

# The Muries

VOICES FOR WILDERNESS & WILDLIFE



MOOSE WYOMING JULY 20-23, 2000



# End or Beginning?

When Russell Petersen called me just a few days after I had returned from Alaska and told me what you society was planning for me I was so overwhelmed that all I could say was

“I don’t know what to say” He said:  
“Just say ‘Great, I’ll be there.’”

So here I am- But still overwhelmed. What on Earth have I done to deserve this apticular honor?

Yes, I’ve written letters to Congressman, and to Forest Supervisors, and to National Park Superintendents: I’ve testified at hearings, attended a lot of meetings, made a lot of speeches. I’m on the Council of The Wilderness Society, and I pester Bill Turnage (He suffers me very kindly). I’ve written some books, travelled iin some wilderness, but a lot of people have done all that.

I have also, as Bill Turnage and Frank Graham and Bob Turner can testify, served a lot of tea dn made bush-els of cookies.

But what does that all add up to?

There is one other things, which has simply come my way to do, that has added immeasurable richness to my life, and which I hope may be of value. This has to do with young people, and I shall give some examples later on.

The rest of Mr. Petersen’s phone call was that I was to “give a 20 minute talk to our distinguished audience of one thousand”.

What can I say to such an audience which might be remembered an hour after youm leave this room?

Five years ago, the senior class in Jackson Hole High School asked me to be their commencement speaker, and in that talk I questioned whether they would remember ten words of it. Last spring, one of those students said to me: “I rememembr ten words! Yout alked about “that divine thing, curiosity, and how curiosity could keep you going when all else failed”.

I am still curious. And at this late stage in my life I have been trying, for my own satisfaction, to analyse what

is happening on this beautiful water planet. Who are we? Why are we here? What are we doing right—what can we do about what we are doing wrong?

I rarely have the radio on in my kitchen in Moose, but one morning I caught the beginning of a song by Roger Whittaker the Canadian singer (and now I own all of his records). This song is called “Why?” and the refrain is:

“And will the grass be gone from undernear the sky?  
Will the golden flower whither and soon die?  
Will the fire burn up the land?  
Will the sea fill will sand?  
Will the last word ever spoken be “Why?”

Why? Because we are using it all up? Because population is not controlled? Because the United States with 5% of the world population is using 30% of world resources? (Someone at a conference recently remarked that the other nations may decide someday that they cannot afford the United States). Because we think we know so much and are plunging ahead when we are really only beginning to know? Because we are losing too much of the marvelous variety of plant and animal life, and the healing and blessing they can give to us? Because all of those reasons which are listed in the Presidential Commission’s Global 2000 Report?

Are there any answers to Roger Whittaker’s question?

Carl Tucker in Saturday Review: “In success, a person rarely reexamines fundamental values. Only bleak moments insopire people or nations to reexamine what they stand for...

The collapse of confidence in our own solutions will make the United States a better citizen in the world. We will learn to listen more attentively to the thoughts of others. We will learn to use or resources frugally, leaving more for others. We may even come to realize that the American Consumerist Dream is an illusion. It is not better things, but better people that make a better living.

I could make this whole talk a sequence of quotes- so many wiser minds than mine are these days warning us, advising us, trying to teach us. What can I say to you out of my own experience?

not be big corporations, but in larger and larger part – people, learning how to have an effect in their own place.

Last Spring a conference at Estes Park, Colorado to consider Earth Day 1980, sponsored by the Conservation Foundation and attended by 275 national and grassroots leaders from 49 states, concluded that while in 1970 on Earth Day the focus was on Federal Regulation, there is now new attention to State and local action to protect the environment. We all need to be in it! That is what these young people are learning.

Let me quote one more thought: Paul Shepard, in a newsletter of the Strong Center in Berkeley, California.

“...But the idea that each of us carries within him a person who is at home in the world, who has the possibilities for feeling a strong sense of dependence and relatedness in his world, I find to be highly refreshing and a tremendous relief. I’ve moved toward a feeling that we can make enormous changes. They are not going to come through changes in ideology or policies or programs: they’re going to be made in the ways in which we rear our children.”

I am a Grandmother – come to think of it, I’m also a Great-Grandmother – two beautiful little boys out in Wisconsin – write letter to my Congressmen: so do my Grandchildren – we are in this adventure together. We had a discussion in a Teton Science School Board Meeting recently – Program Planning – should we put the emphasis on courses for young, or for middle and older ages? Our smart young Director said “we need both – the middle and older are having the effect now it’s not quite time to turn it all over to the kids – so they need the education now as well as the kids.”

I’m glad I don’t hear that “generation gap” phrase so much any more. A high school boy, from California visiting me along with a Sierra Club field man, said, “I think generation gap is a silly kind of cliché. If people are interested in similar things, there isn’t any gap.”

We are all whirling with the earth together. And reaching out to the young generation coming along is one of the most important tasks of organizations like this.

In this year’s Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Harvard, Lewis Thomas said: “...remembering that nature is by nature parsimonious, tending to hang onto useful things when they really do work, I have hopes for our survival into maturity millennia ahead. Perhaps, after all, we do have a long way to go, but if this is so we have a lot to learn, and I do like that thought.”

Twenty years ago the National Audubon Society honored my husband, Olaus Murie. At the end of his remarks on that occasion he said: “I think we have a promise, and where does the promise lie? It lies – in the children and young people of this generation. I would like to make a promise to the future, a promise that this earth may be kept fit for normal human beings to live on. And I feel confident in making that promise because of the many fine, dedicated, earnest, thoughtful young people I have met in the past few years. I think there are going to be enough people who care

– enough to leaven the lump, and to keep our land beautiful in the face of great odds.

If there is a kind of impetus, a kind of spirit, a distillation of the ideals the National Audubon Society has stood for and worked for all these years, inherent in this award I have just received, then I should like herewith to pass this spirit this impetus, on to all these young folk all over the world at the same time that I say a heartfelt “thank you” to the older folk who have worked and fought, and stood fast.”

“Will the last word ever spoken be ‘Why’?”

Let us hope not.

As I give you here tonight my gratitude for this beautiful honor, so I also give you, as Olaus did twenty-one years ago – faith and belief that there are enough people today who care – enough of them to make the difference.

Let us march with them.

Margaret E. Murie

About 12 years ago, in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, a biology teacher in the local high school, as he put it, “borrowed some of his friends kids” and took them to a Forest Service campground and gave them a field biology course. From that beginning has grown Grand Teton Environmental Education Center – Teton Science School. It is a National Park Service conservation operation, conducted by the organization called Teton Science School. It is now located in what had been a fairly large Dude Ranch now part of the park. The original six-week field biology course, for high school age young people from all over the U.S., is still the “core” of the plan and since we have been given some fine scholarship funds, the group is multi-racial and varied. But we now have almost a year-round program of short courses which range from all the fifth graders in Teton County for the month of September to groups brought out by the Smithsonian Institution ranging in age from 18 to 80. In addition, there is a series of sixteen one-week courses taught out in the field throughout the summer, plus a new Fall and Spring lecture series on science and the humanities, sponsored by the Wyoming Council on the humanities. I have been on the Board since almost the beginning. I have been close to all these programs. I have watched what happens to both young and old. The high school six-week group is brought to spend an afternoon with me: I try to show them

how an old-time naturalist did research. They see my husband’s note books, his card files, his photo albums, his watercolor field sketches. I show them the Eskimo ivory collection, and they are free to browse through all the bookshelves. And, finally, cookies and lemonade on the front porch!

I do this not only with this group, but with the YCC groups which work in the valley in the Summer, from The National Forest, The National Elk Refuge, and Grand Teton and Yellowstone National Parks.

The wonderful thing is that I have never yet caught one youngster looking bored!

This part of my life is what I referred to in the beginning of this talk, as of perhaps some importance. The Teton Science School six-week course is limited to 16 students each summer. Compared to the numbers of that age group in the whole country it seems a drop in the bucket. But, I am convinced that some of these young folk are going to be the leaders of tomorrow.

And when I am talking about Teton Science School I am not just talking about it – I am talking about all of the wonderful Audubon field courses and camps all over the country (we have one just over the mountains from us), and other similar camps and courses conducted by other groups. I give Teton Science School only as an example – the one I am familiar with. I have gone with the other Board Members every year to the final day ceremony, when each student must give a report on a special project he or she has conducted. I have seen the enthusiasm—the tears because it’s the last day. Last summer my 17-year-old granddaughter was one of these. She told me that on the last evening they all talked together about how much they had learned. I said, “and then what did you do?”

“We cried.”

I’m not saying that these young ones are all going to be National leaders. I am saying that I am sure that wherever they are they will be alert citizens, ready to take responsibility in their own communities, sensitive to what is happening on the planet. And I am thankful to have even a minute part of this education adventure.

Senator Paul Tsongas, at the “Thank You President Carter” Alaskan ceremony at The White House on July 21, told us a story. His five-year-old daughter came home from kindergarten. She said they were studying about endangered species and she asked: “Daddy, are you doing anything about endangered species?” The Senator told us he was very thankful that he could answer his little daughter: “Yes, I’m trying.”

Surely, if kindergarteners are studying endangered species, there must be some hope for this world!

And there it is, I think, the new trend – the people awakening, realizing their potential. Not by big Government,



# Contents of 2000 Symposium Proceedings

## PREFACE

Letter to George Schaller, April 18, 1954

I imagine this piece as an invitation to the reader similar to Olaus' invitation to George Schaller to take a journey. Matt will write a short introduction/invitation to this letter.

## INTRODUCTION

Nancy and Matt will write once general format is approved.

## THE MURIE FAMILY LEGACY

Louise Murie	Transcription
Donald Murie	Transcription
Bob Krear	Symposium Summary
Bob Krear	Essay from Blizzard (about Olaus' Aleutian Islands Survey Expedition info)
Inger Koedt	Transcription
Celia Hunter	Transcription
Bart Koehler	Submission (Mardy as a mentor, song about the Tetons)
Lyn Dalebout	Submission (Vigor of Listening)
Gloria Baxter	Submission (theater and Voices of the South)
Steve Chase	Essay

## THE VALUE OF ALL WILDLIFE

Olaus Murie	Foreword to A Naturalist in Alaska, by Adolph Murie
Mark Madison	Essay
Olaus Murie	Letter to Clifford C. Presnall, December 7, 1952
Curt Meine	Introduction to "Ethics in Wildlife Management"
Olaus Murie	"Ethics in Wildlife Management," The Journal of Wildlife Management
Olaus Murie	Journal entry, May 16, 1943

## THE VALUE OF EDUCATION TO PLACE

Mardy Murie	"End or Beginning," Audubon Medal acceptance speech
Steve Archibald	"A Murie Legacy: Place-Based Education"
Mardy Murie	Graduation speech to Jackson Hole High School, class of 1974
Olaus Murie	"Whetstone Canyon," from Wapiti Wilderness
Virginia Ralph	"Way of Being" (song lyrics)

## THE VALUES OF WILDERNESS

Mardy Murie	"The Need for Wilderness," from Minus 31 and the Wild Blowing
Olaus Murie	Address to Annual Meeting of the Wildlife Management Association of New Mexico, May 4, 1963
Olaus Murie	"Wilderness Philosophy, Science, and the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge," from Science in Alaska, 1961 Proceedings, 12th Alaskan Science Conference
Roger W. Kaye	"The Arctic National Wildlife Refuge...an Exploration of the Meanings Embodied in America's Last Great Wilderness"
Olaus and Mardy Murie	Statements on the Arctic Wildlife Range at US Senate hearing
Ed Zahniser	"Speaking the Wild as American English," intro to "Beauty and the Dollar Sign"
Olaus Murie	"Beauty and the Dollar Sign"



# Introduction

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Moose, Wyoming  
August 27, 2001

Dear Reader,

Welcome to the proceedings from The Muries: Voices for Wilderness and Wildlife, Sustaining the Legacy. From July 20th through the 23rd of 2000, over 100 people from around the country gathered at the historic Murie ranch in Moose, Wyoming to explore the Murie family's conservation legacy and to celebrate Mardy Murie's ninety-eighth birthday. Mardy is now ninety-nine and The Murie Center is actively carrying forward the heart of the Murie legacy.

If you were part of the Symposium, you will likely remember the vivid comments of the Muries' family and friends, the small conversations under the cottonwoods, the hootenanny with local musicians playing some of Mardy's favorite songs. We hope you made some new friends and that you're keeping in touch. For you, the participants, we imagine this proceedings will serve as a scrapbook which sparks memories and hopefully a few new ideas. For those of you who weren't there for the Symposium, we hope these proceedings have maintained some of the flavor of those four days.

In the essays, letters, songs and reflections that follow, we have tried to bring the inspiring words of the Muries into conversation with presenters at the Symposium. In the first section, The Murie Family Legacy, we hear from those who knew the Muries best. Donald Murie, Olaus and Mardy's son, reminds us of Mardy's passion for the arts. Inger Koedt speaks of life on the ranch. Bob Krear and Celia Hunter remember travelling and working with the Muries. Bart Koehler and Lyn Dalebout describe the influence the Muries and their legacy have had on their lives. The second section, The Value of All Wildlife, unfolds as a conversation between several of Olaus Murie's writings and the reflections of Curt Meine and Mark Madison. In The

Value of Education to Place, we explore the interwoven values of good mentors and wild places. Writings by Mardy and Olaus show how their deep connections to wild places inspired a depth of caring for young people. Steve Archibald describes the way the Muries' place-based mentoring legacy helped shape his teaching style while Virginia Ralph sings the value of place. We close with the section The Values of Wilderness. In this section, writings, speeches and testimony by Olaus and Mardy highlight the third step in their work from study to mentoring to conservation and preservation. In dialogue with the Muries, Ed Zahniser and Roger Kaye show how the Muries' expressions of wilderness values are just as vital and pertinent today as they were when first uttered.

By way of invitation we have printed a letter from Olaus Murie to George Schaller. In 1954, Olaus Murie invited a young George Schaller to travel into the Sheenjek River valley with Mardy, Bob Krear, Brina Kessel and himself. That invitation letter is filled with the sort of curiosity that so many people found to be one of the greatest of the Muries' gifts. Our hope is that the following pages mirror the words of Olaus Murie when he wrote, "I simply had the urge to get into that mountain country, to see what animal life is there, to photograph and to sketch, and to somehow get the feel of the country." We assembled the following readings as a way of getting the feel for the rich and wonderful landscape of the symposium. We were fortunate to have many creative and thoughtful people contribute in this endeavor and we thank them all.

We invite you to join us on this little expedition. Again, the words of Olaus Murie, "You might be glad to



explore the country out from camp, to gather what information you can, and gain an understanding of the ecology of the region that may be useful to you in your future work.” This collection ought to be, like the Muries’ camp on the Sheenjek, like the front porch of their cabin in Moose, a place for reflection and conversation. It ought to be an opportunity to revisit some old and good ideas and to hear a few new ones. Most of all it should feel like a beginning, an opening into a much larger adventure.

We hope that this seems interesting to you, enough to spend a little time on.

Please look us up the next time you’re in Moose.

Sincerely,

Nancy Shea, Executive Director, The Murie Center

Steve Chase, USFWS, National Conservation Training Center

Mark Madison, USFWS, National Conservation Training Center

Matt Daly, Director of Program, The Murie Center

# The Murie Family Legacy

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# The Murie Family and American Conservation

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CHARLIE CRAIGHEAD

Renowned biologists Olaus and Adolph Murie began their distinguished careers in frontier Alaska. Adolph Murie worked for the National Park Service for 32 years. He received the Distinguished Service Award and the prestigious John Burroughs Award for his pioneering wolf and grizzly studies that focused on entire ecosystems. His wife Louise assisted him with his extensive work until his death in 1974. She continues to this day her own work in conservation.

Olaus Murie was inspired to crusade for conservation worldwide. From 1920 to 1945 Olaus was a respected biologist with the U.S. Biological Survey (now U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service). Later, he was instrumental in the passage

of the Wilderness Act and the creation of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. In 1959 he was honored with the Audubon Medal for his far-sighted conservation efforts, and his books are the standard for texts even today.

It was on their honeymoon by dogsled across the Alaskan tundra that “Mardy” Murie was inspired to join Olaus in the cause of conservation. After his death in 1963 she went on to become a major voice of conservation in America. After numerous awards and honorary degrees, and two invitations to the White House to celebrate the signing of conservation bills, in 1998 Mardy Murie received our nation’s highest civilian honor, the Presidential Medal of Freedom.



# Murie Ranch: A History

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BY LOUISE MURIE

WINTER 1998

The first owner was Buster Estes who came from Colorado when he was a young man and spent a year or two with a rodeo, breaking horses and riding as a “pick-up” (snatching riders off bucking broncos). He joined the Army during World War I, and upon his return began searching for land to homestead. In 1920, he selected a plot of about 90 acres upon which he first cut trees to build a single room cabin, and later added a bedroom on one end and a kitchen and screened porch on the other. This was the nucleus of the Homestead Cabin, the oldest cabin on the ranch.

In order to accommodate horses and a few cows, a Barn was needed, and it was next to be constructed, for which he must have needed help, as it was a large structure. The barn was later removed from the ranch and still stands at the Gros Ventre River Ranch in Kelly. Next to the barn was built the saddle shop, now called the Frame Cabin. It eventually became the storehouse for Olaus’s track cast making materials.

During those early years Jackson Hole was beginning to attract attention from people in Eastern states as a destination for summer vacations. Several of the “working” ranches accepted paying guests and made modifications to accommodate them (the Bar BC was one of the first). Buster decided he would join this effort, and began cutting more trees to build small log cabins. He called his ranch the STS and had a brand made for his domestic animals with an STS logo.

How he advertised his new business I am not sure, and some of these early guests were likely from states surrounding Wyoming. But a young woman who came from a wealthy family in Philadelphia was Frances Meaks, and she and Buster became friends and eventually married. Because she married a “cowboy” she was disinherited by her family, and that made it even more imperative to make a success of the “dude” business. They had a daughter, Martha.

First, a dining room was built at the back of the Homestead main house, and they hired a cook to assist Frances. Those must have been busy days for them. Buster had to be building additional structures, one of which was a central bathhouse located in the cabin next to the Homestead part of what is now called The Engine Room. In time, a light system of 50 storage batteries, charged once or twice a week by running an old car engine, was established. The engine was in The Engine Room and the batteries were stored in the basement of a small cabin, The Ice House, to the west of the Homestead (only a foundation exists now). Water was pumped in from a well, into the main house and the bathhouse. Later, wires were strung from the batteries to the individual cabins for light at night, but were limited by cutting them off at a certain hour to save the power.

To supplement electric lights, kerosene lamps were supplied. There were small wood-burning stoves in each cabin, and a young boy carried wood and buckets of water to the cabins each day. There were several out-houses provided. The cabins were named after the states or places from which the guests came such as “Montana”, “Pennsylvania”, “Idaho”, and “Hawaii”. Later the names were changed by the Muries: Montana, Belvedere, Alatna, Polaris.

In the late 1920’s, Buster leased a small acreage of the ranch to a Mrs. Woodbury who had a log house constructed on it to be used for a summer home, and a double-room cabin for a guest house (Denali), plus a smaller one for a winter caretaker (Chena). Later the home was purchased by Mardy and Olaus. In about 1938 the Estes built a separate house for themselves north of the Homestead. It was later called the Robin’s Nest after a grandchild of Mardy’s who stayed there one summer and is currently the residence of Inger Koedt. In addition, there was a guest cabin built to the east of the Estes’ house and a storage shed, and under this were a well and two electric pumps.

Some time during this period, Buster purchased the



About 1950 Olaus, alone with family members, built the log Studio with skylight, to facilitate his artwork.

By 1948, Buster and Frances decided to live in Arizona year-round and proposed to sell their house on the Ranch, and Olaus and Mardy arranged to buy it, thus retaining all the Ranch buildings in one complete unit. Before we became owners, Buster had sold about two acres to Fred Abercrombie, just inside the west boundary next to the fence that marked the edge of the property at that time. The fence and gate that marked the boundary were taken down after the Park was expanded. The federal government was eventually able to purchase the acres of land that Fred Abercrombie owned.

In the mid forties, Olaus left his job with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to take the position of Co-Director, with Howard Zahniser ("Zahnie") at the fledgling Wilderness Society. The latter was based in Washington D.C. and Olaus was based at the ranch. Many notable people visited the ranch over the years to visit and consult with both Olaus and Ade and their families. The governing council of the Wilderness Society held its annual meeting on the ranch the summer of 1956. The well-known photographer, Alfred Eisenstadt, came to take pictures of Olaus and Ade to be used in a special edition of Life Magazine on American Naturalists in 1961. Around the same time a biologist from New Zealand arrived. Frank Fraser Darling, a British ecologist and writer, who had been with us at Denali was also welcomed at the Ranch. Numerous government officials, local and national, were frequent visitors.

During 1953-54, Olaus was seriously ill with a lung disease that required some months of treatment in a Denver hospital. He recovered enough to enable him and Mardy to fly to the Sheenjek River in Alaska's Brooks Range to make a resource survey, funded by the Conservation Foundation, Washington D.C. Two biologists and an ornithologist assisted them. This study was a forerunner to the establishment of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.

In 1959, Olaus was again hospitalized in Denver, this time by cancer. He was able to make one more trip to Alaska and he and Mardy came to Mt. McKinley Park (now Denali) to be with us for a short visit. But he was unable to beat this illness, and passed away in the hospital in Jackson the summer of 1963. Following his death Mardy continued with their conservation work. Ade and I continued to spend summers at Denali until 1970

when Ade became ill and in August 1974, he also passed away. Mardy asked her friends, Inger and Bob Koedt to move onto the ranch in 1965 and they moved into the old Estes house.

In the early years, Buster had received offers from the officials of Grand Teton National Park to purchase the property, but he had always refused to sell. When the Park was enlarged in 1950 to include the valley lands purchased by the Rockefeller Family, the STS was surrounded by national park lands, with a few exceptions on the west side, of other private inholdings.

In 1968, Mardy, Ade and I sold the Ranch to G.T.N.P. with resident leases of varying lengths, Mardy's for 25 years and ours for 15 years payment for which amount was deducted from the price. Thus our ownership of the old STS Ranch was ended, though our occupancy was not. I continued living on the ranch until 1977 and Mardy remains on the ranch to this day. We have many good experiences to remember our stay there, a relatively short stay in the scheme of things.

guest cabin of Mrs. Woodbury and moved it into the central area of guest cabins. This cabin was named "Denali" by the Muries and later was moved across the valley to the Teton Science School in Kelly.

During these early years the Estes family moved into Jackson for part of the winter in order that their daughter might attend school, and later when she was ready for high school they sent her to Salt Lake City. They lived near their good friends in Jackson, Mardy and Olaus Murie, and when they decided to sell the Ranch it was natural that they offered them first chance to purchase. After consultation with Olaus' brother, Adolph and myself, the sale was arranged in the year of 1945. The Estes kept ownership of their home and Mrs. Woodbury owned her cabins. That same year we, the Ade Murie Family (Gail age eleven, and Jan age six) moved into the main house, the Homestead in late summer.

That winter of 1945-46, Olaus and family remained in Jackson and moved to the Ranch the next summer where they lived in the double-room cabin called "Alatna" (after an Alaskan River).

For us it took some adjustment to ranch life - learning to run the motor to charge the battery system for

direct current electricity, chinking between the logs of the cabin with Redwood bark, filling the outside barrel with fuel oil for the heater in the living area, insulating water pipes, and a myriad of daily chores. When the snow accumulated there were all the roofs to be shoveled. The half-mile of road from the Ranch to the main highway was not plowed, so to shop for groceries in Jackson we traveled out on skis to where cars were parked. We stocked cases of canned goods and purchased half a beef, which was hung in one of the small cabins to remain frozen (the cabin that housed the car batteries in its basement).

Adolph at this time was a biologist working for the National Park Service, and was busy writing up his scientific studies of big game animals and predators, for both Grand Teton National Park and Mt. McKinley National Park in Alaska.

In those early years at G.T.N.P., Park headquarters was located on the bench west of Moose at Beaver Creek with an elementary school and teacher, provided for Park Service children and those in the surrounding area. Our two children were included, so it was a weekday early morning trek on skis to the highway to transport them and collect them in the afternoon. But the school was discontinued and a bus started to take the children to schools in Jackson. We had been living for part of each year in Alaska by that time, and, in fact, spent two full years at Mt. McKinley National Park. We had begun teaching our kids by correspondence courses, so we decided to continue these for the ensuing years, straight through high school.

With a change of owners of STS Ranch, Mrs. Woodbury was willing to sell the large log house and guest cabin to Olaus and Mardy. The sale took place in about 1947 (probably they were able to move in by 1948). They had to install another light plant which they housed in the Chena cabin. For heating there was a fireplace and kitchen wood-stove, and they purchased an oil space heater for the living room. The four bedrooms were not heated.

In 1954, Rural Electrification came north to the Moose area, so we had wires strung into the Murie Ranch. It was something of a relief to give up the old light plants, but we had to have all the buildings re-wired to meet standard specifications. Soon after that, Olaus had the basement of their home excavated enough to make room for an oil furnace, with central heat to the rooms.



# A Unique Approach

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DONALD MURIE

I just want to make one brief remark before I start. With all of this that has been going on about the Muries and the Murie Center and the Murie legacy and Mardy Murie and the wonderful things she has done, there has been a tendency for a lot of exaggeration. My mother and my father would not want any exaggeration. They want credit where credit is due. I have seen articles here and there from people who are very sincere, but who don't have all the facts. I have learned that my father created the National Elk Refuge in Jackson, and that he created Grand Teton National Park. He did work very hard on the Wilderness Bill, and I will not take that away from him or my mother. But I want everybody to understand, and I know that all the people here do, that the one man who is largely responsible for the Wilderness Bill was Howard Zahniser, whose widow attended the signing of the bill in the White House. I think he needs the major credit.

I have been thinking for weeks about what I might say to this crowd that they haven't heard before. I racked my brain and looked at all of the stuff my mother has written and my father has written, and I think "Well, they pretty much covered it".

What I do want to say is that my mother introduced me to music. She made me practice the piano. She introduced me to Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. She read, and she made all of us read. I'm sure she was reading to us 'in utero'. She read, when we were children, children's books. As we grew older (we were even adults) she was still reading aloud. We would gather in the living room in the evening and she would read. And we would lie there and imagine all of these things that she was reading about. My father would work on his. I was trying to learn how to knit. She taught me how to knit, she taught me how to crochet, and to sew, and to bake cakes and cookies. When we went on a trip to Sheep Mountain to study I don't remember what, in the evenings we would lie in the tent and by flashlight, she would read *The Jungle Book* to my father and me. When I was down with the flu, she read *Tale of Two Cities*. When we went to New Zealand and my father and I were about to

go into the bush, she went to a bookstore and bought a little stack of little books for me to take. I read the *Pickwick Papers*, while the water was flooding through our tent. I read aloud to my father from the *Pickwick Papers*.

What she did was introduce all of us to the world of art and literature and culture. She showed us that there were other artists who were not doing field sketches and wildlife, that there was a Michaelangelo, that there is a Van Gogh, that all of this is out there. It seemed to me that this was all very crucial to an appreciation of the wilderness, that the people who could appreciate music and art and literature could appreciate. Maybe we could try to cultivate that kind of thing in all of the young people that my mother was so much involved in getting involved in wilderness preservation. I think that one of the things that she would like, aside from getting the facts straight, is that the Murie Center can perpetrate her legacy. I am very encouraged by this. I thank Nancy and all of her wonderful people for doing this. I told my mother that I would make sure that the Murie Center worked, so I'm going to keep in touch.

I enjoyed Sheep Mountain. We had our dog with us, our Norwegian elk hound, and he would chase marmots. He would actually catch them, and my father would take them away from him, and we'd all share the marmot. I discovered that the taste of marmot is not very bad, pretty much like dark-meat chicken. That trip I enjoyed.

Some other trips, I did not. I was a kid. I think about our life in Jackson when I was really young and I compare that with what most children are experiencing today and I had great freedom. I could go anywhere at anytime and nobody worried. You might fall in the ditch, but that's nothing. We explored and explored and explored.

I went to a lot of schools. After our New Zealand trip, I finished high school in California, then I went to Antioch College for a couple of years. We went to New Zealand in 1948. We left on my birthday, I was just 17. It was my first time on a plane, flying across the Pacific. I remember land-

ing on Fiji at midnight. We got off the plane for refreshment. They had the re-fuel planes in those days and we got off into this warm, humid night. There at the foot of the plane stairway was this big, black man with this huge, bushy, black hair with a red vest with brass buttons and white shorts standing right there, and I thought, "I'm in the South Pacific." I had always wanted to be in the South Pacific. I wanted to be a sea captain. I wanted to be a war hero and go down with my ship. Now here I was in the South Pacific, and I didn't really know where New Zealand was, but we finally got there.

We attended the first session of the Pacific Science Congress, in Auckland. We were there for about a week, and then they had a break. All the various scientists would go off on little tours while they were going down to Wellington for the second session. Fortuitously for the geologists, a volcano erupted just at that time, and every geologists there said, "We're going. That's where our tour is going." We went down to Wellington for more meetings. We went to Christ Church, then in the South Island. It was just a wonderful experience for me. I fell in love with the Maoris, especially the Maori ladies. I wanted to learn the Maori language.

