

THE ALPINE



Special Memorial Edition ♦ December 2006

Cougar ♦ Squak ♦ Tiger ♦ Grand Ridge ♦ Taylor ♦ Rattlesnake

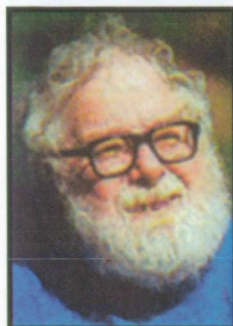
A HARVEY MEMOIR

By Bill Longwell

My first meeting with Harvey Manning came via telephone somewhere in late 1970. At that time he was Mountaineer book editor, and I wanted to write a book, a book on Alpine Lakes High Routes. For 50 years off-trail hiking to reach as many high alpine lakes as possible has been a major hiking passion. As of now I visited somewhere between 300-400 alpine lakes. I pioneered several routes, some of which have now become well-traveled social trails. Reaching these lakes meant much off-trail travel: rockslides, cliffs, high-mountain cols -all over trackless terrain.

At any rate, I contacted Harvey about the proposed book, and he seemed sympathetic. At least he didn't say no, and he gave me some general instructions. If I had asked him this same question thirty years later, perhaps his answer would have been different from when he was the Mountaineer book editor. Harvey seemed to change his wilderness philosophy over the years; I think he developed more of a "museum" concept of wilderness. Animals would remain inside, trails would fall into disuse, and people would stand on the outside looking in, perhaps with limited entry.

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HARVEY MANNING
(1916-2006)

One of the area's true giants left us November 12, when Harvey Manning passed away. As is well documented in this special edition of the *Alpiner*, Manning, 81, was a legend whose accomplishments and contributions were prodigious.

Manning was born July 16, 1925 in Ballard. His University of Washington education included a B.A. in English. He worked for ten years in communications at the university, then turned to writing for his career. He wrote many books on preserving the environment and many more hiking guides for trails throughout the Northwest.

In 1948, Manning joined the then fledgling Mountaineers, where he remained active for many years. He was a founding member of the North Cascades Conservation Council and editor of its publication. In both

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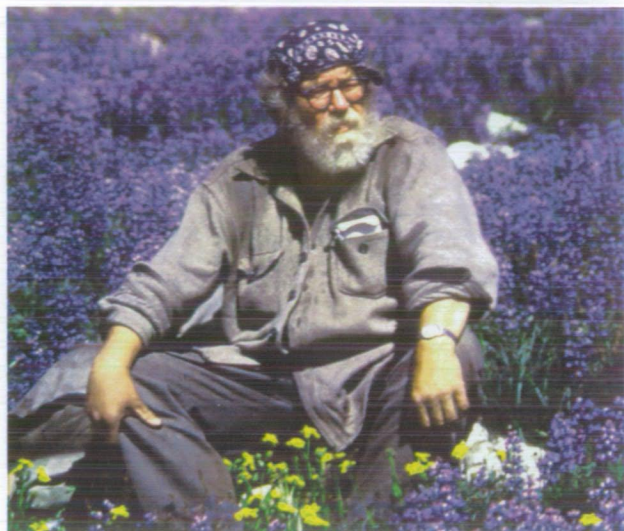
HERO OF THE ISSAQUAH ALPS

By Ralph Owen

On a previous occasion I put Harvey's name at the head of the list of Heroes of Cougar Mountain. He actually is at the head of the list of Heroes of the entire Issaquah Alps. There can be no question that the current large and connected area of publicly owned green spaces and related trail system known now as the Issaquah Alps would not have been preserved without Harvey's giant presence.

Undoubtedly others have him high on their lists of Heroes of the North Cascades National Park and many of the other wild and free places in Washington State that he was an outspoken advocate of. However, those battles were fought and many times won before I was to meet and work with Harvey. I was not one of the founders of the Issaquah Alps Trails Club with Harvey, but became active early in its existence and thus was able to watch Harvey in action as its founding president. I grew to admire him for many of the qualities that he exhibited in that role. Among them were:

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A CANTANKEROUS LEGEND

By Ken Konigsmark

Two words immediately come to mind when I learned that Harvey had died: "legend," and "cantankerous." He was both. Why a legend? We simply wouldn't have the open spaces we enjoy today were it not for Harvey's efforts. We're not talking about a parcel here or there; we're talking about landscapes that still sustain wild, remote, untouched lands, the way they've always been.

