



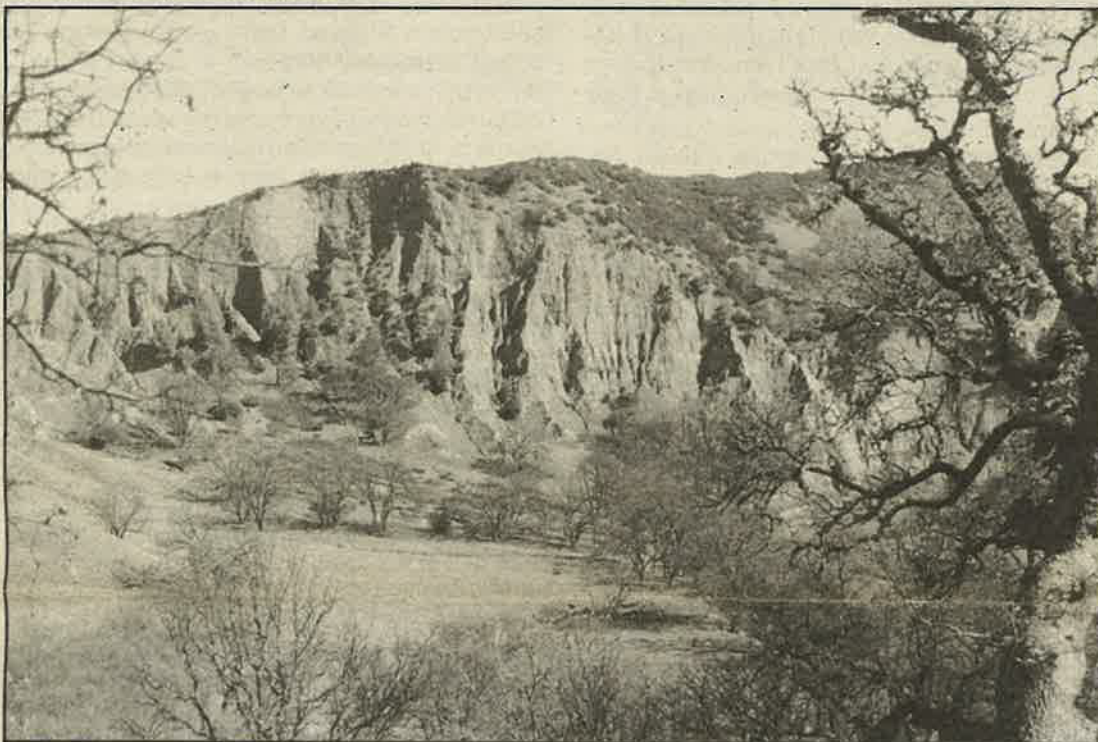
WILDERNESS RECORD

Proceedings of the California Wilderness Coalition

July 1997

Wilderness yet to be: today's public lands could be tomorrow's wilderness

Part II: BLM Lands



Eroding cliffs and blue oak woodland in the Cache Creek Wilderness Study Area, along the trail to Baton Flat. Photo by Lucy Rosenau.

By Jim Eaton

When the Wilderness Act passed in 1964, 1.3 million acres of Forest Service lands in California were designated as wilderness. A study process was then established for wildlands managed by the National Park Service and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and for primitive areas managed by the Forest Service.

It took another twelve years for Congress to mandate that another land governing agency, the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), look at its wildlands. The 1976 Federal Land Policy and Management Act (FLPMA), commonly known as the "BLM Organic Act," required the BLM to complete its review of "roadless areas five thousand acres or more and roadless islands" during the following fifteen years.

BLM first began to review lands in the California Desert Conservation Area (CDCA). In 1978, while procedures for inventorying potential "wilderness study areas" (WSAs) still were being finalized, public meetings were held for review and comment on 336 potential WSAs. By the following year the desert inventory had shrunk to 138 areas totaling slightly over 5.7 million acres.

The wilderness review in the CDCA was incorporated into the larger California Desert Plan (also required by FLPMA) that was completed in 1980. Only forty-four areas, with two million acres, were recommended by the BLM for wilderness designation.

But in 1994, Congress passed the California Desert Protection Act, protecting 69 individual BLM areas totaling 3.6 million acres of land. Congress carved from BLM lands the 1.4 million acre Mojave National Preserve, placing about half that land in wilderness, and additional

Victory !

June proved a good month for halting destructive proposals for public wildlands. The "Pave the Parks" rider, attached to the supplemental flood-relief bill, was stripped from the legislation after a flood of calls to the White House convinced President Clinton not to accept such a damaging opening of public lands to road-building.

The "Pave the Parks" rider, pushed by Senator Ted Stevens (R-AK), would have allowed roads to be built through national parks, wilderness areas, monuments and wilderness study areas and other public lands. President Clinton indicated in his veto message that he would veto the bill if it contained the rider. The Republican leadership, abashed for delaying flood relief, realized it was a losing battle and stripped the rider from the aid package. The administration later said that the roads rider generated more calls to the White House than any other issue that week.

Here in California, a timber sale slated for the Shasta-Trinity National Forest was dropped after it was brought to the attention of the Forest Service that the sale was illegal. Resurrected after fourteen years, the See Basin timber sale threatened old-growth Douglas firs and pines in a highly sensitive area. The agency revived the sale with no new environmental review and was forced to withdraw it after its unlawfulness was made public.

Thanks to all of you that wrote and called on these issues. Again this proves that diligence and citizen participation can really make a difference

acres of former BLM land were added to Death Valley and Joshua Tree national parks and protected as wilderness. But not all WSAs are in the desert. BLM completed its inventory for lands outside the CDCA in 1979. Here too, the number of surviving WSAs was a fraction of the roadless areas initially inventoried. The California Wilderness Coalition and other groups protested and appealed on behalf of a number of discarded areas, but only one area was reinstated.

During the 1980s, these non-CDCA areas were studied in fifteen different environmental impact statements. Formal public hearings were held and written comments were accepted for each of these documents. While the studies were underway, then Interior Secretary James Watt tried to drop from review sixty-three WSAs—a quarter million acres of land. Six major environmental organizations and the late Representative Phillip Burton filed suit to stop the Interior Secretary and have these "Watt-droppings" reinstated. U.S. District Court Judge Lawrence Karlton agreed with the environmentalists that Watt did not have the authority to remove areas from study.