We were there to study the transplanted elk, which actually had come from the elk refuge here. They had been causing problems in New Zealand. New Zealand made the mistake of importing animals. They brought in plants that they could not control. They put in rabbits to control the plants. The rabbits didn't want those plants, they wanted the delicious New Zealand plants. They brought in weasels to control the rabbits. The weasels said, "These flightless birds are much more attractive". They brought in moose and elk right there from Europe and sheep for the hunters. They caused all kinds of problems.

So they arranged this New Zealand/American fjord land expedition. We went into the bush for 10 weeks into

the southwest corner of New Zealand where it rains all the time, and it does. You don't see much dirt in that area. Everything is moss and ferns and everything grows on each other. We soaked for 10 weeks there, climbing up steep hills, sliding down the mud slides. It was plus and minus expedition. After a while, I didn't want to be there anymore, but on the other hand, there was a lot of wonderful stuff to see. The New Zealand people were just great. I got to go fishing and caught a shark. One day, I went around with one of camp managers to pick up my father, who was on another fjord. We had to go around and pick him up in this little motor boat. The porpoises just poured out of the water all around us. They were flying up in the air, and they were swimming right along side of us. The guy who was running the boat was just scared to death. It was great. My mother of course was the secretary of the expedition. I was there as my father's assistant and photographer. My mother didn't go in the bush; she was our contact with the outside world. The only contact we had was by this boat that would come in periodically with supplies and she (mother) came in once to visit us at our base camp.

My siblings are both older than I. My brother Martin is a biologist. He taught at Antioch College. He's now retired and living at a farm in northern New York. My sister Joanne is married to a sociologist, who is now retired. They're living in Boston. We were all three part of this whole thing. Some of it we enjoyed and sometimes we resented it. Every child has a parent, and they don't always agree. But on the whole, as I look back on it all, I think I was very fortunate. Now looking at all the people who are picking up on this thing called the Murie Legacy, it's a strange concept to me. I'm very close to it, and so I don't really see it as other people see it. But I'm beginning to understand that my father had a unique approach that is now beginning to bare fruit. I think he would be very happy.

# Symposium Summary

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BOB KREAR

**I**t was a pleasure and an honor to be asked to speak at the Murie Symposium in July, 2000. My life would have been quite different if I had not met Olaus and Mardy Murie, as the following will suggest:

I was a forestry student at Penn State back in 1943, as well as a member of the Penn State Ski Team. I had enlisted in the Service (the Enlisted Reserve Corps) the fall of 1942 in order to complete my Freshman year, and when I was inducted into Active Service in May, I, along with thousands of other skiers from many universities, entered training with the 10th Mountain Infantry Division in Colorado, where I met Martin Murie and the Hagen brothers (Harold and Grant) from Jackson.

In the spring of 1948, when I was briefly passing through Jackson's Hole, I was introduced to Mardy Murie by Harold Hagen. In 1949 I began graduate work at the University of Wyoming, and from then on the Murie home became my second home. In fact, Mardy has often referred to me as her "third son".

In 1951, I was field assistant to a McGill University doctoral candidate in his ecological research on the sub-arctic Ungava Peninsula. I applied for a ranger naturalist position in Grand Teton National Park in 1952, Olaus submitted a recommendation in my behalf to Chief Naturalist Carl Jepson, stating the Ungava experience, as well as my Forestry degree, as highly qualifying experience. That led to fifteen years of highly satisfying service to the National Park Service as a Seasonal Professional Naturalist in eight national parks.

In 1953, upon the completion of my Master of Science Degree in Wildlife Ecology at the University of Wyoming, I applied to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service for a seasonal research position on the Pribilof islands, studying fur seals. Again, it was Olaus' strong letter of

recommendation to Dr. Victor Scheffer, Head of Marine Mammal Research, that assured me being granted that position. Olaus and Victor Scheffer had worked together on the Aleutian Islands Faunal Survey in 1936.

Probably the crowning achievement of my professional career was associated with Olaus and Mardy Murie's invitation to join the 1956 Murie Brooks Range Expedition to northeast arctic Alaska, for an entire summer of studies in the Upper Sheenjek Valley by the Muries, Brina Kessell, George Schaller, and myself. This work played a major part in the establishment of the area by Secretary of the interior Fred Seaton in 1960, as the Arctic Wildlife Range. This was later to be increased in size and redesignated the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge by President Jimmy Carter.

In 1957 I again applied to the Fish and Wildlife Service to participate in research on the Pacific sea otter on Amchitka Island in the western Aleutians, and again it was Olaus Murie's influence that assured me that fascinating appointment.

Following all of this experience there was no problem getting accepted for candidacy for the Doctoral Program at the University of Colorado in 1956, thanks at least indirectly to the Muries! I received my doctorate in 1965, and spent the remainder of my professional career teaching for 19 years in four universities.

Finally, I cannot help referring to Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken" in which he mentioned a traveler in a yellow wood encountering two roads, and not being certain which one to take, chose the road least traveled, and that "made all the difference!" Fifty-two years ago I met the Muries, and that has made all the difference in my life!





# Essay from Blizzard

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BOB KREAR

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN BLIZZARD (issue number unknown)

*I feel that the following story, as related to me in October, 1984 by Dr. Margaret Murie, wife of the late Dr. Olaus J. Murie, nationally and internationally renowned wildlife biologist and conservationist will be of some interest to you, and of great interest to those veterans of the 87th Regiment who took part in the Kiska Campaign. The story holds particular interest for me, not only because I am a veteran of the 10th Mountain Division, but because I have also carried on biological research in the western Aleutians, and am all too familiar with the formidable climatic conditions there!*

*Robert Krear, Ph. D.  
Retired Professor of Biology and former Staff Sergeant,  
L-86*

*The story is as follows:*

One day early in October, 1942, the phone rang in the Murie home in Jackson, WY. When Mrs. Murie lifted the receiver a man's voice inquired if Dr. Olaus Murie was present. When told no, the man stated. "Well, this is Major Robert Bolling calling from Washington, D.C. We have been informed that your husband might have information that will be helpful to the Army just now. I plan to fly to Pocatello next Tuesday and, if possible, to come to Jackson to see Dr. Murie. Would it be possible for your husband to give me several days of his time?"

Mrs. Murie replied in the affirmative and said that she would have somebody meet his plane and drive him east over the Teton Mountains to Jackson. Three days later a tall, handsome, well-built man in a major's uniform appeared at the Murie's gate, and Mrs. Murie stated that this charming gentleman proceeded to give them a most interesting week!

## ALEUTIAN QUESTIONS

Every morning he walked the several blocks from the Wort Hotel in Jackson to the Murie home, which was on the edge of the National Elk Refuge, and sat in the Murie living

room asking Dr. Murie questions about every Aleutian island that might have any importance in the war effort. Dr. Murie had been a wildlife biologist with the original Bureau of Biological Survey, which was later renamed the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, and he had been in charge of the Aleutian Islands Survey Expeditions of 1936-37 in which he and his staff had investigated the biological and topographical aspects of every Aleutian island! No one, with the exception of the native Aleuts, knew the islands better than Dr. Murie! Thus the war department's great interest in what he might have to tell them.

When Major Bolling first arrived he said, "You must understand that this whole visit must be absolutely secret! No one other than the two of you can know what has transpired here!" He then asked Dr. Murie, "Do you know anyone you can trust to be a stenographer for us?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Murie, "she is sitting beside you."

In the days that followed, Major Bolling asked questions of Dr. Murie every morning, and then taking the notes that Dr. and Mrs. Murie had prepared for him, he left them. Dr. Murie, of course, was studying his journals and notes from his 1936-37 expeditions in preparation for Major Bolling's daily visits, and he made the observation, "Gosh, he certainly knows how to ask questions! He's making me remember things I didn't know I knew!" Actually, Major Bolling was a Philadelphia banker and had been in G-2 in the First World War, and was called back to duty after Pearl Harbor.

As the days went by and one after another Aleutian island was written about and its features described, interesting questions came up. Major Bolling once asked "Can we put an airstrip on Amchitka?"

Dr. Murie replied, "Gee, I can't say for sure. I wasn't thinking about a war when I was there; I was identifying birds!" (Amchitka did become a major jumping off spot, with two airstrips, for raids on Kiska and Attu.)

Another question: "Do you think we could land an amphibious force on the back side of Kiska?"

The reply: "Well, I can't see why not. I remember that I was there, up on top above the beach, and I saw some birds on the beach that I wanted to identify. I just went down there, and I don't remember any difficulty. They were Aleutian song sparrows."

Major Bolling burst out laughing! "Well, I'm sure the Joint Chiefs of Staff are going to be delighted to know that we can land on the back side of Kiska because Dr. Murie identified Aleutian song sparrows there!"

One day Dr. Murie happened to show the major some sketches in his notes, which were profiles of many of the islands as they looked from the deck of the Biological Survey ship the Brown Bear. He had done them just for fun, while away the time as his ship traveled from island to island. The major immediately pounced on them as being perhaps very useful if we sent submarines up there!

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

So the days went by. Towards the end, Major Bolling began to worry about how to make sure all this information would go to the Army section where it would be valued and used. He said one day, "I'm afraid if I just take this back to Washington it will be deposited in some office file and never looked at." He finally made some phone calls and got permission to take the report directly to General Buckner in San Francisco.

One last thing he asked of Dr. Murie, and that was, "Please add a section on proper equipment for that terrain and for that climate." This Olaus Murie did very carefully,

stressing the absolute necessity of waterproof gear and clothing, especially footgear—even giving the name of the best brand of rubber boots.

The next winter when the Murie's son Martin had enlisted in the 10th Mountain Division (PFC Martin L. Murie, G-86, Silver Star, Bronze Star), Dr. and Mrs. Murie listened carefully to the radio news every evening. Then one day came the report that our troops in the Aleutians were suffering from what was called "Abbie foot" (trench foot)! The Army had sent them into these water-soaked islands with leather boots! Dr. Murie was horrified, really upset! Mrs. Murie recalled running upstairs to the files and bringing down their copy of his recommendations, to at least reassure him that he had stressed the necessity for waterproof footgear. It was very distressing to them that after all of Major Bolling's care, the Army had not taken that part of the report seriously. How much all of the other information was used, the Muries never knew.

## FIRST UNIFORM IN TOWN

One added note: Mrs. Murie reminded me that the Major had stayed at the Wort Hotel and had walked to their house every morning. One day he said, "You know, I feel somehow I am the cynosure of all eyes as I walk past all of these houses. I see window curtains twitching as I walk by."

Mrs. Murie replied, "It's no wonder. Our boys from the valley have all gone in to the Service, but none have yet some home on furlough. You are, I think, the first uniform the town has seen!"

The Muries never asked, but they did wonder, why was he in uniform on this secret mission?

# Simple Living

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INGER KOEDT

I lived with my husband at the Jackson Lake Lodge, where he worked for 7 years. Near the end of that particular summer, my mother had been visiting from Denmark. She spoke very little English. Bob Kranenberg, who also worked at the lodge, thought that maybe he should bring Mardy out because Mardy spoke some Norwegian, and Norwegians and Danes understand each other more or less. So he brought Mardy out, but unfortunately my mother had just left the day before, so they never met. I would have loved for them to meet.

This was the beginning of a long and wonderful friendship. Mardy is the oldest of my friends in Jackson Hole, both by age and by knowing her. She was the first person I really knew well. My husband and I used to go to town every Saturday to buy groceries, and so we would stop by Mardy and Olaus'. We just seemed to happen to come always at dinner-time. Mardy was always very gracious and said, "Why don't you come and have some soup with us?" She always had delicious soups cooking. It was such a wonderful thing to be here in a real home, not that I don't think the Jackson Lake Lodge is fine, but at that time, it was pretty bare, really; no trees at all. It was kind of a desolate place. We lived in the staff house, it was more like a motel. It wasn't like we were used to in a home. Also, I had never really thought much about conservation.

Denmark is such a small country, we don't have wilderness. Our wilderness is the ocean, and that I loved and was always in or on when I was a kid. I never thought I would like to live inland anywhere. I thought I needed to be close to the ocean. It was just a freak fate that I came here because my husband was offered a temporary job as overseer at the building at Colter Bay. He was an architect in Denmark, but couldn't work as an architect in California without going back to school for a year. We had three small children and no money because you could only take \$250 out of Denmark. We got on the black market \$100 more, so that's what we started with. So you can see we couldn't afford college. He got the job overseeing Colter Bay, and after that they offered him a permanent job at the Jackson Lake

Lodge. By then, two of my kids had already started college, and Peter, who was 12 at that time, all loved it here. So we decided to stay. We had a little house in Palo Alto and we sold that and we were here.

For 7 years we lived at Jackson Lake Lodge, and then we got a little tired of corporate life and moved to Denver for a year. But we came back, and that was the year Olaus died. When we left for Denver in August, we went to the hospital and said good-bye, and we knew it was good-bye. It was hard. He was so thin, and frail. But it was good to talk with him anyway because he was still Olaus. We came back after a year in Colorado and had to start all over again. Bob took care of the Sojourner Inn, and I worked at the Mangy Moose. We lived at the Anchor Ranch for awhile, and then we had to move from the Anchor Ranch because the house we lived in was used for the cook. So we talked to Mardy, and she said that there was this house here, and it's only been used in the summer. She had rented it out in the summers prior to that time. She said, "If you want to try to live in it and see if it's warm enough for you, you're welcome." Well, she's been stuck with us for 35 years.

To go back again to our time with Olaus and Mardy, there are several little episodes I remember. I remember one when we came one day, and Olaus opened the door. He had this wonderful mixture of almost childishness and genius that is so incredible. He didn't have anything to do with practical things like money; Mardy took care of that. So, Olaus opens the door, and he said, "You know, Mardy says we can go to Norway!" And so they did. That turned out to be a wonderful thing because Mardy spoke quite a lot of Norwegian; she had learned it from her mother-in-law. So she could speak it with all of her and Olaus' relatives over there.

Another time, that was at the very end when Olaus was very sick the last winter, Olaus and Mardy went to Tucson to a guest ranch there and spent some time. We had vacation in February, and Mardy called us and said, "There's a cabin vacant next to ours. Why don't you come down and

stay for a week with us?”, which we did. Olaus was doing research on the javelinas. We helped him collect scats out there. I remember one day, (he was always so eager) it was hot, and I was tired, and I said, “Olaus, aren’t you tired?” I was a little worried about him. He said, “No, are you tired?” So, we got home, and we had collected the scats in a scarf, and he had them all there. I came into the kitchen and he had just dropped them all on Mardy’s kitchen table. Mardy said, “Olaus, not on the kitchen table!”. But, she was so involved in his research. It was a wonderful thing.

When we moved here in 1965, it was when Mardy had come back and had just started really being on her own. How wonderful is it how she just decided to go on with the work of Olaus and really help conservation. I learned so much. As I said before, I didn’t really know that much about conservation, and hadn’t really thought about it that much before. But, especially after I moved here and talked to Mardy, I got involved myself and realized how important it is. One thing with Mardy and Olaus’ life, and it has been mentioned before, that struck me, was their simple way of living. They did realize there’s a connection. What you use of resources has an influence on the environment. Mardy and Olaus lived a very simple life in connection with nature

here. I grew up that way myself, so it wasn’t that strange to me. My father had a lot of the same feelings. He loved nature, but he didn’t really know that much about conservation either. But he felt that you should live a simple life. So I was thinking along those lines, and it really enforced it when I saw Olaus and Mardy and Wheezy and Ade, too. I remember Ade wouldn’t use a chainsaw. I remember him going in his old shirts with the holes and Wheezy would say, “Ade, you have to have another shirt”, and he would say, “What’s the matter with this one?”

It has been some beautiful years living here. It’s so good to see what it’s going to be used for now. I’m so grateful to the park for allowing it, and also the way Nancy [Shea, Executive Director of The Murie Center] is doing it, and for the Murie family to agree on it. I think it’s the best thing that could happen. Although I could tell you a lot of episodes of bears and moose and porcupines here, but it would be a long story.

# Tremendously Human

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CELIA HUNTER

All I can say is that I really don't belong in this part of the program because I'm not a Murie, and I don't know anything about the early days of the Murie family. But I have a tremendous respect and love and admiration for the Muries and all the ways in which I've been acquainted with them. In some ways, I have followed around and been part of some of their adventures.

For instance, Don was talking about going to New Zealand clear back in '48, which was so long ago. I was in New Zealand in 1980, and so was Mardy. We had a very nice meeting there. She was over there for, I forget what. She was being honored, and we had a chance to visit and enjoy some of New Zealand together. New Zealand is one of my favorite places and I certainly the appreciated opportunity to spend some time there....

...Mardy and Olaus were at the Wilderness Society Council Meeting at Camp Denali. Olaus was pretty weak, but Mardy would sit right next to him, and when something came up that he was supposed to comment on, she would just gently nudge him and he would answer. When it came out it was very wise and very good. Olaus was a wonderful person. I think his temperament was ideally suited to the present trend in the conservation field and in the field of community activists because I think we're coming around to realize that you can't be all out for conservation and disregard human needs of the earth. All you have to do somehow is to bring the human awareness of the impact that

their demands on the earth are making, and what they're doing to the climate, what they're doing to the woods, what they're doing to the other inhabitants of the earth. This was something that I think Olaus was very keenly aware of, and I know Mardy was, too, and they were tremendously human in their contacts with even the people who disagreed with them. They had a way of disarming them very nicely and convincing them, much against their will sometimes, that there was another point of view. I think that's one of the legacies we have.

I had the privilege of going on the Sheenjek River in 1995.... We were flown in to an upper part of the Sheenjek River and floated down for about 5 days. In the course of that time, we visited Last Lake. We hiked across the tundra, and it was no easier in 1995 than it was back when Olaus and Mardy did it. We were able to spot the place where their camp had been on a peninsula across the way, and there was great big bull moose wandering around. We thought that was very, very fitting to see that. So we had a celebration of the Muries right there on that spot. It was wonderful to see the Sheenjek, and the great part about it is that it's still the same. There's no difference. It's very much the same as it was when Olaus and Mardy and Brina and Bob Krear and George Schaller were out there. That's really a tribute to our being able to get all of that put into wilderness. Now if we can just get the coastal plain put into wilderness, I will be happy....





# Mardy as a Mentor, Song About the Tetons

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BART KOEHLER

*Mardy is one of my heroes.*

I first met Mardy in the Summer of 1973. I had just started working for The Wilderness Society, a young buck with a fresh MS from the Graduate School of the University of Wyoming. I was passing through Jackson after conducting field research on potential new wilderness proposals for Idaho. Mardy was serving on the Governing Council of The Wilderness Society, but I had no idea about what a magical person she would be.

She was at a cook-out near Wilson. I don't remember many of the details, but I do remember seeing Mardy, and knowing instantly who she was. She was glowing. She was like a beacon of goodness who reminded me of a Fairy Godmother. She was, and still is, the Fairy Godmother of wilderness conservation in the United States. Her caring and kindly nature really touched me.

As I left Jackson and headed north along the base of the Tetons I took the time to write this song for Mardy and the Tetons:

## TETONS:

*Crystal clear waters, mountains made of snow  
Reflecting a wisdom, that man will never know*

*Tetons, come on and shine on me  
Let your gentle, healing waters, come flowing on down.  
Tetons, come on and shine on me,  
At last I see my life – is coming 'round.*

*Loving me just standing there, with a heart of velvet stone  
I guess I've been most everywhere, but today I feel at home.*

*Tetons, come on and shine on me  
Let your gentle healing waters, come flowing on down  
Tetons, come on and shine on me,  
At last I see my life, is coming 'round.*

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Two years later, I was nervously preparing to travel to

Washington, D.C. to testify before the US Senate against the nomination of Wyoming Governor Stanley K. Hathaway for Secretary of Interior. At the young age of 26 I was going into the lion's den.

Mardy took the time to send me a hand-written note. I kept the note with me through my trial by fire. I carried the note like a knight from the days of Camelot....the note was like a scarf given to me by the good Queen that I would wrap around my armored arm....as I headed into battle. Her note inspired me to do my very best, and gave me the confidence to go forth into the fray.

I still have that note. It hangs in a place of honor on my office wall. Here's what Mardy wrote in 1975:

"Bart....I know you will be calm, objective, non-acrimonious but armed with real facts – this will be hard-hitting. Do you remember Sir Galahad's words in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"? "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." Fond best wishes travel with you – Mardy"

During the years since that day, Mardy has taught me a lot. She has taught me via her own actions. She taught me that is OK to really care and to truly voice your deep feelings for protecting special places....and to show your love for the wildlands.

The last time I saw Mardy, she started quoting "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure", as I walked in to her cabin living room. It brought tears to my eyes.

Today I have come full circle. I'm back working for The Wilderness Society, as the Director of a special program called the Wilderness Support Center. Our mission is to help grassroots people and groups protect the wild places they love. We are working with a new generation of wilderness leaders to help build their skills, confidence and effectiveness.....so Mardy's faith will live on.

Every day when I work to protect wild places I do my

best to honor Mardy's faith in me. Our work is a reflection of her work and of her faith in the new generation of wilderness leaders. Let me share with you a quote from Mardy that guides my work today — I sure couldn't say it any better than Mardy did.

“Every citizen has a responsibility toward this planet.

I'm counting on the new generation coming up. I have to believe in their spirit as those who came before me believed in mine.”

Thanks for having faith in me, Mardy. Your faith in me, and so many others, will always give me hope as I strive on to defend and protect our wonderful wild places.

# Vigor of Listening

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LYN DALEBOUT

When I think of the Murie Legacy, what comes to mind, always, are the immense spaces the Murie family worked within, such as the Alaskan wilderness, and the vast silences and huge blocks of time they inhabited while doing their field work. Few of us have access anymore to such largess of space, silence and time. When I contemplate how those invisible, intangible qualities informed their lives, their work, and especially their beings, I wonder how did these endangered resources shape their observations, and so the science they engaged in? How might we regain a science based in this kind of presence?

So often we speak of academic rigor, but what also interests me is a quality I've come to call the vigor of listening. Examine the definitions of rigor and vigor:

RIGOR: inflexible accuracy, strictness, severity, harshness, severity of living conditions, a sudden coldness, a state of rigidity in the muscle tissues during which they are unable to respond to stimuli.

VIGOR: active strength, healthy physical or mental energy or power, vitality, a force of healthy growth in and living matter or organism.

Very interesting, wouldn't you say?

Is it productive to have a world based on rigor, on the inability to respond to stimuli? (Would precision be a better word to use?) Perhaps we have slightly skewed expectations of what it is to be objective. Is there is another way to be objective that does not cut us off from the animal sensory awareness that has allowed us to survive as a species for many, many millennium?

That to me is what I call the vigor of listening. Listening,

not as a passive quality, but as an active state of attention and attunement. Listening has a vitality to it. Learning by immersion in, and intimacy with, the object of your inquiry. As Richard Nelson has said of his work with the native peoples of Alaska: "I came to learn from them, not about them" (from lecture notes.) Can we, too, learn from the environment and other kingdoms of life, while at the same time honoring the precision of good data?

Clearly the Murie's were and are full of vigor. Their vitality, their ability to respond to their environment made them keen naturalists, good scientists. Their theories came directly from the land, the animals, the plants themselves. No computer modeling for them! Little did they anticipate how science itself would metamorphose in the coming decades.

I wanted to honor the Murie's by invoking this quality of attentiveness in the workshop I presented and in the Sunday meditation walk offered by Cottonwood Creek. It is a wondrous thing to witness the transformation a few good minutes by a creek, alone, quiet, still within, listening, can bring about in anyone. Always I hear similar comments after our forays: "I forget how powerful it is just to be still." "This animal just came and stayed in my presence." "How wonderful to find a deeper state of observation." And we weren't even there for very long.

I appreciate the precision of the Murie's science. But I hold an even deeper respect for the sheer number of hours and years spent in quiet, vast and wild places. Slowly, slowly we could choose to reintroduce these states of reverence and attention into our lives, the legacy the Murie's embodied in theirs.



# Theater and Voices of the South

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GLORIA BAXTER

*"... the people of civilization read books. For some centuries the 'library' and the 'university' have been our repository of lore. In this huge old occidental culture our teaching elders are books. Books are our grandparents!"*

Gary Snyder  
*The Practice of the Wild*

I came to the Grand Tetons for the first time in 1975. My own childhood and young adulthood had been spent in the fertile flat lands of the Mississippi River Delta with no knowledge of the mountains and a way of being there. My husband had spent much of his youth running and exploring in the Tennessee hills – I had not. That first summer, in 1975, we walked into the Valley Bookstore, saw a hard-back copy of *Wapiti Wilderness*, hand autographed by Margaret Murie, and made it our own. Reading that much cherished book with its cover of mountain peaks and traveling elk was and still is a key experience in my life. It was as true a teaching elder as any in my personal life. Jack and I read the book with exuberance. It taught us the names of things – I especially loved the wildflowers—fairy slippers, columbine, monkey-flower, cinquefoil, balsamroot, spring beauty, yellowbells, Indian paintbrush, forget-me-not, and lupine. It taught us how to see the water ouzel, to discover ancient sea fossils inside the layers of shale-like rock, to walk lightly and sit quietly in the presence of elk. We went back-packing in the Bridger-Teton wilderness. Nights there, I discovered that I too loved beyond words the great silences, the voices in the moonlight, even the booming thunderstorms and the fierce wind. The notion of “home” was forever redefined for me. I had found my place of enchantment.

One of our favorite pastimes during those first summers was driving all about the valley, our copy of *Wapiti Wilderness* opened to page 207, searching earnestly for this log house that was the Murie’s home. As a southerner who sees but a few snowflakes a year, my imagination was fired by this black and white image of the low ranch house half-covered in snow, a large bull moose walking slowly by in the

deep silence of winter. How utterly amazing it was to me to find myself sitting in front of this very house underneath a canvas tent on a beautiful summer day in the year 2000.

The occasion was The Murie Center’s summer symposium, *The Muries: Voices for Wilderness and Wildlife, Sustaining the Legacy*. Gathered together here were family, friends, and admirers of Mardy and Olaus Murie. *Voices of the South*, an eight member theatre company of which I am a part, was scheduled to present an excerpt from our full length work in progress, an original stage adaptation of *Wapiti Wilderness*. The other seven members of *Voices of the South*, gifted writers, performers, and designers, are all former students of mine, now in their late twenties and early thirties. We had developed especially for this gathering a staging of one of the latter chapters in *Wapiti Wilderness*, “Summer at Moose.” In this chapter Mardy exclaims “Summer is People!” and recounts with great good humor the coming and going of an endless stream of visitors to the ranch in summers gone by. Interesting and appreciative visitors, they come to the ranch to reflect, to ask questions, share stories, and engage in good conversation while enjoying Mardy’s homemade cookies. Of these days she concludes (as I am certain Nancy Shea would concur) “It is great fun; it is pretty strenuous, but we love it.”

Some sixty years later, we, the performers, and the audience before us are such visitors ourselves. Like those before us we are aware of the power of place here on the Murie ranch—a place that has the aura of lives well lived, of commitment to simplicity of means and greatness of purpose. Theatre is first and foremost about the sharing of energy between performers and audience—about presence. This very special gathering of “interesting and appreciative” visitors on the Murie ranch responded with delight as they recognized themselves in the story. The company members of *Voices of the South*, Alice Berry, Jerre Dye, Tiffany McClung, Adam McLaughlin, Jenny Madden, Virginia Ralph, and Steve Swift took equal delight in giving voice and presence to the story. Olaus called again to the owl, Mardy swam once more in her special place at the river, and

the coyotes sang in evening chorus. In the actors' telling and in our responding, the personal story of Olaus and Mardy is transformed before us into a communal story – a story that binds us together, deepens our sense of shared vision, reveals the interconnectedness of our lives. Sitting here together under this canvas tent, we realize we are on the very ground where these events of years past took place. We are a part of the continuity of that story – we recognize our own face, our own memories, our own dreams there. A confluence of so many rivers of experience flow together in this moment through the power of story.

After the performance, Don Murie invited the company to give a second performance after lunch especially for

Mardy on her front porch. This was a very moving time for me and for each of the performers. I found myself sitting beside Mardy on her shaded front porch with its magnificent view of the Tetons—the very porch that many years ago I had sought to find with a much loved black and white sketch held in my hand. All that I imagined was here. I was honored to be in the presence of this now 98 year old elder who had brought so many days of joy to my life as I returned summer after summer to the “wapiti wilderness” she through her book had taught me how to see. And I was honored to be in the presence of these young artists who were giving an inspired performance as they offered her own words back to her as a gift.

# Sheenjek Enchantment 1999

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BY STEVEN CHASE

On a bright autumn day in the Arctic, bush pilot Don Ross began his final approach to land on a narrow strip of broken limestone along the Sheenjek River. I rode in the front seat alongside Don. My friend Mark Durham, a long time climbing partner and New York investment banker, sat in the back seat. A quick right turn and tricky landing on an uphill slope ended at the base of a steep 2,500 foot ridge. Don turned the plane 180 degrees, rolled down the hill a few yards and cut the engine. I climbed out of the Cessna 185, hauled out my pack, and greeted Conservation Fund Alaska Representative and old friend Brad Meiklejohn and his partner Jo Fortier, a nurse practitioner, from Eagle River, Alaska. They had hiked west into the valley of the Sheenjek from the Coleen River region the day before, having already spent a week out in the bush.