Why cantankerous? Anyone who knew Harvey knew that he could mercilessly skewer his target by pen or spoken word, and it usually didn't matter if you were friend or foe. My favorite was his description of mountain bikers in their spandex suites as "riding around in their sister's underwear."

Harvey's talents and style fit the times and woke up lethargic bureaucrats to act now to preserve what was left. Times have changed and a more collaborative approach between citizens and government over land management issues now exists. Harvey fought and won many battles as a "wilderness warrior." May he rest in peace.



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Harvey Manning *continued from page 1*

these organizations, he was a prime mover in the establishment of the North Cascades National Park in 1968.

From his Cougar Mountain home, Manning took a paternal interest in the local mountains, which he dubbed the Issaquah Alps. He organized the Issaquah Alps Trails Club in 1979 and was its president for the first ten years. He was the primary proponent in persuading the King County Council to establish the Cougar Mountain Regional Wildland Park in the early 1980's. He also played key roles in preserving green space on Tiger Mountain, Squak Mountain and other area peaks. His voice was critical in establishing the Mountains to Sound Greenway.

Harvey Manning leaves behind his wife Betty, who herself participated in the IATC and man of his outdoor ventures, daughters Penelope Manning, Rebecca Oliver, Claudia Manning, and son Harvey Paul Manning. --DS

Memoir *continued from page 1*

But, as Mountaineer book editor and in the midst of writing guide books that brought wilderness advocates writing letters to influence public policy on wilderness in the 1970s, Harvey encouraged me in that 1970 phone call. That book, mostly put together, still sits not quite complete on one of my bookshelves.

The next time we spoke he came looking for me. In the mid 1970s Harvey was reorganizing an early Mountaineer book by Janice Krenmayr, *Footloose Around Puget Sound*. Eventually Harvey's revision would lead to four volumes, his *Footsore* series. In volume I, Harvey emphasized what he called the Issaquah Alps, with detailed trail descriptions of Cougar, Squak and Tiger Mountains.

At this same time my students and I were constructing the early and rudimentary Tiger Mountain Trail, and he had stumbled upon our incremental work, as it wound its way up High Point Creek toward what was then called Mt. Issaquah. Someone told him I was doing the work and he called to set up a meeting. We decided we would meet to compare notes in early May, 1977, at Phil Hall's house in May Valley. Also to that meeting came Pat Cummins, a Green River forestry instructor,

whose students had just newly built the section line trail. Harvey knew him. Pat was using Tiger Mountain as a classroom. I gave Harvey all my trail notations, trail logs, maps and plans for completion and some of this Harvey incorporated into his Volume I *Footsore*.

All this activity came before the creation of the IATC. In this pre-IATC time came several Harvey-led, large-scale hikes on Tiger with the Issaquah Park Department, several public official hikes, the beginnings of his advocating for what eventually became Cougar Mountain Regional Park and the general ramping up of public awareness of the Issaquah Alps, which he named in a master stroke of genius.

Also beginning to arrive about this time were the first of many typewritten letters, always on the back of other type-written material. Harvey sent many of these letters to other people as well as to me. Sometimes we received the original and other times we would receive a carbon (yes, a carbon copy). How many carbon copies of letters were made none of us letter recipients ever knew. All this came before the advent of the convenient and small copy machine. I have kept all these letters from Harvey over the years and greatly treasure them. Toward the last couple of years of his life, Harvey began turning out collages of his environmental and philosophical ideas. Right up to the end Harvey's letters continued the encouraging and cajoling advice his letters always carried.

In the mid-1980s Harvey began to invite me over to his and Betty's "200-Meter Hut" for once-a-month philosophical discussions after I finished my school-teaching day. The discussions would last an hour or two, at least until Betty reached home from her school teaching. We covered all types of ground: trails, environment, people, plants--we talked a great deal about plants. Every year as I prepare for flower-identification hikes, I reread Harvey's IATC text: *The Flowering of the Issaquah Alps*.

I remember in one conversation complaining to Harvey about the sad status of the English language among my English students and lamenting about their poor usage (an English teacher's term). I never forgot his response, although I'd rather not agree with it: "English is a dynamic language and it changes all the time."

