needed to develop circles of trust and mutual support to carry them through one battle after another. A lot of personal stuff that some of the most seasoned of our conservation advocates said, 'the only time I've ever done this in my life. And you apply it not only to me and my family and my need to have reinforcement of good friends and tight circles, but you take me into what I face in my organization and management and getting along.' It was highly rewarding.

In that context, I must mention R.T. Williams, whom Ted Swem had recommended from the executive institute down in Roanoke, Virginia. This was a place where the super greats were sent for, typically, six weeks or three months of steeping in all of the arts and sciences of human behavior and modern management. Well, R.T. was an academic that had been brought into that faculty and had made a great impression on Swem. Swem had said repeatedly, "You've got to get with this guy." So, one time I was in Denver—it was after the Denver office had been

created—and I called R.T. and said, “Let’s have breakfast.” I was due out on an 11:50 airplane. We met at 7:00 for breakfast, and we concluded at 5:00 in the afternoon. It was a gangbusters meeting, and all that I talked about and that he reflected on was in this area of empowerment and what you could do with people if you put them into the working circle. So, that led to my retention of R.T., always at economy prices. He gave a lot of himself with his wife, and we did staff development work, day-long sessions. He watched me critically as a management consultant in the office. Watched the staff meetings, watched me. Became a very close friend and was an inspiring component of our working sessions with the grassroots people. He defined accountability. A system for accountability at staff level.

As I said, Virginia Carney had good administrative skills, and she did the groundwork in rounding up the people for the conferences, the recruitment people, and much of the work in setting up the working sessions themselves. But recruitment on the basis of commitment now and past demonstration of that. Thirdly, as I said before, the capacity to see fulfillment of other people, the involvement of other people as the grandest of all harvest of our efforts where other people became involved and assumed the roles of leadership and involvement with a commitment to bring other people. That was the basis of our whole constituency building to give us political power—the capability to find good people, to show them what they could do, how they could build other people into a movement. Well, R.T. loved all of that, and he was full of advice and became a frequent visitor-participant in our sessions. I think made a presentation to the council but was very, very vital to my efforts and the efforts of people that we were responsible for. Some people did not like him. Some people resented his presence deeply. They didn’t like the mumbo-jumbo, touchy-feely as they described it of human development things. That was the reality within some members of the staff.

Where to from here?

KP: Why don’t you tell me about the Alaska pipeline and that whole fight?

SB: Well, as I said earlier, I got great encouragement from Frank Barry, who had been a solicitor for Udall for seven years, complemented by that of the solicitor himself, at that time, a guy named Eddie Wayburn. They made it clear that not only was the EIS [Environmental Impact Survey] inadequate, with its 32 or whatever pages, there was this immense project, 800 miles through the snow-capped passes, through the Yukon Valley, through the wetlands, the tundra. It couldn’t possibly be adequate as an environmental assessment. That just on the mineral leasing law that prescribed 28 feet or whatever on either side of the pipeline, they couldn’t do it. I had the realization that here were the major oil companies—five of them. I can’t name them all. This was the juggernaut of power in this country. I talked to Ben Stong about it. I said, “Ben, what do you think about my taking on this challenge?”

He says, “Well, Brandy, you’re taking on world government—the corporate oil industry.” So, with that kind of reality and being relatively young, I was filled with hesitation. Barry said, “You’ve got to do it.” I don’t know if he was on the council at the time at that point or not. But

“You gotta do it.” I sought others [unintelligible] groups, and nobody would touch it. Audubon had reached compromises in some of the refuges that they participated in, in the Deep South, where they had oil mixed with wildlife, and they had a lot of big money on the board. Sierra Club, with whom we cooperated.

Can you make a note of ads? [unintelligible] ads when we come to it?

KP: Ads? Yes

SB: Well, I called around—I don’t know how many days—and nobody wanted to do it.

KP: Not even Dave Brower?

SB: Well, I think Brower was out—

KP: Oh, was he out by then?

SB: He was out. He was Friends of the Earth. So, I finally reached Brower, but he said, “Yeah, but I don’t have any money.” Well, better than being alone. Finally, somebody in EDF said, yes—Environmental Advancement. So, we went, and there was a public service law firm headed by Jim Moorman, M-O-O-R-M-A-N, and two or three young lawyers right out of college. They said they’d take the case, and they would file for an injunction. So, they did. [laughs] We had piled in the cab and went up to the court room, and here it was. I don’t know how many oil company lawyers, six or eight or a dozen, and how many Department of Interior lawyers. There would be testimony and presentations, then they would have a break and all of this big delegation. Over here on the other side were Moorman and another young guy and a very lovely black lady that was new, but also was a lawyer. The judge played with it and thought about it. He said, “Enjoined. Stopped.” In compliance with the law.

I remember I said, “Let’s go to the Cosmos Club to celebrate.” The young lawyers on our side were scared. They were intimidated. They’d never done anything like this, and it was a great day. Hell, they’d come right out of law school, and thought they didn’t have any base of experience—

KP: Yeah, and here they’d just beaten big oil and the federal government all at once!

SB: Yeah, yeah! [laughs] It was a great coup! Went to the Cosmos Club, and they said, ‘oh, the ladies have to go in the women’s entrance,’ to this very attractive black lady. She says, “Like heck, I’m coming in the front entrance,” and she did! [laughs] I guess we had wine and celebrated briefly. I don’t remember much beyond that. Then it went on three months, and that forced Interior for years to develop basic information and engineering studies and the whole thing.

KP: Yeah, the permafrost impacts and all that stuff.

SB: Yeah! What do you do with the permafrost? What do you do with leakages? What do you do to keep from interrupting the movement of these massive caribou? Of course, typical pattern, they said, 'well, all of this will be compatible.' They still say this, and they still have great accidents up there today. Our best friends that watch the pipeline say its corroded. It's potential for a big break. They're having real problems in the fields, and the pipeline itself is subject to some serious accidents. A guy took a shot at the pipeline itself and caused it to leak a few years ago. Of course, the Valdez proved it all out that. The fight against it was led by Senator Mondale. He was a guy that had entrusted stuff to his staff. Only once do I remember being in the room with those who were our lobbyists against it in the Senate fight. He was not warm, enthusiastic in his presence like Hubert Humphrey and was inclined to be, as I recall it, dictatorial and say, "This is what you have to do." It wasn't any mastery in the part of him in giving incentive, encouragement, excitement to people as we sought to do in the Senate. Of course, the vote came out as a tie with Spiro Agnew, then vice-president, before he was exposed for his political chicanery and involvement in schemes that were in conflict with the public interest. He broke the tie in favor of the pipeline.

That followed months of work in the Senate—intensive lobbying. Of course, the efforts to draw our troops into [unintelligible] appropriate pressure on the members of the Senate. We were David and Goliath. Here was a money that the oil industry could put into it, and [unintelligible]. I went to the House and conferred with Congressman Melcher [John Melcher, Montana], who'd been in the House before he went to the Senate, and Ben Stong had become his aide somehow. Ben always being tied to the Interior Committee, or the staff of Anderson or whomever over in the Senate through all the wilderness bill years. Working now for this guy for whom I didn't have much respect, but he was sub-committee chairman of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee. The purpose of my visit, and I went alone, which was something I knew not to do. He said, "Well, we won't get to it until after the recess [unintelligible] August." That put me at ease. There was a week or ten days to go in session. Within days, he'd scheduled to take it out of subcommittee to full committee—I don't know exactly where it was—it was on the House floor, and I had not mobilized the massive mailing. Because in a lot of ways, we had more power in the House as evidenced by the fight on the national Timber Supply Act when we had contended with Colson and the Nixon administration. So, it went through the House. That's why the Senate loss was such a tragedy. We had come to realize that if the oil were coming out, it should go to the upper Mid-west, not to Valdez because of the history of that coastal transport problem where you get violent storms and great things that occurred when the Valdez ran aground and spilled oil. It's still a terrible tragedy.

What did I just have you put down?

KP: Ads and Bradshaw.

SB: Oh, it was in some sequence, I guess, before those votes that Bradshaw, the president—and his first name will come to me—invited me over to his suite just immediately south of Lafayette Park, which lies immediately north of the White House. This lovely, open park that faces into the north entrance of the White House as a visitor enters. It is on lower 16th Street, a block or two north of the Statler Hotel up in this lovely suite. A big suite of offices, and he had us in—us being Dickerman and myself.

KP: What was he president of?

SB: The consortium of the five companies that were the Alaska Pipeline. Alaska oil, whatever they called it, Trans-Alaska Pipeline Company. He said, “What’s the basis of your opposition?” Of course, we pled the case for all that we believed in, and we went along. Don’t remember any particulars, but he said, “Well, what have you done?” I described my life as a wildlife biologist, I suppose. Finally, he said, “Well, wouldn’t you be pleased to be able to leave this scene and retire?” Somewhere in the conversation, a million dollars came up. Dropped into the [unintelligible]. I left. I think I said, “Well, we’re in it to the end.”

KP: He couldn’t buy you off!

SB: But going down the street, I said, “Ernie, did you hear what that guy said?”

“What?”

I said, “He’s suggesting that I retire and I have a stipend of a million bucks.”

“Oh, what are you talking about?”

I said, “That was very clear. I could have had another life.” Gone back to Montana. Lived off my interest.

KP: Back when a million bucks was a lot more than it is now!

SB: Yeah, yeah, yeah. If I’d dickered, maybe I could have had two million too.

I remember going to a meeting over in the Department of Environmental Quality. Was Morton Secretary of the Interior at that juncture? I can’t be sure. But Russel Train was the under secretary, and it was the meeting of the environmentalists in a relatively small room, sitting row on row behind each other. The pipeline came up, and in that room, I was the only guy that just really tore into it. Interior was drifting along with it, and I said, “What?” I think Russel Train was the chairman of the session, the overview with DEQ. I just said, “Unconscionable. How can we entertain such a thing?” But people generally were quiet on it. Thurman Trospen was there, and I remember him saying, “Did you realize that you were the only guy that really went after it?”

I said, “Yes, I did, and isn’t that a regrettable fact of life?” There was an isolation as other groups stood back.