As quickly as we had unloaded the plane Don was ready to go. He throttled up the engine and taxied down the slope to turn around and gun it up the hill for takeoff—much easier now with a light load. The blue and white plane lifted off and made a quick right turn, away from the ridge towards the valley. A full day of flying still awaited him, stretching the length of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. The next stop was Arctic Village to pick up John Tremblay, a carpenter and climber from Randolph, New Hampshire, and Nancy Shea, executive director of The Murie Center in Moose, Wyoming.

As the drone of the aircraft engine vanished, we were enveloped by the silence of the Arctic. In less than twenty four hours we had come 5,000 miles from the congested and hectic east coast to one of the last remaining places of wilderness on the planet. I thought of the cliché where the intrepid wilderness travelers watch the plane, and the last hope of rescue, vanish over the hill. Regret and anxious questions follow, and sometimes, panic—What the hell have we done? We're 250 miles north of the Arctic Circle. There are brown bears here. We are alone. But the words of Edward Abbey inspired and encouraged us as the 185 climbed over the west ridges of the valley. Abbey said we are drawn to wilderness "... because we like the smell of free-

dom, we like the smell of danger.”[1] Bold reasons, but not as potent as our dreams.

Some would wonder why we had chosen the Sheenjek Valley over the many other backcountry adventures that Alaska offers. Mark and I were asked the question often back East and were queried even a few hours before we landed. On our flight up to Ft. Yukon earlier that day, a young Alaska Native was onboard with us and we talked with him as we made the 90-minute flight from Fairbanks. We explained our plans and he nodded when we said we were going to the Sheenjek. He had never been there, but his grandfather had. “Not many people go there now” he said, “not much reason to.”

For us it was different. While we had all been in wilderness in the past, including wild places in Alaska, this trip had additional incentive for us. We were on a pilgrimage. This was the place where Margaret E. (Mardy) Murie, known by many as the “Grandmother of American Conservation,” had spent a summer in 1956, along with her husband Olaus J. Murie and young researchers Bob Krear, Brina Kessell, and George Schaller. The Murie’s Sheenjek Expedition, coaxed on by Starker Leopold, Lowell Sumner and New York Zoological Society President Fairfield Osborn, kindled the support necessary to protect the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in the early 1960s. Their adventures in this vibrant wilderness are described in wonderful detail in Mardy Murie’s book *Two in the Far North*. The notion that a place like the Sheenjek would be the catalyst for a major milestone in American Conservation history made us wonder what made it special. The Muries had spent several years in the 1920s in the Arctic wilderness, during all seasons. They knew the Brooks Range well, and yet it was this river, this valley, this “place of enchantment,”[2] that had made the difference for the establishment of Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. We wanted to find these special characteristics, experience them as the Muries did, and thus understand how this little-known place in the eastern Brooks Range held the power to sway the politics of preservation in a resource hungry country.



bluff. Perched like a sentinel 500 feet above the river, the hilltop gave us a 360-degree view of this grand wilderness. We savored Swiss chocolate, cold Sheenjek River water, and the incredible panorama. It was as if we were in an Arctic gallery, where each place our eyes took us to was a different original canvas painted with a palate of tundra, rock, river, and sky. To the north was the pass leading to the headwaters of the Kongakut River. To the west a long valley rimmed with high peaks led to the East Fork of the Chandalar River. To the east more mountains and the wild country of the Coleen River. Below us the braided twists of the glacier-fed Sheenjek ran clear among wide gravel flats, while the soaring crags of Double Mountain eclipsed a portion of the deep blue arctic sky. I wondered whom beside us and the Muries had sat in this same spot? The Indigenous people had used this valley as a route for hunting trips in the Brooks Range for thousands of years, and we could easily envision a Gwich'in caribou-hunting party resting at this very spot, content beneath the midnight Sun.

As we packed up to head back to camp, Brad was busy eyeing a topo map, planning a circuit route around Double Mountain. Like the wilderness visionary Bob Marshall, Brad was compelled to walk over every bit of the land that his body would allow. He quickly found Jo and John game to join him, and they were off. We lingered to watch them quickly drop down to the river, cross the wide braids of the Sheenjek, and then climb steadily up a long scree slope to vanish onto high alpine meadows beyond.

Tired of tussocks, the rest of us headed back to camp along the river. The sandbars were filled with fresh wolf tracks as big as my hand, and fresher grizzly tracks twice as big. Our four-legged friends liked following the river too, although we doubted they had problems with tussocks. Had we been hiking with the Muries at this point, we would have paused as Olaus prepared to make a casting of the finest of the tracks, making their passage a timeless one, in plaster of paris. Lacking the tools to do just that, we walked on quietly, leaving our lug-soled tracks with theirs. The main channel ran swift and clear, with the occasional backwater curling off to the east or west. Occasionally a quick call was made to that unseen brown bear before we crested a gravel bank. For the last mile we cut back towards the mountains and another bout with the tussocks, finally reaching the comparative ease of walking on the limestone scree near camp. Back at camp we made dinner, and waited for the marathon hikers to show up. The Bob Marshall Club[6] finally stumbled into camp after midnight, with nearly 30 miles under foot that day. They told us stories of crossing the long floor of the valley without a flashlight, stumbling through tussocks, wading streams and figuring every bush they came upon was another hungry grizzly bear.

The next day we all took different routes. Mark, Nancy, and Brad headed off to climb a peak across the valley to the west. John grabbed his fishing gear and started working his way along the river. Jo and I started up the steep ridge south-east of camp. Again, the weather was remarkable, with bright blue skies, no clouds, and a moderate breeze. After climbing about a thousand feet, I decided to hang out for a while. Jo went on, and I sat with binoculars, camera, some food and a book.

My stopping point was a little shelf of grass and moss perched above a gray outcrop of rock. Nearby, I found what seemed to be a very old leg bone of some large creature, probably a caribou. It looked like it had been carefully placed there, but in reality it had probably been there for many years. It was very heavy for a bone and seemed petrified. I thought about throwing it in my pack, but I winced at that notion. I thought of the responsibility to minimize the impact we had on this fragile place, and it seemed that the best place for this bone was here, where it had been for unknown generations, not on my bookshelf at home. I gently placed it back just where I had found it.

I sat for hours, alternately reading and watching with my field glasses the goings on of the land that opened up before me. I tracked John, as he fished each pool likely to yield a strike. Across the valley, I could spot through the glasses the three hikers, slowly making their way up the ridges, meadows, and ramps towards the final knife-edged ridge and 6,000 foot peak. Between spying on my friends, I shot photographs, ate lunch, and read a cheesy sci-fi novel. The book told the story of an advanced race that easily conquered the earth, ignoring humans and our civilization as irrelevant. It was an interesting theme to reading while sitting as an insignificant observer in this immense wilderness. Later, looking back across the valley, I could see the climbers reveling on their peak, the long climb behind them. I was disappointed when I finally decided I must make my way back down the slope to camp. By evening, we were all together again, sitting around our campfire, waiting for darkness and the aurora. These days cleansed us of the shell of civilized living we all have become too used to.

After five nights we headed down to set up a new camp at Last Lake. On the way we crossed wild streams, negotiated miles of tussocks, and tiptoed through serene, small forests of black spruce we never expected to find 250 miles north of the Arctic Circle. We walked steady and quietly, except for the occasional cheer, as we pulled through thickets, to warn the great bears that the humans were on the move. We traveled on caribou, sheep, and bear paths, which were as good as any trails I had hiked in New Hampshire—but

It was complex terrain, the scale so grand it easily deceived the uninitiated. What looked like a short distance in the crisp arctic air was often many miles. Our topographical maps painted intricate patterns of contour lines, waterways, and nameless peaks. The flat valley was a diverse landscape of river channel, ponds, bog, grass, tundra, sand, and gravel. A vivid mosaic of all shades of orange, yellow, and red, framed with patches of green and brown showed bright in our eyes. The Sheenjek had a main channel and then a number of other courses, which intertwined across and through gravel banks and sandy flats and dunes. Further upstream, patches of overflow ice could still be seen even as autumn's chill began to grip the land. The limestone peaks of the Brooks Range surrounded us. Long slides of ancient limestone, flat gray in color, spilled down from high ridges to the east and west. Millennia of freeze-thaw cycles left the rock shattered, abrasive and sharp to the touch, leaving very little to tempt us rock climbers. The ancient rock holds fossils of primitive sea creatures leaving sign of other geological times and climates. The alpine terrain was steep and covered with huckleberries, cotton grass, mosses, and lichens that yielded to long limestone screefields higher up. To the north, the ramparts of 6,750 foot Double Mountain rose more than 4,000 feet above the river. Further up this valley the high country of the continental divide was bright with freshly fallen snow.

We lived with hawks, caribou, and grizzly bears. Through sight, sound, and smell, wildness permeated our every moment. Not a single sign or sound of man, only the wind. Our first camp was on a bank above the river in a place where the Sheenjek doglegs for a quarter mile to the west before heading south again. We pitched out tents just above the river at the base of a wide drainage area made up of spherical rocks, gravel, lichen and grass. Each spring this area was the passage for large flows of snowmelt from the 5000 foot ridges above. At this time of year the water was confined to a small brook that came down from the high country through a deep ravine, only to disappear under small boulders worn smooth by thousands of years of contact with water and ice. We were very concerned about our impact on the land, and it seemed right that our tents were pitched in an area that was scoured out annually by the hands of nature.

As we pitched out tent, Jo, who was wearing a "Birding in the Boondocks" tee shirt, pointed out a bird perched on top of a spruce fifty yards from our tents. It was a Northern Hawk, a fairly common bird to the Alaskan boreal forest, but one rarely spotted in the lower 48. With the face and torso of an owl and the long tail of a hawk, the hawk is usually seen on treetops, in the daylight, scanning the land-

scape for its favorite meal of red-backed voles or mice. Olaus Murie painted an Alaskan Northern Hawk in much the same situation that we observed, and we mused that our hawk must be Olaus welcoming us to his most favorite place.

In *Two in the Far North*, Mardy Murie described their feeling of ease in this place:

"It was easy here to forget the world of man, to relax in this world of nature. It was a world that compelled our interest and concentration and put everything else out of mind. As we walked over the tundra, our attention was completely held by the achievements of that composition of moss, lichens, small plants, and bright flowers..."[3]

We set up our kitchen in grove of black spruce a hundred yards up the river. We hung our food bags on the stubs of limbs, broken years before by the thick layers of ice that covers the ground most of the year. We hoped that the victuals were sufficiently odorless to keep our brown bear friends from getting curious, else our meals would vanish with the swipe of a claw and the flash of teeth.

The next morning we made a foray to the east, up the ridges and peaks that beckoned us. We started uphill on rocks that turned to steep slopes filled with blueberries and cranberries, separated by narrow terraces. By the end of the week our clothes became stained with the sweet juice of berries, as we walked through what seemed like oceans of the sweet fruits.

Sitting 800 feet above the valley on a small lawn of rocks and grass, we watched a large brown bear alternately gorging on berries and swimming in a small pond. We later speculated that this bear may have been what John had heard treading through our camp early that morning. Sleeping out in his big blue polarguard sleeping bag, he had slid further into the warm cocoon, motionless, as he thought he heard the soft pads of four feet walking by him. If this bear had come through camp, he minded his own business just as we planned to mind ours, so we were grateful. "Strip away the day-to-day clutter and clamor of our civilized lives," as writer Doug Peacock once observed, "and there is a grizzly deep down in all of us, at home in the wild." [4]

The next day we hiked to a bluff near the head of the Sheenjek, a place described in *Two In the Far North*. [5] We headed out in the direction of the two hills we could see from our camp. They rose a few miles to the north, at the throat of the valley. The walk involved tussock hopping, pulling through puckerbrush, crossing a stream, and after a final short climb, we sat in soft moss atop the southern

tomed to living in the northland, and I suppose much of our lives is influenced by environment. And I think there is another deep-seated impulse—one that is emerging throughout the world—to try and improve our culture. There is in all of us the urge to share beauty and freedom with other sensitive people.”[9]

Many have written about the power of place and how people are moved to action when the land, wild or otherwise, come under the threat of development. Wallace Stegner notes that these actions are prefaced first by feelings and then by ideas. He adds that along with these ideas come influential or charismatic figures who tie the ideas together, organize like-thinking individuals, and build political support for a conservation goal.[10] The protection of Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in 1962 is a good example of this equation. All the pieces were there, including wilderness, glorious scenery, abundant wildlife, potential threats of development, and visionary individuals—culminating in a series of events meant to protect the place for future generations. It is a far-reaching story, both in location and time, touching people in places far distant from the refuge over many decades of history.

I am a Murie newcomer. Unlike those who spent their childhood visiting the Murie Ranch in Moose, or whose conservation careers were nurtured and inspired by discussions with Mardy or Olaus, I spent my time in the wilds of New England’s Northern Forest. I was fueled by the inspiration from people like Edward Abbey and Barry Lopez first, and later, Curt Meine, Rick Bass, Terry Tempest Williams, and the Muries. I have been fortified by significant personal experiences in my places of enchantment—living at 4,400 feet on New Hampshire’s Mt. Adams; paddling the rivers and skiing the remarkable backcountry of northern Maine; and visiting many wild places in Alaska—like the Sheenjek. Sure, growing up with the Muries would have been nice, but their inspiration is powerful even without long-term personal contact.

We learn from the Muries to view the landscape with the eye of a naturalist and to treat the land with humility and respect. We realize that wild places are part of us, and we to them. This legacy—feelings, ideas, and actions—combines to help us take the actions to protect what is left.

The Murie Legacy Symposium was a gathering that brought together many of those who have been touched by this legacy to meet, talk, and under a blue Wyoming sky reflect how their lives have been changed. I have a picture from one of those July days, showing a moment when my seven-year-old daughter greeted 97-year-old Mardy Murie. The glimmer in Mardy’s eyes shows her faith in our youth

and her enduring hope for the future of humanity—one more gift she has given us. Let us celebrate these conservation leaders, share their hope, and ensure that their words and actions continue to inspire us, our children and our children’s children.

- [1] Edward Abbey, *Beyond The Wall* (New York: Henry Holt, 1984) page xx
- [2] Margaret and Olaus Murie, *Wapiti Wilderness* (New York: Knopf 1966) page 169
- [3] Margaret Murie, *Two In the Far North* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1962) page 339
- [4] Doug Peacock, *Grizzly Years, In Search of the American Wilderness* (New York: Henry Holt, 1996)
- [5] See *Two In the Far North* page 414. Olaus and Mardy Murie took a several day hike north from Last Lake to the headwaters of the Sheenjek. It seems by the book’s description that the “rocky promontory where the river flowed closely under” could well be the bluff we lounged on.
- [6] I dubbed Brad, Jo and John the Bob Marshall Club for the purposes of this essay. Bob Marshall, a prominent founder of the Wilderness Society and an early explorer of the Brooks Range, was legendary for his long distance hikes in the Arctic. Brad’s long distance hiking experience, exceptional endurance, and many adventures in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and other wild places over the past few decades rival Marshall’s, in my humble opinion.
- [7] *Two In the Far North* page. xx
- [8] John Haines and Thomas LeDuc, *Minus 31 and the Wind Blowing* (Anchorage, AK: Alaska Pacific University Press, 1980) page. 89
- [9] Olaus J. Murie, *Journeys to the Far North* (Palo Alto, CA: The Wilderness Society/ American West Publishing Company, 1973) page.184
- [10] Wallace Stegner, *Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs* (New York: Penguin Books, 1992) page 117. These ideas come from Stegner’s essay “A Capsule History of Conservation”, a fine introduction to American Conservation history.

more subtle, truly part of the landscape. After lunch on a berry-covered hilltop, we came upon an exquisite little meadow tucked below the valley's eastern rim. It was pristine in every way, five acres of golden grass backed by a forest of black spruce, the high country rising beyond and the Sheenjek running past a mile to the west. I know there are probably a dozen meadows of similar characteristics within a few miles, but this spot seemed familiar yet secret, unremarkable yet sublime. We stopped, dropped our packs, and sat glowing in this place, amidst the splendor of a bluebird day in the Brooks Range.

Mardy Murie wrote about such places in *Two in the Far North*:

"This is the value of a piece of wilderness—its absolutely untouched character. Not spectacular, no unique or 'strange' features, but just the beautiful, wild free-running river, with no sign of man or his structures. For this reason alone the Arctic is worth preserving just as it is." [7]

Further south roared a large creek of icy, clear water, which challenged our rock hopping and fording skills. Brad, Jo, and John were able to leap with 50-pound packs the three feet between peaked edges of two boulders. The less acrobatic forded cold water, actually a refreshing experience as the temps hovered around 70 degrees. Beyond was a final sea of tussocks to attack as we dropped back down towards the Sheenjek and our next camp.

Past the wet area we walked down a slope where we could see Last Lake. This was just above the site of the Murie's Last Lake camp, where they had spent many days and had hosted guests such as Supreme Court Associate Justice William O. Douglas and his wife. Soon we could see figures walking up towards us. We were expecting guests for the night, not VIPs like an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, but folks from the Arctic refuge staff. We stopped on some rocks and were joined by Arctic NWR Manager Richard Voss, Chief Biologist Fran Mauer, and Wilderness Specialist/ Pilot Roger Kaye. We greeted them and headed down to set up camp on a long bench perched above and to the west of Last Lake.

As we cooked dinner Roger told us about his doctoral dissertation and his deep interest in the work of the Muries in Alaska. "Was there," asked Roger, "an inherent need for wilderness in the psyche of us busy humans? Why did we come to the Sheenjek? Did wilderness feed some inner hunger long buried below layers of civilized living?" We seemed to be good examples of what Roger was trying to get at. Unlike most who visit the refuge this time of year, we did not have rifles and camouflaged clothing; rather we carried binoculars, cameras, and wore the pinks and lime greens of modern mountaineers. Roger was investigating the Murie's

belief that there is an inherent value in wilderness that does not rely on material-driven values. There is a need in the human species for wilderness. Wild places as refuge from modern society? Of course.

Mardy Murie once wrote of five reasons that man needs wilderness. Each point yields huge benefit to us as a species, be it open space, a pristine laboratory, a water purifier, a playground, or a cathedral. The only thing she asks us in return, is whether we have "enough reverence to concede to wilderness" the right to exist. To anyone who spends time in this valley, the answer to that question is very clear.[8]

We spent our final days at the Last Lake camp. The fishing was no good in Last Lake, but it was a duty to be done nonetheless. John and I tried every form of lure we had, to no avail. As we walked back to camp happy but fishless, eight adult caribou came trotting towards us from the north, heading directly towards our camp. As they took long, strong strides up onto the shelf where we had pitched our tents, they sensed something was amiss. Seeing the yellow bubbles on the ground and the two-legged creatures holding long slender sticks, their forward motion immediately ceased. Without hesitating a second more they swung 90 degrees right, and trotted off to the south not giving us a second thought. Later we watched a wilderness drama unfold as a young moose, which had strayed from his mother earlier in the day, returned. Like a scene from a campy film, each beast ran towards the other in blessed relief that ended in a close discussion and scolding that only a moose would understand.

There were hikes through the mountains to the east, which hid small tarns with resident ducks, whom, for the time being, seemed content despite the seasonal call of migration. We found Olaus' eagle nest perched on a crag on Camp Mountain and discovered Mardy's mossy fairyland in the drainage below the same. I sat under a tarp on the one rainy day reading Olaus Murie's *Journeys To the Far North*, drinking tea with Mark and Nancy, while our "Bob Marshall Club" trudged a marathon distance through the rain. We listened to wolves calling through the mist of a foggy and dark arctic night. We were witnesses to wilderness that today is known to only a very few. We felt nourished by our experience, answering a hunger that can rarely be satisfied. And it is this wild sustenance, like the Murie's inspirational words and actions, that will stay with us.

Olaus Murie wrote in *Journeys To The Far North*:

"As the first few days went by, I kept thinking about why we two had come back up here. We were both accus-



# The Value of All Wildlife

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# Foreword to “A Naturalist in Alaska”

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OLAUS MURIE

**M**y brother, Adolph, and I grew up in Minnesota, on the Red River. And it was literally the Red River, where we swam and skated, according to season, paddled our canoe, camped and fished. I look back on those days as something precious—a bit of the original prairie was still there, a piece of woods was still what we called The Wilderness.

So it seemed only natural that when the opportunity came we both found ourselves in Alaska, traveling with dog team in winter, exploring the appealing Arctic. Adolph went back to finish college in Minnesota, then to the University of Michigan for his doctorate, where he later worked in the Museum of Zoology. He investigated the moose of Isle Royale and made wildlife studies in the Maya country of northern Guatemala while with the University of Michigan. Then followed many assignments with the Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Park Service. Such work involved studies of coyotes, elk, geese, and other animals in Wyoming, elk in the Olympics, coyotes in Arizona and the Yellowstone. Then back to Alaska, and to his favorite country, Mount McKinley National Park, where he concentrated on the ecology of the wolf, but also devoted much time to the study of the grizzly bear and a host of other species. His *Wolves of Mt. McKinley* has attracted a great deal of attention among biologists and others interested in the out-of-doors, and requests for this bulletin have come from a number of countries. It is now out of print.

I believe many biologists approve of the methods used

in carrying on this diverse investigation. It is true basic research. It means living with the animals, trying to think as they do, establishing an intimate relationship with the creatures that reveals their motivation in all they do. Such intimate, on-the-ground contact with animals, for as long as it takes to get the desired information, leads to an understanding of nature which is desperately lacking in this age of human exploitation of the planet.

What is much needed today is more mutual respect among the exponents of science, philosophy, esthetics, and sociology. Although we are beginning to think in terms of human ecology, it is now time that we recognize all elements of the good life and give them the emphasis they deserve.

I feel very strongly on this subject. Our civilization is now going through a severe strain. We are trying to find our way, those of us who are concerned with it. And to do so, it behooves us to get serenity in order to think and get back to fundamentals for a clearer view into the future. I believe such writing as this gives a view of truth combined with avenues of natural beauty, as a hope toward a richer life.

*Olaus J. Murie*  
*Moose, Wyoming*





# Letter to Clifford C. Presnall

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OLAUS MURIE

Moose, Wyoming  
December 7, 1952

Mr. Clifford C. Presnall  
In Charge,  
Branch of Predator and Rodent Control,  
Fish and Wildlife Service,  
Washington 25, DC.

Dear Cliff,

I have waited for a quiet hour, after many busy weeks, before replying to your letter of September 4, in which you discuss the implications of my review of "The Clever Coyote." I want to thank you sincerely for your kind comments about my "considerate attitude." Also, I am glad to know about your enthusiasm over Bertrand Russell's "New Hopes for a Changing World." I wish more people would read aloud with their families some of the good books that are being written. Certain it is, Cliff, that America as well as the world, is facing a crisis in which the fate of civilization teeters in the balance of human thoughts. A lot of people don't want to face it, and go on getting what enjoyment they can find in the material way, anesthetizing their consciences with rationalizing. But a lot of people are also bravely standing up to their consciences, and there is some good wholesome thinking expressed in recent literature.

I still don't believe I have made my point with the Fish and Wildlife Service. You refer to the "Long and fruitless stalemate following the heated arguments on predator control in 1929-30." It is always worth analyzing such conflicts and studying the motivation. The scientists who became so concerned at that time did not, I believe, understand their own motivation. The big issue put forth was that "innocent animals" would be killed incidental to poisoning operations. Deep in their hearts, if they had thought it out fully in those formative years of the opposition, was concern for the coyote itself. At that time the scientists and the bureau personnel were all floundering in their thoughts.

So with the fencing on public lands. True enough,

antelope are being interfered with. But behind that is the thought that those are public lands and the public is slowly acquiring a sense of ownership in public lands, a conviction that those lands do not belong to any bureau, or to any one group of users—they belong to all, in partnership. I don't believe it is sound to refer to this issue as simply "prejudicial sound and fury." It is all that, to be sure. But it is much more than that.

I don't believe I shall dwell on details, except incidentally. But I would like to mention two things that I think are important. One is the total ownership of public resources—such as public lands, wildlife, public forests, and so on. Granting public ownership, doesn't that mean everybody—including grazing people, hunters, those who enjoy the lands and wildlife in other ways—in fact, all groups who have diverse interests in them? That being so, do not all groups have the right to vote on how such resources shall be used? It is notorious, that, with some notable exceptions only the hunters are generally represented in state game department administration and policy. Other interests are not often thought about.

Now when we come to the work of federal bureaus, who have to do with resources belonging to all the people, the administration should be very sensitive to the requirements of all groups, and should refrain from going overboard to plan more or less exclusively for certain ones. I know the difficulties when a lobby and certain influential congressman descend upon a bureau chief. But we have for generations boasted about a Democracy.

I do not mean by this that we should not have livestock grazing on public land, together with control of wildlife when necessary. That is one use. It should be so planned that it need not interfere with other public uses, by zoning and by any other suitable devices. The Fish and Wildlife Service has consistently worked on methods of eliminating animals, in the most effective and economic manner. But decades ago, in deference to the public ownership of all wild animals, it should have gone all out in the study of

true; we have not defined our true course; human understanding has not yet fully flowered. But the important thing is that we are at last trying, on a bigger scale, in spite of the more disgraceful behaviour so universally stressed by the Press.

In my opinion one extremely important key to any success is tolerance. It is one of the most precious gems distilled out of human thought and experience. In the particular field of interest that we are considering here, tolerance is the key to our retaining the native fauna. Tolerance, and affection for wild animals and plants, are the two human attributes that can do it. When the day comes that we more generally exercise these attributes, our fauna will be safe and we ourselves will be better neighbors.

You quote Bertrand Russell to the effect that prejudice is a great hindrance to human progress. In years past it was prejudice that was appealed to, and the natural dollar greed, to whip up sentiment for action against these animals that interfered with production of wealth. On calm reflection I realize the circumstances under which this enthusiasm arose. We were emerging from a pioneer age when one had to struggle hard for results. There seemed to be no time for refinement of thought on such matter—the prejudice against so-called “harmful” animals and plants seemed almost universal. So federal propaganda against bothersome animals seemed justified.

But even at that time there was growing a sense of tolerance, and affection, for animals among the very farmers who contributed to their support. These were the generous folk, who savored the rural life, took pleasure in the neighborliness of animals even if they partook of the crops to some extent. Those people were farming for a rich living in the human sense, as opposed to purely financial returns.

I receive letters from various people, who are perturbed over the trend in the animal control progress. The latest is from a Montana ranch, who says that a petition was signed by 85% of the ranchers in a certain area who opposed the use of 1080. But their wishes were overruled by the Fish and Wildlife Service. I heard a field agent of the bureau arguing against a cattlemen in open meeting, about the placing of 1080 stations. One rancher writes: “Maybe there is still time to do something for the coyote!”

Should not such sentiment for an animal be nurtured, rather than be suppressed?

A year ago, in an open meeting in Jackson Hole, the question of poisoning on Teton National Forest came up for discussion. The opposition of the dude ranchers voted it down.

Whenever ranchers and others speak on behalf of maintaining a balance between rodents and predators, with neither one in excess, the field personnel of the Fish and Wildlife Service always argues against such a balance, declaiming against the belief that predators have an effect on rodents. Is this the belief of the science staff of the bureau, the majority opinion of the trained biologists? You will find numerous biologists of the country who will not agree that this conclusion has been proven.

When the general public argues in favor of an ecological principle in public policy, as they are doing here now in view of the astronomical increase of rabbits in Wyoming in the predator-free area, should that impulse be deliberately suppressed to support a past policy of government? We have here a great opportunity to secure public approval of a balanced policy, with moderation on both sides. Shall zealous field personnel that has not been indoctrinated with the principles of coordinated planning be permitted to destroy this promising public impulse?

I can not forget the sheep rancher I met in Colorado some years ago, who remarked to me: “I never realized that coyotes are so bad until I began to attend the wool-growers meetings.”

That man had been converted, had been convinced that he was really having a bad time of it. Personal contacts in the field, at meetings, in press releases, all contributed to the state of mind that has developed, that we must not tolerate any waste in farm products.

But there has been some progress toward a better policy, in spite of much of the field practice. I admit that freely. I believe it began when Gabrielson became chief. I remember he undertook to establish more friendly relations with the National Park Service and the National Audubon Society, as well as with other organizations. I recall that somewhere he made the statement that it may be necessary to control coyotes while a depleted game population is becoming established, but that once a satisfactory population is achieved it can pretty well take care of itself. I will say also that Derr Green has shown willingness to cooperate. And I recall the days when Clarence Cotton was battling everyone in sight to substitute biological control of mosquitoes for the more

preventive measures. The bureau research groups have repeatedly pointed out this need, but they have not been the most popular in the bureau, nor have their suggested basis policies been adopted with enthusiasm. There is so much to learn, and the problem has not been aggressively attacked.