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And we hiked. We hiked mostly to explore Tiger and to ferret out its railroad mysteries. One particular walk stands out. We followed the main south-side rail road grade that ran from the Wood-Iverson Mill, in Hobart, to the banks of Fifteen-Mile Creek. That day we discovered the site of the creek's famed curved trestle and ate a memorable lunch overlooking its path. The lunch? Sardines and Pepsi-Colas.

As we arrived at the main Tiger Mountain Road, now called Paw Print, we met an avid and loud gang of four-wheelers. At that spot in the 1970s, a bottomless soupy mud hole existed in the low spot of the road, near where Fifteen-Mile Creek passes under the road. Here the four-wheelers were driving their vehicles into the soup, and then winching them back out to the other side to dry ground. Harvey and I looked at each other and wondered how all this could be fun.

Also in the early 1980s two other topics surfaced in our dealings with each other. Both were life-changing topics for me. Harvey began to call me "Chief Ranger." His letters always began "Dear Chief." Also, he always said that Tiger Mountain needed a guidebook and I should write it.

His designation of me as the "Chief Ranger" has been extremely important to me over the past thirty years. I took that title seriously and most earnestly have tried to live up to what it all means: trail building and trail maintaining, writing advocacy letters and articles. I hope I have fulfilled Harvey's intention.

My grandson, Robert William, certainly understands what "Chief Ranger" means. Last summer, July 2006, his father and I took my six-year old grandson on his first real backpack; we hiked from Lake Ozette to Cape Alava and walked many miles up and down that Pacific Ocean beach, exploring and sifting through the drift. Robert William carried an awkward and overloaded pack, too big for his frame, but he never complained once, except to say, about a half hour from the beach, "Will this misery never end?"

His father and he came back home a day earlier than the rest of us, hiking that slick boardwalk in a driving rain, and, again, Robert William never complained. On the last mile back to Ozette, a park ranger followed him

and his father. When all three reached Lake Ozette, the ranger complimented Robert William on his positive attitude and gave him an official "Junior Ranger" badge. My grandson solemnly and seriously accepted this honor and told the ranger, "I'm a Junior Ranger, but my granddad is a Chief Ranger!" The ranger was impressed.

Harvey once admonished me that I was not taking my Chief Ranger duties seriously enough. In May, 1994, two friends and I were tramping up the TMT from High Point toward West Tiger. Both of my companions brought a dog, and both dogs were unleashed. Somewhere near the Cable Line Trail I looked up the TMT to see Harvey ambling down the trail toward us--Harvey and his two little dogs. Harvey bent toward the ground over his two dogs, but I could not see what he was doing. Harvey greeted my companions and then said to me, "I cannot believe that the Chief Ranger would allow himself to travel with two unleashed dogs. He should know better."

It took me several years to figure all this out, but suddenly I understood the humor of it all. When Harvey was bending down over his dogs, he was furiously trying to leash them (he never used real leashes, just some string), so perhaps he "saved face" by admonishing me.

The writing of the first edition of *The Tiger Guide* in 1980 was a most educational process for me. Harvey served as editor. I would write a section and ship it off to Harvey, and back it would come with his copious marginal notes. I still have these sections. This back and forth process continued until we had enough information for the first edition, a far cry from what the *Guide* now looks like.

Not far into this writing process Harvey set me down, and we concluded "a gentleman's agreement," an agreement that every IATC author has readily agreed to: no one would receive any payment for writing. All the proceeds would go to the Club. Harvey had already written the Cougar Guide, and he had not taken any payment.

Another Harvey memory. In the 1980's the IATC built and rebuilt large sections of Tiger trails with "armies," large numbers of volunteers at one time. Once 65

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people came to work. I'm quite sure that Harvey came up with the "army" idea. One major Harvey memory sticks out from an April, 1982 army of 25 people. We basically built one mile of the second generation TMT from the Puget Sound power lineup toward Ruth's Cove. Harvey led the way, walking ahead and following the staked route. I remember seeing brush and debris flying from the trail route as he cleared the way for the rest of us. None of us could match his energy.

After Harvey had read some of my history articles in the recent *Alpiner*, he sent me a couple of quotations that now stand just above my desk. One comes from *The Epigram of the Go Return*. "The past is a foreign country; they do things differently there." and "Adventure is not in the guidebook and beauty is not on the map."