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...to promote throughout the State of California the preservation of wild lands as legally designated wilderness areas by carrying on an educational program concerning the value of wilderness and how it may best be used and preserved in the public interest, by making and encouraging scientific studies concerning wilderness, and by enlisting public interest and cooperation in protecting existing or potential wilderness areas.

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Coalition News

Monthly Report

This is the 155th—and last—time I will be writing to you. I will be writing more, not only for the *Wilderness Record* but also *Wild Earth* and other publications, except not the personal missives that this Report has come to be. No matter how much I tried to write about the doings of the California Wilderness Coalition as an organization, so many friends insisted that this was the way they kept up on my adventures and travels along with those of Wendy, Inyo, and the CWC staff.

Maybe I'll have to develop my own web site to keep you apprised of my doings. For now, you can reach me at jeaton@wheel.dcn.davis.ca.us.

I am quite embarrassed seeing the reflections and praises of long-time friends elsewhere in this issue. This is somewhat tempered by the fact that I am alive to hear them; too often we eulogize our friends only at their funeral.

Some stories were predictable. When I heard Jim Jopson wrote, I *knew* it was about our adventure driving through Last Chance Canyon. He had been reading Abbey's *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, so you can guess what he was up to after our dinner of peanuts and Lucky beer.

A lot of bonding goes on in the wilds: with Phil Farrell on the icy slopes of Preston Peak, with John Davis floating down the Green River, even with my mother and brother in the snowy Sierra. Trips all over the West with Dave Foreman. Most of my phone conversations with Frannie Hoover are preceded with "save the bees!": a long story from a trip in the King Range.

It is interesting, and moving, to see what your friends think is the essence of your relationship. And believe me, I have stories for every one of them, too.

There are a host of emotions at my leaving the Coalition. Sorrow that I didn't want to become the fundraiser and administrator that was needed, but pride at how far we came nevertheless. A sense of accomplishment for what the organization has done over two decades, yet humbleness at how much more needs to be done. And the difficult decision to sit on the sidelines while the board and staff decide whether the CWC should chart a new course.

Several friends have suggested that it is like seeing your child off into the world. Being without spawn, it's an empty metaphor for me. But I do know how to be an uncle, with two grown nieces of my brother and two young girls of Wendy's sister, so perhaps there remains a role for me in the CWC as a sage advisor.

Numerous people have influenced me over the years. My parents, of course, who instilled in me a love of the

outdoors from the beginning. Many others, including those who have written short vignettes in this issue of the Record. And my elders, some still with us like David Brower, Martin Litton, Joe Fontaine, and Ike Livermore. And many who have passed on, including Gordon Robinson, Luis Ireland, and Judge Ray Sherwin.

Much of my interest in wilderness came from a man I never met, someone I vaguely remember dying in a plane crash when I was in junior high school. His influence on me first was from a place he protected, Point Reyes National Seashore. Later, I learned about Clem Miller's life.

Miller was elected to Congress in 1958. In his two short terms in Congress, Miller guided the Point Reyes bill through Congress, authored a comprehensive action plan to try to reverse the salmon and steelhead decline in California, worked to preserve the Marin Headlands, and set into motion legislation that resulted in the King Range National Conservation Area. His life was tragically cut short at the age of 45.

Point Reyes had a immense impact on me. I discovered this magnificent wildland during my college years. I have spent more days there than any other wild place. As I got to know Point Reyes, I met his widow, the late Katherine Miller Johnson, and his former legislative assistant, Bill Duddleson. Together we worked to get the funding to finish buying the seashore, fought schemes to develop the land, and preserved half the park as wilderness.

A few years ago, Bill sent me the obituary for Clem in the *Sierra Club Bulletin* written by Harold Gilliam. While cleaning out my desk, I finally got around the reading it. Gilliam concluded:

"And he took immense satisfaction in knowing that as a result of the long legislative struggle generations of Americans would find renewal of body and spirit along this wild coastline he had helped save for them.

"But what would probably please him most would be the knowledge that his brief career as a legislator-conservationist might help inspire other young men to take up where he left off, making careers of politics and conservation to save the vanishing natural landscape of America." I'm sure I'm not the only one whose life was profoundly changed as a result of Clem Miller and the wild places he preserved. I hope I can pass on the legacy.

By Jim Eaton

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Grazing Management

Sequoia National Forest takes small steps to improve grazing practices

Comments needed to goad agency to set tougher standards

By Ryan Henson

The Forest Service is seeking public input regarding the Sequoia National Forest Grazing Management Forest Plan Amendment (often, Forest Service documents have even longer titles!). While the plan will generally improve grazing in the Sequoia National Forest, some problems remain.

For example, the plan fails to consider the impacts of grazing in established wilderness areas and potential wilderness areas. Since ecosystem damage and the presence of fences and other permanent range-related facilities diminishes the pristine character of wilderness areas and potential wilderness, the mitigation of these impacts should be discussed in the plan amendment. The plan amendment also fails to adequately consider the potential for conflicts between grazing and recreationists. The Sequoia National Forest is one of California's most popular national forests, and is thus heavily used by hikers, backpackers, anglers, campers, and hunters. There are a number of campgrounds, wilderness areas, and other important recreation areas that already have problems with cattle, yet the plan amendment makes no mention of these conflicts.

The rules by which the Forest Service regulates grazing are known as standards and guidelines. The strength or weakness of these guidelines often leads directly to improved grazing practices, or conversely, to ecological harm. The plan amendment proposes several problematic standards and guidelines, including rules dictating that:

- 75 percent of annual grass growth in meadows may be consumed by cattle
- 30 percent of all annual shrub growth along streams may be consumed by cattle
- 20 percent of the banks along grazed streams may be trampled by cattle
- It is acceptable for streams to be 20 feet wide for every foot of depth. This is unfortunate given that the narrower and deeper a stream is, the healthier aquatic life in the stream tends to be (cattle often flatten and widen streams by destroying banks, consuming vegetation, and contributing large amounts of sediment to the stream). For example, the adjacent Sequoia National Park (ungrazed for many years) has many streams only five feet wide for every foot of depth.

In addition, the plan amendment proposes that the Forest Service monitor the impacts of grazing on the forest's ecosystem health. While conservationists support monitoring, the amendment proposes to use water temperature alone as the sole indicator of water quality. Activists contend that by looking at water temperature alone, the Forest Service is ignoring the chemical and biological components essential to maintaining healthy

waterways. For example, inexpensive kits are available to both the Forest Service and the general public allowing them to monitor total dissolved oxygen (dissolved oxygen allows aquatic lifeforms to breathe), acidity, nutrient levels (artificially high nutrient levels may lead to algae blooms and other severe water quality problems), and the amount of fecal coliform contamination from cattle and other influences. If these simple tests can be performed cheaply by school children across the country, they can certainly be performed by the Forest Service.