For example, when, through our bureau, the people are indoctrinated with the harmfulness of rodents, has there been much mention of the fact that rodents are also the basis food resource of hawks and owls and a host of interesting carnivore, large and small, some of them considered fur animals that interest other economic groups, and all of them vital for the enjoyment of the majority of people? Has the bureau stressed the fact that rodents are interesting in themselves, prairie dogs for example?

Please understand, I am not saying agriculture should not be protected. But it is important how we do it, what we think and say in doing it, and whether we have in mind some moderation.

A November press release from the Bureau referring to wolf control in northern Alaska, ends with these words: "This project was established to protect the caribou herds of Alaska, which have been rapidly diminishing, largely through wolf depredation."

A recent release from Canada on the same subject, in *The Alaska Sportsman* for January 1953, is much more reasonable and scientific. It lists all the known factors for caribou decline, including wolves, but has this sensible comment: "Reducing the wolf population will lessen but not solve the dilemma. Caribou can outrun wolves so wolves usually get only aged stragglers, cripples, or calves."

The release points out that human beings kill about 100,000 caribou yearly, while wolves, disease, accidents, and weather, claim another sixty thousand.

In the bureau files there is much data that should help bureau administrators to put out balanced statements on such an important matter. I had occasion to look up one of my early reports on Unimak Island. By the help of Donald Stevenson it had been ascertained that there were great cycles in caribou numbers there, that they were down to a few hundred at one time, then multiplied again. In 1925 I found quite a number of dead caribou, and others reported many more. And I found a blind caribou, with evidence of disease. One of the dead caribou had obviously died while in a resting position. There were no wolves at that time. Such facts have significance in our present dilemma over game, but

apparently are being ignored.

There is great enthusiasm for flying around in airplanes today, making counts, of game and observing the distribution. And the plane has become an efficient instrument for destroying golden eagles, coyotes, wolves and wilderness. By all means let us get this over-all picture, but who is doing the basis footwork, to study the animals themselves, the range, the parasites, the whole ecological picture? And who is taking the trouble to attack the basic problem of the object in having wildlife, on the basis of total public ownership and diversity of interests?

It seems to me that the bureau has in its files a great quantity of material submitted by its scientists throughout the years. If the retention of a scientific staff in a government bureau at public expense is justifiable, there would be an obligation to translate the findings into public policy.

A second thought I have in mind is the principle of toleration and generosity toward wildlife. I have stressed this several times before. If you will contemplate the course of the industrial age, based on physical achievement and fanatical stress on efficiency, you can readily perceive that according to the tenets of an economy based on that philosophy, our wildlife must go practically all of it. If every creature that hinders our efforts to produce 100% efficiently must be destroyed, there will be little left. Apparently an important reason that we stress game animals and fur bearers so much is the revenue they bring in. Let's not kid ourselves. Look at the trouble we have defining land devoted purely to esthetic awe. Now, when we come to these animals that not only don't produce revenue, but nibble at our gardens, our crops, our domestic animals, or for that matter, our game animals, they are cursed, shot, poisoned, in an effort to exterminate them. In some respects, the cursing in the worst, especially when it is done by experts who are adept in applied psychology.

There are obvious signs that mankind is awakening to a hunger for more important than that of the belly, a need that transcends the desire for the material product of the machine. The many public interest organizations everywhere are proof of this, read the hundreds of inspiring articles and books that reveal the probing of minds into the more important role of mankind in the future. The International Union for the Protection of Nature is a world-wide expression of this trend. And in the broad field of social progress the battle for brotherhood and neighborliness is in full swing. We are floundering, it is

destructive methods. And now we read about the recent stupid heavy use of DDT in a place in Florida, by local agencies, which resulted, after a couple of years of poisoning, in more mosquitoes than there were before. No thought of Ecology there!

I am grateful for the progress that has been shown in the Fish and Wildlife Service. But there is so much to be done—we all have so far to go! There are many of us who would like to cooperate to build a wholesome policy, if we had the chance. A bureau can't operate without support. We would like to contribute to that support.

What are we all striving for, anyway? Isn't it survival, to be sure, but beyond that contentment, and a looking beyond? Recently I ran across your article in THE LIVING WILDERNESS, "Rancho Tranquile". Possibly

that signifies the attitude that has been in my mind as I wrote this, the spirit of manana in its true sense. I understood what you meant when you said: "Do not raise the eyebrows, Amigos. We speak here not of indolence or procrastination but of a way of life."

What couldn't manana, in this sense, do for the world today!

Sincerely,

Olaus J. Murie

P. S. I am sending a copy of this to the Wilderness Society Councilors, as I do with much of my correspondence, and to a few others.

# Ethics in Wildlife Management

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OLAUS MURIE

FROM THE JOURNAL OF WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT

When the Wildlife Society was first conceived, it was provisionally spoken of as the "Society of Wildlife Specialist." I remember the discussion later on at the formal organization meeting, when the permanent title "The Wildlife Society" was adopted as more appropriate for the complex field of interests and functions with which we might be concerned. Since then members have now and then questioned: "What are we for? Where are we going?" Such questioning in itself denotes progress of our professional organization. Further proof of our progress is the current attempt, by a series of appointed committees, to establish professional standards.

There are several aspects to any set of standards. One of these should be high purpose in our work.

Naturally we all have the practical objective of finding work to do-a job. We have taken our training because we wanted to "get into wildlife work," to get out in the woods, to get into conservation, or to get into research. Some of us "get into" administration. In this process some of us learn to know much about animal populations, waterfowl ecology, fisheries, wildlife diseases, or some other specialties. We become expert, more or less, in some field of knowledge of wildlife, broad or limited. This is basic and important, and for the sake of the future of wildlife we earnestly pray that such proficiency in wildlife management will become accepted by sportsmen and political bodies more generally than is now the case.

But from here on we have a choice, every one of us. We may be content to tinker with the machine, gather facts, do the repair jobs, do the routine management in the hope of merely maintaining certain game populations. When a train pulls into a junction you may see a flock of mechanics begin tapping wheels, washing windows, supplying ice. A worthy and necessary operation.

With wildlife it is not so simple. We are not only dealing with animals and plants and soil and water. WE are dealing with people as well. Whether we like it or not, we

find ourselves in the midst of a struggle. Thoughtful people are trying to understand our place in Nature, trying to build a proper social fabric, groping for a code of ethics toward each other and toward nature. The current controversies in the diverse field of conservation are an expression of this ethical struggle. We, as wildlife technicians, cannot escape it. As members of our profession we have a responsibility to contribute to the highest thinking in this field.

You may say: "Be specific. What do you have in mind?"

Let us consider hunting as it is practiced today. Most of us are more or less closely associated with this pastime. Our work is generally directed toward the maintenance of this sport. Buy are we satisfied with the general attitude of a large proportion of those who buy hunting licenses? Are we satisfied with the low standards, or lack of standards, that we encounter among those who carry the guns?

There is a long background of trophy hunting, a tradition that, at its best, developed a set of standards into a sportsman's code that had some admirable elements profoundly affecting people everywhere. There are still those who reflect the gentlemanly behavior engendered by such a code. There are those who hunt, who are also sensitive to beauty and to the warmth of an outdoor experience. No doubt we all know such people. But what are we to think of the hordes of gun carriers, licensed to shoot something, who go afield with an indefinite lust that they themselves would not be able to define or understand, who shoot anything that comes in the line of vision, including each other, impatient of any obstacle or personal exertion, who want the game convenient to the car or airplane in the shortest possible time?

I remember that, many years ago, certain game wardens in Alaska used to size up and classify big game hunters as "sportsmen" and "killers." That is a nice distinction, considering that all of those hunters carried guns, but it is a valid one.

A few years ago an article appeared in a sportsmen's

His essay on "The Sovereignty of Ethics" is up to date worth our attention:..."that can never be good for the bee that is bad for the hive. See how these things look in the page of history."

"The idea of right exists in the human mind, and lays itself out in the equilibrium of Nature, in the equalities and periods of our system, in the level of seas, in the action and reaction of forces."

Recently, in "Animal Kingdom", I read a letter from Aldous Huxley in which he speaks of "an ethical system comprehensive enough to include Nature as well as man."

In dedicating the monument to the passenger pigeon in Wisconsin, Aldo Leopold remarked: "But we, who have lost our pigeons, mourn the loss. Had the funeral been ours, the pigeons would hardly have mourned us. In this fact, rather than in Mr. DuPont's nylons or Mr. Vannevar Bush's bombs, lies objective evidence of our superiority over the beasts."

The more sensitive sportsmen long ago developed in their code a sense of fair play, and strove to give the hunted thing what they termed a "sporting chance."

Is this the road of man's spiritual travel? Are these the sign posts along the way: "the sporting chance," Emerson, Thoreau, Seton, Stewart Edward White, and Audubon Society, Izaak Walton and the League that uses his name, the many nature societies and associations, the Sand County Almanac, The American Nature Association, The Wilderness Society, the International Union for the Protection of Nature, The Wildlife Society? These are only random selections.

The Natural Resources Council is an attempt to give a common direction to diverse conservation impulses. We find the National Wildlife Federation helping to defend a national park, together with many other kinds of organizations. The Wildlife Management Institute does the same, and by the medium of its annual North American Wildlife Conference, has made much headway in bringing into closer understanding and concerted thinking the aspirations of many different groups of people.

I am not sure that we have agreed upon even a broad goal, but it is worth trying. Two viewpoints come to mind.

A number of years ago a group of us were standing on an elk-feeding ground in Wyoming, where hay was being doled out to the animals. Many of the elk looked unthrifty. A particularly old and decrepit cow elk came by.

"There is a poor specimen of an elk," someone remarked.

A game warden who was present said: "Oh well, she'll throw another calf for us this spring."

Worship of numbers. Counting, not weighing.

Then consider this. A field biologist, Robert L. Patterson, in the book "The Sage Grouse in Wyoming," given the publication award by our Society for 1952, expresses this belief:

"By now it should be an old and well-established principle that the primary consideration in game management should always be the welfare of the game species, with the sportsmen receiving an important but secondary consideration. Issues of palatability, law enforcement, damage control, etc., as related to time of game harvest, must necessarily be resolved without sacrificing the primary objective of management."

Here is one approach to a philosophy about our relation with Nature, which grants that Nature has a right to exist, and reveals generosity toward wildlife, and tolerance for the views and desires of many people. Here is a spacious philosophy which finds room for the scientist, the hunter and fisherman, the nature lover; room for wild alert creatures in the home of their own choosing, the "good oak", the pine, the sage, a bit of original prairie, a mountain landscape with its original content.

Granted such a big-hearted code of ethics to include ourselves and Nature, could we find a place in it for extensive replacement of native species of game by exotic ones, for the satisfaction of a special interest group, without the concurrence of other users of Nature's domain? Our code as here suggested conceives of democracy as a way of life, a sportsman's consideration of the rights and sensitivity of fellow beings, as well as appreciation and regard for the native scene.

Does all this appear too complicated and unnecessary? Perhaps it seems more important to be a good technician, to know the biological answers and let someone else fuss with social trends. But some of us become administrators and are up against making decisions in policy. I have seen young technicians falling into the pitfalls of slanting their information, innocently enough, to suit politically minded superiors. We have the choice as a profession: We may be content to expertly tinker with the wildlife machine to keep it alive somehow; or we can give our profession the dignity and

magazine, written by an attractive woman whose picture was prominently displayed with the African game she had killed. The title of her article was: "I like to kill things."

One time at a refuge some surplus buffalo were being killed for official disposal. The animals were driven into a chute, where they were dispatched humanely. An Army officer happened to be present, and as a courtesy to him he was invited to shoot one of the buffalo in the chute. He did, with the preferred pistol, at a distance of some three feet. So, he had killed a buffalo.

One reads advertisements to the effect that at certain ranches one may have the privilege (for a specified sum) to go out in the pasture to shoot a buffalo.

Also, certain "public spirited" commercial interests sponsor special fish derbies and sundry game shooting contests. Thus the dollar hungry predators infiltrate to further debase the recreation we know as hunting and fishing.

Some months ago I attended a local meeting to consider certain revisions of the game laws. It soon became evident that some of the proposals were designed primarily to benefit certain people financially. One person frankly stated: "Let's support local industry." (In this instance, guides and outfitters.) As a friend of mine remarked about a similar meeting: "The dollar sign shone in their eyes." At the same time there were seething references to the "meat hunter."

All right, what of the so-called meat hunter? Aren't we nearly all meat hunters today? Is not hunting for meat, combined with whatever else we are capable of absorbing in the process, from what remains of wilderness habitat, perhaps the most worthy purpose in hunting and fishing? Those who have traveled in real wilderness, prudently taking from the fauna and flora what is needful, primarily motivated by love of wild country, have truly experienced the highest purpose of hunting. Doesn't it, after all, depend on what attitude we have toward Nature?

Let us look at the brighter side. On one occasion the Jackson Hole Chapter of the Izaak Walton League in Wyoming passed a resolution denouncing the principle of the hunting contests for commercial gain as unsportsmanlike. Some members of the Outdoor Writers Association urged their fellow members to play down the importance of getting the bag limit; to stress quality of experience rather than quantity of game.

It is significant too that many hunters today are taking to the bow and arrow as a weapon, in an effort to regain some of the skill that used to be required to secure

game.

But these are not the only things that concern us. There is also the non-hunting use of wildlife. Aldo Leopold loved to hunt and fish, but he was also a staunch defender of those raptors and carnivores which are too often condemned by a certain class of "sportsmen," and he sensed the value of song birds and wildflowers and trees, for their own sakes. We are struggling with new concepts, or perhaps better, giving new attention to ideas that have long been struggling for recognition. At the Third General Assemblé of the International Union for the Protection of Nature in Venezuela, a committee of members from Switzerland, England, Venezuela and the United States endeavored to formulate a statement of our convictions on man's proper relation with Nature. Perhaps every race or nation throughout its existence has dealt with this, as revealed in religious, folklore, and cultural patterns. Today we are still trying to understand.

I believe that a code of ethics arises from the quality of our experience and our thinking. Since the time when we emerged from the irresponsible pre-human era we have had to tamper with our progress, consciously and purposely, with whatever wisdom we have been able to command. But evolution still operates. It is fortunate that we can't escape it. Esthetics in its many forms has evolved with us, affecting our judgments, shaping our way of life and our philosophy-and esthetics had its roots in organisms long before man developed it so highly. We have also nurtured an inherent concept of morals, and of responsibility. We are toying with the qualities of generosity and tolerance, a sense of neighborliness in the Nature of which we are a part. Note the thousands of bird-feeding trays, the bird walks, the wildflower preservation societies. We have become interested in game species for their own sakes, as interesting animals. It seems paradoxical, but true, that certain sportsmen of sensitive minds love the things they shoot. Appreciation of our competitors, the carnivores and birds of prey and certain rodents, comes much harder. But we are progressing there too. We have Hawk Mountain Sanctuary in Pennsylvania. Certain western cattlemen like to have coyotes around. This is linked with our heavy-footed progress in toleration of "other" races of men. From the vantage point of history, in spite of recent murderous political madness, we see that charity may be slowly emerging.

It is always profitable to leave our own technical boundaries and explore what men have thought in other spheres of living. Emerson, as philosopher and literary genius of his time, was much concerned with Nature.



importance it deserves and help the public interpret the fact so as to contribute in man's struggle to find himself.

Perhaps many have already made this decision. To refer again to the most recent research report at hand, "The Sage Grouse in Wyoming", I find this statement:

"It is anticipated that some criticism will be directed against the elements of this study which depart from purely natural history and ecological phases. The most exacting knowledge of an animal's life processes by itself is valueless in an evaluation of its chances for survival in the atomic age. The various land-use policies and political expediencies ultimately set the tolerance limits for the survival of any wildlife species. The sage grouse provides no exception to

this principle. This monograph would have been erroneously conceived and derelict in its presentation if the effects of an expanding civilization upon sage grouse populations had not been fully explored and appraised."

Our training in the universities should be such that we do not come out pretty good technicians but philosophical illiterates. We need to look up from our technical study at times and look at the horizon. Evolution is our employer.

# Journal Entry

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OLAUS MURIE

*Jackson, Wyoming  
May 16, 1943*

A radio program is on. I can't hear it well because of static. It is a Christian Science lecture—probably a good one. At any rate it turns my thoughts to something that often troubles me. Most sermons, most expressions of a religious nature, are so rhetorical, so elevated from actuality, so removed from everyday feeling and experience that it does not strike home to me. I don't know why—no doubt my own lack. Perhaps I am not ready for the sublimated kind of thinking and feeling, the essence without the body.

When I am on a hill in the spring time I am conscious of the smell of wet earth, vegetation, the fragrance of fir. I hear the meadowlark melody, and thereby feel its exuberance. My eyes take in the sweep of the foothills, the snowdrifts of retreating winter in pleasing pattern on the faintly greening earth. I feel the light breeze on my face, I feel the warmth of the sun on my skin.

In other words, I enjoy through my body. When I see a toad snuggling down comfortably in his berth in the mud I have a fellow feeling. When Chimo [the Muries' family dog] stretches out on the lawn, moves his head around to a better position, and soaks in the sunshine, cocking his ear now and then to catch the passing event, I am in sympathy. When, out on a hike, he suddenly comes to attention and gazes intently into the woods in a tense attitude of "what's that!", I too feel the soul-stirring eagerness of the hunter.

When, in the snowy woods of winter, I struggle against wind driven snow, see the tree trunks dimmed in the storm and feel myself glowing with ruddy warm reaction, it is the body, again that engenders that indescribable healthy response to environment.

It seems to be understood in intellectual circles, and especially in church circles that things of the body are unworthy, that somehow the "flesh" is evil. That we must

live, to be worthy, exclusively in the realm of the spirit.

Rather, I think, it is only the abuse of the body that is evil. Personally, I have great admiration for the animal body. Perhaps it is the degradation of the human body that spiritual minded people object to—and from there it is an easy step to dislike of even normal bodily functions. It is the same with physics, chemistry, and related sciences. They are looked upon as lowly, not to be considered with spiritual things. But is it not our own judgement that is at fault? Simply because we begin to understand some of it, we cheapen chemistry in our own minds. What if chemistry, for example, is involved in life process? Suppose physics should prove to be a part of the spirit? We don't like to think so, simply because we have cheapened those natural processes in our own minds. They could be just as wonderful as the unknown mysteries, if we can think so.

No, it is my opinion the body is worthy—it is the go-between transmitting to our still imperfect and evolving mind and spirit the events of the universe; it is a wonderful agent for helping us shape worthy thoughts and concepts—it can be used to great advantage if we would let it. It can be the source of misery if we abuse it. It is abuse and the lack of wisdom, no doubt, with its attending perversion of intellect, that has led religious folk to disparage the human body and attempt to capture the spirit in its pure essence.

I doubt if we are ready to take that ethereal trail, unsupported. We are so likely to go astray. We have come far through the agency of the body, serving as a window to the universe. With wisdom, we can still rely on the human body to transmit to us the raw materials for elevated concepts, for the continued progress toward more worthy thought. I still want to feel the wind and sun, to delight in warmth and coolness, the fragrance of nature, to hear the ecstasy of birdsong, to be aware of a worthy environment, and thus receive inspiration.



# The Value of Education to Place

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"The Sanctity of  
Open Spaces"  
Mardy and Olaus Murie



# A Murie Legacy: Place-Based Education

STEVE ARCHIBALD

ELEMENTARY TEACHER AT THE JOURNEYS SCHOOL OF TETON SCIENCE SCHOOL

When you think about the Murie family you can't help but conjure images of particular places: Brooks Range, Porcupine River, Jackson Hole, the Thoroughfare region of Yellowstone. For those of us enchanted by the Murie legacy place is an essential part of the puzzle. The Muries, after all, are pretty normal people except for their connection and dedication to particular landscapes. For many of us the Muries are as much a part of those landscapes as those landscapes are part of them.

You see, in our culture of ever-moving, fast-paced, materialistic lifestyles, it is rare to find individuals who stand still in a landscape and stand up when a defender is needed. This hasn't always been the case. For thousands of years human beings could not afford not to be connected to a place. Their very physical and spiritual survival depended on it. Yet now we have a choice (though it could surely come to haunt us) to know and love a place or simply just to sleep there.

The Muries offer us an example of a different way to live. They offer us an example of a different way to educate. I believe that one of the major contributions of the Murie family is that of showing the way, much like Aldo Leopold, towards a more meaningful approach to the educational experience. Today we refer to it as place-based or sense-of-place education. It's now new! In fact, place-based educational approaches are ancient, well-founded and do not fall into the trap of trading awareness for things of lesser worth (Leopold; A Sand County Almanac).

At the Murie Symposium we talked of many things. The topic of one breakout session was sense-of-place education. A small group gathered under the cottonwoods and spruce on the Murie Ranch discussing what this type of education might be. Using the Muries as a model, here are a few of our ideas:

- It is education which places the learner in direct contact with the subject to be studied.

- It is an approach which rises above age and includes both adults and children, teacher and students.
- It is education which looks for connections between species, biotic and abiotic factors, and includes people.
- It suggests that love and respect are at the core of knowing and studying anything.
- It is education which calls forth and helps develop skills and habits like journalling, drawing, collecting data, studying, spending time alone outdoors, using the tools of a naturalist, being childlike, providing service and feeling joy to mention a few.

Sound familiar? That's because the Muries, like so many other great naturalist, have shown us through their example and in their writing that this is a way to reconnect our modern culture with particular places. Perhaps this short quote, taken from some of Olaus's notes and placed in the introduction of Wapiti Wilderness by Mardy express as well as anything the connection these wonderful people have felt for wild places:

(At the end of a camping and photo taking trip to Wyoming's sagelands) "We had a glimpse of the real life of a bit of unaltered West, we hoped we had recorded it on film, and we felt enriched."

A year before the summer 2000 Murie Center Symposium, I had the good fortune to be in Mardy's cabin when she and Jane Goodall spent some time together. At first, like any conversation between strangers, the interchange was awkward. But then these two great women got on the topic of children. I don't remember the exact words, but I do know that both of them came alive as the topic of children and wild things began to weave together. Enchanted by the tone, those of us there left with a sense that these women truly believed that the positive future for this world of ours rested in educating young people in meaningful ways and in direct contact with landscapes.

In the fall of 2000, after the symposium, I again stood in Mardy's cabin. This time she was giving audience to my twenty-one students (K-7). These children understood her history. They had studied her life. These students understood the ranch landscape. They had walked it that day. At the end of the emotional visit, eyes brimming with tears, these students understood something else—Passion for a place comes from making commitments of time and energy. They understood that the world is a better place because of people like the Muries. They had just sat at the feet of one of them. They knew that they had something to give as well. That was Mardy's gift to them.

The Muries did not just love Jackson Hole or Alaska. They have connected to many places. Needless to say, we will need to do the same thing. This piece of the Murie legacy—that showing of a vision of what place-based education might be and how important children really are—has profoundly impacted me and many others. Sitting in that spruce-cottonwood forest on a hot summer day on the Murie Ranch conjured up feelings of gratitude and responsibility. One of our responsibilities is to listen and then act. Teaching with a place-based focus may be one way to extend the Murie legacy as well as the health of this wonderful place we call home.

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# Graduation Speech to Jackson Hole High School, class of 1974

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MARDY MURIE

School Board members, faculty, parents, friends, Class of 1974, Jackson Hole High School:

I have talked to a good many different groups in the past ten years. I have never been as deeply touched nor felt as honored, as by the invitation from you seniors to be your speaker this year. So I am speaking to YOU. But first let me salute your supervisors, your teachers, your parents, for this hour is an important one in their lives too — mingled of sorrow, of joy,... of relief?

What can we of this older generation say to you young ones today? That we have built a frightening society of affluence, of possessions, of status, of political influence, of worship of material progress? And that in so doing we have used up a good part of the natural resources of our planet?

Of course, we can also say to you: “Look at all we have given you: an easy way to school, comfortable schoolrooms, gymnasias, sports of all kinds, ski lessons, travel to foreign lands, music lessons, opportunities of all kinds.”

Have we made it too easy? Are you ready to be alone now?

I pondered a good deal over this talk. Why do you want a commencement speaker anyway? What can I say from which you may keep and cherish even ten words?

Of all the chapel talks and other talks I supposedly listened to in school I remember exactly one. It was given in Freshman Orientation Week at Reed College by the head of the English department Dr. Coleman, and what I remember is that he wanted us to realize that practically every act or event of our daily living is based on TRUST — trust of all other human beings. How many services do we accept every day and take for granted?

But as I sat up there on the mossy rocks on San Juan Island last month, and tried to think about what I could say to you tonight, the thing sort of divided itself into three parts: big material things; little material things, and at the

last, the biggest, the most important — the inner thing.

Under big material things, the world and national conditions which are going to affect your lives, whether you go out now to school or to work. There is no need for me to even list them — you have heard about them until you are sick of it.

There was a graduating class down in Jackson in 1942. Some of those people are here tonight. The class prophecy was given by Blanche Ross. She gave it in the form of a dream, and in one part of the dream she was outside a hall; students were going in; someone was speaking; the voice sounded sort of familiar and she asked: “Who is giving the lecture?” and was answered: “Dr. Martin Murie \_\_\_\_\_”.

The reason I inject here this personal history is that a few weeks ago I received a letter from my son Martin, who is a professor at Antioch College in Ohio which applies to what I want to say here, and I quote: “During the last quarter I was the coordinator for our Environmental Studies Seminar, mostly advanced students, and there is definitely a switch among students from the simple piecemeal approaches typical of Earth Day. They seem no to be embarked on the interrelations of politics and biology and economy to come out with much more fundamental changes; no longer does it suffice to work for just a few new laws. I am certainly curious about how Jackson Hole youth look at these things now.”

A young clergyman-sociologist in Massachusetts is the head of a group called “Massachusetts Tomorrow,” working out rational growth structures for that state. He has brought out a theory, “Alternative Models of a Steady State.” Assuming, as we all must very soon, that we cannot go on forever with unlimited material growth, he feels there are two possibilities: Steady State I; wherein we maintain large, urban, affluent, highly technological society and still try to take care of the environment somehow; and Steady State II, wherein the population is not concentrated in metropolitan



are they seeking? What challenges can they find? What is left to man of his genuineness? Do we still need something of primitive man sitting under a tree? What satisfies man? Most modern men are taken up with things of man's contriving, are they satisfied? Are we being submerged in invention? Who now has the courage to live a balanced life — with a balance of satisfactions?"

Well, these are just some "stream of consciousness" words in my journal — but they bring me now to the last, third, part of this talk; the most important, if any of it is — you yourself, and what I truly feel about you:

There is no limit to the growth of the human soul. Your outlook on life can be changed at any age. I think I was about forty when a young woman who was visiting us quoted to me 14 words. And these are the words I hope you will remember out of this whole speech: "If all is right within me, nothing that happens to me can be wrong."

You won't get the whole meaning, the impact, of these 14 words at first; I didn't. But think about them. They have been a tremendous help to me ever since; they may make a difference in your lives. The point is this: The foundation of your life, your happiness, is between you and whatever great creative force you believe in — and the happy person is the useful person — but you can't be happy unless you like yourself, unless you can admire and respect yourself — you can't like others, and others can't like you, until you are right within yourself.

Well, I was visiting friends in Seattle last month, and their 16 year-old daughter asked me what I was going to say to you folks. So I quoted those 14 words and asked her if she thought that was important enough to say to you. She said: "I think it is important; but can you tell us how we GET right within ourselves?"

Wow! That made me think! And I can't answer that; I can only say what I DID. A little morning routine: Her I am, a new day. Who am I? Do I like me? Where was I yesterday — last night? Am I proud of what I did and said yesterday — last night? How do I feel, inside of me?

Pretty soon you will know that you must pay for everything, and that things gained too cheaply — sex or any other thrill, are cheating you of the best in life. If all is right within you, you will know how to cope with whatever happens to you.

"I am a child of the Universe; I have a rightful place; there is no limit to the glorious adventure, if all is right within me." This is your integrity. A year ago now James

Michener was the commencement speaker at the University of Alaska, and he ended his talk thus: "So I come finally to the word 'integrity', because that is what it is all about. Anything that can help you to maintain your integrity, your integral being, will be of inestimable value to you — a sense of the integrity of the individual, a sense of a personal style that can not be corrupted by anything."

So let me sum up:

If all is right within you.  
If you have enthusiasm.  
If you have curiosity.

If you take it all as a great adventure, just seeing what you can do about it, while you are here.

One of the young singers of today is Phil Ochs — perhaps you now more of his songs than I do, but here are two verses of his song "When I'm Gone."

All my days won't be dances of delight, when I'm gone,  
  
And the sands will be shifting from my sight, when I'm gone

Can't add my name into the fight, when I'm gone,

So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't be laughing at the lies, when I'm gone,

And I can't even question how or when or why, when I'm gone,

Can't live proud enough to die, when I'm gone,

So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

Thank you for allowing me to share with you this very special hour. I salute you. Believe this: There is still a great big wonderful beautiful world out there. Go joyously!

Mardy Murie

areas but largely dispersed in villages and in cities of only 100,000; a people primarily interested in non-material satisfactions, where the desire to understand the world takes precedence over the will to control it; where housing and culture are less dependent on massive technology; where the administration could tend to be more personal and less bureaucratic.