I think of Rodgers C.B. Morton’s Secretary of the Interior in the context of a proposal that came out of interior, that I think Harry Crandell got wind of. He was good at feeling the pulse of the agencies and getting the inside word when things were developing, but it was a grand scheme to transfer some of the big western wildlife regions to BLM [Bureau of Land Management]. I think it belonged to the big ones, I want to say [unintelligible], three or four of the big, big ones. It was moving, and it was about to be signed by the Secretary of the interior, so he decided to expose it. Our exposure took the form of calling, I don’t know who, where would the ads be, but they were full page ads, *New York Times*, *Denver Post*, *LA Times*, one or two other papers, or maybe only two of those three, but full-page ads, second section, whatever. I remember they cost in the neighborhood of 25,000 to 35,000 bucks. We did our best to design them, and then we turned them over to a professional. I’m sure the Sierra Club was with us, but they broke in the papers, and I was at the Cosmos Club. I used the Cosmos Club a lot. It was founded by John Wesley Powell, and through the years, the presidents had [unintelligible] along, went through—as my comment about the lady from the Moorman company, the lawyers team. They still had the tradition of a ladies’ entrance and a ladies’ sitting room—very lovely. The ladies could occupy the lower dining room, but they couldn’t go upstairs to where the bulls congregated and played pool. And this lovely ballroom where we had this Wilderness Bill corner. They couldn’t go up there.

Well, through the years, as that became a very heated controversy, and of course, I was surrounded by great people. George Crossette and the former president Paul Oehser—of course, that later became president—these were the guys who got me into the place. I think Oehser was favorable to women, but he handled it well. But Crossette—there were meetings in the evening to vote against that liberalization of the rules. [laughs] Finally, it got changed. At one point, Kennedy forced them to make very clear that black people were encouraged. It liberalized, and I was there but I didn’t involve myself in the politics of the old Cosmos Club [unintelligible] as it was and as much as I enjoyed it. A lot of people were greatly impressed if you take them to lunch there. Stewart Udall, he liked that, and I’d have a one-on-one him.

Anyway, we hit the refuge issue with three or four ads, I don’t know. I was there having lunch, and the headwaiter came and said there was a call from Secretary of the Interior Morton. He said, “Brandy, for god’s sake, we weren’t intended to transfer those game ranges. We’re not going to transfer those.”

I said, “Well, that’s a great break. We had convictions based on what we knew, that that...” And that ended it. Through the years, we’d gotten on, and see, some of that started in Echo Park, the full-page ads. We used the full-page ads. One—maybe it was that issue—but you know the producer for the Joyce Brothers psychologist show? She was an Audubon member. So, she called me up and says, “Can you come up and be on the Joyce Brother’s show?”

I said, "I guess I can if you buy me a ticket and put me up." [laughs; unintelligible]

"No problem. Come out and be there." So, you walk into the thing—

Oh, that was on Alaska. It was on the trans-Alaska pipeline. Of course you don't see Joyce Brothers, you don't see the producer that called you. Just the little gal, not very skilled, saying, "What's this about?" You say what it's about. She sits down and puts it on the script. You can look at Joyce, you can look above her and read your profound statement. Joyce comes in, walking kind of like a zombie. She'd been made up. No touch. She sits down. I don't know if they even introduced her to us. Then the master of ceremonies that is her straight man says, "Today we have people who are here to seek the preservation of lands in Alaska." We'd get a flash on and get their chit chat and stuff, and then finally, you get to read this profound statement. There's some discussion with Joyce who doesn't know which end of the cigar is lit. [laughs] You get up and leave, and that's it.

Well, Peggy Spaw had become treasurer of the Wilderness Society, and her brother was a prominent lawyer in Phoenix. She lived in Phoenix. One time he visited, and he said, "You have a death wish, Brandborg."

I said, "I don't think so."

He said, "Well, having my sister be treasurer of an outfit is as close as you can come!"

But Peggy Spaw was one of our great enlightened leaders and trainers and participants in the seminars and the conference. Just a tough political experienced liberal Democrat, and had been part of the Udall campaign, and the old-line loyalists as far as I was concerned. Unsung heroine. Always right there with Sig—behind you all the way.

Did we put anything else down there? I did want to get the use of the ads because we felt great freedom to invest in those. We'd get about half of our money back. We had a tradition. Any time that we had an issue, wilderness or anything, we'd call the other groups. So, we'd list Audubon, we'd list...Oh, and Dave did come in with Friends of the Earth on the pipeline. But he didn't have any money. He was stalwart, and he kept track of it and helped celebrate when we won. He was firm, but he didn't have any money in the tiller.

KP: Did the fight over the pipeline help kind of launch the effort on the national interest lands? Or was it not so much related then?

SB: I think it did. You know, I hadn't thought of that question, but I think it did in that here you focused on the incomparable wilderness values of the north country. It also brought certain maturity to the environmental movement because here was the specter of world government organization, the oil industry. And Ben had it right. You're taking on world government. So, yes, I think that was related. The guys—Bob Weeden [Robert B. Weeden] and others—in Alaska isn't

very articulate. In all of this, Roger Kaye's book [*Last Great Wilderness: The Campaign to Establish the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge*] reveals the work done by the old-timers to bring the Arctic Game Range into reality and the great work of Mardy and Olaus. I met Olaus as a senior at the University of Montana here. He came in, I think, to the Wildlife Society meeting, but his beautiful presence, very natural, not affectations, talking from what he had in his mind and not referring to paper. It was my pleasure to meet Olaus and Zahnis at North American Wildlife Conference...I should say Olaus and Mardy at North American Wildlife Conference where he would come as a renowned biologist with work on the first opus, monograph, on elk. He came with the credentials, and I think he was the recipient, if I'm not mistaken, of the Aldo Leopold Award of the Society. In fact, received an honorary doctorate and said, "Ain't that good? I don't have to go through hoops for three years of graduate study." He chuckled about that, but he was disarming at the North American Conferences. Here was this conclave of 1,100, 1,300, 1,400 wildlifers and conservationists. It was the meeting in that period. Major speakers from the Interior, from the Congress. Hubert Humphrey was the keynote speaker. You may want to refer to that speech in, I think, maybe 1965 after Zahni had died. He eulogized Zahni and spoke in his beautiful terms of the victory on the wilderness bill.

Anyway, at these meetings, Olaus was disarming, saying, "This is what wilderness does, and this is how I feel about the wilderness." It would be a small group of 30 or 40 or 50, maybe 20 people. This was when meetings were going on sponsored by different organizations for their constituents. It was that charm that literally enveloped people and brought them into the reality. Then He spoke of the experiences and the emotion that he mentioned.

I remember in the early years, before I think I was on the council, I [unintelligible] to meet Olaus and Mardy. They'd taken the bus down from some place in Pennsylvania. I think we went to the—I'm sure we went to one of the wonderful dining restaurant where the Watergate now is. It used to be parks and open vistas with lovely lawns and trees, looking down toward the Potomac over the valley. I remember this was my just wanting to get some time with them, I think, and they were available and just talking about...walking around the block at the bus station. We encountered this place where the maple and other leaves had come on, fallen to the ground, and here was this...Is it the right word, montage? This took him to a wonderful realm of appreciating the world and nature and things. He would take you off on those insightful things to realize what a precious guy he was.

Mardy always so good one on one, or groups—the same way. Inspiring in her words and writings. She demonstrated impatience during the council deliberations when things were tense and tight and would say, "Can't we be done with this?" That bothered Zahni because you needed to be as thoughtful and as completely focused as you could be. Zahni shared the leadership of the society with Olaus, and then Olaus with the designated president and Zahni was executive director. But Zahni handled the issues, the day-to-day concern. Olaus came in very compatibly as an envoy and a beautifully articulate spokesman.

Later, during the debate on the wilderness bill, as I lined it out in my memo of 1959, Olaus would say, “Maybe we should just talk to people about the wilderness, it’s values, what it brings to human spirit. Just talk to people, educate them.”

As I said it in that memo, “Well, yes Olaus, we’ve got to do that, but we also got to have a line of defense in the policy, or we’re going to be faced with countless invasions of wild areas without the policy that gives us a line of defense.”

KP: Yeah, it sounds like Olaus kind of vacillated back and forth on the wilderness. At times he was for it, and other times he was having second thoughts that it was taking away from the education mission.

SB: Right. That’s right. He did have those reflective times when he would say just about that.

My first experience at a hearing was on Bruce’s Eddy Dam—Bruce’s Eddy and Penny Cliff Dam—proposed for the Clearwater River with the Corps of Engineers in Washington D.C. I testified for the National Wildlife Federation; Olaus testified for the Wilderness Society. Great big auditorium in the commerce building with 50, 60 people down in the front end of the room. The Corps with its brass holding this hearing. Don’t remember—

[Break in audio]

KP: All right, we're back in business.

SB: I was with the Federation, working for Callison as assistant preservation director. I’d come from Northern Idaho; I’d come from Moscow, and I’d been in the center of the fight to keep the Corps [Army Corps of Engineers] from building these 500-foot dams that would flood 50 miles of these magnificent mountain, wilderness canyons.

Ultimately, when I went to work for the Wilderness Society in the spring of ’60, I got off my focus. I had been a principal opponent in robbing those two projects of authorization and appropriations. I was working for the society trying to get my feet on the ground and damned if they didn’t get preliminary engineering money through...on Bruce’s Eddy on the north fork of the Clearwater, which now has totally destroyed that lovely mountain valley [unintelligible] fish runs. We stopped the other dam at Penny Cliffs. A change occurred, the Corps was weakened in its advocacies, but Bruce’s Eddy is a reality.

I remember at that hearing Olaus [Murie] say, “Brandy, we’ve got to be careful get into a discussion of where the dam will be, but we want to just stand firm in opposition [unintelligible]. We won’t get into the deep water of where.” Well, that was good experience for a young guy, relatively insecure in the Washington setting.

I am told by people that use the computer that someone somewhere has sat looking at the Congressional hearings and there are long, long listings of the statements which I made at those. I don't know who in god's name has time to do that and enter it into the computer with whatever scanning devices are used. I do remember sometimes weekly, sometimes twice a week, marching forward with a statement. I was [unintelligible] have the staff do that. But the tradition in the Congress was having the agency, the secretariat, the sponsor of the bill first—the Congressional sponsor—then the secretariat, then the legal, the lawyers, then the presentation, and that went on forever. Then the proponents, and then those from the citizenry. You would sit there all morning soaking this up, and sometimes it was 5:00 in the afternoon and you were there with two or three other people brought to testify. There might be one senator or two senators.

In the case of the wilderness bill, as I said, the hearings went on forever, because we drug people from all over the country in to build this first monumental document—the bible. Senator Murray [James Murray, Montana] was old, he was tired, and he turned it over to Ben Stong [Murray's Congressional aide]. So, it was Ben Stong presiding. Once in a while, another senator might slip in and stay for a few minutes, but it was very superficial involvement of most of the members of the Senate. Often, the case with hearings, both House and Senate—I remember appearing on Interior Department appropriations for an old gentleman that had represented Arizona, I think, longer than any member up to that point [unintelligible]. He was old. He was tired. It'd be an afternoon appearance with 10 or 15 minutes, and one staff person and this old guy would doze off right during your eloquent effort. It was almost laughable.