The plan amendment also establishes a definition of healthy plant communities based on today's standards, not pre-grazing standards. Establishing a definition of healthy plant communities based on lands that have been intensively grazed (and logged) for over 100 years is inappropriate because it uses a greatly altered landscape as a baseline. While it is not always feasible to return forest lands to their native state, conservationists see

this as an important goal. To understand healthy plant communities, the Forest Service ought to look at lands that have remained off-limits to grazing for decades such as the adjacent Sequoia National Park.

Similarly, the plan amendment states that under the proposed standards and guidelines "overall habitat conditions for most species would not change significantly from the current condition." This implies that the degraded conditions existing today will remain the norm. Also, the plan amendment reveals that while only five meadows have been surveyed since 1990, the Forest Service can conclude that 96 percent of all meadows on the forest are in fair or better condition. In the five meadows that were examined, staff scientists looked only at forage production for cattle while ignoring plant diversity, hydrology, and other ecological values. More research and monitoring is obviously needed.

An out-of-court settlement between conservationists and the Forest Service (the Mediated Settlement Agreement, or MSA) directs the Forest Service to maintain and enhance oak woodland habitat. Specifically, the MSA requires the Sequoia National Forest to give priority to maintaining and enhancing blue oak woodlands and to identify areas grazed by cattle where oak production is greatly reduced. Once identified,

the Forest Service must develop strategies to increase the ecological health and vigor of these forests.

According to the plan amendment, the Forest spent \$213,000 in fiscal year 1994 on grazing management, while bringing in only \$98,000. In other words, for every \$1 the Forest Service brings in from livestock grazing, it spends \$2.17. This subsidy is paid for entirely by U.S. taxpayers, and yet the Forest Service has never conducted a cost-benefit analysis to determine the economic impacts of grazing. Activists question what the justification is for subsidizing an extractive industry operating on public land that benefits an extremely small number of ranchers.

What you can do

Please write to:

Arthur Gaffrey, Forest Supervisor, Attention: Sequoia National Forest Grazing Management Forest Plan Amendment, Sequoia National Forest, 900 West Grand Avenue, Porterville, CA 93257-2035.

Please write by July 26, 1997 (your letter must be postmarked by that date). Please request that the Sequoia National Forest Grazing Management Forest Plan Amendment be altered so that:

- The impacts of grazing in wilderness areas and roadless areas are studied and mitigated. Ideally, cattle should be completely eliminated from wilderness areas and roadless areas.
- Cattle be eliminated from popular recreation areas where either ecological harm or conflict with the public is occurring
- Grazing standards and guidelines are stronger. For example, cattle should only be allowed to consume 30 percent (instead of 75 percent) of annual grass growth in meadows, and only 10 percent (instead of 30 percent) of all annual shrub growth along streams. In addition, cattle should only be allowed to trample 5 percent (rather than 20 percent) of the banks along grazed streams. Lastly, stream width-to-depth ratios should be closer to five feet for every one foot, not 20 feet for every foot.

• The Forest Service be required to monitor total dissolved oxygen, acidity, nutrient levels, and fecal coliform contamination in addition to water temperature.

• Instead of using current conditions as our baseline, pre-grazing plant and wildlife communities serve the standard by which we judge our successes and failures in grazing management.

• Grazing impacts on the health and vitality of oak

woodlands are considered and mitigated as is required by the MSA.

The plan fails to consider the impacts of grazing in established wilderness areas and potential wilderness areas. It also fails to adequately consider the potential for impact between grazing and recreationists. There are a number of campgrounds, wilderness areas, and other important recreation areas that already have problems with cattle, yet the plan makes no mention of these conflicts.

A farewell tribute to Jim Eaton,

This is the last month that Jim Eaton's column will grace the pages of the Wilderness Record. Friends, colleagues and family decided to mark his departure by taking pen to paper to lay down some of their fondest memories of Jim. We think that you will find these stories a pleasure to read. Whether you knew Jim well or only through these pages, these recollections will give you an insight into a great leader of the wilderness movement, a good storyteller and friend to many.

He's hardly out of the picture, though. He's promised this editor many more articles and he will surely continue to be a leader in the conservation movement. We here at CWC will miss him at the office, but we'll definitely be in touch.

—Ed.

Me and Jim and the Bizz

Dave Foreman

In the fall of 1973, I flew back to Washington, D.C. to testify before a Congressional committee for the first time. I was there, a redneck horseshoer from New Mexico, complete with boots and hat, in my new job as The Wilderness Society's (TWS) Southwest field consultant. In the hall of the very seedy hotel where TWS put up their people, I met a jolly hippie from California. The next day, Harry Crandall, TWS's peerless lobbyist, shepherded the cowboy (me) and the hippie (Jim Eaton) to the Hill, to the House Interior hearing room, to the god-like presence of California Representative Bizz Johnson. After we testified on our particular Wilderness Area proposals, Bizz lectured us for an eternity about what a great friend of wilderness he was and how the Wilderness Society should appreciate him more. Baptized into the surreal together, Jim and I have been soul mates ever since.

Robin Kulakow

In June 1985 I had the good fortune to accompany Wendy, Jim and their dog Stickeen on a backpacking trip to Raymond Peak in the Mokelumne Wilderness Area. It was a relatively short but steep hike up to Raymond Lake, and the wildflowers were spectacular. On Saturday morning, Jim decided to climb to the top of Raymond Peak while Wendy and I stayed and enjoyed the lake. Of course, Stickeen went with Jim. The two climbers were gone an unusually long time. When they did show up Jim explained why...Stickeen had injured his hip sliding down a snow slope and wasn't able to move very quickly. Jim was unusually somber that night. We were all worried about Stickeen. On Sunday when we packed for the hike out, it became clear that Stickeen was not going to make it out on his own. So the equipment was shuffled around. Wendy and I took most of Jim's equipment so that he could fit poor Stickeen in his pack. I'll never forget that long walk out. There was a treacherous section across steep, icy terrain. Jim carefully picked his way across with Stickeen hanging in there very patiently. We made it out after a long day. This story is a testament to the depth of Jim's dedication to his friends, two-footed as well as four-footed. Many of you reading this have the good fortune to be Jim's friend and know that he would do anything for you. I know I have.