These words are merely an indication of some new ideas about the big material things — but you are the people who will face these decisions, and they are big ones. You may as well be thinking some about it. I know that commencement speakers have been saying things similar to this for decades. But now I am sure it is different; we have reached a point in history where it is REAL. There will HAVE TO BE a drastic change in our thinking and a willingness to try a different concept — because we are using up our beautiful green planet too fast.

You are going to be the decision makers — but don't be afraid to get in there it will be a big adventure. Bring to it what my sea-going father called "That divine thing: Enthusiasm" and that other life-giving quality: Curiosity. Curiosity can keep us going when all else fails. Think of it this way: if you ever get so low it seems life has no meaning, nothing is worth the struggle, you feel cynical about people, you have no faith, then think: give yourself the ADVENTURE of doing what you can with what you have. Even if you have nothing but the adventure of trying — how much better than standing in a corner with your back to the wall.

Your Class committee who came to talk to me about Commencement said: "Tell us what you really think."

So I say: "Get into it. You'll be happier, no matter what your job or care if you take part in what's happening, in your community, in your state, in the nation. Get into politics. I said to one 18-year-old this winter: "Do you ever think about going into politics?"

"No, not now, the way it is so corrupt."

"Yes, and always will be unless some of YOU get into it."

So doing be afraid. It takes courage, but it's exciting, rewarding, satisfying sometimes, and fun. And politics need

you young men and young women!

Now to talk a bit about the little material things: I shall mention only three:

1. Your language
2. Books
3. Appreciation of the world around you.

The English (or should I say American?) language can be beautiful. It is NOT, as too many of us are speaking it today. I call your attention to "uh, uh", and "like," and "you know." And I object to the growing use of "that" in all places instead of "who" or "which." And we are lazy and sloppy in enunciation where we should be crisp and clear.

2. Books. Love them. Don't leave them behind when you leave school.

3. Appreciation of the world around you. Several years ago a young friend here in the valley told me that she had once asked her mother: "How did you survive, those first winters, snowed in, in a log cabin?"

And her mother had replied: "I think I would have gone mad without the birds." Now I'm sure you didn't expect me to get through a speech without mentioning wilderness — and the story about the birds says it for me: see, feel, listen to, the beauty around you. You may not all continue living in this valley. Someday you will realize how greatly privileged you were. But wherever you go, you can I hope still find some wild natural beauty. It is important — I am restraining myself from going on for hours about this my favorite topic. But I know it can help you to keep happy, and a happy person is a blessing, and it is healthy too. A couple of weeks ago I had a letter from an editor friend back east, editor in a large publishing firm. At the end of his letter, a postscript: "Tell the kids in the local high school that the main thing that a young person needs to do is to discover who he really is and to learn that he can't discover who he really is without knowing something about the natural world around him."

Four years ago I went back to New Zealand — incredibly beautiful country where my husband and our son Donald and I had had unforgettable adventures in 1949. This time, toward the end of our trip, my friend and I went to Stewart Island, at the south tip of New Zealand. It rained. There were young people tramping the trails through the deep forest, in the rain. Recently I happened on this entry in my diary of those days: "What is the core of a life? What is the hour by hour living within oneself? Is it for money, prestige, power over others? What are these young ones seeking — seeking? The young ones with packs on their backs — what



# Whetstone Canyon

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OLAUS J. MURIE

"I do not see how anyone can live without some small place of enchantment to turn to."

So said Marjorie Rawlings, writing of her magnolia tree and the lakeside hammock of her Florida retreat.

I cannot say how many places I have. Not, to be sure, my own legal property. Such matters transcend all strictly formal human arrangements. But, a place of enchantment? I think of several offhand. There is the spot where I stopped to rest in the wilderness of the Olympic Mountains one day-heavy forest all around, but near me a group of great maples, gracefully curved branches festooned with moss, a symphony of greens and browns in infinite variety, accented by the gold of sunlight filtering in from above. And then, when a blacktail deer came bounding through, gracefully passing under a wilderness arbor of trailing moss and young maple leaves, I was moved to do something about it. In my notebook I began: "Something beautiful happened just now."

But I got no further. How could I get a soul-filling experience like that into a small notebook that I could stuff into my pocket?

I remember too a little volcanic island in the Aleutians, a sheltered valley on the mountainside. It was a depression in the moss-covered lava rock, far from the pounding surf and shut off from turmoil of the outer world. A group of ravens flapped by; a little winter wren broke into song; there was no other life. I think I had wearied of the buffeting of the winds of Bering Sea, the din of surf, the roaring of sea lions, the clamor of swarms of sea birds. Here was quiet. Here was the sense of shelter.

I think back to childhood days, too. One day an older girl cousin said to me: "Come, I'll show you something. A secret."

She led me down the hill in back of her house, into the woods. We walked a short distance among the trunks of elm and box elder and ash. She stopped at the foot of a tree. There was a cavity there. Over the bark and on the mold of the floor of the cavity was an infinitely smooth carpet of green moss - nothing more. "This is our secret," she said.

Childish simplicity. But for some reason the little recess in the base of that tree has remained a hallowed spot,

though it was gone long ago. Did she remember it in later years, she who had found it and made it a secret? If she were only here I could ask her.

In Jackson Hole, Whetstone Canyon has been such a place for me. It is not big enough to be well known, not even big enough to be formally named, for which thank God! In fact it is a canyon in miniature, small enough to be "a place of enchantment."

I hesitate to attempt to tell of this secret lest inadequate telling destroy something that is wordless - like turning broad daylight into the charm of a twilight woods. But at any rate it is safe to speak of the sprightly ouzel, the very spirit of the place. He meets you as you turn to follow the creek up into the folded hills. He bobs and curtsies on a slaty rock, regards you with frank curiosity. As you come too near, he flutters over the riffles to another rock, to teeter and bob again. He drops into the water, floats about lightly on a small eddy, even plumps to the bottom, busy about the matter of those aquatic insects. You find your way up the stream, and the steep banks become steep rocky walls, and the little sprite keeps ahead, sometimes taking a long flight with a series of notes that seem to come from the spray of the riffles, little rattling stony notes that belong between these canyon walls.

The current is swifter now, the stream winds, you jump across from rock to rock, for better going. Then, as you come around a turn in the canyon, you face the climax, a high thin waterfall.

Do not go above the waterfall. Beyond it the stream becomes ordinary. But linger. In the canyon there is much to know. It is enough just to come close to the falls for a time, to feel the spray, the cool draft from it, to press your hand against cushions of moss. Here too is the secret of the ouzel. One of these masses of moss, which seem to be just moss, turns out to be a nest. Here the ouzels have pressed together - in a niche of the cliff, in the very spray of water - a globular structure. The entrance is a round black hole on the side. The continual spray keeps the moss alive and the neat has become part of the cliff. Here lives the real proprietor of Whetstone Canyon.

One day I was poking about in the talus at the foot of

for you kids to do all the work on this trip!"

"Oh, that's all right; we're suppose to do it; but do you think you can go up the canyon in the morning?"

I could, and we did, and despite the throbbing in my thumb it was a day of enchantment, for it was a special pleasure to feel the enthusiasm of those children as they scrambled over boulders and waded in the water, and to hear their muted eager voices as we neared the ouzel's territory, their delight in watching the little gray water sprite, in finding for themselves his nest under the waterfall, in discovering a few fossil snails and two beautiful leaves in the loose broken shale of the canyon walls. Joanne, with her keen curiosity and sharp eyes, was in her element here. Martin was, I think, more thrilled over the glimpse we had of a little band of elk passing along, unaware of us, on the skyline above the falls. For Donald, I was sure, the chief joy was the creek itself, the rushing water, the necessity to wade in it at times. He had always been a Water Baby.

I had the feeling that for all four the chief adventure of the trip was "rescuing" me, applying first aid, doing the camp chores, being the leaders rather than followers, on this expedition. Just as well I did gash my thumb.

Even so, perhaps the other memories remain too. Perhaps today Alma Ruth in Kentucky and Martin in Ohio, and Joanne and Donald in Illinois, may remember the little canyon of Whetstone Creek as a "place of enchantment."

the banded ledges near the waterfall. Stratified rock is always intriguing. There is always the possibility of finding among those laminated petrified pages the imprints of ancient stories. I was not disappointed this time. As I cracked open a piece of shale material, really nothing more than consolidated mud, there rolled out a fragmentary snail shell. I found many others. I found leaves, several kinds. I tried to find perfect ones, but I suppose one should not expect too much from such accidental geologic recordings. Then, as I turned over another block, I was astonished at what I saw—the clear imprint of part of a palm leaf. It was only a fragment, to be sure, but it was a palm tree, in Jackson Hole, in the Rocky Mountains.

I had come to look upon Whetstone Canyon with a feeling of ownership. Even the water ouzel who lived there, who had first rights, had become mine.

I wonder who else has owned this place? Farther up, above the falls some distance, was an old miner's cabin, pretty well broken down now, slowly disappearing. I wondered about those miners. For a time they had lived there. Did they know about the ouzel nest? Had they found a fossil palm? Probably they had not discovered these particular "secrets" of the little canyon; they were interested in other things. But in their day this ground was theirs.

Further up and high above the stream rises a mountain mass of conglomerate and sandstone known on the maps as Bobcat Ridge. Here too are fossil leaves. But more noticeably, among the crannies of the cliffs, live numerous marmots, or "rockchucks." On the Pacific Creek trail, years ago, I used to meet two youngsters, brother and sister, riding their ponies and followed by their dog. They lived on a ranch out near the main road and they use to ride back into the hills of Bobcat Ridge to hunt marmots. Once we rode together over part of the trail and we talked of rockchucks and the elk and the ruffed grouse and all the other creatures which were part of the forest back here far from the roads and the automobiles. We were passing through an open stand of timber when there on the green grass at one side of our trail we spotted two elk calves hiding. We reined in our horses, but just then two cow elk came up from a clump of trees. They had spied the dog and were full of fight; and the dog spied them and ran to attack, and thereby nearly lost his life. This the elk knew how to cope with; here was another coyote. They struck at the dog savagely, their front hooves pounding the ground, missing the dog by inches. The boy and girl knew the danger instantly, spurred their horses, and screamed at the dog in terror. All this hubbub was too much for the elk-charging horses, shouting humans, barking dog—and the two mothers fled back among the trees. We too sped away as fast as possible, hoping the mothers would soon return to their young.

What had been memorable incidents in the lives of those two ranch-bred children who rode back into the hills

of Whetstone for their early adventures? Now that they are grown, immersed in the practical affairs of life, do they remember? Would they admit it? Did they too know "a place of enchantment"?

One spring weekend I took my own children to my Whetstone place of enchantment, and it was like all of life—a mingling of spiritual enrichment and earthy adventure, of aesthetics and comedy.

Joanne and Martin were in the sixth and eighth grades; Alma Ruth was in the seventh. Donald was only seven years old, but the four of them and I drove to the end of the Pacific Creek road early on Saturday morning in late May. We then carried our sleeping bags and food up the trail about three miles. Where Whetstone Creek flows into Pacific Creek, and not too far below the big meadows which had been our first camp in Jackson Hole, we set up a little camp place for the night.

The children were full of enthusiasm. The three older ones had been studying woodcraft and first aid in Scouting and in school, and they were to write a report for their teachers on this trip. I sat on the bank under a pine tree sketching, and enjoyed watching them arrange everything. Martin and Donald were building a little fireplace of stones. They were not asking any help, but I had an idea.

"Look, Martin, there's a big flat one; let's move it over a little so the girls can use it as a kitchen table."

It was a pretty big stone, and as I was trying to ease it over another big one it slipped and fell so that its knifelike edge sliced right across my thumb, cutting a deep gash.

So there I was, the expert woodsman who had brought four youngsters on a "training trip" standing there feeling and I'm sure looking pretty foolish, with blood gushing from my thumb. I turned to my wide-eyed companions: "Well, what have you learned in First Aid?"

"Oh we know what to do," cried Alma Ruth, first to recover her poise, "You sit down right here on this rock; here's a clean hankie; hold it around your thumb while I find something—it's good for it to bleed a little at first, you know. Come on, Joanne."

She was instantly in command of the situation. She had taken her first-aid course seriously. From the folds of her sleeping bag she produced, of all things, a roll of bandage and she and Joanne went to work on me pretty expertly while Martin got a fire going Boy Scout style, only two matches. "Your daddy should have some hot soup right away, Martin," said Alma Ruth over her shoulder.

And when the girls had finished with me, Martin produced a bandanna and Joanne a kerchief and they fashioned a sling for my arm, "so it will be supported and not throb so much," quoted Joanne with confident knowledge. "Now how do you feel, Daddy?"

"I feel all right, only pretty silly. I really didn't intend



# Way of Being

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MUSIC AND LYRICS BY VIRGINIA RALPH

The voices of the moonlight  
Call down to me.  
They tell me a long long story  
And it merges with my dreams.

And the story they tell  
Is the mystery of being in time  
And the story of loving the world  
And a place in your soul you can find.

Look for your place of enchantment  
Be it mountains or the sea.  
When you know your place in the world  
We're a family.  
It's a way of being.

My teacher is the wind  
And the river beside me.  
The coyotes and owls are all singing  
And their song becomes my dream.

And the song that they sing  
Is of being a part of the whole,  
And of learning to listen and see  
There's wildness inside of your soul.

Look for your place of enchantment  
Be it mountains or the sea  
When you know your place in the world  
We're a family.  
It's a way of being.

My teacher is a woman  
Of wild and mysterious ways.  
She speaks to my heart's yearning  
And I'll follow her all my days  
And the song that she sings  
Is that wilderness must be held dear;  
She says "Pray with your eyes wide open  
Heaven is Here."

Oh -  
Look for your place of enchantment  
Be it mountains or the sea  
When you know your place in the world  
We're a family.  
It's a way of being.





# The Values of Wilderness

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# The Need for Wilderness

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MARGARET E. MURIE

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I grew up in Fairbanks. Two months after graduation from the University of Alaska, I married a government biologist and spent the following years with him in the field in all his studies. On expeditions to Alaska, Wyoming, and New Zealand we had three children along with us. In later years, when my husband was Director of the Wilderness Society, we had more expeditions, more travels, more work for the preservation of wilderness.

Now I have come back to my home country after an eight-year absence. My own bird's eye view (which may be altered in the weeks following up here this summer) is that Alaska is both physically and emotionally split by the Pipeline. But I don't want or intend to talk about the Pipeline. I'm sure Alaska is building it swiftly, expeditiously, and with environmental concern. But what the Pipeline started, Alaska will have to deal with in 1990 with oil, fish, minerals, timber, recreation, and people competing for them. Perhaps, we may learn a bit about humanities – human, man – and whether man is human enough or deserves that term. And I hope very much that we shall have here at this forum not only words, but some definite suggestions for action.

For myself I should like to enter here a plea for the consideration of the non-humanities, non-human values, for the land itself, but also for man – part of man's need. I grew up in Fairbanks when James Wickersham was battling in Congress for a government railroad for Alaska. Wood was the only fuel. Hillsides were stripped of birch forest to feed the boilers at all the little placer mines. Every household burned ten cords of wood a winter. The water-man brought you two or four buckets of water each day. The nameless hero came in the night to remove the necessary from the privy in the woodshed. Nothing was easy, but everyone counted. Everyone was cared for – a bigger and beautiful library, and hospitals. There were dress up parties, home-grown concerts, and plays, and always dances. I don't think people dance enough any more. Dance all night. Go to the Model Café for breakfast. Go home. Change your clothes and go to work. There were quarrels, but always humor. And, we had the march scandal too. It was expected always – at least one. As a small child, I remember the whistles and the siren blowing and everyone rushing to First Avenue – an impromptu parade. Dear old Mr. Gobracht's German Band

was marching and someone had found a coal scuttle and was waving it as he marched. Wickersham had won. Alaska was going to have a railroad. The coal mines could be opened. It was coal then. Now it is oil. But what a different accompaniment! Then the placer days were over and the great slump came during World War I. The railroad was not finished until 1922. Then came the second gold boom. This time it was the big companies from outside. And big dredges. Now, that boom is over. Now, it is oil. Joe Meeker in his *Comedy of Survival* says, speaking of a pioneering species in any environment, "These are highly generalized, flexible and adaptable creatures, capable of surviving despite the inhospitable nature of their environment. Pioneers must be aggressive, competitive and tough." The early Alaskans were all these things. For surely Alaska resisted rape with everything she had. Biting cold, rampaging streams, heartbreaking muskeg swamps, formidable mountains, stormy seas, impenetrable forest, and mosquitos! Now man is above all that – he flies. No place is too remote. No place is safe from man's touch. Joe Meeker also says, "with the machine empowered the garden is doomed." Man was little in those days. Now he is big with his bulldozer. But let's think for a moment about the Chief of Police of Fairbanks being interviewed in his office recently. He was calm and relaxed. He said, "Oh, it's just another boom. After a while it will go away."

This past winter I spent many hours reading the journals my husband has kept during all the years he worked in Alaska as a naturalist. And I should like to quote here from his journal written at Nenana, Alaska, September 5, 1925. You may remember, some of you, that Nenana was a boom town during the building of the railroad, and especially because of the great bridge they built across the Tanana there. The notes say: "I think of the old stampede days when steamers plied frantically up and down the Yukon, when hammer and saw made joyful sound of industry, and hope and enthusiasm filled the air. And now, these empty buildings, broken windows, and silence. I look out of my hotel window. The hill across the Tanana glows with gold and yellow and pale green of the birches. The red of the blueberry bushes in Autumn dress penetrating the dark spruce. It's pleasing, giving me a wholesome feeling. The old gold rush is gone – must always go. But this golden hill has

to many tourists this past summer, and what were they looking for? Size, vastness, magnificence, naturalness, informality of life, enthusiasm, happy people, and mountains and glaciers, waterfalls, great trees, whales, porpoises, birds, all the other wildlife, but also, a glimpse of the old Alaska and of the everyday life of its people. I saw tourists stopping at a garden in Fairbanks admiring the cabbages, the peas, and all the rest, and talking to the white-haired old-timer who was working in the garden. At Miller House on the Steese Highway we stopped in to see if they served breakfast. The old proprietor said: 'No, we don't do that anymore but come on in and set awhile and light your pipe and visit anyway.' These are the things tourists will remember and take home with them. The life, the feelings of those who live in Alaska. There are some who want a martini and a thick steak every night. That is one kind of tourist. But there are others, and I think they'll be more numerous, who are seeking, I believe, a picture of the past. They liked that Alaska 67 Exposition, not just because it was a picture of the past, but because that past had a virility, a ruggedness, an individual freedom that is fast disappearing, and for which they have a longing in the midst of our copy-cat, plastic civilization.

"Alaska has lots of problems. But I am hopeful she will solve some. And in my mind, the most important thing is saving the land itself. And the problems here are big business and big government. What is all the business for? Millions for a few?

"Again, here we have the new people and the old who want money, and the people who seek a whole life who feel what kind of life and future without the great big beautiful land itself, plus, the Sourdoughs that are appalled at the whole thing. I hope there will still be an Alaska for the young mechanic at Tok, for the young student who wants to live in his village, for the young University couple who merely want to live in a little house in the woods, and for the young fisherman who wants to keep on fishing in his own little boat and look out every morning at something nice."

Well, eight years have gone by since I said all those words in Seattle.

What now? What are the forces working in Alaska? Big business, big labor, big government, state and federal bureaucrats held upright by pressure from all sides, and getting the slings and arrows from all sides; scientists, government and otherwise, who carry on their beloved research and wonder if anybody will listen to them; wonder if the forces will listen to them. Old Alaskans who are on the band-wagon of all the new business, old Alaskans who wish they had never heard of the word pipeline and wonder whether to go somewhere else; new Alaskans who want a good simple life, and are willing to work in the battle to saving something of the real Alaska; and, perhaps most important of all, the Natives who are also divided between those who want to keep their own ways, their own village life, and those who want the Natives to be right in there with development, and dollars, and the "good things of life."

What are the good things of life? And can all these forces (none of which are just going to "go away") realize that they must talk, think, act, eat together? Who is right? No one completely, of course. But given all these forces, what philosophy will be followed for a lifestyle in 1990? How much of Alaska for change, for development, for profits, for jobs, for more population? How much for the land itself as it now is? With all its potential gifts of subsistence living, of scientific discoveries, of helpful recreation, of inspiration. On this point do we have to split and declare war? I plead for a plan under which there will always be room for a healthy economy, for a healthy population, with a great deal of Alaska left alone.

In Wyoming, I live on a former private in-holding in Grand Teton National Park, on the Snake River bottoms, in the woods at 6,400 feet altitude. Our place used to be a dude ranch and there are three houses on it. The wildlife is plentiful. I had a moose come along the road and say goodbye to me as I was leaving for the airport the other morning, and we're all zealous to keep it that way. I counted 18 species of mammals on that 77 acres. Last fall a cat appeared, probably dropped off by some tourist going by. I called the Rangers. They came with live traps and lots of good fishy bait and the cat defeated all of us – and our efforts. And, somehow, that creature managed to survive our winter – six feet of snow on the level, blizzards, cold. In April, the snow still deep, the woman who lives in the middle house on the ranch came into her kitchen one evening at dusk, and there saw two dark blobs on the bird tray which is attached to the kitchen window. A mother porcupine and her baby had been around all winter and that was normal to see them there. But there was a third blob – yes, the cat! Up there on the bird tray eating with the porcupines! You wonder why I'm telling you this. Well, it occurred to me, if cats and porcupines can eat together and tolerate each other, shouldn't conservationists and businessmen be able to do likewise? And, not only these two forces, but all the others?

I think we have not had the courage to be entirely frank with one another, and this is a point in history when we must be. And, we must talk together. I think my main theme is this. That perhaps man is going to be overwhelmed with his own cleverness. That he may even destroy himself with this same cleverness. And, I firmly believe that one of the very few hopes for man is the preservation of the wilderness we now have left and the greatest reservoir of that medicine for man lies here in Alaska. This sounds radical, I know. I don't mean to be saying that all the modern inventions and discoveries and developments are bad for man. I remember the old days and I know they weren't always the "good old days." What I'm trying to say is that somewhere along the line we have lost control of the things we have created. We have learned to need all the comforts and refinements and things and gadgets which all the technology has presented to us. We are constantly being bombarded with beguiling messages about how much we need all these things. And, big corporations, big bureaucracies feed on

always been there – it's still there. And autumn among the birches belongs to a stable civilization with homes and children, schools and swimming holes. Slower growth but more desirable for Alaska."

Will it "go away"? Or, are we already locked into a system which is voracious? Locked into opposing camps? Will we be so blind and helpless that we lose the most precious things, after all?

I quote here from an article by Jim Hunter: "So those facing North to the wilderness have two radically different visions on what to do with it. There are many who subscribe to development and growth as synonymous with national security and greatness; there are many others who view the preservation of Alaska as a turning point, as a welcome antivenin for an already poisoned earth. Perhaps the real enemy of the wilderness is an invalid American dream. Perhaps too late we're learning that a diet of metal and oil will kill us. Perhaps too late we will discover that the valid new frontiers exist in the spirit and in technology and that no matter where the new frontiers will be, human beings cannot do without wilderness. Alaska, the accidental purchase, has left this nation, with a storehouse of green wilderness-vitamin A-1.

"While irresponsible developers, and this does not mean all developers, push to get there first, to get rich first, they fail to realize the greatest resource Alaska has to offer a sick America is clean air and pure water and wild lands. And it is not just the developers. Because without a population which applauded them and purchased their products, they could not continue. The developer may be the hammerhead, but society is the handle and all the power coming down behind it. And as sure as society can smash the hammer down on Alaskan Wilderness, it can also throw the hammer away. And this time around will be the last time."

I don't need to tell you that much has happened in Alaska since I was up here in 1967. That summer I saw parts of Alaska I had never seen before because I was traveling with my friend, Mildred Capion, who was making a film, "Alaskan Summer". On our return that autumn, I spoke at a banquet in Seattle and I'm going to tell you a few of the things I said then, which was eight years ago now.

"I went back to Alaska this summer, traveled 10,000 miles with my friend in her Ford Travel Wagon. Ferried to Prince Rupert and Wrangell and it rained, to Petersburg and it rained, and to Juneau and it was lovely. Flew to Fairbanks for commencement at the University of Alaska, and back to Juneau and Glacier Bay for 5 great days; to Sitka and it was beautiful; and back on the ferry to Haines and 4 wonderful days, and on to the Interior to Anchorage and Homer; by ferry to Kodiak for 6 days, then to Kenai and the Moose Ragne and a canoe trip and a flight over the Kenai Mountains and to Palmer and the dairy farms; McKinley Park, and to Fairbanks and the Steese Highway to Circle, and to Valdez and by ferry to Cordova and the salmon canneries. Back over the highway to Tok and the

Taylor Highway to Eagle on the Yukon and then to Dawson and Whitehorse and Carcross and the railroad to Skagway and return. And finally all the way home to Moose, Wyoming. We were not long on the ferry out of Price Rupert before getting the feel of the new Alaska. There was a fascinating mixture of people on board. Going through Wrangell Narrows at dusk, very quiet, under a slow bell, everyone watching those close shores. A young man, a pile-driver operator in the timber industry, was talking quietly. He said, 'Never a dull moment in the new State of Alaska. If you keep your eyes and ears open for what's around you – and we don't have so much artificial amusements up here, so we keep our eyes and ears open for what's around us.' The new Alaskans. The young men all love the life. Some of the wives do, some don't. The young mechanic who towed us into Tok for repairs said that he loved hunting in the fall and snowshoeing in the winter, but his wife hates it. In Fairbanks a taxi driver told my friend, 'I came up here 12 years ago for two weeks. Never been back, no desire to go back.' At a cannery near Haines, a young fisherman was mending his nets, 'I wouldn't live anywhere else. Always something beautiful to look at. Wake in the morning, look out the window, always something beautiful – nice to look at.' Why do they love it? The land itself most of all, I think. Even though some of them are busy altering it, busy killing the thing they love, making it like all the other states. But most of Alaska's new people do love it. Will there be enough who care? The struggle will be between these two – both new. One group thinking of a whole life, the other making money and getting out. As for the old timers, the Sourdoughs, they live in nostalgia and can they be blamed? There were, in spite of hardships, so many charming things in that old life – dog teams, stern-wheel steamers on the rivers, absolute freedom. If a prospector didn't make it in one creek there were plenty of other creeks to try. At Forty-Mile last summer we stopped to take movies at the road house where they were raising Siberian Huskies. One of the partners said, 'So where's there to go anymore? Up at Barrow they say there's only two dog teams left. Everybody's got those skidoos, and natural gas piped into their houses. So where's there to go anymore? Forty-Mile's the only place left, I guess. The people there don't want that new stuff.'

"What did my friend film? Glacier Bay, a threat of mining; Sitka, the pulp mill, a big freighter loading just as we pulled into the cover; at Haines another huge freighter loading logs, 4,500,000 board feet at a load. At Kodiak diversified fishing has arrived there. A huge new fish plant is being built. At Kenai, oil rigs in the forest and offshore. Much of this industry must be accepted. But, the overriding thought in my mind is, while all this is going on, what is being left for the one industry which can be most lucrative, non-destructive, self-perpetuating for all times, a commodity in short supply in other world markets? The industry of simply letting people come to see and enjoy Alaska. What is next for Alaska? What will be left of the distinctive Alaskan features which draw the tourist? We talked

themselves, become such entities in themselves, so imbued with the great American dream that growth is a God and that bigger is better and that the thought of decreasing size or a steady State society is an anathema, that to me they have become terrifying. So I'm beginning to wonder where in all this complexity of things is there going to be a voice which says, "Look, where are we going? Hadn't we better stop and look ourselves over?" Perhaps the voices will come from many directions – from the Native villages, from the smaller communities, from the bureaucrats, from the legislators – who knows?

I recommended to your notice the articles by Doug McConnell and Stephen Reeve and by Larry Mayo in the Fall, 1974, issue of the Alaska Conservation Review. There are specific suggestions here for input from the public by use of the media into plans for the future of Alaska. I recommend Sam Wright's suggestions in his recent newsletter from Tasseraluk Institute that there be a state-wide education program on what Alaskans want for the future based on grassroots meetings, media presentation, and questionnaires. Does that sound too complicated?

To put it simply, we must all get into the act. If there were only some potent inspiration which would cause every Alaskan to sit down and write in a few words what he wants for his State for the future and send it in to some central clearing house, that would be an example of democracy in action, wouldn't it? And a storehouse of information for decision. If I were required to write such a page, I would first give homage to those Alaskans who are already leading simple life with a minimum of things, self-sustaining, on renewable resources. And I would say, "For goodness sake, let them have control of their land and the chance to show the rest of us how it is done." We can agree that there is no turning the clock back. The people are here. The economy must remain. But, with some foresight, some scrutinizing of man's real needs, we could begin to have a plan for Alaska and it would begin with each town and each borough.