Very little consistent, careful follow through by citizen organizations on the national groups with appropriations, so things like wilderness protection, trails, wildlife refuge maintenance, support, expansion. Later under the Conservation Fund, very poor coordinated work to get those funds through the Congress. That whole effort was slighted by the movement. Callison was consistent in doing the best with the Wildlife Federation, and I went up with some frequency on money. But it really required working with the subcommittee members, having a campaign, carrying through to the culmination with the hearings, and then pressure on the members of the committee to get money in a bill. It didn't occur.

I do remember, I had a period of riding the bus from Reston into Washington, and I was chided because in the morning the bus would be loaded with young people that worked at the *Geographic* [National Geographic]. They went out to the small communities, I think, [unintelligible] to round up employees to take into this ever-expanding National Geographic organization. Evenings there would be a few other bureaucrats and myself—maybe 12 people—and I would go to the bus. I'd often sit back there, reading to myself, the statement that had to be given the next morning. Sometimes, my own words, sometimes, words that had been put together by other people in the staff. The one that really had fun razzing me and [unintelligible] today was Virginia Carney who lived in a development from the same place where I [unintelligible]. Went on for months where I was in isolation back there reading to myself, and with a briefcase that was loaded with all kinds of stuff off my desk [unintelligible].

She said, it was phenomenal and the rest of them commented on this poor soul that sought [unintelligible] and read to himself in the back seat.

Eventually, that broke down and they started stopping for libation. The bus driver would stop for this group, and there were these informal gatherings on the way home. I found from sitting across from Peeps—Virginia Carney—that she had this insatiable interest in wildlife. She said she was headed down to Florida, and I said, “Well, here’s where you want to go.” [unintelligible], she did and we developed a friendship, and I ultimately learned that she had six guys working for her within the key framework that had management skills, so I hired her with the approval of the council who...She took over the direct mail, the business management, and the organization of all the groundwork for most of our training. With people like Clif.

Clif, in the meantime, had insisted from his first days of wanting to set up a Western office and decided on Denver to get the best coverage. He went about recruiting the staff, and he had, for the most part, very good people. He used these consultant networks of people that were working on de facto wilderness, various places, National Forest wilderness primarily. Much less involvement. At a later stage, it became a problem with Clif because he was so absorbed with the failures of the Forest Service to protect its wilderness and they were real. But he had a real worry that national interests in Alaska or the pipeline were detracting from those grassroots campaigns. That flowered into his being almost autonomous in his advocacy [long pause; loud noise], at times, wanting to set up funding sources for the western office separate from the main office. That was understandable and workable to a degree, but it lent to internal conflict where he said, “Oh, this money shouldn’t be...there should be more money for national forest purposes.”

We’ll get into that later.

But the western office and Clif’s dogged, tenacious advocacy was important in the sense of defining areas. Clif liked to get into the details of drawing the lines on the map. He had complete awareness of the resistance of the Forest Service to most of what we stood for, at least, the hierarchical level. He led key litigation on the big highway that would have sacrificed a lovely wilderness area—interstate road. Just fought valiantly on those issues. Of course, used the networks that he had developed whenever we got into a financially [unintelligible] work their circles at the state level and mobilize pressure on Congress [unintelligible] members.

So, what do we have next? What’s on your—

KP: A couple of little questions. I guess, one, I was interested to hear a little bit more about George Marshall. I understand that he, not only was active with the Wilderness Society, but then became, I think, national president or the Sierra Club at one point? If I remember right, he was helping with producing the magazine during the wilderness bill fight for at least a period—take some pressure off Zahni.

SB: Right. That's accurate. Became president of the Sierra Club. Took leadership as, I think, managing editor of *Living Wilderness*. Zahni still put it to bed and, I think, read every word. George was assiduous in pursuing the details of what was prescribed as the way wilderness was cared for—long, tiring discussions of what could be allowed. People like George and Bernard Frank's demanding for purity in the best sense. No intrusions and questioning whether trail systems should be maintained [unintelligible] standards. Whether there should be trails at all. All of those fine points of deliberation were George's [unintelligible]. He and Bernard Frank were solid, immovable and principled from the standpoint of wilderness. George remembered his brother Bob [after whom the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area is named] with great fondness. Was always the reasoned, thoughtful advocate. Long discussions by letter between him and Arnie [Arnold Bolle?] and Zahni and strategies and moves. George was deeply involved in the question of our legislative involvement and the threat to our [unintelligible] space and our long-term service. So, deliberate and thoughtful that it took a lot of time to take him through to a conclusion. Then he would be certain.

It was his way of life to be deliberative to the point of being a distraction. He followed my lead [unintelligible] the money. He was impressed, I think, with our ability to make the funding work. [laughs] I remember one incident, our stationery came out from the printers with a line at the bottom, [unintelligible] of course, but it said, "In wilderness is the preservation of the world." That kind of thing was more George. I don't know what we used the stationery for, but George came down on that with great concern.

KP: Sounds like he was not as adversarial as Jim, his brother Jim?

SB: Oh, quite the opposite. Yeah. I don't know what injury to inflict on lawyers, but they go through three years of law school and turn...What's my word? Turn [unintelligible]...What is the word for it?

KP: Internship?

SB: Internship, right. The adversarial becomes their way of life. Maybe it was that experience that made the discussions with Dick and Jim so hard so many times. But as I've said, Zahni sought counsel, and every decision on strategy he would want to review with you or me—what's more, the members of the council—saying, "These are the factors that we face. What do you think?" And these two were basically not an executive committee. They were on the fringes. Jim, really, had very little to do with the conservation-wilderness movement, except his membership there. The strategy, at an early point, was to put Jim on the council to counter the claims that Robert was too much of a social (?). Well, this was a counter move. I didn't hear that articulated, but it seeped through to me. So, here was Jim, who'd been a Republican and had led efforts, I think, in education in the Greater New York community, but had been an outstandingly good citizen.

Jim...Bob [unintelligible] ACLU, I think, the labor movement and the Wilderness Society, of course [unintelligible], which was managed by five or six people—wilderness council members, including Bill Zimmerman, who wasn't always, I don't think, on the council. But anytime, the society needed to draw on the funds beyond a certain level, it took the formalization of the trust act (?), and as I said on that one occasion, they held back on something like \$30,000 where we felt that a well-designed mailing and campaign would have brought the bill out of the House committee. We'd been two years ahead of what was the case.

George was a gentle spirit, as you heard from, sometimes, the [unintelligible] positions of Jim. Very [unintelligible], very kind. Very much inclined to massage a question until you were convinced you'd fall off your chair. [laughs]

Jim came from working for one major firm from the peninsula of California—one of the big, powerful outfits, I think. He was the corporate lawyer and had experience raising his kids in the wilderness—the hikes that he and Doris [Doris Milner]—Doris, of course, working a lot for Alaskan issues [unintelligible]. She partnered with this great guy in an organization on behalf of Alaska [unintelligible]. Ed and Peggy Wayburn became well known for their work in Alaska. Ed was a great challenge to us because we were working with all we had on a national interest plan. Ed would come to town and touch bases with leaders of Interior on the Hill, and you never would see him. So, he carried his own torch, and he was very effective, but he was very much a unilateralist as we tried to say, “Ed, let's get together. Let us share with you what we know and need to know what direction you think we should take.” But that wasn't Ed Wayburn.

He and his wife, Peggy, had devoted years to the work for the Alaskan wilderness. He, in many ways, was the leader of that effort as a designated consultant for Interior working with Ted Swem and the Interior teams to identify the areas [unintelligible].

Well, I'm wound down. You have, as I understood...you'd like to cover. Pick up on after more coffee or something.

KP: Do you want to take a break? I guess I was curious is the Bob Marshall Wilderness Trust still around, or is that gone out of business?

SB: Good question. I don't have the answer. I have no ties, as you are aware, with the Wilderness Society that give me any [unintelligible] for evaluating their programs. Except my meetings with Bill. Sought an audience with him a year or two ago in Missoula. He was making a speech at our wilderness lecture series at the University [of Montana]. I really pled for the grassroots empowerment work that I described in this conversation with you. I've never...no organization has picked up on that. For a year or two, the Sierra Club did [unintelligible] what could be, as I describe, a seminar. But [unintelligible] just going out and say, “You all come. You're invited on the basis of your great commitment and your interest in empowering other people,” nobody has picked up on it. And it's as right as it can be because people are out there thrashing around, doing a wonderful job, but they don't have anyone to say, “Come for this

reason together. Let us strategize together. Let's learn how we manage ourselves, build our teams, give ourselves a resilience, develop the programs for outreach to people who would care about the world." There's nobody doing it. So, in a way, what we've done in the Bitterroot is a start toward that, but we need to formalize the training and the working session where we take 40 of the 120 people here that were with us three weeks ago on a Saturday to celebrate the election of three people to the county commission. We need to take those people and say, "Well, here's what we're about. Here's how we build the bonds of trust and assignments of work and the teams." That isn't being done.

The closest that you have, I think, is the structure of the Sierra Club in chapters where there's much competitive rivalry, much effective work, but not in the sense of ecumenical effort bringing groups together and reaching out to women's groups—League of Women Voters—farmers [unintelligible], labor, minorities. We had fun doing that in the Wilderness Society, and I don't think Bill Meadows [William H. Meadows] receives my insights with any base of having a feeling for people that I would want him to have. And I [unintelligible] to care. You need the tools and come with their personal experience, their backgrounds, their hang-ups, their inhibitions. But where do you...you fit them into the [unintelligible] of using what they have to offer and giving them the great fulfillment of being a part of the cause. I don't think...Of course, this is the legacy of our great capitalistic system. Elephant said as he danced among the chickens, "Everybody for himself." Herblock [Herbert Block] in the Washington Post captured that with elephant dancing and the chickens scattering and the feathers being lost. The competitiveness, take care of yourself permeating concerns for people.

Anna Vee and I had a hell of a time holding family together, making enough money, all of these pressures that work on the best of our people. Trying to find balance between what they can give of available time and what you would like them to accomplish. That's one of the main things that I face daily. I'm working full-time at this stage of planning in the Bitterroot and maybe a little bit on wilderness, for Wilderness Watch occasionally. But my tendency to demand too much, [unintelligible] with this caveat "within your available time, can you help? Come when you can, and let us keep you informed."

That's what I'm up to this week. We've got these new commissioners, but none of them have had experience in government. None of them have had bureaucratic experience, and so I will assemble 20 to 30 people and say, "Here's what we have to tell them. Let's split up in teams of two, and the two of you are going to see this one this week and that one next week, and the third commissioner the following week." The message will be essentially this, "Tell us what you think the message should be," so they all own that.