Trent Orr

The CWC Board has often talked about meeting in the wilderness we've worked to help Jim protect, but complex logistics and conflicting schedules have led time and again to last minute cancellation of plans to do just that, including several trips all set for the backcountry of Jim's beloved Point Reyes. Considering this history, it's remarkable that Jim actually managed to pull off a real board meeting, complete with quorum, in the wilderness back in the summer of '87.

We were to meet at a spot called Rowell Meadow in the Jennie Lakes Wilderness of the Sequoia National Forest, freshly protected by the landmark California Wilderness Act. The place was a short hike from the trailhead to allow those of us who could only come for the meeting, poor busy souls, to work through the agenda and get back to the world below. Several other directors and I arrived at the trailhead at the same time as Jim and Wendy prepared for our wildlands workout,



Inyo, Wendy and Jim near Tower Peak north of Yosemite National Park.

my first hike with Iron Jim. I should have suspected that something was afoot when he asked if I'd mind carrying, in addition to my pack, a bag containing several ripe cantaloupes, a gift for our host, a back country ranger. Well, I was game, and not the only one laden with extra food of the far heavier-than-freeze-dried variety (in fact, everyone seemed to be; even Jim's pup Inyo toted a pack full of Alpo), so off we went. We soon got to Rowell Meadow, as pretty a Sierra swale as you'll ever see, give or take a few hundred too many cowflops. This is, after all, national forest wilderness. There at its edge was a cozy cabin, the rustic home of our host, a former CWC volunteer who welcomed us warmly. We had our meeting, great work was accomplished, and those who had to hurried down trail.

Poor busy souls, indeed. Jim figured if he was going to march his board into the wilderness, he was going to reward our efforts. Adjournment segued nicely into cocktail hour — the cabin had a well-stocked bar — and thence to a lavish meal that included pasta, steaming garlic bread, and, of course, plenty of perfectly ripe fresh fruit. As we groaned in contentment around the campfire later that evening, telling tales of wilderness won and wilderness lost, listening to the coyotes call — or was it over the fresh peach pancakes the next morning? — I realized that Jim's frequent trips to the backcountry were perhaps not always the Spartan death marches I'd imagined. Ah, wilderness! When are we going backpacking again, Jim?

Jim Jopson

I was Eaton's roommate in the Baywood Lane house in Davis for a year or two in the middle 1970's. We had many memorable trips and experiences but the one that stands out in my memory is the following:

Eaton was working on the California Desert Bill so we decided to go down to the desert to have a first hand look. We camped the first night near Trona. The next day we scouted Red Rock Canyon State Park and then headed north a little way and decided to take a ten mile "shortcut" over to another road. We drove a couple of miles on the dirt shortcut only to come to a washout in the road. After scouting it we decided that Jim's gold Datsun would be more than a match for it so with much engine-roaring and tire-spinning, smashed our way through it to the other side. Great! No problem! Just a few more miles to pavement. Glad we don't have to go through that gully again! About a mile later we came to another washout. A little more severe this time. Again looking the situation over we decided it was either go back through the previous one or go through this one, so we proceeded. Now this washout took just about everything that Datsun had to give! I was pushing on the back and after some road work and damage to the truck we were on the other side. Whew! Good decision! Just a short ways to go now. About another mile we came to the Grandfather of all gullies! This one was deep and had steep sides. Get the Datsun through it? No way — but wait a minute — surely one horrible, boulder-strewn Grandfa-

ther of all gullies had to be easier than the other two we had already come through, so again after completing engineering, road work, and other preparations Eaton got in the cab and just about the time both the truck and I burned up we were on the other side. Another half a mile of so and we could see our destination. Just one problem, yep, another huge washout! The Darth Vader of all washouts! Now this one was much deeper than the Datsun, camper and all. Steep, vertical sides and a bottom strewn with large boulders made this a very tough problem. We of course had only a 99 cent folding shovel to do road work with and it was just about shot from our previous encounters. To make a long story short, no we didn't die out there although for quite a while it felt like it. Eaton swears that I picked up the entire rear end of the Datsun and threw it over the final big rock blocking our progress. He may just be right! I know the only thing that got us any sleep that night was a case of Lucky Lager.

David Robertson

Sandy (dog) sits in the sunroom. Jeannette and David (people) lounge nearby, reading. Suddenly Sandy stands up and walks to the screen door and begins to whine. She paces the room, more whining. "What is out there?" says Jeannette, looking and seeing nothing. More pacing and more whining. "Let her out," suggests David. Out she goes, straight to the garden next door. Through the tomatoes and raspberries, Jeannette and David can see her tail wag. They get up and go over. She has found her best friend, Jim (person), sitting, weeding. "This is as good as it gets," she thinks.

Stephanie Mandel

What I like best about Jim Eaton is that he's so unabashedly Jim Eatonish: meat-eating, dog-toting, wild-haired, Mac-hacking, paper stacking, and encyclopedic, especially regarding California geography. Having worked with Jim at CWC for over three years, I know I am only one of the many semi-vegetarian, semi-new age, alternative health types that Jim struggles to like — although I know he loves us. But at least he was always patient with me.

As I see it, one the greatest strengths Jim brought to CWC is his magnetism. He can talk to anyone, from impressing bureaucrats with his knowledge and diplomacy to inspiring interns with the strength of his convictions and his extensive backpacking background. He's a character with character.

Jim brought heart to CWC and took time for everyone and anyone who wanted to swap stories, and then made up the time in the middle of the night. Jim's longevity in the position is perhaps unequalled in the environmental movement. Jim, you're a true hero, a living legend, and I'm proud to know you.

Don Morrill

I met Jim Eaton on a phone call from Washington to Davis in 1973 when I was working for the Wilderness Society. I immediately liked his friendly nature and grew to enjoy his company during our efforts to save Snow Mountain Wilderness. When I came back to California to work for the Sierra Club, he became a good friend.

One of Jim's great strengths was and is his easy going, imperturbable nature in the face of all the assaults on our sensibilities by the timber industry and the Forest Service. Not only did he help me through timber sale after timber sale back then, but he saw me through many a dashed romance and identity crisis during my twenties.

He never lost his equilibrium or sense of humor during all the wilderness fights we had, and helped me see each assault on roadless lands as an opportunity to gain support and members.

He and I talked about a Coalition for months, but I never quite figured out how it would come about — shouldn't it be spontaneous? Finally one day after a couple of years organizing work, he just said "Let's start it." Gosh...I hadn't thought of that.