But underlying all the meetings and the talks and the plans it seems to me is the great doom-thought: when all of Alaska's non-renewable resources are dug out, piped away, cut down – what lifestyle then? And here I submit once more my theme that man, too clever, too far away from the earth, is not happy. I believe that man needs wilderness for five reasons: (1) wilderness preservation for space – elbow room for man – untouched by man; (2) for scientific research. For man's benefit, of course, but also for that of other creatures – plant and animal. We so far know just enough to know that we haven't begun to know at all. That there are all kinds of things to be discovered in the natural world which cannot be discovered anywhere else; (3) for watershed protection. To keep man's busy, selfish world healthy; (4) for physical recreation of all kinds to keep man's selfish to unselfish body healthy; and (5) for what it gives man's spirit.

There is something elemental and unchangeable here

I think. Perhaps there are men who feel no need for nature. They are fortunate in a way perhaps. But for those who somehow feel unnurtured, missing something, groping for something satisfying, surely there should still be a place, a big place – wilderness. Again, man for all his ego is not the only creation. Other species have some rights too. Wilderness itself, the basis of all our life, does it have a right to live on? Having furnished all the requisites of our proud materialistic civilization, our neon-lit society, does it have a right to live on? Do we have enough reverence for life to concede to wilderness this right? I submit that when all the non-renewable resources are going, Alaska could still have a resource which will support a healthy economy, and a happy life for her people for all time. And that this happy possibility for lifestyle 1990 depends on how much of unspoiled Alaska is saved now. I know it is very poor taste to quote from one's own books, but somehow I could not find any other way to say what I wanted to say at the end of this talk. So I do quote from the preface to *Two in the Far North*, which was published in 1962; "What, after all, are the most precious things in a life? We had a honeymoon in an age when the world was sweet and untrammelled and safe. Up there in the Koyukuk there were very few machines of any kind; but there was joy in companionship and in the simple things – like the crackle of a fire, having tea and bread while the rain pattered on the roof, a chance meeting with a friend on the dog-team trail ... Here in Alaska people still count, as much today as in the twenties. I would love to think the world will survive its obsession with machines to see a day when people respect one another all over the world. It seems as clear as a shaft of the Aurora that this is our only hope. My prayer is that Alaska will not lose the heart-nourishing friendliness of her youth – that her people will always care for one another, her towns remain friendly and not completely ruled by the dollar – and that her great wild places will remain great and wild and free, where wolf and caribou, wolverine and grizzly bear, and all the Arctic blossoms may live on in the delicate balance which supported them long before impetuous man appeared in the North. This is the great gift Alaska can give to the harassed world."

# Address to the Annual meeting of the WMA...in New Mexico.

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OLAUS J. MURIE, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY

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There was a shipwreck on a reef near a South Pacific Island. Of the three

survivors one was a doctor, one a lawyer, and one a minister. They could see people on the island, but could not get their attention. Someone would have to swim over. But in the water they could see many sharks. What could they do?

Finally they drew straws, to see which one should try to swim over; and

the lawyer drew the short straw. He started to swim. The others saw a shark rush up to the swimmer, then quickly turn away. Another shark did the same; shark after shark did the same thing, and the lawyer swam on.

"The Lord is with him," said the minister. "There is a miracle. "

"No," said the doctor. "That's only professional courtesy!"

I am reminded of my own experience with the Pacific Ocean. In 1913,

shortly after graduation from Pacific university in Oregon, I took a job with

the State Game Warden, William L. Finley. At that time L. Alva Lewis, who had an adjoining office, was in charge of federal refuges in that area; but he had a hip disease and used crutches to walk. He wanted me to go along with him while he visited Three Arch Rocks off the Oregon coast. A motor boat brought us to a ledge on the outer island, where we made our camp, and they left a rowboat with us. They were to call for us in three or four days .

Next morning we rowed to the inner island and spent hours with the nesting murres, cormorants, puffins and other sea birds; and on the beach were sea lions. This was in the beginning of bird banding, and I had with me a good supply of aluminum rings.

We were so engrossed with the birds we did not see

what was happening.

Suddenly I called to Lewis: "Look what's happening! A storm! Let's try to get back to camp. "

We got into our rowboat, but by the time we got to our camp place the

waves were breaking on the shore. I said to Lewis: "Get in the stern; I will

back in on one of the rising swells and you get out fast, for I can't stay long."

But Lewis was a cripple, and he was slow. I couldn't pull away until he was ashore. I knew I was tarrying too long. As he got onto the rock, the water fell quickly, the stern of the boat caught on a rock, and the next instant I was dumped into the sea. There must have been an undertow, for when I came up for air I was far out from shore. I swam around, gathered all the banding records and stuffed them into my shirt, fastened one end of a life preserver to the stern of the sunk boat, tied to the other end cameras and equipment still floating, put the crutches and one oar under the slats, got into the sunk boat, which was just under the surface, and paddled out to sea, away from the dangerous rocks. I was in water up to my waist, but at least was afloat; it saved me from swimming.

Then I suddenly was afraid! I shall not go into detail here about my sojourn in the Pacific in a sunk boat, unable to land anywhere! But I finally thought of the arch through one of the islands, where the swells were going up and down, but without the turbulent breaking into white water. I managed to steer the boat into this place, crawl up on a ledge, get the boat emptied of water, and then to go out again and land on the lee side of our camp island. I was not a lawyer, there were no sharks, but there was a turbulent storm at sea -the water was my adversary! At this time, just out of college, I was looking for adventure. And I found it!

In my next sojourn, this time in the Olympic forest on the coast of Washington, I began to be aware of the phi-



We made long hikes across the tundra, around the lake, off to other lakes, over to the mountains, anywhere the notion came to any of us. There we had the perfect freedom of the wilderness.

Even the nighttime was alive, for there was no darkness. As we lay in our tents at night, whenever we were awake, we could hear the old-squaw ducks down on the lake, and at all times the crowing and guttural "talking" of the willow ptarmigan; the males that is. At that time the males are pure white still except for the rich brown head and neck, and in their resplendent uniform sit on hummocks or other high places and with their crowing call attention to themselves, while their wives are obscurely incubating a set of eggs in nests nearby. As we think back in our memories of those days, there is a warm feeling for all those voices of the wilderness.

What do these experiences mean to us? They are outstanding in special ways of course. I remember especially one day when I was coming down the Sheenjek River, walking along the narrow sandy beach. Parallel with the river was a line of willows. Suddenly across them I heard a loud snort. I looked over to where the land was rising to an open slope. There stood a grizzly bear, looking in my direction. Their eyesight is poor, and I have made it a rule never to run from an animal that gives them the impulse to chase. This time I thought I would try an experiment, so I howled like a wolf. The bear gave a start, looked in my direction some more, then turned and ambled off. One day, so appropriately, near Lobo Lake, I came suddenly on a big wolf. He gazed at me calmly a moment, then turned and disappeared into the willows.

And let me not omit a word about the flowers—flowers on ice, for the permafrost is ever-present, only a foot or so under the turf. The rhododendron, the mountain avens, the many saxifrages, the heathers, and so many others, make a spectacle well worth a long trip to see.

When our summer sojourn was over and we had returned to our homes, all three of those who had shared the experience with us stated emphatically how much it had all meant to them. And we two, going back to that wonderful country, had feelings about it which we can not express.

But why? Should we try to understand why? In the first place, there was no "administrative" action to mar the scenery. There were no urban "facilities" to intrude. It was a piece of untouched Arctic wilderness that appealed to all of us. There above all we had the combination of esthetics, intellectual attributes and a virile life. In such a place you think straight, you become acquainted with yourself. We

need just that in our civilization.

This very human problem is receiving attention all over the world, from New Zealand to Scandinavia and continental Europe, in fact in most countries. By reading articles and books, a great variety of them, you become more aware of this human problem and of some hopeful signs, in the face of the greatest problem, over-population.

In the March number of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists I find this statement:

"The advent of the mass society must also be recognized as contributing to the individual's passivity and escape from persona: responsibility. When society becomes rationalized, when social control is effected through official bureaucracies for more and more areas of life, when the citizen is summed up by holes punched in an IBM card, the concept of the human being becomes statistical, abstract and depersonalized. He is told who he is, what he wants to be, how to get that way, and how to feel that way even when he is not. Further, says C. Wright Mills in "The Power Elite" the mass man loses his independence, and more importantly, he loses the desire to be independent."

I want to quote again from "Religious Science", this time from Carleton Whitehead. In part he says:

*"Five men inch their way up an icy, precipitous mountain slope, bound together by a rope. Well they understand the law of Harmony. Right action for one is right action for all. Right action for the group is right action for each individual."*

The one time I climbed the Grand Teton in Wyoming, by the rough southwest route, this came to my notice emphatically. All four of us were roped together and we belayed each other. At one point a young man slipped off and hung suspended on the side of the cliff. The man above, belaying him, prevented him from falling to the base of the cliff. Here again, right action for all saved this one person.

So many people think nature is only tooth and claw. Of course, many animals eat meat. We humans even kill each other, have been known to eat each other. But there is also cooperation. Think of the importance of insects, which seek the nectar in flowers and incidentally help to spread the pollen for reproduction.

I was interested in this cooperation in northern Alaska. The wolf lived mainly on caribou, taking for the most part the cripples, diseased and slow ones, thereby benefiting the caribou race as a whole. But the wolf left some of his kill.

losophy of outdoor living. I spent the winter of 1916-17 alone, in a deserted cabin at the head of the Elwha River. There were still wolves there, deer, I saw my first elk, and got photographs of a mountain lion. One thing that impressed me was the winter song of the dipper or water ouzel. And at the cabin I had a volume of Tennyson's poems. As I look back now, I think the book of poems and the water ouzel song had a similar effect on me .

I have had many letters from young people who want to get a college

education and wonder what courses they should take to prepare them for zoology, wildlife management, etc. I cannot advise in detail, but I have always urged that they should not ignore the liberal arts, to see and prepare for our culture as a whole, to get a broad background for whatever branch of science they choose, and I have urged that they do not specialize too soon. The time has come, with the intellectual problems before us, when we must combine the concepts of philosophy and of science, while also developing the physical vigor of our bodies. It is very important that we do so. But we developed a brain, a big brain in comparison with other creatures that we know about. None of us know the final answer, but we do want to progress. So we must not neglect the brain. We proudly call ourselves Homo Sapiens. Let's try to live up to it -to develop our physical bodies along with our intelligence.

I had a letter from a young man in Montana, a fine letter, from which I

have often quoted. Among other things he said:

"I have no objection to income provided it does not interfere with my living."

That is a good philosophy I think. Along the same lines I would like to quote Mr. Barker, in the May issue of "Religious Science":

"Every astute person watches his finances...He does not fool himself at the money level, but he may fool himself at the spiritual level. "

"Life responds by becoming what you habitually believe. Watch your mind as you do your bank account — You go where your mind takes you. Think what you want and want what you think."

Some time ago I read an article by Vannevar Bush in the Atlantic Monthly, in which he said that nowadays war is becoming obsolete and he wondered what was going to take the place of the ancient possibility of the young men to become warriors, to develop courage and physical prowess.

Warfare is becoming merely a push button affair. He suggests that young people should go in for three things -athletics, working for some worthy cause, and going out in the out-of-doors by their own efforts.

Along this line I am reminded of a quotation from Theodore Roosevelt which appears in large letters above the entrance to the Roosevelt Hall in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, for all to see:

" Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."

Roosevelt of course said it in vigorous terms, but he and Vannevar Bush were thinking along the same line .

Our world is in a turmoil now. I suppose people have always thought this, but now there are so many of us, and the world, including America, is so full of politicians who think only of being reelected; many of them do not seem to have the courage to "fight for the right" as Roosevelt suggested. And we become confused. We have the same low-level viewpoint in many of our endeavors. We are so organized that we do things contrary to our conscience in order to hold our jobs.

But, at the same time , there are some very hopeful things. One of them is the world-wide emphasis on esthetics -our appreciation of the natural beauty of scenery, our growing appreciation of the fauna and flora of our planet, our preoccupation with philosophy and the various arts. Let us not ignore this wholesome minority.

In 1961, Mrs. Murie and I went back to Lobo Lake in the Brooks Range of Alaska, to have again that invigorating experience. This time at first we had with us a young woman, a friend from California; and later two fifteen-year-old boys from Washington, D.C. We had our simple camp on the shore of Lobo Lake, no so-called modern conveniences. We were on our own. But we had the midnight sun and we were in the midst of natural, unmodified scenery that had been there through the centuries. How can one describe what all this meant for us?

As the ice thawed around the edges of Lobo Lake some of the waterbirds assembled there. The old-squaw ducks were there and we could so often hear their loud voices raised in this Arctic wilderness. And there were the northern phalaropes, whirling in circles on the water to stir up more food; and many other ducks and shore-birds, more and more of them as the ice thawed away in early June .

The grizzly bear is mainly vegetarian but eats meat when he can. He finds this carrion. So does the red fox, the lynx) wolverine, raven, and perhaps others. The Arctic fox, some of them, live out on the polar ice, living on the leavings of the polar bear. And in Africa is the little bird known as the honey guide, who actually leads the animal known as the ratel to a wild bee hive. The ratel can break the hive open to get the honey, and then the bird eats the wax thus exposed.

So we do have cooperation in nature. We must look at wildlife as a whole, all forms of wildlife not just big game. Total ecology is becoming an important phase of science. We have to understand how each one lives, big and small, what each one needs, for food and cover. The "balance of nature" is not an empty phrase.

Our youngest son Donald and I were going along through the jungle-like forest of the mountainous Fiordlands of New Zealand, one of the most beautiful wilderness areas on this planet. At one point we saw beside us, in a bush, a spider web. It had on it a sprinkling of dewdrops, and the rising sun gave it rainbow colors. We were so impressed by this little aspect of nature's beauty, and we stopped to take some color pictures, and to gaze.

Whether it be the high mountain, the wide desert, the big features of landscape, large animals roaming undisturbed over the wide land -or little details of colorful flowers at our feet, it can all be inspiration for us, inspiration which

we need, to carry on. A sound mind in a sound body. This has been so much quoted, but it is a good way of saying what we mean here. We can still look to a bright horizon as our goal. We can do our best to understand and to achieve. There is an English naturalist, D. Watkins-Pitchford, who has written a number of good books, our favorite being "Wild Lone" the story of a fox in England. In the front of everyone of his books is a statement in quotation marks. Mrs. Murie wrote to him and asked who made that statement. He replied that he did not know; it was found on an old headstone in a churchyard in Cumberland. I made a wooden plaque, on which I printed that statement, and we have it hanging on the mantel of our fireplace in our home. These are the words:

"The wonder of the world,  
The beauty and the power ;  
The shapes of things ,  
Their colours, lights and shades.  
These I saw.  
Look ye also while life lasts."

# “The Arctic National Wildlife Refuge...”

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ROGER W. KAYE

In 1953, a feature article appeared in the journal of the Sierra Club extolling the wilderness qualities that two scientists found in a remote corner of Alaska. Northeast Arctic: The Last Great Wilderness (Collins and Sumner 1953) began the transformation of this remote, little-known section of the Brooks Range into a place internationally recognized as one of the finest examples of wilderness, the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.

The authors, National Park Service planner George Collins and biologist Lowell Sumner, recruited Wilderness Society President Olaus Murie and his wife Margaret into an effort to seek permanent protection for the area, who were soon joined by other prominent conservationists.

It is noteworthy that their campaign to establish the Arctic Refuge occurred at a pivotal period in American environmental history. The mid-1950s witnessed the beginnings of a new environmentalism, a perspective recognizing a far broader range of landscape values than that of utilitarian conservation.

Two key figures of this emerging paradigm strongly influenced the perceptual lens with which the refuge founders arrived. Robert Marshall's writings wilderness, and about adventuring in the Central Brooks Range expanded their understanding of the psychological benefits and cultural values one could experience in this landscape. Aldo Leopold had a “profound effect” on the range of scientific, experiential, and symbolic values they perceived wild places to hold. “It was his ideas that we brought with us to Alaska,” Collins said.

Through the late 1950s, the founding conservationists' writings inspired a growing constituency to write, speak and testify for the area's permanent protection. In 1960, the nine-million-acre Arctic Range was finally established. In 1980, the Alaska National Interest Lands Act more than doubled the Range and renamed it the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.

The Arctic Refuge remains a place “where the wild has not been taken out of the wilderness,” an agency brochure advises prospective visitors. “Perhaps more than anywhere in America,” it continues, the refuge “is a place where the sense of the unknown, of horizons unexplored, of nameless valleys remains alive” (U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, undated).

But what constitutes this “sense” of wildness? The refuge's assemblage of wilderness-dependent wildlife, symbolized by the 120,000-strong herd of free-roaming caribou? The scenery and completeness of the five major ecosystems through which the caribou flow? Partly –but the brochure statement alludes to something beyond, something embodied by these biophysical qualities. It was inspired by what Olaus Murie (1959a) articulated in his congressional testimony, stating:

It is inevitable, if we are to progress as people in the highest sense, that we shall become ever more concerned with the saving of the intangible resources, as embodied in this move to establish the Arctic Wildlife Range (emphasis added)

Murie readily admitted his inability to define the intangibles that figured so prominently in the establishment of the Arctic Refuge. Since his time, environmental psychologists have labeled them as “psychologically deep,” “subliminal,” “preverbal,” and “archetypal.” Perhaps they are best summarized by Aldo Leopold's (1966) simple phrase, “Values as yet uncaptured by language” (p.102).

## THE WILD IN WILDERNESS: AT RISK?

The hard-to-define character of these qualities challenges wilderness advocates, managers and policy makers who wish to preserve them. But as psychologist Herbert Schroeder (1996) reminds us, their elusive nature is part of their essence and strength– their mystique. Like the wild caribou, the psychological and metaphysical stuff of wilderness ought to be left alone, unstudied and unexamined.

ognize the Arctic Refuge as: 1) a place for wildlife, particularly for species not tolerant of civilization, or tolerated by civilization; 2) a place of scenic values; 3) a place of scientific values; and 4) a setting for wilderness "recreation."

Ten meanings are less recognized. Their role in the establishment of the refuge, and in the experience, perception and valuation of it as wilderness, are less understood. Of course, the importance of each varies widely among individuals. The relative influence of each is not evaluated, because none operates in isolation. In the mind they form a gestalt. They meld into one another. One's conceptualization of this environment derives less from recall of individual component meanings than from an overall "impression" based on a largely unconscious interaction of them.

1. The Arctic Refuge provides a connection to American cultural heritage.

This area offers what is virtually America's last chance to preserve an adequate sample of the pioneer frontier, the statewide counterpart of which has vanished.

— George Collins and Lowell Sumner, 1953

The idea that wilderness is a vestige of our frontier heritage is deeply embedded in the American notion of wilderness. It was a prominent theme in several of the writings of Leopold that inspired the refuge founders. Also influential was Robert Marshall's (1938) proposal for a permanent frontier in northern Alaska. "In Alaska alone can the emotional values of the frontier be preserved" (p. 1).

The idea of preserving a remnant of the frontier and related experience opportunities became prominent in the public testimony supporting establishment of the Arctic Refuge (Kaye 1998), and continues to resonate through the popular literature. Consider Nameless Valleys, Shining Mountains, John Milton's (1970) discovery of "wilderness on a scale the mountain men once knew in our far west" (p. 63) and his feeling that Lewis and Clark "would probably have felt much as we did" (p. 113).

Co-researchers commonly report catching an occasional experiential glimpse of this past. Author and co-researcher Debbie Miller, for example, vividly recalls instances where she imagined, "This is what it must have been like for the early explorers . . . the feeling of exploration they must have known." She looks back upon childhood exposure to frontier imagery as among the influences that led her to become a veteran of thirty-some extended trips in the Arctic Refuge, experiences that inspired her to become a nationally recognized leader in the effort to protect the refuge from oil development. "If we lose places like the Arctic

Refuge, we lose something of ourselves too," she says, citing historian Wallace Stegner. "It's part of American's geography of hope."

Co-researcher and geophysics professor Keith Echelmeyer says "On the longer trips I get this sense of not visiting, but moving through the land as Lewis and Clark must have felt." These experiences seem to be neither imagining nor trip motivations or expectations. Echelmeyer says:

It's something that just comes to you when you don't know what's ahead. It's an understanding of what it was like to be in that era . . . It's an identity with a period I find most interesting.

Recent literature in the areas of environmental psychology (Kaplan & Kaplan 1995) and archetypal psychology (Pearson 1991) lead to examining the role of the frontier and its explorers as more than just touchstones to this venerated past; they may symbolically represent what Olaus Murie and others considered an innate human impulse, represented by the following meaning . . .

2. The Arctic Refuge is a place of mystery and unknown, a place for exploration and discovery.

The urge to go places . . . to explore . . . to discover . . . this urge has come down to us from the earliest time and we must not ignore it if we believe in progress of the human spirit.

— Olaus Murie, 1961

This theme has recurred through the popular literature of the Brooks Range since Marshall (1956) first extolled its unknown character and "the exhilarating feeling of breaking new ground" (p. 49). In the glossy book *Earth and the Great Weather*, Kenneth Brower (1970) revels in finding a valley "unexplored as far as we know" (p. 70). In her book *Midnight Wilderness* (1990), Miller describes "that exhilarating sensation that we may have walked in places where perhaps no human had ever set foot" (p. 133). Encapsulating a theme expressed by all the co-researchers, she says

There is a tremendous sense of adventure in not knowing what lies ahead. Perhaps one of the greatest values in experiencing this primeval wilderness is the element of discovery (p.150)

This enchanting component of the refuge experience seems to arise from an aura of mystery, the sense that there is something within or beyond a scene that is not apparent (Kaplan & Kaplan 1995). This uncertainty engages visitors' predictive and inferential capabilities, impelling them to

Indeed, it could be if remoteness would continue to protect this landscape. But even the distant Brooks Range is not far enough from new technologies and public and agency actions that threaten qualities that the founders believed should be timeless. Thus I came to this research project, though with misgivings.

Perhaps the most intangible threat Murie resisted was the attachment of names to natural features (Murie 1959b). But recently, part of the Arctic Refuge was named for a former agency head, who by all accounts, was well liked by the conservation community. Nevertheless, as the director of a Fairbanks environmental organization put it, the name “took some of the wild out of the Refuge,” and “some ineffable quality has been lost.”

A greater threat to elusive wilderness qualities may be the potential development of “quiet” helicopters. If helicopter technology continues, the legitimizing rationale used to exclude them (noise) from the refuge’s non-wilderness designated areas may be voided. Further, recent legislative attempts to allow helicopters in Alaskan wilderness highlight the need to understand the aspects of peoples’ experience that may be altered if they know that any destination, every place along their route, could be accessed by a machine.

Visitors have also questioned the effect of new technologies that have only a temporary presence in wilderness, such as communications systems and the ubiquitous global positioning systems.

But a developing technology that may become more controversial – and raise questions that reach into the deepest philosophical and psychological underpinnings of the wilderness idea – is one that neither leaves a footprint, nor has any physical presence. Beyond anything the refuge founders could have envisioned is the computer wilderness-trip planning program proposed for the Boundary Waters Canoe Area (Lime and others 1995). It is a product of several exponentially expanding technologies converging with geographic information system (GIS) resource databases. Linked to high-resolution remote sensing imagery, this technology may will enable use of Internet-based wilderness-trip planning programs for “shopping” for qualities desired in a wilderness trip, and for “ordering up” and viewing in detail destinations, routes, features or campsites with attributes specified in a visitor’s “motive profile.” A researcher with the Boundary Water’s project, a first-generation prototype of such a program, predicts that eventually the technology could lead to virtual reality “fly-overs” of wilderness, along with enhanced “fly-ins” for close-up views of selected features or routes. “If there is anything I can tell you about this

technology,” Michael Lewis said, “the sky is the limit” (personal communication 1996).

Subjects of this study who have contemplated the prospect of just knowing such a technology might someday overlay Arctic Refuge have described it as “sacrilegious as playing a video game in church.” They ask what would happen to the essence of wildness if they knew there were no secret places, no hidden corners along their route that aren’t digitized, thus dispelling the sense of mystery and the experience of exploration and discovery. And beyond the experiential aspects, how might such changes affect the symbolism this place has come to hold?

## EXPLORING THE UNDERPINNINGS OF WILDERNESS

This ongoing investigation explores the system of thought and belief that underlies objections to such potential changes to the Arctic Refuge wilderness. It seeks to describe the network of beliefs, values and attitudes associated with this northern expanse of mountains, tundra and forest – endowing it with a sense of place and embodying it with a set of meanings that have led to its emergence as an experiential and symbolic landscape of national significance.

The inquiry employs the tools of exploratory, phenomenological, and interpretive inquiry. It draws on three sources of data: 1) the wilderness themes identified through content analysis of 19 writings of those who were most instrumental in establishing the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, supplemented by interviews with three of them, 2) wilderness themes identified in 25 popular literatures subsequent to the refuge’s establishment, and, most importantly, 3) exploration of the perception and experience of wilderness-oriented refuge visitors who serve as case studies.

The latter is a multi-stage process involving in-depth interviews and other tools of therapeutic psychology designed to elicit underlying belief and attitude structures that people are often unable or unwilling to disclose in response to more direct methods.

## WILDERNESS MEANINGS ASSOCIATED WITH THE ARCTIC REFUGE

Emerging from the three data sources are fourteen meanings the Refuge represents to wilderness-oriented people. Four of these are widely associated with wilderness in the popular literature, are readily accepted by managers and decision makers, and are recognized in Arctic Refuge planning and management documents. These common meanings rec-

evolutionary pathway.

[The Arctic Refuge] symbolizes freedom . . . freedom to continue, unhindered and forever if we are willing, the particular story of Planet Earth unfolding here . . . where its native creatures can still have freedom to pursue their future, so distant, mysterious . . . — Lowell Sumner, 1985

For Marshall (1956), a condition central to wilderness was “its entire freedom from the manifestation of human will”(p xxxii). That essentially defines “untrammeled,” a word he used repeatedly and which became a key descriptor in the Wilderness Act. Olaus Murie (1961) described the campaign to establish the refuge as the “basic effort to save a part of nature, as evolution has produced it” (p. 2). Justice William O. Douglas (1960) wrote that the refuge “must forever remain . . . where the ancient ecological balance provided by nature is maintained” (p. 30).

In the popular literature, Brower’s account of traversing the refuge describes him pondering “connections to the beginnings of life that wilderness has so far preserved.” He asks, “Do we really want to repudiate the evolutionary force?” (p.14). Milton (1969) expresses the hope that “man continues to have the good sense to allow some of the earth to go its own way” (p. 63).

Common across all co-researchers’ accounts is the notion that wildness, often held just at the edge of conscious awareness, is the characteristic that sets the refuge experience apart from others. It deepens solitude.

Interestingly, co-researchers don’t think to include wildness when asked to list trip attributes. Yet it seems present, if only in the back of their minds. School teacher Frank Keim, for example, compares two trips he did one summer, one on the Forty-Mile River and one in the Arctic Refuge. His float trip was as scenic and adventurous as his refuge hike, but an unseen difference between the two areas substantially affected his perception and experience of them. As part of a predator control program, wolves had been captured, sterilized and released in the Forty-Mile area. While natural numbers of wolves still inhabited the area, “knowing part of this place had been manipulated for human ends bothered me,” he said. “I never could forget it.” Reflecting on this in the refuge a few weeks later, he came to the realization that “wildness subconsciously does something for me.”

Likewise, Siglin compares his trips in the refuge to those in Grand Teton Park, which he says has far more spectacular scenery. But he knows the park is neither as ecologically intact nor as free of human intentionality. Thus, in comparison with the Brooks Range, he says, “Teton Park

has preserved the body of wilderness, but not the soul.”

5. The Arctic Refuge provides a connection to the natural world and our species’ evolutionary past.

Before discussing the Arctic Range in detail, let me first consider how it happens that we want wild country. We came by this urge through evolution.

— Olaus Murie, 1961

Murie echoed ideas that were often expressed by Marshall and Leopold about the re-experience of ancient influences that once surrounded and formed us as a species. Such sentiments continue to resonate through refuge writings and interviews.

While crossing the Romanzof Mountains, Milton (1969) pondered the importance of wild places where one “can relearn what he is and where he came from” (p. 63). Wright (1973) tells readers that wilderness needs to be preserved “as a laboratory in human values . . . a place where man discovers firsthand the kinships, harmonious interdependencies, the essential connections of all life systems” (p. 135). Brower (1970) fears the loss of “those unbroken, living connections to the beginning of life that the wilderness has so far preserved” (p. 14). Hiking across the refuge’s coastal plain, Miller (1990) experienced “an overwhelming sense that we have been thrown back to a more primitive age” (p. 4).

Keim describes how when he is “out long enough to feel like I’m just part of the country” (flow experience), he senses being “back in touch . . . with where I came from and where I’m going.” Interviews suggest that as with many wilderness meanings, this connection more often enters awareness retrospectively. “Out there it’s more of a feeling than a subject of thought,” Keim says. His wilderness trips provide contextual images through which he later interprets the messages of his conservation readings and connects them to his life.

Hunting guide Sandy Jamison describes the “primal sense of hunting” as what distinguishes his hunts in the refuge from those in non-wilderness areas. Like all the co-researchers, he recalls certain memorable experiences that summarize or encapsulate what is special about this wilderness. For him, it was sitting on a hilltop watching for caribou – “a time machine experience that can transport you back in time before the world was altered.” Sensing the outside world loosening its grip on him, Jamison said, “I felt a part of that mysterious force that moves the caribou. For those few days of my life, I was a part of the natural order of things.”