Well, I don't think the human resource in the term of what can we help people to find themselves in the grand social movement—that doesn't make sense to most [unintelligible] in our organizations. That doesn't make sense to the average politician. I think we've found it here and that we built on planning and the loss of our legacy of beautiful landscapes and beautiful streams and beautiful mountains. That's why the Bitterroot and the Gallatin-Bozeman area, the

Flathead with Glacier—that's why we're exploding with people coming in. The big developers want to be in the lead to the march to plunk in 600 or 800 houses wherever they damn please. But people are saying no, and if we can utilize the groundswell that we now have to change the politics in this little old reactionary town where a handful of people—rich, well-established, controlling Republican party—and telling people they're Republicans and building on divisive issues. They are [unintelligible]. They don't realize that we just went to good old regular folks and talked about the values that we sacrifice to [unintelligible] land to development.

Anyway, I don't think...I think it's there. We find a rich benefactor, we take a crew of 10 people, 20 people, men and women that love the people, like to see them come into the ultimate fulfillment of their lives. Bring social and political change through indoctrination of folks who say, "Yeah, I'd like to be a part of that." Of course, that's the turning point in our democracy. We see today people living in disillusionment, they're giving up, the system is not working. They remove themselves from the political scene. They say, "Don't bother me. I'll watch the tube and try to make as much money as I can to find security." That's the big thing—security. Then in the absence of good programs to provide for our health with an economic crash in the near future is...you see the corporate world suffer from its expansions and failure to consider any values except the wealth of the people involved. We're in for some real calamities that worry everybody. There is no mechanism for saying, "Here's how you can be a part of the political and the social change process."

That's a little digression, but I remember Thurman Trospen and his criticism of me when we went through the fight, and I think that [unintelligible]. He says, "The trouble with Brandborg is all that he wants to do is run around the country and make democracy work." Basically, that's where I am. I used wilderness and I used wilderness cause, but I felt that after we worked with people and showed them how much they could contribute, they were ready to face any broad range of social issues. It wasn't just wilderness. Wilderness was vital...And maybe that's where I went beyond George Marshall's [unintelligible] with wilderness. I was into people building, and that's not a very good term...But that in my bottom line is what we have is a prime [unintelligible] good people to play a role [unintelligible].

Let's stop for a while if it's agreeable.

KP: Sure.

[Break in audio]

SB: I'm thinking of two areas of my involvement. One is with the National Park Service—I separated from the Wilderness Society early in '76 with an agreement that I would...I asked for a termination by them to get salary for a year and insurance coverage for a year. It sort of left me adrift in terms of looking for some place to light. I found what we spoke of yesterday. Here you were with what you thought was great wisdom, experience and insight, and nobody really wanted to have you on their crew. In that period, Maitland and Jack had...Maitland Sharpe and

Jack Lorenz [John R. Lorenz] were great buddies. Lady at the American Rivers was a good friend. Rafe Pomerance was running Friends of the Earth for Dave. Rafe and his wife I had worked with in an organization organized by Senator Hart [Gary Hart of Colorado], which called together to convene a grand array of environmental groups, labor, minorities, inner-city workers up in one of the Senate office buildings. It was a effort to say 'why don't you join together on behalf of your broad array of issues—environment, coal interests, labor, inner-city people, housing people. Why don't you unify?' And from that an organization was started, and we rolled along through a couple of meetings, a few weeks apart, and then Senator Hart said that he had to withdraw because of the thought that he would be leading lobby for these groups and that there were political implications that could have been misunderstood, misconstrued.

I'm trying to get the name of this organization, but long story shortened somewhat, it came into existence and Rafe and his wife-to-be Lenore became the volunteer executive heads, and I with a fellow who ran the national tenants organization became the co-chair of people. He had worked a lot, as a black person, with minorities on housing in the inner cities. For maybe three years, we worked to maintain this group and keep it alive. Keep it focused on some issues, and I did this and that in conjunction with my wilderness work and I grew into a close relationship with Rafe and [unintelligible] who gave her time and energy to the project. Rafe had a long overcoat and long hair, kind of come out of the progressive movements that had come to the fore during the Vietnam period—looked like a Russian Bolshevik. [laughs] But a great progressive guy and had worked, I think, in the state of Virginia for impoverished people. He had a [unintelligible] experience.

I can't get the name of that organization for some sense. In that period, Syd Howe [Sydney Howe] became active in the organization, and I was part of an organization that he'd brought together. He'd come out of the foundation there where he had led it, and he just had a great concern for impoverished people, the needs of people in the cities, the general concern shared by all of us for progressive things to give disadvantaged people opportunities. Well, that was quite an investment of time. At one time, Brock Evans...and Brock Evans through the years got into that at my behest because of his own humanitarian interests.

When I left the Society, I was doing some of that work. I consulted with Rafe who was having a hard time getting along with Dave Brower. Dave Brower was very critical of Rafe and I had known Dave as a comrade in arms through Echo Park and later in the Glen Canyon fight. I was new at the Society. I'd taken over from Zahni. I remember his coming to town, appealing to me to throw into that. I was somewhat overcome, in my perspective, deciding on what to do when it came to the wilderness bill—law, new law. In a sense, I felt my father's search for how we would go about filling that mission was mine and mine along, and I think of it that way today. The rediscovery of what we've done with the wilderness bill years, the building of local teams and that. That grew out of my reflection that it was our baby, it wasn't going to happen unless the Wilderness Society did it, and the only thing we had were the good people on the state-level that needed to be given the message, mobilized, shown what had to be done, and that of

course that has been a great, successful effort. But in the Society, most years, the Carter campaign was emerging and a guy by the name of Joe—

[Break in audio]

SB: —Joe became closely tied to the Carter campaign and was a very capable writer, and I think composed much of the Carter campaign platform environmentally. I don't know who did it, but from air to water, to public lands, to wilderness, it was astutely done. I had gone to work for Mo Udall [Morris "Mo" Udall] at the behest of Frank Barry, thinking that Mo, with whom I had a good acquaintance and with whom I had met during the campaign for the national interest lands, first statehood in that period when I remember going in with a delegation of 20 people to say, "Mo, we got to be sure that we get at least 60 or 70 million acres out of the national interest."

"Oh," he said, "you better be realistic at 30." Our group argued. I argued. I put this circle of people together to be persuasive with Mo, but he was very, very cautious. He was very, very limited in what he saw coming out of it in the way of the wilderness, national parks, refuges, etcetera. In that period, one of the greatest, strongest people, in addition to John Saylor, whose relationship with Zahni had been very close, was perpetuated by me. I had known John, known his able assistant Ann Dunbar from whom we got the great support, and to whom both Zahni and I maintained a close relationship of providing information, feeding it to John, preparing appropriate statements. Of course, Zahni had done this to the ultimate with the introductory statements, but in the course of the hearings and so forth, John's eloquence was basically Zahni's although he was very fine when he spoke from the heart and from his own convictions. He also, as I said, on the House floor or in Committee, would sometimes be subject to gross exaggerations, which were unchallenged by his colleagues, because their knowledge of what he was talking about was extremely limited. One misstatement would follow another from him [unintelligible], and nobody seemed to pay too much attention.

So, you could always go to John Saylor with a very tough issue, and he would say, "Well, have you talked to Mo?" He figured that Mo was more of a follower than a leader. Indeed, Mo needed reinforcement that you wanted to get Moe's leadership in the committee, and he was becoming increasingly active as a Democrat there. Aspinall always in charge.

You would go to other members. One of those that was really strong was John Dingell. Now, he's still there. He was the head of the...What committee? But had great influence and would rise on behalf of an issue—a wildlife issue, endangered species. He was one of the consistent strong allies with Mo and John Saylor. The one who, indeed, I mentioned, provided us the large room from which to coordinate the campaign on the National Forest Management Act that had been given endorsement by the Nixon administration.

Well, summer of '76, I was dipping into the hard responsibilities as co-chair, and I'd had those for a couple of years. As with all great assemblages where the executive leaders shows up to be

with Senator Hart on invitation had fallen off to the second- and third-tier in command. I, as an older member of relatively young representatives with this great, good black friend, commandeered that effort, and we did some limited things. Quite a few things for inner city people like social programs. Summer of '76, I mentioned Joe Browder and Louise Dunlap. They had had an organization. Joe had left it, but Louise was still running very effective on matters of environmental policy: clean air, clean water. Not too many months, Louise left that organization.

Joe had contributed a lot to the platforms of Carter and urged me to join their team. He was down in Atlanta. I had known Jane Yarn [Jane Hurt Yarn] through wilderness work and the Washington seminars where she had been a participant. She had been named by Carter to be his environmental chair. I persuaded her to pay my transportation and some of my expenses in Atlanta to help out. So, that summer I spent several weeks down in this headquarters. I suffered real disappointment in the absence of leadership. From Jody Powell [Joseph Lester "Jody" Powell, Jr] and the top people who were running Carter, because there were no effective meetings of the candidates. I think we were on two floors of the large, large skyscraper building—seventh and eighth or eighth and ninth. No convening of people, no meeting of the environmental teams, or the labor team, or the farm team. It seemed to be an every man for himself thing, and as I indicated earlier, many people who had aspiration for high office. I don't know if I was in high office. I did say that I'd used the names of the wilderness cooperators over the country. There were some 2,600 of those, and I used the phones to send these good platforms. It was a confusing, hurried, spasmodic campaign, but I think the environmental vote delivered.

In the meantime, Joe Browder had been terminated by the campaign. Jane Yarn had suggested some things like having the honorable groups, the names of individuals, named of the principal sponsors of Carter. I blackballed that on the basis of the fact that so many people of importance would be left off. I worked rather closely with her. We went through the campaign, as I said, the celebration at the big hotel. Came back to Washington, and there was a period of transition from the November election into December where they had transitional over in the neighborhood of south agriculture. That again was very, apparently, a scramble of people seeking positions. A very frustrating time in terms of any aspiration that I had, because it was many people you didn't know or never seen before that somehow or other were backed by one member of Congress or whomever. It was in, I suppose, December that Frank Church called me to say that Cecil Andrus would be in town, and he wanted to meet with me. So, I went up to Church's office and had this meeting with this very personable guy, who hadn't been a clear opponent in the eyes of one man that was very close to Carter, Regenstein—Lewis Regenstein—that was working for Cleveland Amory. I think it was the Fund for Animals. It stood for protection of predators, other animals, from cruelty. Cleveland wrote maybe for the *New Yorker* but was well known as an author. He funded Lew, who was young, but had connections of an affluent family that ran the big department store in Atlanta. Lew had an in with the Carter family. Amory later came out when the National Park Service spoke of controlling the feral donkeys in the Grand Canyon. It was Amory that kicked up the grand fuss and insisted that the

donkeys be captured and moved to a sanctuary and built great bodies of reaction, particularly in the cities. He'd saturate the media, and there'd be an outcry. Lew was a more reasonable person than Cleveland. Cleveland's was certainly right to not wanting to see animals cruelly treated but was none the less [unintelligible].