Harvey's last letter came November 6, 2006. On the back he had pasted a sort-of collage. In the short letter, Harvey said he understood I was "mulling" over a writing project. Harvey's advice: "Mull quick. Head off the disaster of the ignorants."

I may have to do that!

Hero of the Alps continued from page 1

- 1) Harvey was one of the true visionaries who could see the big picture. He was able to see what he believed to be the future of the mountains making up the Issaquah Alps. He was able to integrate those roles into a composite plan and to plainly and passionately articulate that vision to both the land managers and the general public.
- 2) Harvey fought, and led others in the fight, for the preservation of critical areas in the Issaquah Alps. As I began to work within the club, I soon learned that Harvey would not compromise on issues and positions that were important to him. As Harvey and the others in the club formulated their plans for the area, Harvey would draw "lines in the sand" around the critical areas. When the club and the developers met at the bargaining table to determine the future of the Alps, he would not back away from those "sacred lines" and was able to usually convince the other side to compromise to his position.

As an example of this, at the time that I joined the IATC the club had just put forth the idea of a 3000+ acre publicly owned wildland park on Cougar (in place of the 8000 homes that the developers were proposing), the club was also pushing the state to take back the Squak Mountain State Park from the illegal motorized 2-wheeler and 4-wheeler rowdies and at the same time the club was working with the State DNR on a plan to develop a combined "Working Forest in an Urban Environment" and a Natural Conservation Area on Tiger Mountain (rather than the housing developments that some had envisioned). I thought that Harvey and the fairly small group of devoted volunteers that formed the political core of the IATC had bitten off much more than they could chew. They surely would have to decide which one of these three battles that they could continue to fight. Harvey kept his crew working on all three, and today all of these have come into existence.

- 3) Harvey had paid his dues on earlier environmental battles and had built up a great number of people within the environmental community who owed him and was able to use this political capital wisely in the battle for the Issaquah Alps. He also learned how to work with great success within the political jungle of the King County government.
- 4) Harvey was a natural born leader. When Jack Hornung, who had been a professional planner for the city of Philadelphia, first began to attend IATC meetings, he interpreted what he saw as chaos. When he then looked at the impressive preservation results that the club had already accomplished, he interpreted it as an example of the old management adage that "good people can make a badly organized organization work." What he missed was that Harvey's natural leadership skills led to the club's accomplishments, in spite of the seeming chaos. Harvey had the capability to draft volunteers, wherever he met them, for the IATC and to delegate the tasks, as well as the authority, needed to carry out the club's agenda. The club built up a strong group of dedicated political battlers and hike leaders

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~~Hero of the Alps continued from page 5~~

during his years as president. He was especially good at finding what each person's interest was and helping them find a job that fit that interest.

My initial IATC experience is a good example of this. I first met Harvey on my third hike with the club. He was leading the Cougar Ring, a 12-mile hike that at time followed a series of pioneer boot paths that were marked only with flagging with obscure comments written on them by Harvey. I had, of course, heard of Harvey and had many of his Mountaineer trail guides. We found, even though we had never met before, that we both lived on Cougar Mountain. We also talked of hiking and trails during the day. When we finished the hike, Harvey asked me if I was ready to lead the Cougar Ring for the IATC the next quarter. After recovering from the shock of the question, I agreed to try it. Thus began my "career" of leading hikes for the IATC for the last 25 years.

- 5) Harvey was a gifted and persuasive writer and speaker. He used these talents effectively to sell his environmental and preservation goals. Many who came to public hearings with no previous opinion would end up ready to follow Harvey to the mountaintop to fight alongside him after hearing one of his passionate presentations.

A GIANT OF A MAN

By Marty Hanson

We moved to Washington State in 1967 and eagerly explored the wonderful wild places in the mountains that were so close to home with the help of The Mountaineers books – Trips and Trails 1 and 2, and 100 Hikes in Western Washington. Soon there were more books and more places to explore – oh boy, we were in heaven! First came day hikes, then car-camping, and then back-packing with our two young sons. What great adventures we had! My husband Larry took the Mountaineers Basic Climbing course and I took the Alpine Travel course.