6. The Arctic Refuge is a place to approach and experience humility.

venture forth and explore. Empirical research supports what Leopold, Marshall and Murie knew intuitively: the aura of mystery and unknown deepens the wilderness experience.

Concern about erosion of this quality is the primary basis for co-researchers' objections to the potential electronic information technology. Expeditionary traveler and co-researcher Roger Siglin speculates that just knowing it overlays his route would erode his most memorable experiences: "discovering hidden nooks and crannies that you stumble onto."

Before his journeys, Siglin spends evenings staring at maps, planning and imagining. What would happen to the anticipation, he asks, "if I had to decide whether or not to first 'explore' the route and 'discover' the features on the computer?"

In both the Refuge literature and the experiences of co-researchers, namelessness contributes to this experience. It is a major theme in Milton's *Nameless Valleys, Shining Mountains*. Echelmeyer says a named feature is less beckoning because "its connection to pre-modern times is lost . . . the name limits your imagination." For co-researcher and high school teacher Frank Keim, "One can hardly explore a named mountain. I'm more inclined to climb a less interesting, but unnamed one."

Literature of evolutionary psychology suggests that what the refuge founders and the co-researchers experienced here — the urge to search out distant, unfamiliar places, to explore, meet challenges, and perhaps return something more than they were before — is but a re-enactment of one of the oldest and most universal themes of human mythology: the journey quest.

Thus, what people explore here is not just what's around the next bend or over the horizon . . .

3. The Arctic Refuge provides psychological benefits associated with solitude.

. . . but we long for something more, something that has a mental, spiritual impact on us.

— Olaus Murie, 1959

Murie's statement reflects one of the earliest themes of the wilderness literary tradition. He recognized that vastness, remoteness and the separation from modern society's influence that they engender contribute to the Arctic Refuge's renown as a place of solitude, a setting particularly conducive to introspection, self-reflection, restoration and personal growth.

Far more than aloneness, solitude is a complex and multidimensional experience. Two dimensions well represented in both the refuge literature and the interviews are the experience of the Flow State (Csikszentmihalyi 1990) and Cognitive Freedom (Hammitt 1994).

Flow experience characterizes Murie's (1957) description of the refuge as "a world that compelled all our interest and concentration and put everything else out of mind" (p. 275). Co-researchers describe frequently experiencing the components of flow: absorption in the experience, an exclusion of irrelevant concerns, the coalescence of their actions, intentions and thoughts into a single theme, and a sense of freedom from social norms and controls. They describe a narrowing of concern to the basics, perhaps the condition in which our minds were originally "wired" to work, that often turns inward. In this state, Milton's (1990) problems "take on new form and perspective." He is more able to separate "the meaningful from the meaningless" (p. 129). Echelmeyer reports feeling a greater clarity of what is basic in his life, "what's important and what's not." He describes how after a few days "I become part of the place . . . you're not traveling on it, you're flowing with it." He finds that "the extraneous things that get in the way of what's important fade away."

Flow facilitates cognitive freedom, a lessening of the influence of social norms and roles, an enhanced freedom to direct one's attention and thought to what is interesting and relevant. (Hammitt 1994). For Echelmeyer

I lose my self-image. It's like being a kid. I don't worry about what anyone else might think . . . there's this freedom to think about things on a different level . . . to get to know yourself and how you fit into things.

Co-researchers find this state heightened in the context of "route-finding" or "way-finding." Interviews suggest that the process of getting from one place to another facilitates the process of getting from one way of thinking to another.

Echelmeyer reports that this effect is notably lessened in other areas where signs point the way. Even the unseen presence of place names diminishes this quality of solitude because "their purpose is to influence and control your thinking." As he describes it, such human intentionality is incongruent with a place that fundamentally represents freedom from human influence and control.

Enhancing these effects of solitude is an underlying knowledge that . . .

4. The Arctic Refuge is a place of wildness, a state where nature is uncontrolled and free to continue along its



Virginia Wood (1959) advocated that the refuge should be preserved as a standard of reference for future change, “a natural laboratory where biologists of today and the future can study to find the answers to the recurring question: What was the natural order before man changed it?” (p. 135)

Miller (1990), who dedicated her book to her young daughters “and future generations of wilderness seekers,” notes that bequest value becomes an increasingly important aspect of the refuge as she matures. She believes that the refuge provides critical habitat for endangered experiences — experiences that should be the right of every generation. Like other co-researchers, she tends to use the word timeless in relation to bequest value, explaining that the concept of timelessness connects our generation with those of the past and future.

#### 9. The Arctic Refuge is a place of restraint.

... this attitude of consideration, and reverence, is an integral part of an attitude toward life, toward the unspoiled, still evocative places on our planet. If man does not destroy himself through his idolatry of the machine, he may learn one day to step gently on his earth.

— Margaret Murie, 1957

This meaning is largely expressed as the boundaries of the Arctic Refuge symbolizing the boundaries our society is able to place on development and the use of technology. With Leopold, Marshall (1933, 1956) disparaged mechanized access to wilderness, less because of physical impacts than because of the impact he believed the presence of technology had on a person’s way of thinking, the feeling of isolation and unknown it dispels, and the sense of dominance it conveys.

Similarly, Wright (1973), describes her repulsion in encountering a helicopter west of the refuge boundary. She says it was not the “screaming whine” of the helicopter that bothered her as much as the machine as “a symbol of human choices.” “It is the values guiding those who decide what use to make of this supercraft, this symbol of the incredible power and accomplishment of our technology, that disturbs me . . .” (p. 221).

The use of snowmachines in the refuge (allowed by the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act) disturbs Siglin as well. “They contradict the idea of wilderness.” Yet while Siglin believes they should be prohibited in all wilderness, he has used them in the refuge. In fact, contradictions are acknowledged by all co-researchers, and they illustrate an important point: As do systems of religious belief, this wilderness ideal often includes inconsistencies. As with reli-

gious belief, the wilderness ideal is not a linear system of logic. Its function as a framework for perception and experience and as a guide to behavior is, like the Lutheran or Catholic’s faith, accompanied by an occasional discrepancy. Inconsistencies are a reminder that the set of meanings that form this wilderness ideal are, foremost, a human construct.

But one need not backpack or float through the refuge to embrace the notion that it is a place of restraint. Countless Americans who will never come have campaigned to prevent oil development in the refuge. Their testimony expresses the idea that our society’s willingness to forgo oil-dollars here symbolizes an encouraging capacity to limit ourselves — an ability they believe essential if we are to learn to live within the finite ecological limits of the earth.

A distinctive feature of the Arctic Refuge is that leaving this wilderness untouched requires the sacrifice of millions, perhaps billions, of barrels of oil. Sacrifice, as economist Robert Nelson (1997) has noted, has historically been a component of religious belief systems, deepening their meaning and serving as an expression of commitment. Thus, he characterizes the Arctic Refuge as “a symbol signifying the willingness of society . . . to preserve a multi billion-dollar cathedral.” That sacrifice, he says, stands as “one of the greatest . . . testimonies ever made to the glory of the [wilderness] faith” (p. 9).

#### 10. The Arctic Refuge is a sacred place.

“ . . . this last American living wilderness must remain sacrosanct.”

— Justice William O. Douglas, 1960

Douglas’s writings echo the recurring sentiment that this place connects people to — allows them to participate in — something they perceive to be of a more timeless and universal significance than modern society and its creations. As such, the Arctic Refuge is among the world’s landscapes that, across cultures and across time, have served humanity as a sacred place.

For some, this sacredness is a religious connection, wilderness being John Muir’s mirror reflecting the creator. But in fact, none of the co-researchers are followers of a doctrinaire religion. They perceive sacredness in the more secular, transcultural sense of the concept, described by anthropologist Emile Durkheim as that which is set apart as the embodiment of ideals (Pickering 1975). For the refuge founders, that ideal was largely rooted in the creative process of evolution that links humans to the natural world and all other life forms. Thus, for Olaus Murie (1961), the campaign to establish the Arctic Refuge was

A poetic appreciation of life, combined with a knowledge of nature, creates humility, which in turn becomes the greatness in man. — Olaus Murie, 1973

Immersion in the refuge wilderness often expands perception. Co-researchers report that they can see themselves in proportion to something they perceive to be greater than modern society and its creations. This meaning is often manifest in the “diminutive effect” of feeling enveloped by vast or monumental surroundings. As expressed by Marshall (1956): “As I walked for hours beneath the stupendous grandeur of these colossal mountains, I felt humble and insignificant” (p. 22).

The refuge invites comparison of the human life span with geologic time. Miller (1990), for example, describes how “The vastness of the surrounding arctic landscape makes me feel like an insignificant speck of human life, and these rocks place humans entirely off the geologic time chart” (p. 217).

This meaning is also manifest as a broadening of identity, seeing oneself less as one of a dominant species than as a small part of a greater community of life. As expressed by Douglas (1960): “Here [a person] can experience a new reverence for life that is outside his own and yet a vital and joyous part of it” (p. 31).

Evidence of such feelings has been found in the experiences of all co-researchers, yet none reports seeking them. Humility seems to be an emergent quality which arises quietly, stimulated by immersion in natural conditions and a non-manipulative relationship with nature. As Echelmeyer says, “sometimes it just comes to you.”

He provides examples of how these feelings are lessened in the presence of technology, because “technology is about changing things, not accepting things as they are in nature.” One response is that he no longer carries a firearm for bear protection because “a gun puts you in control of the bear, above it. . . you lose that sense of vulnerability and alertness. . . the feeling of smallness.”

Keim experiences “a personal paradigm shift” in which he feels humbled, yet at the same time empowered, by the realization that “we are a part of something that’s much greater than us.” It is a realization that “just doesn’t come to you in normal life.”

#### 7. The Arctic Refuge is a place of intrinsic value.

Wilderness itself . . . does it have a right to live? Do

we have enough reverence for life to concede this right?  
— Margaret Murie, 1957

Just knowing this place exists. This is the value of wilderness the renowned ecologist and refuge supporter F. Fraser Darling described as “something we gain from its great function of being.” However, the meaning is also represented by the Leopoldian notion that nature can have worth in itself, not contingent upon any human benefit.

Milton, for example, says the refuge “should be left alone to continue its age-old cycles of life and season.” He describes the popular reasons for preserving wilderness, such as recreation, as secondary values of the refuge. “But that is not the purpose of this place,” he writes. “It’s purpose is to be. Man’s role should be . . . let it be” (p. 105). Similarly, during his trip, Brower (1970) realizes that wilderness should be left “to serve its highest purpose — being there for itself and its indigenous life forms” (p. 14).

Co-researchers express similar sentiments. Keim, for example, expresses strong disagreement with the idea that the refuge should be managed to provide human benefits. He advocates placing some large portion of the refuge offlimits to all human use as “a gesture of respect for uncontrolled nature.” During his trips, he says there’s a “background voice” reminding him “you’re just a guest up here . . . a completely and totally privileged guest.”

#### 8. The Arctic Refuge is a bequest to the future.

I feel so sure that, if we are big enough to save this bit of loveliness on our earth, the future citizens of Alaska and of all the world will be deeply grateful. This is a time for a long look ahead. — Margaret Murie, 1959

“Future generations” is a phrase often connected to the Arctic Refuge and a concern related to most other meanings. It is often expressed as a moral obligation to provide future generations the experiential and non-use benefits the refuge provides. As Brower (1970) expressed it, we must “find the grace to leave the arctic as we found it . . . for the next people to pass that way” (p. 181).

Olaus Murie (1961) sought to “let people of the future have a little opportunity to go to the wilderness to have the inspiration that comes with the frontier” (p. 68). Murie also foresaw the future scientific value of the refuge, emphasizing that it “should be kept for basic scientific study, for observation, as a help to us for our understanding of the natural processes in the universe (p. 65).

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"this basic effort to save part of nature, as evolution has produced it" (p. 2). The refuge was to remain "a little portion of our planet left alone" (p. 4). As Lowell Sumner (1985) expressed it, the refuge was to be a landscape where people of the present and future can be inspired, and understand a little of the majestic story of evolution, but also where we can learn to appreciate and respect the intricate and inscrutable unfolding of Earth's destiny. (p. 2)

Hunter Sandy Jamison describes his refuge experiences as a connection to "what it is that nurtured us and brought us to who we are and where we are." Unaltered, wild country is where we are most likely "to learn things about ourselves and our relationship to the planet." He believes humans have an indwelling "yearning to connect to something beyond your life and lifetime." "That's what people want out of religion," he says. "It's what I find in wild country with wild animals."

Geophysicist Keith Echelmeyer considers the refuge a sacred place "in the sense that people should not be in control here, not above the land and animals." He believes the greatest benefit of his experiences occur from the sense of humility that emerges: "knowing you're not in charge . . . flowing with the land as the animals flow with it . . . being one with where you are." "Reverence" and "respect," Echelmeyer says, frame his attitude toward the refuge.

For teacher Frank Keim, the refuge is a medium through which our evolutionary continuity with the natural world is most apprehensible. His trips "bring it home to you that we're not the purpose of it all . . . it puts me back in touch with where I came from, where I'm going." He says he becomes "more little, but deeper as a person" when surrounded by "the ultimate processes and conditions we evolved from." "To experience that," he says, "is among the highest values of this place."

## FAIR CONSIDERATION

The Arctic Refuge has become a condensation symbol, summarizing and evoking an array of experiential and symbolic meanings. This fact is not, of course, a decisive argument against development, new technologies or other potential changes. Rather, the components of this system of meaning are only some among many public values that need to be considered in developing policy on where – or whether – to draw the line on such actions here. Two premises underlie this inquiry: 1) Public policy is best served when the full spectrum of both the benefits and the costs of an action are considered, and 2) Wilderness often receives less than fair consideration because the measurement and comparison of environmental costs and benefits are carried out within a domi-

nant decision-making paradigm often insensitive to core wilderness values. The economic and other benefits of actions that impact wilderness values have been better represented. Needed is a more equitable understanding and consideration of those "intangible resources" Olaus Murie spoke for that may be diminished or lost.

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# Statements on the Arctic Wildlife Range at US Senate hearing

OLAUS MURIE

SENATE TESTIMONY, 1959

**A** Statement by Olaus J. Murie of the Wilderness Society, on the Arctic Wildlife Range

Mr. Chairman, members of the committee, on behalf of the Wilderness Society, as its director, I would like to make a statement in favor of S. 1899, to create the Arctic Wildlife Range.

A number of individuals, who are interested in the welfare of Alaskan civilization and are well versed in the science of outdoor resources, have investigated interesting parts of Alaska over the years. Several parties have studied the area of the Arctic Wildlife Range, and have been very enthusiastic about it. I have also had the privilege of living in Alaska and have traveled over much of it, ever since 1920. Then in 1956 the Conservation Foundation of New York and the New York Zoological Society made it possible for five of us to make a detailed study of the northeast corner of Alaska. We also had then an opportunity to discuss the proposal for preservation of this area with many Alaskans.

Speaking of Alaska in general, certainly it is not a wasteland, a barren country, for certain groups to exploit for temporary gain, as long as it may last. This in spite of the many articles and books which have used the term "Frozen North" and similar dramatic phrases. The many pioneers I learned to know in Alaska got something much more valuable from that big country than the gold they took out of the ground.

Recently, in his article on Alaska for the Britannica Book of the Year for 1959, Senator Gruening, in describing the Brooks Range region, says:

"Lover of the wilderness have begun to make their pilgrimages into that region, and some have declared their preference of it to the better-known regions previously described. It is the greatest untouched wilderness area under the American flag."

The editor of the Fairbanks News-Miner, in supporting the Arctic Wildlife Range, said in effect, that gold mining is

a "oneshot proposition" (being ended when the gold supply is finished) but that recreation lasts indefinitely.

We found that the Arctic Wildlife Range, up there in the Brooks Range, is a beautiful place, and full of interest for the people who want the outdoor life. There is, of course, the caribou herd, a living resource that Alaska is fortunate to have. These animals need space and food, and through the centuries they have learned to travel widely to get them. We, who enjoy hunting and observing these animals, also have the opportunity in such a dedicated area, to travel widely and absorb some of the adventure and peace of mind that we associate with the thought of Alaska.

In the Arctic Wildlife Range we found moose in the valleys, and the white mountain sheep in the high mountains. In a recent survey I learned that among the older 48 States only 4 have grizzlies, in a few places-only a remnant of this with grizzlies now realize that our only hope of saving this animal and a few other similar ones is by maintaining some wilderness areas. Alaska still has grizzlies, and has also the chance to learn from the experience of other States and take the proper steps in public planning.

There are many other animals in the Brooks Range, and in 1956 we identified 86 different kinds of birds. And the flowers are an experience. It is a surprise to people who have read so many books about the barren north that we found whole slopes colored by the northern form of rhododendron, bright rose color. The cotton grass, growing in moist places, circumpolar in distribution, and in Norway called "myr ull" (moor wool), is a charming aspect of the Arctic, among the many other flowers that give color and interest.

Here, in the Arctic Wildlife Range, north of the Arctic Circle in Alaska, is a wonderful opportunity for this Nation to honestly declare that we mean it when we say we love America "Thy rocks and rills," and all that goes with the true appreciation of the values in our land.

As we mingled with the Alaskan people in 1956 and 1957, we found many of them enthusiastic about saving a piece of Alaska, such as the Arctic Wildlife Range, to continue to be Alaska as we have always known it. Garden Clubs were very enthusiastic; the Tanana Valley Sportsmen's Association first proposed this project; the Izaak Walton League chapter at Anchorage and the sportsmen's group in Juneau are in favor of it, as is the Fairbanks Chamber of Commerce. We found people of various tastes and occupations, hunting guides, educators, newspapermen, businessmen, from southern to northern Alaska, in favor of this proposal.

Let me call attention to these people; we must not ignore them and lightly cast aside their wishes, in this democracy. All of us have the task of making a living; but we long for something more, something that has a mental, a spiritual impact on us. This idealism, more than anything else, will set us apart as a nation striving for something worthwhile in the universe. We found Alaskans, children and adults, becoming much interested in art and in music. It is inevitable, if we are to progress as people in the highest sense, that we shall become ever more concerned with the

saving of the intangible resources, as embodied in this move to establish the Arctic Wildlife Range. I do feel that people, in Alaska and throughout our Nation, who want to preserve what such an area has to offer for the future, deserve a hearing, as well as those who call attention to economic and commercial aspects.

We have the two things to consider: making a living as a material need, and the urgent need to make our living meaningful and beautiful. I realize that this testimony does not deal with economic considerations, but if we are going to amount to anything as a great country we must give serious attention to our mental and spiritual needs—hard to define but of greatest importance. Our Congress could add something bright to its record by recognizing the wishes of those Alaskans and others who approve Secretary Seaton's action in presenting Senate bill 1899 to establish the Arctic Wildlife Range.

# Statements on the Arctic Wildlife Range at US Senate hearing

MARDY MURIE

SENATE TESTIMONY, 1959

**A** Statement by Margaret E. Murie-The Arctic Wildlife Range  
Mr. Chairman, members of the committee, I wish to present a plea for favorable action by your committee on S. 1899, a bill to establish the Arctic wildlife Range in Alaska.

I consider myself an Alaskan. I grew up in Alaska, first in Juneau as a very small child, later in Fairbanks, where my family lived until after I was married. Since then, accompanying my husband, Dr. Olaus J. Murie, I have spent time in other parts of Alaska, including St. Lawrence Island in Bering Sea. I have gone along on expeditions to three different portions of the Brooks Range in Arctic Alaska; the Koyukuk region in fall and winter; the Old Crow River country in summer, and finally, in 1956, on the expedition sponsored by the New York Zoological society, the University of Alaska and the Wilderness Society, the area since designated by the Secretary of the Interior as the Arctic Wildlife Range.

It is difficult for me to testify on this subject, because, if I speak from my heart, and as a woman, I am speaking, not of the economic, material future of Alaska and of the future citizens of all the United States, but of their spiritual, mental....

Going back to Alaska after several years absence, it was a happy revelation to me to speak to people of every walk of life and a great variety of occupations and have them tell me that they felt that the untouched parts of their enormous country were already in danger; that some sections needed protection already. A clerk in a grocery store said to me: "They're taking it away from us fast; somebody better do something pretty soon about saving some."

I know there is the argument that this place is so remote it will not be visited much or "used up" even if not protected. In 1920 none of us living in Fairbanks would have believed that by 1956 tourists would be visiting Point Barrow and Kotzebue every day if they wished to. How can

we look into the future; how can we lay down laws as to what people of the future will want or should have? Do we not have some obligation to save some untouched areas, while we still have them (and barely have them), so that those of the future may have the choice to keep, or to use up? Is the great State of Alaska, is the great United States, so niggardly, so poor, so in need of every last scrap of natural resources for material uses, that we cannot save this 1 and 5/10 percent of Alaska's land as God made it? If we are that poor, that desperate, why don't we all just quit and go home and wait for the end? I love Alaska; I feel deeply about this; I am also sure I speak for many Alaskans who perhaps do not know how to be vocal, who do not belong to any organized group, but who deserve to be heard just the same.

To be "practical" for a moment: Considering that under the provisions of this bill no legitimate activities are jeopardized, such as hunting, trapping, fishing, mining; considering that in the 50 or more years the area has been open to prospecting no appreciable mineral deposits have been discovered, and that even so mining is not forbidden-considering all this, I cannot see why provisions to protect this beautiful natural region from reckless exploitation, to keep it in as natural condition as possible, should rouse any opposition at all.

This hearing is being held very close to the Fourth of July. This makes one recall Fourth of July speeches, about the ideals of America, the freedom of the American citizen, the love of our beautiful country. Action by Congress to protect a unique Arctic from of environment not to be found elsewhere, but belonging to our "American heritage" would be a superbly fitting Independence Day observance.

I am reminded of a statement of a past director of the National Park Service, Newton B. Drury, with regard to preservation of outstanding samples of our American environment. He said, in effect: Surely we, this Nation, are not so rich we do not need them; not so poor that we cannot afford them.

I feel so sure that, if we are big enough to save this



bet of loveliness on our earth, the future citizens of Alaska and of all the world will be deeply grateful. This is a time for a long look ahead.

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# Speaking the Wild as American English

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BY ED ZAHNISER

*"Beauty waits in ambush for us." – Jorge Luis Borges*

As a young child I was struck with the peculiarity with which Olaus pronounced certain words. The film of Mardy's life, "Arctic Dance," vividly recalls that early wonderment, as Mardy and Olaus narrate Robert Krear's 1956 film footage from the Brooks Range as a conservation report from the Arctic. Hearing once more those unusual turns of speech, I re-imagined them as Olaus attempting to translate his native language of the wild into an American English that was become, by comparison, his second language.

Hadn't Eskimo companions once named him "little bird white man?" Hadn't a Fairbanks friend of Olaus once questioned the young Mardy: "What are you marrying that fellow for? He's half caribou . . ." Wasn't Olaus later known as "Mr. Elk?" Didn't Olaus once call down an owl into their presence—to Mardy's everlasting amazement?

Of a 1922 trip into the Brooks Range Olaus said "I seemed to want to roam over these plains myself, like the caribou, and feed on lichens, face the winds, and travel on and on."

Citing Olaus for a 1954 award the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society said "He is considered the United States' foremost exponent of wilderness values." Eulogizing Olaus in 1963, my father Howard Zahniser said "He was the one person who best personified wilderness in our culture." Translator of the wild . . . exponent of wilderness . . . personification of wilderness. I now think Olaus had imagined his way into the wild ecosystem and re-established kinship. That's the word Mardy uses in "Arctic Dance" summarizing Olaus' wilderness gestalt: "He had a kinship with untamed land wherever he found it."

As Aldo Leopold wrote, a land ethic will depend on people's feeling that we and the land are part of the same community, of coming back into kinship with the land.

I can still recall my own childhood wondering in the mid-1950s—listening to Olaus give a formal lecture in a large Washington, D.C. auditorium—at the professional respect Olaus commanded as a field-savvy mammalogist. This was the same Olaus who might dance in our family's living room in a Far North Eskimo style my parents might well have scorned had it been performed by Elvis or Chubby Checker. Olaus would punctuate his own conversation with "Gosh," "Golly," and "Gee whiz"—the latter often delivered with a rolling shaking of his head and that infectious broad smile that I suspect hooked back into his days of Far North kinship with the wild.

Olaus well knew: kin don't put price tags on each other's heads, even if only in attempts to preserve their living space. In a series of three memorial lectures in 1953, Olaus devoted one lecture to "Beauty and the Dollar Sign." In it he decries the conservation attitude that "You've got to sell the idea that recreation brings money into the country. You're sunk if you don't." Olaus counters that often self-defeating argument with: "Actually our real concern about these animals is that we find them interesting and attractive, they seem to belong to the environment of nature that we too enjoy—the natural environment that would be something less without them."

Western historian Richard White recently writes that in the controversy over the proper treatment of the Columbia River and its salmon, "Our society faces exactly the kind of dilemma it is least prepared to deal with; the quarrels of the Columbia cannot be settled by dividing up the pie. Dividing the Columbia up among the users has not worked and will not work. Nor can a solution be found by reducing uses to dollars and selecting the most valuable ones."

For Olaus, an internationally renowned wildlands mammalogist expert in migratory charismatic megafauna, to be arguing from the position of beauty in the 1950s—it strikes me as courageous then and prescient now.

"So why don't we make this our plea?" Olaus continued. "If this is our reason for wanting to keep these wild creatures, why don't we say so? It is the only basis on which a victory could be permanent if we do win."

I think the Wilderness Act can be seen as an attempt to achieve the permanence in the protection of natural conditions and wilderness character that Olaus alludes to in "Beauty and the Dollar Sign." I think the Wilderness Act is a significant sociopolitical step in the direction of a land ethic. But even the Wilderness Act provides for recreation, science, and other "uses," in keeping with the preservation of wilderness character.

Cultural geographer Bret Wallach asserts in *At Odds With Progress* that conservation has consistently disguised its real argument, which is with the myth of progress and its penchant to "show no mercy" to the public lands. Wallach sees Progressive Era conservation's disguise as utility, the New Deal Era's as social welfare, and today's as ecology. Wallach writes that, with *Silent Spring*, Rachel Carson taught present-day conservation how to use the language of science.

"The economy of the future," Ernesto Cardenal says in his poem "Oracle Over Managua," "will be to make life more beautiful."

I salute the courage of Olaus in arguing for conservation from the position of beauty. Since his 1953 lecture, the idea of beauty, aesthetics, has lost even more esteem in public discourse. Beauty has been reduced to decoration. In lectures at Harvard in the 1890s, philosopher George Santayana said that "We know on excellent authority that

beauty is truth, that it is the expression of the ideal, the symbol of divine perfection, and the sensible manifestation of the good." A far cry from decoration,

We forget that Frederick Law Olmsted's 1865 management prescription for Yosemite called for preserving the ordinary citizen's unmediated access to its scenic beauty. Olmsted comparably valued government's role in protecting scenic beauty with its role in coastal fortifications. A far cry from irony and deconstruction.

What is worse for beauty's fate, writes Elaine Scarry in her book *On Beauty and Being Just*, is that it has gotten a bad rap lately. We have bought the misguided notion that beauty distracts us from social justice. Not so, writes Scarry, the Walter M. Cabot Professor of Aesthetics and the General Theory of Value at Harvard University: "... beauty, far from contributing to social injustice in either of the two ways it stands accused, or even remaining neutral to injustice as an innocent bystander, actually assists us in the work of addressing injustice . . ." Scarry invokes the position of philosophers Simone Weil and Iris Murdoch that "beauty prepares us for justice." The perception of beauty "is bound up with an urge to protect it, or act on its behalf . . ." Beauty, Scarry says, is a covenant, a covenant that urges us to extend justice from the beautiful person or object to the world in general.

If Olaus did not completely know whereby he argued in 1953, he surely intuited beauty's role in conservation and its pursuit of justice that will ultimately reach beyond the merely social toward a biospheric kinship.

# Wild Country as a National Asset Beauty and the Dollar Sign

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*"Money is a wonderful thing, but it is possible to pay too high a price for it." This was the comment of Alexander Bloch, conductor of the Florida West Coast Symphony Orchestra.*

It must be admitted that the importance of money was brought home to millions of us vividly during great economic depression. I doubt it you and I could get very far without it.

But I should like to discuss how money can get in our way; in other words, how we might "pay too high a price for it."

Here is an example. In May 1950 the United States Forest Service conducted a public hearing at Riverside, California. The real issue was the fate of a primitive area, a little bit of wilderness, on the summit of Mt. San Jacinto. This bit of alpine wilderness has the intrinsic value of the whole system of national parks and established wilderness units that have become an American institution. It also has great scarcity value since it is one of the few remaining wilderness fragments of southern California. Everywhere else are the highways, the bathing beaches, colorful tourist resorts, chrome-plated, neon-lighted meccas, and the easily accessible woodlands available by road. Here on a mountain top we had managed to retain a sanctuary for nature, officially designated as such to serve all those who crave the adventure and the inspiration of such a place.