It's not often that you get to be part of something enduring, and I'm lucky to have a couple in my past — the California Wilderness Coalition and my friendship with Jim Eaton.

Jim Trumbly

I have fond memories of early CWC times, of many evenings hanging out at Jim Eaton's suburban Davis home which also served as CWC headquarters. It was there that we laid out the Wilderness Record, told stories, had slide shows, listened to music, ate, and generally carried on. I have two defining memories of Jim in those days aside from his enthusiasm for wilderness.

longtime CWC director

Jim loved to contribute to conversations by reading aloud from books, articles, or Forest Service reports (the latter for humor based on the absurd). The most memorable to me, however, was his genuine excitement for a book about the greatest natural disasters of all time, from Krakatoa to powerful Caribbean hurricanes. He'd read with zeal and then carry on in debate about which one was "better."

The first gas shortage in 1974 brought about lots of energy conservation talk around the time CWC got going. I want you to know that nobody enrolled in energy conservation like Jim. I remember one late fall in particular. I'm driving from Sacramento to his Davis home to lay out the next edition of the *Wilderness Record*—wondering if this would be the time he'd have finally turned on his damn heater. Fog was on the deck outside and it was around 40 degrees inside and out. He never did. All winter! And he paid the price too, with a wicked cough that stayed with him all the way to summer when he got into some warm air wilderness again.

Phil Farrell

In late December of 1975, Jim Eaton, John Hart, John's climbing friend Jordan, and I undertook a winter trip to the Siskiyou Mountains of northwest California. Our plan was to celebrate the new year with the first (we believed) winter ascent of Preston Peak. The trip was memorable not just for the beauty and solitude of the winter wilderness, but also for the companionship of friends and the patient and optimistic attitude that Jim always showed in the face of the difficulties we encountered: overloaded packs, rain, ice, long hikes, lost gear, and a disappointing finish to our climb.

The climb up Preston Peak started well enough with clouds breaking to beautiful sunshine on ice-rimmed trees. But the laborious and careful steps up the icy slopes were slow going. At about 2:30 p.m., we were still a half mile or so from the summit when I heard a noise from Jim. I looked to see him sliding down the icy slope toward the top of the cliff below. With heart pounding, I dropped on my ice ax in the arrest position and waited for the rope connecting us to pull hard on my waist. But that never happened. Jim was able to self-arrest a few feet short of the cliff edge. In his patient way, Jim ambled over to me and suggested that the mountain had us novice climbers outclassed. I agreed, and down we went, stumbling into our camp just at dark.

Though we never made the top (John and Jordan did), we celebrated the joy of the climb just the same with a candlelit New Year's Eve party.

I believe the survival, growth, and accomplishments of CWC over the last two decades can be attributed in large measure to that same patience and optimism that Jim showed in the wilds.

Wendy Cohen

I met Jim nearly 20 years ago at a Sierra Club meeting in Oakland. I was a junior at UC Berkeley and a member of the Bay Chapter Wilderness Subcommittee. It was the end of finals week, December 10, 1977, and it was raining. Jim was coming to meet with the Wilderness Subcommittee to discuss doing a joint conference between Sierra Club and CWC, then a fledgling organization. I debated about whether to go to the meeting, especially given the weather, and decided to go since Jim had called me earlier that week asking me to come. After the meeting, Jim told me a group of activists was planning a trip to the desert over Christmas week, and I happily joined the trip when he invited me along.

As the date of the trip approached, people started dropping out until it was just the two of us. I agreed to go anyway, and when he picked me up at my parents' house in Livermore, he introduced me to our other trip companion, his 4-year-old dog Stickeen. Good thing I like dogs! We drove all day to reach Great Falls Basin, in the East Mojave west of Death Valley, near Trona and the China Lake Naval Weapons Station. The sky was cloudy the next day as we backpacked in, but it didn't start raining until after dinner while we sat by the fire. I invited Jim (and Stickeen) to stay dry in my new Timberline tent, but first we had to move it to higher ground from the wash where we had imprudently set it up. And so we weathered our first storm together, and in September 1997, we will celebrate our 15th wedding anniversary.

Steve Evans

Jim was one of the first conservation activists I knew in California who purchased a personal computer in the early 1980's. It was a TRS-80 (Radio Shack) computer. I think he still has it in his garage somewhere. So commonplace today,

it's strange to remember that computers were new and wondrous technological marvels 15 years ago. If you performed all the required prayers and were properly obeisant, the computer would print letters and allow you to correct without using white-out! Wow! So consider my startlement when I walked into the CWC office one day and found Jim, with his computer taken apart, and soldering wiring inside! Mind you, this was before it became common place to insert hard drives and modems, etc. This was before the term "user friendly" was even coined. Here was Jim, not only one of the first computer owners I knew, but unflinchingly working on it like it was a mere toaster. As everyone who knows him, Jim retains his knack for tinkering with computers and other technological gizmos today.

Claud Eaton

Jim was an Eagle Scout. In High School, he won many ribbons and medals in varsity track. A scholar-athlete, he participated as a sprinter in the California State Track meet and was a member of the California Scholastic Federation Honor Society. As a teenager, he hiked the entire John Muir trail alone. Jim has been interested in conservation and wilderness preservation since his college days. The Mother Lode Chapter of the Sierra Club voted him Conservationist of the Year in 1969. In 1976, he helped organize the California Wilderness Coalition and became its Executive Director in 1981.

For these lessons and stories, and for Jim's creation of the leading wilderness coalition in the state that now— thanks largely to Jim's good work— boasts the most designated wilderness south of Alaska even while suffering from the largest number of people, I thank him warmly.

He is an amateur (from the Latin "amator" - lover), he does what he does because he loves it. He pursues his enterprise not for money, not to please the crowd, not for professional prestige or assured promotion and retirement at the end—but because he loves it. He cannot help doing it, not because of forces pushing from behind but because of his fresh amateur's vision of what lies ahead. He is driven by his insight of what might be if he does not fight for his vision.

Lillian Eaton

In 1962, when Jim was 14 years old and his older brother Bud was 19, a planned group hike of the entire John Muir Trail was canceled because the snow was too deep—in July! So Jim, Bud, Bud's girl friend Kathy Krentz, Don Jones (a 14 year-old friend) and I, mother of Bud and Jim, decided to take a loop trail on the East side of the Sierra encompassing a part of the John Muir Trail, where the snow was thought to not be too deep. Starting out from Bishop, we camped the first night at North Lake where during the night Kathy's contact lenses froze in their container. As we continued on there was much snow along the trail and most lakes were frozen over. On the third day as we were walking along the trail high above a lake not totally frozen over, Jim decided to go down to the lake for water and I said to him, "Jim, please bring your tired old mother a drink of water." When he brought the water to me he was carrying my water cup on a tray of ice!