Through all this, we continually were reading the many books and trail descriptions by this man Harvey

~~Manning, who seemed to know EVERYTHING about~~ our amazing wild places and who wrote in such an eloquent manner! I began to search for anything he had written and found some amazing books in the library. The Wild Cascades, Forgotten Parkland, published by the Sierra Club in 1965, included beautiful writing by Harvey about personal experiences in the North Cascades. This book was a testimonial and a plea for preserving this special area for present and future generations as the next National Park. In The North Cascades National Park, published in 1969, Harvey wrote each chapter as a journal, describing back-pack trips with Betty and their four children in specific areas of the North Cascades. They were delightful stories! From this example, I began to keep journals of our forays into the mountains, and still do to this day. This book, which was written in celebration by Pat O'Hara, was a celebration of wilderness and to remind the decision makers of the necessity of other special places in need of preservation.

In the 1980's a new campaign was on to save the foothills around Issaquah from rampant development. Harvey was at the forefront of this battle to save the Issaquah Alps, which he so aptly named. He had so many creative names for mountains and places in the mountains! But back to my story about the North Cascades. I finally got to meet this giant of a man at an Issaquah Alps event and was in awe of him. I told him how much I appreciated his writings, and had searched for a copy of *The North Cascades National Park*. It was out of print and I could not find it anywhere. We also talked about the best places in the Alps to find the trailing blackberries, which made such delicious jam. Not long after, we received in the mail a new copy of said book, with this inscription:

"For Larry and Marty Hanson, Chief Assistant Tiger Watchers and lifetime (no escape) members of the Issaquah Alps P.L.O.

Fondly, Harvey Manning

This is the last "mint" copy on Earth, found by the publisher in a dark corner of the warehouse. It cost me nothing, and is thus priceless. I suggest, in payment, one (1) medium jar of wild blackberry jam each July 16, delivered to me or my heirs."

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A Giant of a Man *continued from page 6*

I have dutifully presented Harvey with a jar of Tiger Mountain wild blackberry jam most years, even though he has recently released me of this obligation!

Harvey's legacy is enormous; with all the precious places he has had a major role in protecting and saving. He has had the vision (so lacking in many of our leaders) and the "guts" to demand what needs to be done, and with such eloquent words. He is my hero.

HARVEY'S DREAMS

By Betty Culbert

Back on the '80's The Issaquah Alps Trails club had planned a work party on the old Indian Trail. Harvey was concerned that the horse people were riding across some of Anna Stewart's forest, called the DeLeo property. He had always hoped that someday this piece near the May valley area of Cougar could be added to the Park that he envisioned. We were to work on widening the trail which started at the then Elementary school in May Valley. The idea was to widen the Indian trail by cutting down some of the young alder so the horses could pass more easily and therefore avoid the Stewart property.

It was a good idea but only Harvey and I showed up for the work party. In those days we could get to Licorice Fern wall by following a trail behind the school. That is all in Private hands now as well as Surprise Wall and Trog Swamp those wonderful places which Harvey and I passed as we made out way to where the work would begin. I can't remember what implement I used that day. Harvey had a short machete kind of thing and I guess we had a saw. I was new to trail work but we went about it with the muscles we had in our younger days.

After hours of work we still had it in us to climb up to the top of Marshal's Hill a trail which has partially disappeared with the building of China Creek housing development. We had another DeLeo Wall lookout then, too. Of course, Harvey was dreaming of all these pieces of land to be added to the park and in some cases they were but even without them the Park has become a reality. We don't see Licorice Fern wall anymore with the new housing cutting through those trails but we do have a Licorice Fern trail leading to the Indian Trail and, about the horses, they still come through and the

cul de sac at the south end of the Indian trail often has a few horse trailers parked there. That whole day of hiking and working with Harvey I must have learned a lot about the history of the mountain and the mining but I can't really isolate it from many talks we had on almost weekly hikes I took with him and our dogs, his small sheltie and my half breed Couper. They often made so much noise with their playing that Harvey and I couldn't hear ourselves.

There are many happy memories of hiking with Harvey in my early days in this area but this is one which stands out because we lost some of the fun places which he had named but gained a truly special park because he didn't give up the fight for such a unique green space.

A PRESIDING SPIRIT

By Charles McCrone

If memory serves me, I was only with Harvey Manning in person four times. But despite this fact, I feel like Harvey stood like an archangel, a presiding spirit, over a very significant time in my adult life: the years I was most highly involved in the Trails Club, 1997-2000.