Thank you, ma'am.

KP: Thank you, Anna Vee.

SB: Andrus wanted to know what I could do to get him help from the Fund for Animals and other groups that were going to blackball him with Carter. He wanted to be considered, and was being considered, as a nominee for the secretaryship of Interior. He said, "Are you interested in the job?"

I said, "No, I haven't been thinking about it." Although the conservation leaders then, sans me, because I wasn't with the Wilderness Society. I'd been flown down in a plane. They had a session with Carter, who should be secretary of Interior. It's my understanding that my name came up. I don't know if it was seven or eight of them, but they actually used the black ball machine and I got one black ball for that great purpose. I will always have suspicions as to who put it in there, but I don't know. So, I said, "Well, I'll have you talk to Lew and get acquainted with his circle," and I did. [unintelligible] carefully of his position in terms of predator control and things like that. The kind of predator control that's still subsidized by our Congress, carried out by the Department of Agriculture, counts for black bears and weasels and badgers and eagles. Horrible program. Cecil was able to get Lew to give him the green light with Andrus. Next thing I knew, Carter flew down his cabinet [unintelligible] Georgia to his place, and they conferred. They made a big announcement in a ballyhooed press conference. Here was Cecil, appointed. In this period, when he was on slippery slope—

Now, think of that thing flying all the way from Missoula with chemicals. Think of the cost. [pauses]

In this period, Cecil was calling me. "How am I doing? What's Lew saying? What's this happening?" He would call, it would be 10:00 here and midnight at home, and so he'd waken me repeatedly in the night. "How we doing? Well, thanks so much Brandy, you're saving my day. Think I'll make it." This is before the announcement of the appointment. So, it was in a cold, cold period in Maryland, and I was hoping for some kind of damn job, somewhere. Fed the kids, and I remember we had a big fire in the fireplace. Here was Cecil, and he said, "Oh Brandy! Got back last night. Big crowd welcomed in the airplane, and we've been here in the mansion. We partied just about all night. I'm just sitting on the bed and wanted to call you. [unintelligible] Which one of these outfits would you be interested in?"

I said, "Well, Park Service or Fish and Wildlife Service."

“Well, no problem, you’ll have it.”

Well, my dad, who was dying of prostate cancer at that point, but who was buoyed in his last weeks—he died in March—was tracking on this. In the time I was in Atlanta with unlimited phone service, I had kept particularly close with him and told him of the national [unintelligible]. I was talking with Anna Vee, who was stuck back in, teaching school and taking care of the tribe. This was a dull routine, going back and forth from this hotel to staying with this lovely couple for a while before I moved in with a lovely woman Ada Toom (?) in their duplex. Monotonous routine, but constantly one to...and Jane Yarn had brought in, oh, half a dozen or eight inexperienced women. Real good volunteers. Couple of them became very active in the conservation movement over the years. So, I waited and nothing happened. Cecil came to town, and nothing happened. Finally, up at an Interior Committee hearing, I followed him into the restroom and said, “Cecil, what in the hell’s going on?”

“Oh,” he said, “Brandy! You’re too hot!”

Then I said, “Well, I need to come see you.” So, I had an appointment, and he confirmed that. I had taken on too many issues, ostensibly the pipeline or the timber industry or what. That was one thing that my good old dying dad had portended. He said, “Of course, you’ve stood up too many times.”

I said, “Well, you got to get me some kind of a position.”

He said, “Well, go see Herbst.” I went down to see Herbst. Bob Herbst had come out of the state agency in Minnesota and had his walls lined with commendations of every dinky conservation organization in the state commending Robert Herbst. He was the ultimate egoist. Well intentioned. Generously spoken to me. Of course, valued Sig. As I told you, gave me this tape of Sig’s reminiscences, which I wanted to share with you. But had no idea how to use [unintelligible]. Finally, I sat around for a couple of months in the assistant secretary offices, tried hard to influence him in bringing together his assistant secretary corridor of people in developing program. Watched the Carter team come in and basically ignore all the people there, but say whether it was the Park Service, here’s what we are going to do, without any sensitive handling of the people who were there. Of course, my approach would have been to say, “What do you folks see? You’ve given your life to this. What should we be doing?” No siree bob. The zingers (?) were there, and they manipulated or they were full of dictatorial policy that they thought was in vogue. No thoughtful, careful handling of the bureaucracy, and of course, the bureaucracy scrambled to be favored by these new people. Always with the recognition with, quote, “This too will pass.” Here today, gone tomorrow.

Well, in that period...So, after some months, I was working under contract. No appointment for four or five months, a very great disadvantage in that I wasn’t getting federal retirement, which had I gotten it, with the work I’d done out in the field over the five seasons with the Forest Service, would have given me retirement. I never placed great worry on that, but it would have

been nice when I finally terminated at the behest of James Watt with Watt coming in at the loss of Carter and Reagan taking over. Been around, working under contract. Finally got assigned to the National Park Service to help in their work with citizens. Of course, new director, a guy named Bill Whalen [William J. Whalen, III], and his assistant was a black man named Ira Hutchison, with whom I was to put together the liaison with the national organization. Biggest inhibitor was Ira Hutchison—had absolutely no patience with citizen involvement. Saw no place for them. Here were my friends in various organizations, the National Parks Association, the Friends of the Earth, on down the list, Audubon. I just routinely went into it more or less saying, “Here’s what we are going to do,” and convened monthly with the directorate. After about a year, I had persuaded a guy by the name of Dick Curry, I think it was, who was a holdover from the previous Republican administration. Wanted a favor of this director. Bill...I had his name a moment ago...

KP: Whalen?

SB: Whalen. He’d come from the new, very successful San Francisco Gateway [unintelligible]. That was quite a great accomplishment, and a man who spoke with a deep, strong voice. Very small in stature. But I got him, with the help of this aide, to convene the conservations up the river for an overnight at Harper’s Ferry. At that meeting, they were all there, and it had been semi-adversarial. Led, in a lot of the real tough indictments of the Park Service, by none other than Michael Frome. I advised Hutchison and gave him an outline of the meeting, said, “You know, if you make the statement that we need each other, this is an opportunity to do things with the national parks as never before, I must have your understanding and support, And I must have your involvement in developing the plan should we move forward in the administration wilderness and the parks, and I think of this, gentlemen, as a new beginning!” Well, Frome was sitting with a pile of papers, and it was his pattern to say, “On October of last year, I said this. Then, in late November, you finally got back with an answer, and you said that. What the hell has been done?” [laughs] It was very careful scrutiny and critical examination by Michael. He was not easy on the bureaucracy, whether it was the Forest Service. At the same time, he had a good appreciation of good bureaucrats, and he knew them, and he was availing himself with the information they would give him on internal machinations. He would be well grounded when he took a director of an agency on.

Well, Michael had been sitting there, listening to this guy say, “We should be in alliance, and we should end this period of being in adversarial mode. Instead, let’s see what you can give me and I can give you to bring us together on behalf of the National Park Service mission.”

Michael took his papers and threw them on the table and said, “By golly, any director that opens with those [unintelligible] has got my support. What we need to do now is decide how we’ll do it.” Then there was good conversation and constructive conversation, and Saturday was spent in the systems for working together. It was a tremendous time, and I was delighted with this young guy, Bill Whalen. Not an old-timer, but sort of bringing this new perspective. The Park Service, all the heroes where I was ensconced for a while—before they moved me

down a corridor or two—was made up of old-line, self-protective bureaucrats. They'd survived, and there wasn't high levels of trust. You lived, you died by the sword. You covered your bases. If you stood up for no airplane flights or heavy, nonconforming uses, you may or may not get the support of your regional director or the director of the Park Service. You were out there. You were bait for what political reaction at a time when commissioners—the concessionaires—dictated a lot of policy. A director like Bill Whalen needed the support of the conservation community if he wanted to lead off in a new direction.

Well, that went beautifully, and next thing I knew, I went for a walk with Turnage [William Albert Turnage], and Turnage had said, "You know, Ira Hutchison didn't want that meeting to occur. You're deputy to him; you report." He argued right to the last minute, "Don't go, Bill, they'll make hamburger out of you—that bunch of people." Instead, we had this great synergistic movement coming forth. At that point, a week or two later, Whalen was going out to be with his regional directors. I think there were seven. I can't remember. He was talking to me with some regularity, and I said, "Why don't you use the same approach with him?"—the meeting was in St. Louis—but say, in effect, "You guys have dedicated your lives to the Park Service. You did it because you saw the mission. I would like to break you into two groups, and you itemize the things you think we should do to empower this agency. To develop this agency. To fulfill our mission. To see that you come through the rest of your years, seeing your capacity, satisfaction. But, you list for me the things that are priority that should be done."

They spent two days, and he came back. Then Monday...I think he didn't get back until Tuesday, but he had the director [unintelligible], and he said, "It's a new day. I went to these guys, and we reached an agreement on how we were going to proceed. I'm greatly empowered. I'm greatly encouraged to go ahead and to use these techniques here in this office with you who are seniors and in charge of different divisions of our operation. Brandy is going to help me." He sort of embarrassed me because he kept saying, "Brandy is going to help me." Well, here is a new day inside the Park Service. Despite the rebuffs and the lie of Cecil Andrus, here was really great opportunity to work within the Park Service to bring us, the agency, closer to the people. That was on a Tuesday, and by Thursday at noon, Bill Whalen had been terminated by Udall and company.

Then they brought in Russ Dickenson [Russell E. Dickenson], who was the regional director, who was a political operative. Very pleasant, but he really didn't do anything other than cope with the citizens. I kept a continuing meeting with him and would bring them in to bring pressure to the Park Service where it needed. He really didn't cotton to that, other than to say, "Oh yes, we should work with citizens." Russ was no grand leader and was a go-along, had survived, and this was the culmination. He'd been, I think, in Seattle as the regional director and so forth.

Well, Frome, later, brought together a forum under the auspices of the National Parks and Conservation with Paul Pritchard. That was the opening of the doors and Frome's idea of great promotion. We came in, and there's is a film on this, where we mouthed off, and say "This is what the Park Service could be doing." Paul Pritchard had come in, I don't know, limited

experience in my assessment, but had inherited the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation in this period of rough and tumble. That was its last gasp because once the Reagans came in...Reagan came in and put...yeah, put James Watt in, and he served there as director. Then that ended that agency for life, and Crafts had given his life's blood to it. So, that was an episode.