A few days later we reached a Ranger Station, and were advised not to go forward because we were facing seven miles of deep snow! We started to retrace our steps but could not, since sudden snow-melt caused streams to rise so fast they were dangerous. What to do? We walked down the West side of the mountains to Florence Lake—essentially walking across the Sierra Nevada from east to west. Those golden trout we caught made the difficulties we experienced worthwhile.

Alan Carlton

The name Jim Eaton first came to my attention in the early 1980's when I first heard about and began to work on the Forest Service Wilderness bill, which became the California Wilderness Act of 1984.

I was going to meetings of the Wilderness Subcommittee of the Sierra Club Bay Chapter and the name Jim Eaton came up as a legendary wilderness guru from the wilderness area of Davis who was the ultimate authority on wilderness issues. I joined the CWC and heard the name more. Then, one day the legendary Mr. Eaton made an appearance at the Wilderness Subcommittee. He even looked the part, a rounder, shorter version of John Muir. The final part of the legend was completed when I learned that Jim was a friend and former co-worker of Dave Foreman, founder of Earth First!, another of my heroes.

As I got to know Jim better and eventually joined the Board of CWC, I verified my conclusion. Jim knew more about California wilderness than anybody else and was willing and eager to share his knowledge with one and all, even federal employees. CWC will lose an amazing resource when Jim leaves as Executive Director, but the wilderness movement will not lose Jim, whatever he does. I know of his love and dedication for wilderness and that he will continue to lead and support us all in protecting California Wilderness. However, the biggest loss for CWC will not be Jim's services as Executive Director but the loss of his cooking skills at lunch at the CWC board meetings.

Lynn Ryan

A few years ago Jim and I met at the very small airport in Redway for an air tour of the King Range on the northern California coast. We wanted to have a look at roads, trails, gates, illegal vehicular access points, WSA boundaries etc. A local volunteer pilot was to meet us there. We arrived early and strolled around the airstrip, observing aircraft some intact, some being used for parts, some in various stages of repair with major components neatly placed on the ground. Our conversation wandered from big wilderness wildlands to pressing King Range issues to small talk with the local mechanics and neighborhood airport groupies. Our casual interest in the activities brought us to slowly realize that our plane was one of those with the vital organs in little piles on the ground. Not to worry, we were reassured with a relaxed wave of hand by the "mechanic." Our little plane would be ready real soon, and heck, the pilot hadn't even arrived yet. I remember Jim and I exchanging worried looks, hoping we were dealing with a political ally, doing our best to act relaxed and reassured, not wanting to pressure the aircraft assembly person as we eyed the propeller and propeller housing lying in the grass. As the morning unfolded, and without really dwelling on it, we put our trust in the aircraft people, our focus on wilderness reconnaissance and the day went well. May the force continue to be with you Jim through all your future adventures!

Felice Pace

Jim Eaton is my kind of wilderness activist, the kind that makes time to be in the wild regularly. Readers of the *Wilderness Record* are all familiar with the Director's column in which each month Jim would tell us of new adventures in the wild—and, of course, about his dog. I confess that Jim's Monthly Report has been my favorite part of the *Record*. I will miss it!

Jim remains, of course, part of our movement. I expect him to continue on The Wildlands Project board (who wouldn't when meetings are held in Mexico and other great locations!) and he will remain an advocate for places wild. So what changed? I suspect Jim realized that he never really wanted to be CEO of a powerhouse organization. Perhaps that is what we should admire most about Jim Eaton and learn from—the ability to recognize when it's time for a change and to move on with grace. Happy trails, Jim.

Jim Eaton: Explorer, Teacher and Friend

John Davis

Jim Eaton knows wilderness all over California, plants all over the northwest, and rocks all over the West. So naturally, whenever my travels with my mentor Dave Foreman have allowed me to journey awhile with Jim Eaton, too, I have striven to glean whatever conservation, botany, and geology lessons he would share.

Jim was uncommonly gracious and generous in sharing

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Regional Ecology

Conference on Siskiyou Ecology highlights a unique area

By Kathy Brennan

From May 30 to June 1, The Siskiyou Regional Education project hosted the first annual Conference on Siskiyou Ecology. This gathering of ecologists, botanists, activists, and natural history aficionados was treated to an informative and engaging weekend. Structured as a scientific proceeding, with the days divided into sessions of related

One of the most consistent themes throughout was that this region is very special for its incredible diversity as a whole, but even within smaller areas there are many localized pockets of endemic species and diversity.

subjects, it was a crash course in the natural history of the Klamath-Siskiyou Mountains.

All of the presentations were well done, and most had good slides to illustrate their talks. This was particularly appreciated, as for those who are new to the Klamath-Siskiyou region the visual connection to the plants and places being discussed helped clarify the concepts.

The conference included a wealth of topics about many aspects of the ecology of the ranges. One of the most consistent themes throughout was that this region is very special for its incredible diversity as a whole, but even within smaller areas there are many localized pockets of endemic species and diversity.

Field trips were offered each afternoon, which provided an excellent opportunity to get out and see the various aspects of local ecology which had been discussed in a presentation. Each trip was led by a knowledgeable local and/or presenter, and provided the rare chance to be in the field with a group of natural historians. For this southern California native, the plant associations and the patterns of growth seemed almost eclectic, and utterly different from anyplace else I have seen in California.

The highlight of the conference was without a doubt the Saturday night keynote address by the renowned serpentine botanist Dr. Art Krukenberg. He was extraordinarily knowledgeable, charming and quite funny. His presentation on various aspects of serpentine plant relationships was thoroughly engaging, and he won my heart when he used the adjective "elegant" to describe a chaparral community.

All in all the first annual conference was a success, and I look forward to returning next year.

The Klamath-Siskiyou region: a diverse, serpentine wonderland

By Kathy Brennan

The natural history of the Klamath-Siskiyou region is fascinating, and has been described in such literary works as *The Klamath Knot*, by David Rains Wallace, as well as in the kinds of scientific papers presented at the first annual Conference on Siskiyou Ecology. A brief mention of a few of the subjects discussed there follow.