I "met" Harvey before I found the Club, through the earlier editions of the Guidebook to Cougar Mountain. I began exploring the mountain in late 1995, when I moved atop it, and in my zeal to know every trail, Harvey's words became an invaluable guide and a constant mental companion. I first met Harvey in person by accident, running into him near City Hall around the time I joined the Club. I guessed who he must be from a picture I had seen and struck up a conversation. He was immediately open to talking about the trails I had come to love, and I think he saw my zeal right away. He had just come from a meeting, but of course wasn't dressed the way I would have expected for a meeting: he sported a very old looking sweater with quite substantial holes; that was my first clue about the idiosyncrasy with which he presented himself.

Harvey reminded me that you could be an individual, that you could be honest and impolitic, and that doing things your own way wasn't necessarily a barrier to getting the job done – and could even help. During my time as Cougar Mountain Advocate, I tried hard to be

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A Presiding Spirit continued from page 7

HARVEY ON COUGAR

By Dave Kappler

The second time I was with Harvey was my one visit to the fabled "200 Meter Hut," to seek his official blessing for the honor of editing and rewriting the Cougar guidebook. In the two years or so that followed I got to know Harvey's difficult handwriting in a very intimate way, as I tried to figure out all his comments in the margins of the old version of the book. Whenever people complain about my own rather illegible writing, I just show them a bit of his. In any case, I remain honored that Harvey saw something in me and entrusted me with the task of updating the guidebook. It was my first time as a published author and it was wonderful to write something which I thought could make a difference in the world on a number of different levels (recreational, aesthetic and environmental).

Exploring, mapping and writing about Cougar Mountain was an elevating experience for me, which lifted me out of a dark period in my life. I think Harvey saw in me a passion for detail and a philosophical reflectiveness about the importance and larger meaning of trails--and he respected this. But I could only hope to possess a fraction of his knowledge of history, his gift for seeing and describing the lay of the land, and his colorful, vivid and witty prose. My version of the book is just the icing on the cake. A good and elaborate icing to be true, but Harvey's original prose remains the cake: a very substantial one I could never have created on my own. We can all be thankful we don't have to read and use a Cougar Mountain guidebook full of just my prose!

The other two times I remember being with Harvey were at the Preston Community Center for an annual meeting where he gave his reflections on his years in the Alps, and at the 20th Cougar Mt. Park Anniversary at Radar Park. I wish there had been more times. But I am grateful that I still have so many of his words, preserved in his many guidebooks and in personal letters to me, so he will be with me for years to come. Just like he was in 1995 and 1996 before I had even met him, when I hiked miles on Cougar almost every day and his words mediated the landscape to me and educated my mind about how much history and geology and ecology lay beneath the surface of what I saw.



In 1976 I got up my courage and called Mr. Harvey Manning after reading a guest newspaper column he had written about his vision for an area he had named the "Issaquah Alps." I had been fighting some land use battles in May Valley on the southern edge of Cougar with some success and had seen some of the mine openings and mining remnants in Old Newcastle, but knew little else about Cougar. As it turned out, Harvey had seen some newspaper stories about my battles in May Valley and had made some pretty generous assumptions about my skills and knowledge.

Harvey must have been desperate for allies in support of this crazy "Issaquah Alps" idea he was promoting. Many of his long term allies must have wondered why he didn't stick with the real mountains and real wilderness where he had been so successful and so well known. Harvey welcomed my interest in environmental protection, my community involvement and my interest in making the political process work to accomplish his vision. I always felt like a partner when working with Harvey, but at the same time recognized that when it came to commitment, knowledge and vision Harvey was far beyond me.

Harvey spent days exploring Cougar over several years. It was pretty difficult to "discover" a wetland, coal mine or special place that Harvey hadn't not just discovered, but fully explored and written up in one his "guides" passed out to those he considered allies be they elected official, staff or citizen activist. I had learned about DeLeo Wall and Marshall's Hill from some of the locals in western May Valley and was able to introduce Harvey to this area. I recognized the native oak growing on top of the wall, but Harvey became an expert on the many native plants growing along this dry south facing wall and this is where he would go when Mt. St. Helens eruptions were visible from the Alps.