Carter got out, and I got a letter. I remember, kids had driven our car various places and had tickets. I'd had a couple of tickets, and I came out after getting this letter that I was terminated. Frome had mustered an effort to tell James Watt that he needed to work with the public, and Frome was my constant advisor and supporter and companion. I had enlisted, in this period—this is very important to me—a guy by the name of Larry Watt (?), who had worked as a senior advisor, team builder, organization development person for the head of the Federal Aviation Administration. He and I'd met at some of the meetings where all of the groups got together and sought to direct the empire into the right direction. He began to advise me, and I put him out to teambuilding meeting with Herbst and advised Herbst that he should do this. Well, Herbst didn't...I was over in the Park Service, but this man went to a teambuilding session. Herbst, in the first evening, followed the requirements and the requisites. "This will be your ideas, and we'll build on what we collectively think." He said the second day, Herbst took over and said, "Well this is what's going to be done." [laughs] Herbst had no concept of any of these things. A pleasant guy, but a long way from Tipperary when it came to building teams.

In the same period, I'd gotten with Rupert Cutler, who was assistant secretary of [Department of] Agriculture, and three other assistant secretaries from [Department of] Commerce, who I knew through, I think, Ray (?). Who were the others? Anyway, we had these four people, and we talked in terms of building public support for programs and met a number of times. Rupert would come, and this lovely lady from Commerce would come. Now, who were the other two? They were all were assistant secretaries of their respective departments. [pauses] I think, Herbst came. Well, that was just a good drill. We recognized their political and human development limitations. Worked hard at it. Watt (?) was a great organizer and thoughtful projector of ideas and concepts. We didn't get much done, but we had a good time and we'd given it a shot.

I got out of that with the termination letter. I was sorry to say my kids had driven the car around that day because I had tickets. I had this letter of termination. I went out and here was a boot on my car, so I had to go down to the police headquarters, stand in line with 200 people, and pay my back fines, then drive home. [laughs] End of the perfect day.

Anna Vee Brandborg: That was your birthday.

SB: That was my birthday, wasn't it?

AVB: Felt so bad.

KP: This would have been 1981?

SB: Must have been.

Have some more cheese. I don't want to be the only guy eating it.

KP: Was it then shortly after that that you and Anna Vee moved back here?

SB: No, no. There was this effort. The group of 10 had got together led by a fellow named Bob Allan of the Kendall Foundation. The group of ten, with the defeat of Carter and many of the leaders of Congress said, "By god, what are we going to do?" They said, "We must have an outreach program to work with the public."

Can you remember the name of our fine friend of *Christian Science Monitor*? He was working for Russ. Remember Russ who was head of the Council of Environmental Quality. Chairman of it. Former governor of Delaware.

KP: Oh yeah. Russ Peterson [Russell W. Peterson].

SB: Russ Peterson had gone to Audubon. This guy had done a great series, and I know his name well.

KP: Is it Barth Valkenburg or something?

SB: No, Bob—

AVB: Bill—

SB: *Christian Science [Monitor]* had done a series on the national parks. Bob Cahn [Robert Cahn]. Sweet man. Had a place out west of Washington. I promoted my idea for regional conferences, and the first one turned out to be Seattle. It was a rag-tag mess. Terrible staff people, competing. A Sierra Club guy that was really a jackass; wouldn't come to the meetings. I had this idea of bringing in the broad spectrum of groups, getting representation from farmers, minorities, stuff like this. A very, very difficult first effort to fly into Seattle to organize these people. First trying to find them, I made the mistake of having them send them to me because they were not in any framework, anything, but issue-oriented, project people. They weren't humanists. They didn't give a damn about constituency building. Anyway, I put together a conference with a guy from Audubon that was faithful. Had maybe two meetings before, and everybody was to show up early and have a final go at the plans. This one guy put up, and the rest drug in. We put it on. I brought in leaders from the labor movement. One great, great guy, and the man, the former president from the Common Cause...whose names I won't...But they were scintillating, but it was mainly work sessions interspersed with inspiring speeches. Then, the close-out artist got cancelled. The guy that was related to a woman that was in the Wilderness Society later in the Seattle office. Her husband—he was supposed to be the hell fire

and brimstone. So, I said, "No alternative. I have to give the closing talk." I had brought my notes from all the talks before. I did work on it from about 3:00 am, but I really don't remember. The group of 10 met at the Sierra Club afterwards. Bob Cohn said, "You know, Russ Peterson was walking down the street with me, and he said, 'By god, Brandy sure did wind that conference up with passion and inspiration.'" We went to the meeting, and there was a woman who had founded the League of Conservation Voters, Marion Edey. Of course, it was post-mortem, and she said, "What great wisdom came from Brandborg." To know that was Edey, it was greatly rewarding for me. It wasn't the way I wanted it to go. I wasn't to be the star, but they then gave me the responsibility for ten conferences. Chuck Cluson [Charles Cluson] and I worked with a leader from each of the groups, presumably, to put them together. So they were in...New England wasn't too good. Down South of Atlanta, not too far from...one in Texas—

[Break in audio]

SB: I went into each region, initially, just to find the people in cause groups that wanted to strengthen their capabilities in guiding and involving people and bringing growth—producing leaders, 'making democracy work,' to use the quote. I, of course, gained experience in recruiting for success, people that were on the same wavelength. So, it went beautifully, and we had great conferences. I couldn't resist the hell-fire and brimstone at the end briefly. These different people would go—one guy from Louise Dunlap's organization stayed with it, went to every conference. Louise Dunlap was a faithful supporter. Russ Peterson was excellent. But the mainstay was this Bob Allen of the Kendall Foundation because he saw the need for his group at hand to be cohesive, cooperating, and he subsidized it. He got other foundations to subsidize it. So, I could draw decent wages.

It took a lot of work, particularly in the South and West where I went into the pit of Los Angeles to get the right people to be on the steering committee. Would hold a steering committee meeting, ask them to recruit, give them the standard recruitment. People that were interested in, not only great issue competence and success in serving public causes, but an interest in building other people in the movement. They would recruit, and then we would get together for—we had two-day planning sessions. We exposed them. A lot of it with human development stuff where I had to get some materials where they sat in the circles and went through exercises and specific techniques from listening, putting process together for handling groups, extracting from groups their needs, building on the needs assessment—just technologies. They became the facilitators for the conference.

We did nine of those. There was the 10th in Salt Lake City. It wasn't the last, but Chuck Cluson got in on it as the representative of the Wilderness Society, and he was totally impossible to work with, so I withdrew. Bob Allen went to it and said it was a total disaster. But it was, sadly, it was a disaster because it was Montana, Idaho, and the states that I valued [unintelligible]. But Chuck Cluson threw the bolt to it, wouldn't cooperate with me, and in Kendall's and Bob Allen's words it was—

Well, that carries us through to the period of terminating that and getting ready to come out here. In 1986, December, after selling the house and spending a good part of a year peddling that house, cleaning it up. Tearing down the chicken coops that Anna Vee had built to accommodate 100 chickens, etcetera.

Anna Vee Brandborg: With help.

SB: And it should be said, here was Anna Vee holding these five kids together when I was having to waltz around. Even in the Wilderness Society years, a lot of travel. But in that period, from going to Atlanta for much of the summer and the fall, to this round of conferences where I would be gone for a week at a time.

AVB: We had the chicken coop while you were in Alaska.

SB: Yeah, 1963.

Well, that leaves only one thing that I think is important to cover, and that's the termination. Termination in the Society. Do you remember the name of the west slope Colorado town that Duane Aspinall represented? I need to look up the name.

KP: Was that Durango? I can't remember.

SB: It's not Durango. It's over on the west slope. Anyway, it was the annual meeting of the Wilderness Society. At that meeting, I had asked a woman employee of our western office, to case the place and the contiguous mountains to the east and see if it was adequate for our meeting. I got up there, and it was the damndest joint you ever saw. It was not appropriate. There was public coming and going. There was a bar. It just didn't make it, and the accommodations were pretty lousy. So, I remember I went, got on the phone, and I called one of the major hotel chains down Grand Junction, Colorado. Arranged to take the bunch down there. Turned out to be a very lovely motel. Nice [unintelligible], good setting. At that meeting Frank Barry who'd become vice president said that he recognized that Dick Olson [Richard C. Olson] the editor was very critical of me, and I'd smelled that. We had hired, I guess, eight people at starvation wages as consultants--\$10,000 a year, maybe \$3,000. We'd run into, in that period, we'd run into a decline in income that we were quick to respond to, and that was one of the ways we could cut back the money we'd scattered around with the causes.

I was pretty penurious when it came to going to Mexico City for the North American Conference, or was it Sweden? Norway? Some place. International Union for Conservation of Nature, which the groups were represented at and it would be a lovely thing to attend. I'd look at those things, and I'd say, "Well, that's \$2,000. Put that out with these characters that are working for nothing, or give an issue group like that of the Great Smokies, where you can give them a little support..." these things. I didn't spend money that way. So, I had been pretty close in trying to get everybody what they needed in travel. We traveled all the time. Heavily

traveled. Obligation. I had retained R.T. Williams, and he pointed out in meetings that I had resistance to my grassroots effort and that basically Olson and other members of staff didn't really comprehend what I was doing. As an issue-intense person, I don't know what his measurement was. But it sort of—he would be involved, and people would have him there. I didn't go to some of those in the Southwest where Dave Foreman [unintelligible]. But they were successful.

In effect, with as with Wilderness Watch today, I'd like to see the competence go out to people whom we trained, and whom we would be aware would make some mistakes but they would be covering the bases that tend—for one, if we ever had to do it by ourselves, it was...I even recognize that in an all-day staff meeting that Olson and others thought this—you know, everybody in the staff—that the causes that clouded the big meeting assemblage there was resistance to these things.

In the meantime, Thurman Trospen had come to town from the Forest Service to be working in the citizen involvement sector. Had wanted to do that and had been brought into Gene's (?) office. Over a year's period, that job had been horrible. He didn't like it. Whether it was the climate or his ability, inability to [unintelligible] any high rollers. Terrible climate for anybody who said, 'let's deal with the public in a different way.' Old loggerheads-type. So, with Ted Swem, who was the associate director—assistant director of the National Park Service—I promoted Thurman to go over and be an advisor to George Hartzog's office. That came off. Thurman had a period of doing that, and he filled an office right next to the director's. He had been preceded by a guy that was smooth and capable and political and had the eye of the...ear of Hartzog and spiriting, I suppose, away from the inevitable political hazards that were always there. Thurman had a hitch with that, and it didn't pan out. They moved him from there down three corridors, as they had moved me—after Whalen left, they moved me down a couple of corridors, which was kind of nice because you had more freedom for my friends from the conservation community to come and go. [laughs] They had to go down the long, carpeted hallway, were very identifiable.

That didn't work. So, I said, "Well, Thurman, why don't we give you a half time job as president of the Wilderness Society, and you move to Montana." So, that was—

AVB: Wasn't he on the board first?