Much of the soil of the Klamath-Siskiyou Mountains is serpentine, which has its origins in the Earth's upper mantle, and rises from the ocean floor to the surface through plate tectonic movements. Serpentine soils restrict plant growth because they are very high in heavy metals, especially nickel and magnesium, which prove toxic to many plants. Over evolutionary time, however, some plants have become accustomed to their serpentinic habitat and have highly specialized internal mechanisms for dealing with these elements. Such species are called endemics, a generic term for any species which exists only in a specific region due to the unique features of the area.

The Klamath-Siskiyou region is renowned for the high number of endemic species which have evolved over time to the microhabitat conditions there. It is home to over 3,500 plant species, of which 280 are endemics. The botany of the region is astounding, and when considered with the unique ecological relationships and niches which have developed there over time, it inevitably sparks awe and wonder in anyone with an interest in natural history.

The Klamath-Siskiyou region is renowned for the high number of endemic species which have evolved over time to the microhabitat conditions there. It is home to over 3,500 plant species, of which 280 are endemics.

This region may also support the most diverse coniferous stands in the world. In one stand alone, over seventeen species were found within one square mile.

Also found in this region are various specialized plant communities living in serpentine fens. These fens are essentially wetlands or bogs which host a high number of endemic species and unique community associations. One of these fens is dominated by the charismatic California pitcher plant, or *Darlingtonia californica*.

This carnivorous plant traps insects in its highly specialized leaves, which provide landing strips for unwitting insects who are lured into the interior of the "pitcher." Although the pitcher of the plant is enclosed, the top is translucent so that insects are drawn to the plant's eerie light. The flowers of these plants grow on tall stalks, and are pollinated by several kinds of insects and spiders.



Another distinct botanical feature of the Klamath-Siskiyou Mountains is the Port Orford cedar which grows there. The Port Orford cedar is a shade tolerant species, frequently found along rivers and streams. Due to the fact that its wood resists decay, snags and downed logs are important for their structural

role in creating habitat in riparian areas. The Port Orford cedar grows well on serpentinic soils, and is one of a few tree species which grows to a large enough size on serpentine wetlands to contribute woody debris and ample shade to mountain streams.

The Port Orford cedar has recently been heavily affected by a root disease caused by an introduced pathogen. This pathogen is a water mold, and was first found in native Port Orford stands in 1952.

This water mold is particularly insidious, because it is well adapted for spread in water, and can also be spread through soil. The areas most at risk for infection are those most favored by the trees: streams, drainages, and anywhere water flows down from an infected area. This means road building, maintenance, logging, and even humans, may all spread the infection. Once it invades a site the root disease kills rapidly.

Currently the only solution is to prevent the spread of the disease, although this proves challenging. Recently it has been found that some Port Orford cedars show resistance to the disease, but whether this will help save them remains to be seen.

Other notable presentations at the conference covered the ecology of peregrine falcons in the region, endemic butterflies and various flora and fauna of the Klamath-Siskiyou region. Proceedings will be published, and if you would like a copy contact the Siskiyou Regional Education Project, P.O. Box 220, Cave Junction, OR, 97523.

Wilderness Forum

A tribute to Jim Eaton

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these. Indeed, I recall a trip down Utah's Green River a few years ago when I endured the olfactory assault of the dozen-person group's portable latrine and trash for a chance to row Jim and Wendy's raft—which we dubbed the Garbage Scow—and hear Jim tell stories of the origins of Desolation and Gray Canyons, of the archaeological record revealed in ruins along the Green River, of the fate of various California roadless areas, and of other timely topics. Around the campfire each evening, Jim's stories—personal or political, historic or scientific—would complement those of his colleagues Dave Foreman, Nancy Morton, Michael Soule, Steve Evans, and several other wilderness veterans on this conservation leader outing.

For these lessons and stories, and for Jim's creation of the leading wilderness coalition in the state that now—thanks largely to Jim's good work—boasts the most designated wilderness south of Alaska even while suffering from the largest number of people (notwithstanding Jim's exemplary forbearance in the matter of procreation), I thank him warmly. Now that Jim is giving himself a richly-deserved rest and I'm moving to California to work with the Foundation for Deep Ecology, I've high hopes of being able to follow Jim down many wild paths in coming years.

Mark J. Palmer

To begin with, when I think of Jim Eaton, I think of him in the background.

Not out of the way, mind you. Not dispensable, not forgotten, not a fifth leg on a horse. No, Jim Eaton has given us a vast legacy of wildness in California, and we owe him much. But he is so self-effacing and quiet that it is almost easy to overlook his tremendous gifts.

While Jim is always in the background of a meeting or hearing, he is always the most knowledgeable person there in the room. All the people in the room know it (at least, the ones who are paying attention to). But Jim does not grab the floor and clutch it to his heart. He speaks when spoken to, when asked to, when he has something to say. And everyone hushes up and listens. The wiser the roomful of people, the quieter the hush.

It is Jim's modesty and low-profile nature, not to mention his determination and righteousness, which has shaped his wilderness legacy over the years. Many people have taken credit; many people speak louder; but Jim is always praising the others and building coalitions. Jim stays in the background. Always there. Always listening. Always at work defending our wild places.

And Jim is greedy. He wants it all saved—every last scrap of wilderness and wild land. He does not give up a tenth of an acre easily. He is pragmatic, but he has to be convinced when pragmatism dictates a retreat. And when he has had to retreat, as we all have to sometimes, he has done so with regret. He is always ready to come back and fight for more.

Don't believe that Jim Eaton is retiring. I know him too well. He is just quietly gathering himself to take his next conservation leap.

Harriet Allen

When in trouble, or in doubt,
call our Jim he'll sort it out...

from loggers to OHVers, from Congress
to agencies, from D.C. to the Pacific,
from "one-on-ones" to massive conferences!

For the past decades, Jim has been our guide, our mentor
and CWC "factorium."

But, now that he's retiring, we'll expect more "grunt" work,
longer visits and louder Dave Foreman-like wilderness howl!
Long live Jim Eaton!

Potential BLM wilderness

continued from page 1

Ultimately, the BLM recommended that outside the CDCA, portions of only sixteen WSAs totaling 185,703 acres should become wilderness—twenty-two percent of the acreage studied. Some of these areas adjacent to the CDCA became wilderness in 1994. But many areas remain. BLM's recommendation has been sent to the President for presentation to Congress.