Over time I became the point person on issues related to East Cougar. I was aware of Harvey's discoveries such as the Fantastic Erratic and Big Tree Ridge, but I needed to learn a great deal about the property owners and their plans and the politics in both King County and the City of Issaquah. Harvey and Barbara Johnson were working on their proposal for the ultimate park on

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Harvey on Cougar *continued from page 8*

Cougar Mountain and a key part of their presentation would be a map showing every creek, wetland, peak, wall, ridge or anything else we could hang a name on. We had just about every boundary figured out except for the area on East Cougar north of West Tibbetts Creek. We did a car switch hike that started at Radar Peak and followed the fall line to SR 900. As it turned out, we underestimated ourselves and ultimately we were able to save more open space on East Cougar than we had originally expected.

Others worked with Harvey on other parts of Cougar and of course similar efforts were taking place on other mountains in the Alps. During all this time Harvey was writing books and being a key player in efforts all over the state and a team member on efforts all over the country. An amazing legacy, an amazing man, thanks for the memories and more importantly thanks for the wetlands, forests, streams and the rest that he saved for generations to come.

A WILDERNESS CHAMPION

By Larry Hanson

I have many memories of Harvey from IATC meetings at the Eastgate Library and the original DNR Advisory Committee meetings for establishing Tiger Mountain State Forest. We enjoyed his New Year's Day Teddy Bear hikes, but the most memorable occasion was a backpack trip to the Goat Rocks area.

In 1984, my wife Marty and I had the once in a lifetime experience of back-packing with Harvey, his wife Betty, some of their family along with their three dogs, and a few other friends into the Goat Rocks area. This was a special area that Harvey and Betty loved, and at that time Harvey was interested in monitoring the recovery of the meadows after the ash cover of 1980 from Mt. St. Helens. We began the trip by crossing several cow pastures, being careful to not disturb any bulls or to step in any recent cow pies. At about four miles we stopped to make camp for the first night. While Marty and I and others set up tents, which Harvey called "sissy tents," the Manning family quickly put up a couple of tarps, started a fire, and began cooking several big beautiful steaks for their evening dinner. With the odor of steak cooking over a wood fire, the rest of us were heating water on small gas stoves and doing our best to enjoy

our "delicious" freeze-dried dinners. I am sure the dogs ate better than Marty and I did!

The next day we packed our gear up 1500 feet in 1.5 miles (puff-puff), and then a short distance beyond to a special location where the Mannings had camped several times before. It was a great spot with grand views of the valley below and mountains above, with beautiful wild flowers and cascading streams surrounding us. I don't recall seeing any more dinner steaks.

During the next three days Harvey led us on several hikes in the area, identifying the various peaks, visiting several small lakes, stopping to identify various flowers and plants, observing wildlife, and occasionally stopping to get out his pencil and small notebook, which he always kept in his shirt pocket to jot down a few notes for himself.

This was a trip Marty and I will always remember. Thanks for the memories, Harvey.

ECCENTRIC, BUT FASCINATING

By Joe Toynbee

I first became aware of Harvey Manning back in the mid-1970s when the "Footsore" and "100 Hikes" series of guidebooks started coming out. I really enjoyed the prefaces to these books in which Harvey pulled no punches about how he felt about motorbikes, bicycles and weak-kneed land managers. He had a real feel for phrases such as "all power to the feet." Harvey apparently felt that one did not compromise with the devil.

I first met Harvey in the fall of 1978. Bill Longwell had opened a section of the Tiger Mountain Trail, and had invited me, Harvey and some others to look it over. Harvey showed up in real Mountain Man garb with an ancient hat, ragged wool shirt and patched pants. He seemed to talk just about the way he wrote, with carefully thought out and balanced sentences. I remember him opening an umbrella, and when someone commented on this, he said it didn't make him any less a hiker. All in all, my impression was of an eccentric but fascinating man.

My first hike with Harvey as leader occurred in December of 1979 on an IATC hike to Cougar Mountain.

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Eccentric But Fascinating continued from page 9

Harvey showed up on a cold, snowy day at the Issaquah Park and Ride with his usual ragged outfit. He led some 50 of us up onto Cougar Mountain, keeping up a running commentary about efforts to save Cougar from developers. We came across a "No Trespassing" sign which Harvey felt had been put up for his benefit, since he had been exploring in the area.