SB: Oh, he was on the council of the Wilderness Society, yeah. That just didn't work. Thurman became increasingly critical of me. Then Merritt became increasingly critical of me, for the reason I pointed to—he was focused on the de facto wilderness. He had a young guy by the name of Jerry Mallet working for him, who had been...was driving a laundry truck. And Sally Ranney. I don't know if Sally was with the organization, but Clif had a great ability to hire very beautiful and capable women. He had a couple of real dandy, fine women, including the one that picked this horrible place for me up in Grand Junction mountain.

Clif was very intent on saving the national forest wilderness, and he just couldn't see that we were balancing trying to be involved in Alaska on issues like the transfer of the wildlife range that we were constantly under strain and pressure. So, he became critical and came this reduction in staff, and Jerry Mallet got busy and got on the phone with—

Well, the other precipitating thing was Dick Olson. Olson always [unintelligible] wanted six issues of the magazine. As you can probably detect, I was not intent on producing more literature. I intent on having this dignified presentation of wilderness in documentation, but four times a year was plenty. It had gone to color, and he had given it a lot of nice design. But it was still the [unintelligible].

[loud noise, drowns out the speakers]

SB: One of the early maneuvers on the fight to get citizen support for the Wilderness Society's position on the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. No motor nature trails, no trans-mountain highway, no enclave—all the other things that George [unintelligible] had in it. Clif went with Rupert down to Tennessee to reconnoiter, and Rupert came back and said he'd really heard about the Lincoln backcountry in Montana. Whether he was in North Carolina or Tennessee, Rupert delivered orations on the Lincoln backcountry in Montana. They got the full dose. Final trip around the beltway when they were back somehow in Clif's old car, the hood blew off. [laughs] Rupert said [unintelligible] appreciating Clif's tenacity and dogged determination to save wilderness and many, many good fights that he'd led and helped people lead and all that. When Clif moved into the Bitterroot, I welcomed him into the Friends of the Bitterroot. I was the first president for a couple of years. I described his accomplishments, and they have since appreciated all the good things he has done. He's not feeling good now, and he's really having a struggle to live.

KP: How old is he now?

SB: Not too awfully old. Maybe 85 or 86. Not real old. He worked with the Montana Employment Service here, traveled, and had been a great advocate and had been a great friend of my dad's. It was on my dad's recommendation that I hire him over the supervisor that served here in the Bitterroot that was a great person for working with the public. I don't know how he would have been in the Wilderness Society, but he was still here in the Bitterroot when I returned in 1986, I think it was. Then the person I described, I don't know if I got the name of John Hall, the guy that had been with the Society for two or three years and emphasized to me of the pipeline threat and the importance of getting language in the statehood bill that opened the way for the national interest lands. John Hall deserves recognition for leading us into that active role. John Hall finally left out of sorts. It wasn't a very—he didn't write quickly. Was a smooth operator. Had the disadvantage of not being able to put on paper all that he had in his head. An affliction many of us have suffered from.

I became assistant editor to the conservation report on legislation in the wildlife areas, and that dealt with every piece of legislation within any piece of environment layer—air, water soil, programs of the agencies. It was a great challenge for me to take home that sound scribe to dictate that, to get a rough copy, and to have it decent and edited and put it to press. Then on Thursday, I had to put out a flash report. It was good experience under pressure, but I often thought of people that had journalistic training and the ease with which they could produce copy and still do. If I were writing a letter to my constituents now, I go through three drafts, if not four. When it comes to a newspaper to our 8,000 recipients of papers in the valley, while I'll write an article or two and write the opener saying 'this is the time for all good men and women,' I hire that done. I don't want to use my energies chewing on the end of the pencil. That's reflected in what I referred to earlier, my activism at the Society. I didn't sit and write tomes; although, there's this documentation where I, like Roger Kaye picked up on where at the Wildlife Federation, as a biologist, I'd written this long, long piece on the values of the Arctic, the North Slope, etcetera, which I'd never seen, but which...Of course, I'd listened to Olaus describe.

So, I was aware of not everything being peaches and cream, and in the fall, we designed—'75, a sheet of stamps. We'd experimented with stamps. We thought that would give us a slight increase in our returns, and it had proved out. Peeps Carney made the stuff, and we, of course, made mailings with different elements in your mailer, blah, blah. We asked Dick to put together our presentation for use in February. We got into late January and discovered...The whole program, hundreds of thousands of pieces, we dumped a million a year into the direct mail. It was becoming extremely competitive with more and more organizations with better professional guidance. The fact, as I said, you always had to make \$100,000 if not more this year than last year, and the commitment of the Society always took you beyond available financial resources. Well, Dick just didn't do it. In my book, he was less and less a part of things, so I said, "Dick, why don't you find a job on the Hill?" He'd come from Morris Udall's office, where he was terribly dissatisfied with things. He went to the office of a senator where he became, according to Mo Udall, who said to Frank Barry—they were very close, intimate friends—dissatisfied in that capacity.

Anyway, Dick took upon himself to mobilize, with the help of Jerry Mallet, these young people that we'd hired. They began to bombard the council with complaints. In the meantime, the disappointment of Thurman and his inability to really function as a paid president...One time, I sent him to Butte to make a speech in what was one of our larger centers, and it just didn't work. I mean, he didn't come through in any measure, and we were lifelong friends. He'd been supervisor of the Bitterroot in the years following my father. I'd met him through that relationship, and his agreements with my dad that common ground and working to make the Forest Service more progressive. So, Thurman joined the orchestra, and there was a man by the name of John Krutilla, who worked for the Resources for the Future organization. I don't think John Krutilla—he'd been on the council two or three years. He would interrogate Peeps. I think he may have been treasurer. Was he? I don't know. But he'd interrogate Peeps on the budget,

and he would be critical of me. I was aware that my populist approach—this was a scientist, and he couldn't track what I was doing. This stewed him.

Swem, who'd always been a close counselor, came up with some others, 'let's have an efficiency study.' They hired this outfit in Chicago, and they came in and interrogated us. I showed them my systems including that one item, the notebook of our projects—financial, education, public understanding, and issues—and how I'd used that through the years to guide us in our deliberations and avoid expensive time in discussing the wilderness bill when page 31 there was the wilderness bill—what we encompassed, where do we want to go now, etcetera. Of course, there were always the exigencies of what you had to do now to save Alaska and these things. They did this efficiency study, and the key staff came in and said, "These people are asking terrible questions. They have a job to do on you. They are not friendly." So, they came out with their report in late '75, and I remember working with Frank Barry—and I have these things on file—rebuttal. It was just a bunch of really serious allegations, which we found to be groundless. I approached an efficiency study or whatever they called it—organizational study with some [unintelligible]—

[noise becomes so loud, speakers can't be heard]

—Same way we would want it to work for Wilderness Watch today. Well, Olson was working the phones. The guy that had been my secretary [unintelligible] Capitol Hill and in the Metcalf office [unintelligible] These people became involved in a scurrilous campaign of attack culminating in my hiring of a consultant—a lawyer—to come with me to the council meetings and judge what was taking place. Harry Crandell was shocked by the determination of Olson, very insecure person, and he up and quit. Well, those were the only resignations, or those were the only two places...I, with Frank Barry and Sig and Paul Oehser [unintelligible] vote was to take me out. Swem was one of the great defectors in that. He'd been a great friend and ally. Trospen was on [unintelligible], and in his obituary, his son claimed that he'd taken over the Wilderness Society when it was in an organizational state of chaos and straightened it out. [laughs]

So, I said, "Well..." And R.T. was there. He said, "Well, have them can you and a year's salary." So, I did. That was that. George Alderson, Ernie Dickerman, Virginia Carney terminated the same time. Ernie was wonderful. Said, "Hey, if Brandy isn't there, then I'm not there." Alderson the same way with Peeps. They didn't know what they'd done [unintelligible]. They then appointed Bill Turnage, and Turnage had been the business manager, merchandiser, for Ansel Adams, his father-in-law. His erstwhile father-in-law—he'd divorced Ansel's daughter, I guess, but they had enjoyed each other.

Then these people would call me, and I didn't—I was shocked and disappointed by those who had left me adrift. Once of the positive people was Paul Oehser, who had been president of the Cosmos Club, who'd been the editor of the Smithsonian and had been a consulting editor for *Geographic*. He was a great, close, intimate friend with of Zahni. He and his wife had gone to

college with him at Greendale College out in the Midwest. Well, Oehser couldn't explain it. Sig said, "Why? Why would they do that?" He just was aghast. But I didn't—Chuck Stoddard, I think, became president, and Chuck would call me and say, "What do you think about this and that?" I'm still on the council. Frank Barry and I went out to Yosemite to be at the council meeting at which point one of the things that we'd encountered was we were having recent difficulties coordinating with Clif in the western office. Clif had decided that could raise money from foundations, but he wanted it for his projects. Well, you couldn't argue with that too much, but you wanted some relationship there.

They'd gone through Turnage, and he was there just months. He wrote me a card one time, he said, "Brandy, this is a hell of a job." I should have befriended him, you know. But I didn't. I was not reacting perhaps as I should have. Chuck Stoddard, who was famous as an idea man, a great liberal, I don't think he had capacity to put things together, hold them together, to follow through. Admired him for his liberal philosophies and at. I remember he came to the conservation community not long after I'd been with the Federation two or three years and suggested we all put our funding together. Well, here was the Federation—it was top dog. It had millions of dollars with its stamp program, and that went over with a lead balloon. [laughs] But that was Chuck. It was a good idea. Chuck had gotten in with Udall and had been an advisor on Bureau of Land Management and things—through Humphrey I believe. Through Humphrey. But we went out to the council meeting at Yosemite, and Celia [Celia Hunter] had take over. She said, "Unfortunately, what Stewart told us a year ago has proven true. They are out of control. I recommend that we let them set up their own shop and separate from the Society," which they did. What did they call the organization? The Wilderness Alliance, the Wilderness...what was it?

JP: Was it Western Wilderness Alliance?

SB: Not Western, but anyway, they did. Then of course, they ran, ultimately, into hard times. It was Mallet, Sally Ranney and Clif. It didn't work out, but the organization—the American Wilderness...North American Wildlands. Well, they still have a shop over in Bozeman. I think everybody's gone, but somehow Sally promoted and got an honorary Ph.D. for Clif at the forestry school in Missoula. Just a month or two. And to her great credit, she wheeled him down there in a wheelchair and took him up to receive that award. He said, "Little did I think that a ranch boy from Montana would ever be given this kind of an honor." So, it was a very touching ceremony. Very nice I think.