Now, at the base of this mountain lies the popular and luxurious Palm Springs tourist resort. Certain commercial interests saw possibilities on that mountain summit. How about a tramway clear to the top, winter skiing, hotels, and other urban delights up there—virtually another Palm Springs in the clouds? They had made careful plans. They had got through the California State Legislature a bill creating the so-called "Winter Park Authority," which outlined a considerable portion of the primitive area. But to build the tramway they had to have the permission to cross a small piece of Forest land. Hence our public hearing at Riverside on that day in May.

Conservationists assembled from everywhere to defend a mountain. The redoubtable Sierra Club of California was fighting on home ground, so to speak. Other mountaineers,

members of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, the Izaak Walton League, The Wilderness Society, National Parks Association, Audubon Society, and many other organized groups and individuals came to Riverside in defense of Mt. San Jacinto, to plead that a place of beauty officially designated for a most worthy public use should be held inviolate from commercial exploitation.

Opposed to us at the hearing was the California State Chamber of Commerce. With them were representatives of other commercial interests, and of course representatives of the tramway project itself.

It was a hard contest. We want the beauty of a mountain—we want the dollar. That sums up the fight, a hard contest through a long day. As we find at all such contests, our opponents pleaded for the rights of the aged, crippled, or otherwise handicapped people who can not climb mountains. But behind such mellow words glowed the sign of the dollar. Their published promotional literature elaborated enthusiastically the fact that the proposed tramway would cost \$10,000,000 and would be the eighth wonder of the world, intimating that this in itself was reason enough to build the structure. They became very frank at the hearing and let it be known that it was a financial venture. One advocate bluntly stated that they wanted a cut on the tourist dollar.

At the very end of the hearing there was a light note that broke the tension, a human touch. The Forest Service representative announced that the list of registered witnesses was finished, but there were still a few minutes left, and "are there any others who would like to say a few words?"

An elderly little woman arose, embarrassed before the crowd, but bravely stepped forward, and, in effect, stated that she was too old to climb mountains herself, never expected to see the top of Mt. San Jacinto; but there were many other mountains available by roads, and she wanted this one in particular left for those who could climb and who needed that kind of a mountain. She sat down, flustered, but she had added a little warmth to the steely tone of that room.

Near her sat a very attractive young lady who then

pleading for the beauty of country living in its purest sense. Opposed to them has been that commercial tradition in our society that has taken unto itself an impressive sanctity of its own. This powerful traditional force appears to tolerate our national parks, wilderness, and wildlife sanctuaries only until one of these interferes with a particular commercial ambition.

When I contemplate these opposing forces in this significant debate, there comes to mind Thoreau's mention of the "success" of a pine tree, by the fact of its attainment of stature and vitality. What constitutes the success of people? Can we know precisely? Perhaps a safe goal is simply to "grow and spire" like Thoreau's pine, to remember that "man is more important than anything he has created," including the dollar.

BUT WHAT HAS THE DOLLAR TO SAY for itself? Surely it has a place in our lives? I remember vividly that only a few dollars meant a great deal to me when I was a struggling student at Pacific!

So let's review some statistics. It is common knowledge that the millions of people seeking recreation have created an important national industry. Some large communities depend almost exclusively on recreation for their economy. Florida's number one industry is the tourist trade. It is reported that the tourist business in New England amounts to more than a billion dollars each year. Some detailed studies recently showed the State of Montana derives an annual income of \$10,000,000 incident to the coming of people to Glacier National Park and another \$5,000,000 for those visiting the Yellowstone.

This income is exclusive of the money spent in these states by the great numbers of hunters and fishermen, and those who seek their vacations in other ways on national forests and public domain.

Is not this legitimate? Is not the dollar sign here a respectable symbol? Certainly the business of serving the needs of the people, whatever these may be, is a well established part of our civilization. It constitutes that division of labor and service, with appropriate remuneration, that is the basis of our complex community structure. When tourists flock into a scenic area it is only natural that cabin camps should spring up to accommodate them. It follows that the grocer and sporting goods store and other appropriate services should prosper.

WHERE, THEN, IS THE DOLLAR SIGN OUT OF PLACE? I would say when it strives to displace the quality of the substance on which it thrives. It becomes unworthy when it overreaches itself and for its own sake cheapens recreation. I would say the dollar sign is out of place when it undertakes to ride roughshod over the

sensibilities of people who have dedicated a piece of country for the inspiration of its wilderness and brashly aspires to plant itself on the summit of Mt. San Jacinto, for example, and vulgarly proclaim itself "the eighth wonder of the world." The dollar sign stepped out of its legitimate role when it ignored good taste and boorishly built a commercial swimming pool as close as it dared to the cone of Old Faithful Geyser in the Yellowstone. It becomes public enemy number one when in subtle ways it has the effect of lowering the tone of our aspirations, when through zeal for gate receipts and the "quick buck" it degrades our athletics, lowers the quality of our motion pictures, and in numerous ways, by assembly-line technique in inappropriate places, dulls the sensitivity of the human mind.

It has been pointed out repeatedly that the most dangerous influence we have in our society is not the criminal. We can deal with him more or less. We need to fear much more the half truths, the rationalizations, and the business ethics that are just below par but so universal that we shrug them off with a humorous remark.

We were taking part in a congressional hearing in Washington D.C., to discuss a bill designed to abolish the Jackson Hole National Monument in Wyoming. Many witnesses had pleaded to keep the monument, urging attention to the benefits for the thousands of people who would come there for their recreation. Such testimony was unselfish, on a high plane. A dude rancher from Wyoming was describing the beauty of the valley, and pointed out how it could be devastated with oil derricks in front of these mountains, and the smell of oil.

A Congressman from the Southwest broke in with a knowing smile: "Oil smells good to me!"

I am reminded of a story which I assume is mythical.

A young boy asked his father: "Daddy, what does ethics mean?"

The man thought a moment, then replied: "Well, son, it's like this. A man comes into a hardware store and buys some things, and he gives me a ten dollar bill. I go back to make change and discover that he has given me two ten dollars bills. Now, son, there is where ethics enters in: Should I tell my partner?"

THERE IS A FORM OF DRY ROT, to which we all seem susceptible, that is much less crude than this sample. It is a genteel form of hypocrisy so plausible that it can almost be defended. We who are devoted to conservation of wildlife and the beauty of natural environment must ourselves guard against it.

The North American Wildlife Conference at Milwaukee, held in 1951, was remarkable for the new tone in several of the speeches and discussions. There was

came forward.

"That was my mother who just spoke," she told us. "I am an old maid and Mother has no prospect of grandchildren. But there are many other people's grandchildren who should have the opportunity in the future to climb a few unspoiled mountains such as this one."

There could not have been a better summary of the brief of the conservationists, with which to end that meeting! But we have not won. The commercial promoters are seeking other means to win authorization of the tramway.

In the book, *This I Believe*, from which I quoted Alexander Bloch, Susan Cobbs, a Dean of Swarthmore College, has contributed a chapter, in which she says "...man is more important than anything he has created and our great task is to bring back again into subordinate position the monstrous superstructures of our society."

I like to remember a little incident in Alaska. In 1921, a group of us were walking in the Nenana Canyon, where the new Alaska Railroad was being completed. With us was a middle-aged Alaskan prospector on his way out to the States. We learned that he had spent quite a few years in Alaska, had tried prospecting for gold, had worked at other jobs, and at one time had married. But misfortunes came upon him. He lost the money he had saved. A trader on the lower Yukon had enticed his wife away from him, and now he was going Outside to start over. Yet at one turn in the conversation, when we were discussing some aspect of human actions, it was he who came out with the remark:

"It doesn't cost anything to be kind."

This seems a simple thing to remember all these years, almost insignificant. But I remember those mountains rising on both sides of the Nenana River, the wilderness extending in all directions, this rough-clad man whom misfortune had dealt such blows, but who still had a bright gleam in his eyes, optimism in his heart. I like to contemplate the resilience of a strong character, a man who obviously was a success in the fundamental way.

Last winter near our home in Jackson Hole I was trying to back my car out of its parking place in the drifted snow onto the highway. There were other parked cars, and four young men hastened over.

"Here, we'll give you a shove."

I was struck by their alacrity and helpfulness, and I glanced at them with keen interest. They were roughly clad, their faces murky and unshaven, but there was an obvious youthful strength about them, with a friendly bearing.

"Skiers," I thought.

Later I learned they were four young mountaineers from the Sierra Club, who had come to climb the Grand Teton in winter. For many days we kept looking up at the Teton Range, where the lowering storm clouds kept rolling over, covering the summits from view. Up there in the saddle in a stern world so clearly apart from the pleasant

valley below, we knew these four were encamped, waiting for a break in the weather, waiting for a chance to see and to climb. Each morning we found ourselves looking up anxiously to see if this day would not relent and give those young fellows their chance. But sometimes a mountain is relentless; they never got a break in the weather all that week, and had to leave. We regretted that we did not get acquainted with them. These hardy youths were members of one of our most devoted conservation societies, the Sierra Club. Their fundamental philosophy is—enjoy the wilderness and keep it for those who come later. It was David R. Brower, their present executive director and editor, who said:

...each pleasant day in mountains should perhaps be charged against us; our account should then be credited for each day on which we extend our vision and give a nod to posterity—on which we act for unnumbered men who will have to be less prodigal than we and who are entitled to explore and enjoy mountains as pleasant as ours.

One spring we assembled at a hearing in Kalispell, Montana. This time the Army Engineers had proposed to flood a considerable area in Glacier National Park and national forest land for the so-called Glacier View Dam. The testimony was overwhelmingly in defense of the sanctity of the national park, as against those who saw the gleam of the dollar sign, in the guise of the "economy of the region," the possible boom period for local communities, and industrialization. The army stressed flood control.

I had come into the hearing with a feeling that I was entering hostile territory. Beside me sat a rugged individual with weather-beaten face, obviously an outdoorsman. I tried to size him up and decided he was a local farmer.

"He will be on the other side," I thought to myself. "I hope some of these people in the room will be with us."

In due time my name was called and I presented my statement on behalf of The Wilderness Society. When I returned to my seat the man about whom I had wondered extended his hand, his face beaming.

"Congratulations! That was fine." And he added, "I am a member of your society!"

When he, in turn, was called upon, he said, in substance:

"I am a farmer. Part of my land is under flood water right now. But I am opposed to this dam."

Then he went on to say why, and in my opinion presented the best statement of all of us assembled there. And we learned that he represented the State Grange.

Repeatedly at such hearings we have had men such as the ones I have described here, men who have lived outdoors and who have learned what it can do for us. We have had women from diverse women's organizations, educators, scientists, and numerous business men—all of these

trying to explain to unwilling ears those intangible concepts that we can't measure in dollars.

By this time I wonder if some would not challenge me? Am I being unrealistic, with my head in the clouds? Are we to banish the city? How about the city park, the bathing beaches, the many places where people gather to have fun? I would answer, I enjoy all of these.

In 1946 Benton MacKaye, one of the founders of The Wilderness Society, and at present a member of its Council, made this comment:

Wild land is an integral part of a balanced, civilized territory, just as tilled land and city blocks form the other integral parts. The primeval influence is an integral part of a balanced, civilized mental state, just as the influence of the rural wayside and city street compose the other basic elements of such a state...I enjoy the highlights of Broadway as also the aroma of the new-mown hayfield, and with them both the frog chorus in the dark and distant muskeg. All three elements are needed, urban, rural and primeval, if the molecule of human living is truly to survive.

Let us for a moment explore the philosophy of others.

Sylva is a beautiful little magazine, official publication of the Department of Lands and Forests of Ontario, Canada. In one number William R. Franklin is quoted, and from this quotation, entitled "Accomplishment," I in turn glean these few words:

"Low aims and shallow thoughts are the real tragedies of life...Ideals are the architects, the blueprints of the soul."

The Department of Education and Research of the Congress of Industrial Organizations is very active in conservation and collaborates whole-heartedly with the other conservation societies. In a CIO pamphlet, *Healthy Soil, Healthy People* I find this:

Man is a child of nature whose refined civilization, for all its brilliant complexity, has its roots in the soil. If these roots die, the civilization which stems from them must also die.

In another CIO Pamphlet, *The Foundations of Prosperity*, is the following:

We also recognize the great value of underdeveloped wild country. The roadless areas in our national forests are an example of this; likewise the undisturbed regions of our national parks...We all consider a beautiful environment in our homes, churches, and schools to be important. Beauty in the outdoor environment tends to be nobody's business, but is really everybody's business.

In the magazine, *The Land*, published by Friends of the Land, an article by Elmer T. Peterson, "Rhapsody in Green," in the January 1953 number, is worthy of the attention of any earnest sociologist. I shall select only one sentence:

"I love the land because it is the basic material as well as spiritual fact in human experience."

The Chinese long ago put it this way, in the familiar proverb:

"If thou hast two bowls of rice to feed thy belly, sell one, and with thy coins buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."

And now to an editorial in *The New York Times* for October 5, 1952, which has been quoted in *Nature Conservancy News*:

But a little lonesome space, where nature has her own way, where it is quiet enough at night to hear the patter of small paws on leaves and the murmuring of birds, can still be afforded. The gift of tranquility, wherever found, is beyond price.

Again, let us turn to *Yale Conservation Studies*, Vol.1, No. 1, May 1952. The Dean of Yale Graduate School, Dr. Edmund W. Sinnott, writing on "Conserving the Intangibles," says: "Merely to stay alive is no very exalted ambition." And he continues:

It is of vital consequence for the future welfare of our race to keep in a relatively wild state a considerable part of the land of the globe, including regions close to the main centers of population.

And just one more: *Issiah*, fifth chapter, eighth verse:

"Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

Surely we here find the same word spoken in many ages, by many people.

#### BUT HOW DO WE BEHAVE IN WILD COUNTRY?

Have we learned how to find the intangible gold in those hills? Sir Richard Livingstone, as Visiting Professor of English and History at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, delivered an essay on "The Meaning of Civilization," published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for March 1953. He speaks as follows:

Nor is it merely that airplanes and explosives and atomic energy may destroy us; a less spectacular but more imminent risk is that they may bewilder, distract, and barbarize us. I have mentioned one unfortunate use of the internal-combustion engine; let me call attention to another, lesser, and less obvious evil for which it is responsible and which can be seen on any highway in Europe or America when a car or motor coach passes with tourists. They are bent on seeing the scenery. But you can no more see scenery at 20 or 30 or 40 miles an hour than you could see a picture gallery by running through it. Beauty cannot be seen in bulk; to run one's eye over it is not to see it; it needs time and leisure to absorb and be absorbed by it. Wordsworth, wandering "lonely as a cloud" saw more in an afternoon walk than we see in a journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In so far, we have actually lost by the opportunities for locomotion which progress has given us, and

repeated emphasis on our need to stress the intangible natural resources, as contrasted with the material products of the soil. There was talk of the spiritual content of outdoor recreation. Then several speakers urged that in our conservation campaigns it was important to state our real reasons. This thought was unanimous. Some argued:

"You've got to sell the idea that recreation brings money into the country. You're sunk if you don't."

Anything wrong with that? I suppose it is debatable. But let me give you an example of how it works.

Hawks and owls and foxes and a number of other animals are persecuted for their occasional depredations on poultry and game. We want to protect them, or at least save them from extinction. So we argue on behalf of the fox:

"Look! Fox fur is valuable on the market. Why, last year the sale of fox fur amounted to so many thousands of dollars. It's a valuable animal!"

Then you ladies decide that long hair is unfashionable, and the bottom drops out of the fox market, and the animal has lost the value we depended on.

Or we argue: "Why, think of the great service to agriculture given by these creatures, the mice and insects they eat. We've got to have these hawks and owls and those other animals."

Well, there is considerable validity there. I would be the last one to deny such an ecological outlook. It ought to be more widely accepted. But let's see what happens.

Suppose by some atomic legerdemain or by less drastic means we find an easy way to do away with rodents and insects. Then where do we go with our argument? We have lost our case for the birds and mammals we wanted, and we have lost the food which they need to contribute to man's economy?

Actually our real concern about these animals is that we find them interesting and attractive, they seem to belong to the environment of nature that we too enjoy—the natural environment that would be something less without them. Deep in our hearts we know that the original western desert would not be quite whole without the song of the coyote. In the heights of the Tetons of Wyoming, in Glacier Park, in some of our national forests, we have permitted the bighorn to survive not only as a trophy but as an original mountaineer with a way of life that likewise appeals to many people of robust spirit.

SO WHY DON'T WE MAKE THIS OUR PLEA? If this is our reason for wanting to keep these wild creatures, why don't we say no? It is the only basis on which a victory could be permanent, if we do win.

I suppose we are so thoroughly steeped in the economic, material tradition that we subconsciously conclude that we must argue on that basis.

A few years ago Congress passed a law providing that

before plans for a proposed dam are completed there must be a biological survey to determine the effects on wildlife and recreation. The wildlife and recreation values before and after the structure is built must be estimated so that the gain or loss might be balanced with the commercial benefits of the dam. The engineering bureaus succeeded in interpreting this law so that the wildlife and recreation values are to be expressed in terms of dollars.

We were confronted with this first when we undertook to defend Lake Solitude in northern Wyoming, a charming lake which we assumed had the status of government protection against the government. But the powerful bureau made plans for its conversion by a high dam. We met in a courthouse, appropriately, since a lake was on trial for its life.

How can one express the intangible qualities of wilderness and solitude about a gem of a lake in a wild mountain setting, in terms of dollars? How could we measure the value of it to the people who enjoy it? By the money earned by the nearest grocer or hardware merchant who furnished the supplies?

The practical engineers challenged us:

"All right, if you object to the dollar standard of measurement, you give us a formula we can use. We will be glad to have it."

What formula could we offer? What units of measurement? Calories? Blood pressure of the visitors to that mountain paradise?

How does one ever place in any formula such things as happiness, the good life, the elation that comes from being in high country in free, wild surroundings? We pleaded with those practical men to accept a concept of Democracy that provides diversity in our environment, that permits us freedom of choice for our recreation, that does not remove all trace of that original beauty of the American wilderness. We pleaded that our opportunities for enjoying our land be not reduced to a dead, leaden uniformity, levelled to an engineer's formula.

Recently I was arguing the case for Dinosaur National Monument in northern Utah and Colorado, before the administrative assistant of a congressman. This unit of our national park system is threatened with plans for two large dams. I tried to show the difference between drowned canyons behind the dams with dead placid water, and original canyons through which runs a live river; and to explain that this makes a lot of difference to many people who are sensitive to that kind of beauty. Should all such people, now and in succeeding generations, be barred from the choice of such places, by the mandate of a bureau whose particular assignment is practical engineering operation?

WE ARE HAVING MANY SUCH EXPERIMENTS,



public spirited organizations devoted to preserving this American heritage.

But we need help. As the CIO pamphlet put it, "this is everybody's business." We are contending against another, understandable part of our nature, man's exuberance over the discovery of new mechanical power, man's aggressiveness at the throttle in the machine age, causing one engineer to boast: "We like to push rivers around."

We have become confused by the complexities of modern civilization since we became so numerous. So huge has become the economic pattern necessary for orderly living of millions of people in an industrial age that we have begun to look upon the dollar as an end in itself, rather than only a medium of exchange.

So we do need help to keep America a pleasant home in which to live. Glacier National Park is threatened. There are reservoir blueprints for the Bob Marshall Wilderness area in Montana, waiting for the opportune moment. Concrete is in readiness to be dumped into the beautiful canyons of the Green and Yampa Rivers in northern Utah and Colorado. Steel cable will reach upward on Mt. San Jacinto and push the machine age into the sanctity of that alpine wilderness, if present commercial plans and maneuvers succeed. Logging interests are eagerly striving to eliminate a large portion of our incomparable Olympic National Park. The easy money from exploitation of virgin timber is irresistible. Many of our established wilderness areas on national forests are in danger of being shrunk by slow attrition at the boundaries, and by invasion by mining interests. We have won no clear-cut victories so far. We have only won a stay of execution, hoping to gain time, until the people of the United States have opportunity to learn the facts and understand what is at stake.

We still have a special opportunity to save some of the spirit of the Northland. It has appealed to adventurous people since northern lands were known to exist. The pioneers of northern Canada and Alaska lived a life, and had visions and insight, of a kind that we can not afford to drop entirely from our civilization.

Those of us who have had the privilege of sharing northern living have found both cold beauty and infinite warmth; physical hardships, as well as times of plenty and fun. We believe it is a life not to be ashamed of, a life of rugged endeavor and high spiritual reward, not to be lightly discarded in the modern reach for ease and gadgets.

Surely somewhere in the north we should find it possible to dedicate an area or two to this kind of life which has made man strong, a place where the caribou may continue to live, where the white sheep may live among the crags, where the loons may call from the tundra pools, and where man may come, away from the noise of industrial confusion, and experience a little of the wilderness living that inspired the early men of adventure in Canada and Alaska.

I am not pessimistic—neither about this Northland

opportunity nor about our prospects for wilderness preservation the world over. Rather, I am astonished by the great progress made in the last few years. It is only a question of whether there is time—time for the best thinking in our society to become mobilized.

I do not recall who it was, but I believe it was one of the representatives concerned with the organization of the United Nations at San Francisco, who suggested that the organization meeting ought to be held in a Redwood forest in California. I suppose I may sound like an idealistic, impractical college youth as viewed by the worldly, but I dare to suggest that if a group of the most hostile statesmen on all sides of the oceans, who fill the headlines today, should assemble for a sojourn in wild country, climb a noble mountain together, their hard words might soften just a little, and give the world new hope.

#### References and Acknowledgments

A CURRENT SOURCE of information regarding wilderness and its preservation and the developing concept of wilderness is THE LIVING WILDERNESS, which regularly includes not only articles and illustrations (and poems), but also reviews of significant books, articles, addresses, and documents and news items of current events in this field of conservation. Published quarterly by The Wilderness Society, this magazine was established by Robert Sterling Yard in 1935 and edited by him until his death in 1945, since when it has been under its present editorship. Copies of many back issues are still available. National Parks Magazine, published by the National Parks Association and edited by Devereux Butcher, is also devoted to wilderness appreciation and preservation and is outstanding in its preservation of information and photographs on the national parks, which protect so much of the great wilderness areas in the United States (including Alaska) and Canada. National Parks Magazine's annotated listings of pending legislation cover most completely this field of national conservation interest. (It is notable that increasingly other magazines serving the broader conservation and outdoor interests are including wilderness articles and reporting significant events affecting wilderness preservation.)

Among sources of information not specifically referred to in these lectures but of special value are "The Problem of the Wilderness," by the late Robert Marshall, published in *Scientific Monthly* for February 1930 and reprinted in the *Sierra Club Bulletin* for May 1947 (as well as elsewhere), and A Statement on Wilderness Preservation in reply to a Questionnaire, a 46-page memorandum prepared for the Legislative Reference Service, of the Library of Congress, by Howard Zahniser as executive secretary of

Horace's sarcastic comment on his age, written 1900 years ago, applies to us with infinitely more force:

"Navibus atque quadrigis petimus bene vivere—We look to cars and yachts for the good life."

—One would like to quote this entire essay, which is worthy of our study. Similar sentiments were expressed in more homely fashion by an elderly man, probably over 80 years old, dressed in nondescript clothes, with a battered old straw hat, who was sitting on a log near Old Faithful Geyser in the Yellowstone. He hailed Park Naturalist Herbert T. Lystrup, who tells about it in the January-February 1953 number of *Yellowstone Nature Notes*:

"Son, come 'ere a mite...

"Son, I was here forty years ago and the Old Gal ain't puttin' out like she useta. She useta spurt every hour on the hour. I been a 'clockin' her since yesterday and she sure is slowin' up. She ain't shootin' so high no more."

The naturalist refrained from speaking of the accurate records that had been kept of the geyser, but asked the old gentleman about his trip forty years ago.

"I come in a rickety old stage and all I can remember is mud, dust, and bumps except seein' Old Faithful. Trouble with people today is they're in a danged hurry to git someplace and when they git there they wanna up and go! They can't sit still a minute. What did they come for, anyway? Lookit all these people all around here thick as flies on a lemon pie. They got too much of everything. Too much comfort. They don't know nuthin' about hard times. Today people is just a bunch of nervous wrecks. A good day's work would put 'em in bed for a week."

Next morning Mr. Lystrup saw him again on his favorite log.

"Son, I gotta see one more spurt and then I'm on my way back to Kansas. The folks I'm travelin' with got ants in their pants to git goin'. Sure had fun though. So long, son."

I suppose it could be stated more elegantly and more scientifically, but it is pretty well recognized that we are afflicted with "ants in our pants." For our own sakes, we must learn to find tranquillity.

A SKILLED SURGEON of New York, with a heavy practice, finds it necessary each summer to come west to his favorite wilderness, to spend about a month back in the mountains. I know what it means to him, for I shared with him one of those wilderness sojourns.

One time a woman came down out of the Teton Mountains, refreshed and buoyant, and exclaimed: "Why, up there I felt as if I could not be angry with anyone in the world!"

A college student spent a summer in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, on a temporary job in the national park. In the fall this young man and a group of other college students in

this chaotic civilization, and the increasing role of the psychiatrist.

Facetiously, and rather unkindly, I referred to their dependence on those "brain fixers." Why don't the young people make a serious attempt to do the job themselves; I wanted to know.

"You can talk," the young man exploded. "Look where you are, right out here among these mountains. You are away from the tense and confusing atmosphere we students in the eastern colleges have been thrown into. Now I have spent the whole summer out here. You can't imagine what this has done for me. Not all of us college students have had this opportunity."

I felt justly rebuked. And I reflected, that those of us who have had over half a century in participation in history, with time in which to fit together some of the pieces in the puzzle of our society, might easily fail to understand the difficulty of the youthful mind, newly arrived in the complex turmoil of this period; a mind that is eager for order, logic, looking for personal opportunity and purpose; a mind impatient for results, questioning old beliefs which did not seem to fit with what it sees about us, contemplating inconsistencies and weaknesses in the affairs of the adult estate. As I thought of this, I felt a surge of warmth for this young man, apologetic for my flippant comment.

At the annual convention in New York State Conservation Council, at Buffalo, on December 8, 1951, Lieutenant Governor Frank C. Moore gave an address on the Adirondacks. Speaking of his trips in those mountains, he said:

In the quietness of these moments, amid the lengthening shadows of approaching evening, I found a comfort of mind and a relaxation of nerves and muscles rare in the everyday life of the troubled world today. You, too have had these moments. We must preserve them for others.

The woman returning from the mountain, the lieutenant governor of New York, the New York surgeon on his annual trip to wilderness for recuperation, the college student spending the summer working in a national park; all of these had truly experienced what Emerson meant when he said:

"In the woods, we return to reason and faith."

I HAVE THUS ENDEAVORED TOO OUTLINE THE GROWTH OF AN IDEA that evidently had its origin in Biblical times, an idea that has produced an American institution, founded on the natural affinity of sensitive people for the beauty and inspiration of nature's own landscape—An institution that is reflected in other countries of the world. We believe that it is important for our happiness, our spiritual welfare, for our success in dealing with the confusions of a materialistic and sophisticated civilization. Moreover, we have developed a network of

The Wilderness Society in 1949. Copies of this compendium and of reprints of Robert Marshall's "The Problem of the Wilderness" are available on request from the Society at its Washington, D.C., headquarters.

IN THE FIRST OF THESE LECTURES here presented the quotations from Henry D. Thoreau are from *The Maine Woods*, arranged with notes by Dudley C. Lunt (New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1950). Those from Ralph Waldo Emerson are from the essays "Nature" and "Beauty" in *Nature Addresses and Lectures of Emerson's Complete Writings* (New York: Wm. H. Wise. 1929).

I wish to thank Margery Ryerson and Violet Organ who gladly permitted the use of the excerpts from that inspiring book *The Art of Spirit*, by Robert Henri: Notes, Articles, Fragments of Letters and Talks to Students, Bearing on the Concept and Technique of Picture Making, the Study of Art Generally, and on Appreciation, compiled by Margery Ryerson (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1923. New Edition 1939).

The quotation from John Muir is from *Our National Parks* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1901).

The senior Frederick Law Olmsted's "lost" preliminary report on "The Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Trees," extensive excerpts of which were presented in the Winter 1952-53 issue of *THE LIVING WILDERNESS*, was published in full, with Laura Wood Roper's comments, in the October 1952 issue of *Landscape Architect*. (Reprints from both of these magazines are available.)

The quotation from Theodore Roosevelt is taken from proofs of an article on "The Wilderness in Literature," by Eddie Wilson, yet to be published in *THE LIVING WILDERNESS* and is there attributed to Roosevelt's "State Papers."

Aldo Leopold's remarks at the dedication of the passenger pigeon monument (in Wyalusing State Park, Wisconsin, May 11, 1947) are included in his great, posthumous book *A Sand County Almanac, and Sketches Here*

and *There* (New York: Oxford University Press. 1949.)

The quotation from George Gaylord Simpson is from the chapter "The Ethics of Knowledge and of Responsibility" in *The Meaning of Evolution: A Study of the History of Life and of Its Significance for Man* (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1950.)

Natural History—from which Edward M. Weyer, Jr.'s, comments in his April 1950 editorial "It's For You to Choose" are quoted—is published monthly (except July and August) by the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-ninth St. at Central Park West, New York 24, N.Y.



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