What remains wild

From the Mexican border to the Oregon border, from the Lost Coast to the shores of Mono Lake, nearly 100 WSAs await a final decision of their fate by Congress. Environmentalists estimate that at least a million acres of wild lands are wild enough to be designated as wilderness. Many of these WSA represent ecosystems not included in our current wilderness system. A few examples of the great diversity of BLM wild places follow:

With the longest stretch of wild coastline left on the northern Pacific, the King Range WSA is uniquely valuable. The terrain is dramatic: coastal mountains rise abruptly from the shore; erosion and landslide—surface manifestations of the shifting continental plates—etch the landscape. Raptors, including the northern spotted owl and the bald eagle, nest in the old-growth Douglas fir which cover the range. Along the shore are middens, detritus of prehistoric Athapaskan inhabitants.

The Bodie Hills region, located east of Bridgeport and north of Mono Lake, is a starkly beautiful country of contrasting landforms and diverse habitats. Alkali wetlands and playas, dense stands of aspen and willow, and flower filled meadows and cacti are all found among the rolling hills dominated by pinyon-juniper woodland and big sagebrush. A cinder cone forms the backdrop for the "Dry Lakes Plateau," which drops away to the red rock gorge of Rough Creek. Herds of pronghorn roam the hills, raptors dot the skies, and the ubiquitous sage grouse provide comic relief.

Much of the Cache Creek WSA's vegetation is chaparral and chemise. There also are oak woodlands and savanna, isolated serpentine barrens, and some groves of rare Sargent cypress. These ecosystems are not well represented in the National Wilderness Preservation System. The state's second largest winter concentration of the endangered bald eagle is here, as well as the second largest herd of tule elk. Golden eagles and prairie falcon soar above land populated with black bear, mountain lion, bobcat, coyote, and deer.

Five WSAs straddling the California-Nevada border comprise the Smoke Creek Desert Wilderness. This is volcanic country, and most of the rocks were extruded during the past ten million years when the earth's crust was breaking along faults into the large blocks that form today's basin valleys and mountain ranges. In days past, bison roamed here. Remnant bands of pronghorn still do. Gray wolves once stalked through the mountains. Today, coyotes are the largest predator. The 350,000-acre expanse of wildlands supports sage grouse, a characteristic Great Basin species whose population is declining.

If you are interested in being part of a statewide campaign to protect these and other wild areas, please contact the California Wilderness Coalition.

Calendar

July 28 Deadline to support the proposed humane removal of feral burros from along the Colorado River. Contact Ryan Henson at (916) 758-0380 for more information.

Aug. 1 Comments due on proposed logging on the eastern border of Lassen National Park. Contact Ryan Henson at (916) 758-0380 for more information.

Aug. 2 and 3: Grazing Activist Workshop, sponsored by the California Grazing Reform Alliance (CalGRA). Topics include: fish and wildlife, riparian areas, soil, water quality, economics, wilderness area management and values, and wild and scenic rivers. The workshop is free. For more information contact Dano McGinn at (916) 645-3288.

Aug. 7 Comments due on several proposed road closures on the Six Rivers National Forest to protect groves of Port Orford Cedar adjacent to the Siskiyou Wilderness. Contact Tim McKay at (707) 822-6918 for more information.

SIERRA NEVADA CONSERVATION

1997



THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY

Sierra Nevada Conservation Directory

This new publication from The Wilderness Society lists conservation organizations, county, state and federal agencies, land trusts, academic institutions and Native American tribal government and organizations.

This little book is a necessity for anyone working to save the Range of Light.

For a copy contact Barbara Spolter at the California/Nevada regional office of The Wilderness Society at (415) 561-6641. A \$1 donation is requested to cover postage.

Coalition Member Groups

Ancient Forest Defense Fund; Branscomb Angeles Chapter, Sierra Club; Los Angeles Back Country Horsemen of CA; Springville Bay Chapter, Sierra Club; Oakland Bay Chapter Wilderness Subcommittee; S. F. California Alpine Club; San Francisco California Mule Deer Association; Lincoln California Native Plant Society; Sacramento Citizens for Better Forestry; Hayfork Citizens for Mojave National Park; Barstow Citizens for a Vehicle Free Nipomo Dunes; Nipomo
 Committee to Save the Kings River; Fresno Conservation Call; Santa Rosa Davis Audubon Society; Davis Desert Protective Council; Palm Springs Desert Subcommittee, Sierra Club; San Diego
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Golden Gate Audubon Society; Berkeley Hands Off Wild Lands! (HOWL); Davis High Sierra Hikers Association; Truckee International Center for Earth Concerns; Ojai Kaweah Flyfishers; Visalia Keep the Sespe Wild Committee; Ojai Kern Audubon Society; Bakersfield Kern River Valley Audubon Society; Bakersfield Klamath Forest Alliance; Etna League to Save Lake Tahoe; South Lake Tahoe LEGACY-The Landscape Connection; Leggett

Loma Prieta Chapter, Sierra Club; Palo Alto Los Angeles Audubon Society, West Hollywood Los Padres Chapter, Sierra Club Marble Mountain Audubon Society; Etna Marin Conservation League; San Rafael Mendocino Environmental Center; Ukiah Mendocino Forest Watch; Willits Mono Lake Committee; Lee Vining Mt. Shasta Area Audubon Society; Mt. Shasta Mountain Lion Foundation; Sacramento Native Habitat; Woodside Natural Resources Defense Council; S.F. NCRCC Sierra Club; Santa Rosa Nordic Voice; Livermore Northcoast Environmental Center; Arcata People for Nipomo Dunes Nat'l. Seashore; Nipomo

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 Tulare County Audubon Society; Visalia Tule River Conservancy; Porterville U.C. Davis Environmental Law Society Ventana Wildlands Group; Santa Cruz Western States Endurance Run; S. F. The Wilderness Land Trust; Carbondale, CO The Wilderness Society; San Francisco Wintu Audubon Society; Redding Yahi Group, Sierra Club; Chico Yolano Group, Sierra Club; Davis Yolo Environmental Resource Center; Davis

"Why is the Forest Service paying billions to private industry while sticking it to the public by jacking up recreation fees for hikers in the local Angeles National Forest?"

— from an editorial in the July 9th Pasadena Star News, supporting the Porter-Kennedy amendment to end timber road subsidies.

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Here is a special contribution of \$ _____ to help the Coalition's work.

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2. animal design in beige (no med.) or gray: \$12
3. logo design in jade, royal blue, birch, or cream: \$15

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