So, she said [Celia], "They're beyond control, and they need to be separated," and they were. Jerry Mallet came to the National Park Service, saw a good friend of mine and said, "The biggest mistake we ever made was getting rid of Brandborg." [laughs] So, there I was in the hall of heroes. Frank Barry was my ally, my [unintelligible] ally. We spent the holidays writing this rebuttal—Christmas Eve of '75—to these allegations. Advised me. Was not sure that they would stay true to paying me through a year. Just had no patience for those people. He went to the University of Oregon as a law professor. Then returned to Tucson. Had a few years before he succumbed to cerebral cancer. His wife lives in the Seattle area now.

Well, that is something that I had not taken my other biographer through. Of course, the advantage of talking of you at this stage in history, is there isn't one person—Thurman passed on a few weeks ago. There isn't one person that can take exception to anything I say. Maybe Dingell [John D. Dingell, Jr.], but Dingell doesn't care. All he wanted to do is talk about coming out here to get a big elk, and I can talk about that as a former big game biologist. Mo's gone. Stewart is alive, not feeling well. Marty Barry. Who remains? No one. So, you've listen to this long dissertation with the realization on my part that nobody could offer a rebuttal.

It was terribly dispiriting to me because from Bernie Frank to Ober, Sig, a relatively newcomer, Harvey, Harold Anderson, Benton MacKaye. Benton MacKaye wintered at the Cosmos Club. He was old, and I was sort of his chore boy. I would walk up and bundle up his stuff. Not much. I was the one that walked him at lunch. The day he saw me and passed on to the [unintelligible]. I had that legacy. These guys had been there—I was the depository for that. Suddenly, I was gone, and people described the Wilderness Society as a basically self-centered, competitive—people scurrying around, but nobody would say, 'come on, sit down. Or if you're going to be in town here's an office.' We did, with the teams that came in, any team that came in, we embraced on a wilderness issue or any other issue. We set them up with desk and phone. They could call back. They could make their appointments, and we would have a person help them get their plans in order and spend the time they had as productively as possible. So, it was the tradition of the society in keeping with the onuses and the [unintelligible]. The programs to support the grassroots were abandoned. Never returned.

JP: Yeah, not to this day.

SB: Not to this day. And, as I said, I have this special hour with Bill Meadows, and I started slowly, and I hope, with good modulation, "Bill, can you pick this up. Here are the elements." People are delighted with it. This gives them [unintelligible]. Where you describe the big dinners and the annual meetings, and the spreading of money in that way, and it all fits into the lavish offices. Why do you need lavish offices for a fighting, vigilant, aggressive organization that's investing in people? The first thing that Turnage did was get out of our office on Pennsylvania Avenue. It was a second-floor office above the drugstore, but a beautiful office. Very [unintelligible]. Got them over into this magnificent, leather furniture, brass fittings [unintelligible] on the walls, portraiture. It's like going into the corporate office. So, we went that route. Now, we have this special [unintelligible].

Yeah, I think the opportunity is there for some organization that really wants to build and embrace grassroots people with support systems and [unintelligible]. It's right there to be harvested. That's all that I have to say about that. To quote Richard Nixon. [laughs]

I appreciate so much your doing this. If we can get it on discs, let me know the cost, because I don't want to lose it. I have this man here, a historian, that has done a lot of work in Durango, Colorado, by the name of Dick Ellis. He had done a lot of work, and because of some

misunderstanding in connection with the campaign and recruitment of people, he became terribly annoyed with me. He is just [unintelligible]. So, we have a paper from him from days of [unintelligible]. So, with that and the taping of the University of California-Berkeley Library, we've got a pretty good shot. I have some tapings down at the University of Montana.

My little problem is I don't very much enjoy editing my own blather. So, these things sit around, and I almost feel some discomfort [unintelligible] and taking the pen to it. But I would like to have it as a matter of record. [unintelligible] annals book of the wilderness movement or anything else.

JP: Well, I think it does. Because as you were saying, you are, maybe, the last link the Benton MacKaye's and the Obers, Zahnis. Working side by side with Zahni all those years.

SB: Sure. That was it. The four years—that was my Ph.D. plus. And he was counting on it. At one point he said, "I'm naming you associate executive director because I want you to be there." And I knew he wasn't kidding. I knew he was taking me through these strategic exercises. What should we do? This is what he said. What they said. This is what the committee—I knew that was training. He would drive me home to our home in Silver Spring by the way of Rock Creek Park. He would pick me up. We would go by the cathedral. We would go by the Catholic shrine and stand in awe and in reverent appreciation of it. That was Zahni. He didn't go to church, but he had this great—I think he had a great belief. He didn't talk much about God and such. Read Dante. He had this lovely young woman from Wyoming that was in Washington—a nurse, Sheridan, Wyoming—and we would have sessions at his house reading Dante. Oesher said, when they buried—

[Break in audio]

—and at his graveside, small copy of Dante and buried it with him. She was a wonderful person—joyous, ardent—that had been with us on wilderness trips and had camped with us up in the Adirondacks. That's where we went for our wilderness experience. We had a 16-foot boat and the camping gear. Would go to Indian Lake or one of the beautiful Adirondack lakes and go out to one of the remote islands. That was where we lived the life that we knew. It was at Indian Lake where we were camped—the word came about [unintelligible]. Well, it was exposure to some wonderful people. In a way, with your knowledge of history and your feeling for the work of the people in this movement, maybe you're [unintelligible], and maybe we need to spend more time with you if there are lessons from that period. Maybe you can carry those where we find you a place to do all that you've done to him is a challenge of our lives.

How do we make the most of your resource? We haven't talked about that. And we should talk about that before you leave. What do we do to...And how much of a crazy-eyed activist do you want to be? You and I are different in your rich appreciation of the literature. I took the bottom lines of the literature and ran with it. Can't quote Thoreau except for the famous words. Zahni would be in bookstore someplace, and he'd see the complete works of Thoreau. They're in

there. Every once in a while I'll open them. Emerson. *The Complete Works of Emerson* [unintelligible] Zahni. I know they weren't hundreds of dollars, but they cost him money at a time when he couldn't really afford it. Didn't get around to getting a spare for the old automobile. [unintelligible] waited until you brought a new tire. [laughs]

His warmth to me and the family and Alice's warmth. I would like to perpetuate that with an occasional phone call and with Edward, with Edward a couple of times and urged him to come as I urge you to come and use the Tin Cup cabin with the kids or just your wife, whatever. But if we're around here, see Yellowstone and Glacier. Of course, if you get this level of involvement in this issue that I've faced here and earlier with the wilderness movement, you don't have the time you'd like. But maintaining touch with early [unintelligible] was wonderful. We do, yet, with Virginia Carney. She's in Florida. With Mardy Murie, with Hugh. That is what gives us sustaining encouragement. Reflecting on the old times and the new times.

Well, it's good to be, it's good to have had all those things in perspective. It's a matter of maintaining one's resilience, [unintelligible] around somebody is a wonderful insanity and those kids and the wonderful jobs you did raising them and the closeness that we have with family. And of course, invaluable, priceless friends. [unintelligible] on down the list. [unintelligible] together. I think you and I have to instill some of that spirit within this group, the Wilderness Watch board.

Well, if you ever think of anything else, let's take a whack at it. We've got an evening. These lovely people will want to show up. But I'm glad to have gotten into the interior experience with Cecil, the Park Service experience with Bill Whalen, and the final days of the Wilderness Society and the group of ten national leadership conferences. They ended up, by and large, with great enthusiasm [unintelligible] spoken of, sort of new alliances in states with those people recognize most of their political problems were to be approached in coalitions and close relationships. What keeps people from coming together. What keeps people from realizing the ultimate goals that we set in those sessions. I felt very strongly that our training sessions were needing follow up, and one of our objectives was to train trainers so that people that had been to a couple of them could go to a state, do the groundwork, have the planning sessions, then have the conferences. Then bring those people back—the best of them—for perspective review—what did we do, what can we do better. But just keep that going. What kind of influence could you have with all of the social change groups if you had that kind of a program.

So maybe someplace we can find somebody that picks that up. I'm going to talk to Carol Williams who's the president of the Senate—Montana Senate. Wife of Congressman Pat Williams. I'm going to describe what we did here, but put it in the perspective of the leadership development approaches that you and I discussed.

KP: This has been just a real treat for me. I appreciate your hospitality and sharing with me all your stories and all of this history because it's tremendous.

SB: Well, thank you. [laughs]

[unintelligible] Come over here. Come on over here. [speaks to dog, maybe] oil thing.

Well, Kevin, I felt completely relaxed in doing it, and it's a pleasure to have your interest and your devotion and your time and energies to it. I hope it yields something for you personally.

KP: Oh, it already has. [laughs]

SB: I think you want to put me to work thinking about helping you think through what you want to do, where you can go. In this world, we've spoken of the Wilderness Society. Look at all those [unintelligible] and all those capabilities and all that [unintelligible] about the Wilderness Society. They're not thinking in these terms. So, where do we place good people? Where do we find a place for Wilderness Watch in this competitive...We've just got to make it grow, and we've got to, somehow, find help and money to expand it. It's made a wonderful, wonderful record for itself. I mean, who else? And in Missoula and Montana, I see disintegration of the movement. Montana Wilderness Association, great inspired fighting...and now they've been taken over by a leadership where the president and naïve and said, "Well, we can't ruffle any feathers. We can't take a stand against four-wheelers." He's naïve and without background. A fine person. I think he's a psychological therapist, or some worthy field, but...The executive head has one thing in mind—increasing the revenue and being buddy-buddy with the members of Congress. You know, the heavy hand of a congressman or a person in power, in the bureaucracy, in the secretariat, you have to have folks of strength and enough depth and wisdom and experience not to let themselves be conned into giving up anything of the resource.

It's so easy for people to say, oh, I have this relationship with Senator so-and-so, and I don't want to ruffle him. Well, MWA has...so we see weakening of those outfits. The lack of depth, the lack of what we had in the Society, and I just think of that old council, what they would say today about the outfit. What would they say about that outfit? What would Olaus say?

KP: I think they would be terribly disappointed with the focus on money and fundraising and the high-end corporate image and the millionaires on the board and the lack of any effort to really work with the grassroots members and instill in them these values and principles that inspired the organization in the first place and carried it for so many years.

SB: Yeah, I've had...[unintelligible] populist turn, Ohs had the tender touch, Harvey had the...we would bring the cooperators into the council meetings, and that was always the high point. Somebody we'd been working with in the state where we were holding our meeting. They just loved that to see these people talking about what they've done and accomplished through wilderness and their commitment to the wilderness philosophy. It's hard to see it coming out from its [unintelligible] of big, big money. How do you...and how long will [unintelligible] stay there? [unintelligible] chairman of the board. Well, we'll see what transpires.

KP: One of the...I'm going to turn this off.

SB: Yeah.

[End of Interview]