During the 1980's, I went on as many of Harvey's hikes as I could because I loved to hear him talk. For some years, he led a Teddy Bear Hike on which each hiker had a Teddy peeking out from her/his pack. I remember one New Year's Day hiking from High Point down into Issaquah and right into the Rolling Log Tavern, where the beer flowed.

On one occasion when a woman told me she had found a great mushroom patch up on Cougar and was picking when, all of a sudden, this loud voice behind her said, "What are you doing in my mushroom patch?" It scared the wits out of her until she realized it was Harvey. I heard another anecdote which may or may not be true about a reporter coming to Issaquah to interview Harvey and after the interview offering to buy Harvey lunch because he felt this ragged old man needed a decent meal.

My closest contact with Harvey occurred during the years of 1990-1995 when I was a member of the IATC board. Harvey had passed the club presidency along to Dave Kappler, and attended meetings as sort of an elderly sage. While his advice was generally helpful, sometimes his strong opinions cased him to threaten to walk out. On one occasion, Harvey had written an article for *The Alpinist* so inflammatory that the editor would not publish it. When the board wouldn't back him, Harvey did walk out. I can remember several nights of Harvey and Ralph Owen discussing some obscure trail on Cougar while the rest of us sat there, bored to death.

In recent years, I have seen nothing of Harvey and understand he has become something of a recluse. In any case, he is one of the most memorable people I have ever met and, because of the great things he has done, one of the most admirable.

OUR FRIEND HARVEY

By Randy Revelle,
King County Executive (1981-1985)

Harvey Manning is one of the most unforgettable characters I have ever met. I will miss him very much. I first met Harvey in 1981, during my successful campaign for King County Executive. Thanks largely to his gift of persuasion, he convinced me to make Cougar Mountain Regional Wildland Park one of my top priorities.

In September 1981, during my campaign, Harvey and I held a news conference in the fog atop Anti-Aircraft Peak to proclaim that Cougar Mountain Park was at the top of my priority list. More coyotes than people attended the conference.

On June 5, 1983, I was thrilled to sign the Newcastle Ordinance approving the Newcastle Community Plan and officially creating a 2,750 acre Cougar Mountain Regional Wildland Park. We also celebrated the first "Return to Newcastle" sponsored by the Issaquah Alps Trails Club.

On May 21, 1985, standing atop Anti-Aircraft Peak, we formally dedicated Cougar Mountain Park and officially proclaimed "Harvey Manning Day" throughout King County. Many more people than coyotes attended the dedication.

Through the tireless efforts of many people, especially Harvey Manning, Cougar Mountain Park has become a priceless urban wildland for the people of King County. Harvey was the most dedicated, visionary, courageous, and cantankerous advocate I have ever known. Without him, there would be no Cougar Mountain Park.

In some ways, Harvey was a very private man. So Larry Phillips, Chairman of the King County Council, and I felt honored and privileged when Harvey agreed to meet with us at his home some months ago. We spent a fascinating three hours reminiscing about the creation of Cougar Mountain Park and the history of his beloved Issaquah Alps Club. We especially enjoyed Harvey's sarcastic sense of humor and environmental zeal and wisdom. He was a fascinating man who left a valuable legacy of parks, trails, forests, and wildlife.

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Our Friend Harvey *continued from page 10*

Harvey never stopped fighting for his environmental causes. The day before Harvey died, Larry Phillips received a letter from him – typed as usual in his unique witty and rambling style on an old typewriter – advocating additional land purchases for Cougar Mountain Park!

REMEMBERING HARVEY

By Bob Rose

I hadn't heard from Harvey for a long time. Then earlier this year, we had an intense correspondence about the origins and history of the Natural Resources Conservation Areas Act for a Wild Cascades article he was preparing. But I get ahead of myself.

We first met in 1980 in a basement café in Pioneer Square with other environmentalists plotting the overthrow of Ol' King (Bert) Cole, the Commissioner of Public Lands. His near quarter century rule of DNR had generated major protests over old-growth timber sales on Whidbey and Fidalgo Islands and a landmark lawsuit challenging his agency's declared immunity from the State Environmental Policy Act.

The green candidate, Larry Malloy, lost in the primary to Brian Boyle, who went on to defeat Cole and usher in what Harvey would call the "Golden Age" at DNR. Brian, inspired by Harvey's sales pitch tour in a dog-foul Volkswagen, followed by beers at the Rolling Log, created Tiger Mountain State Forest by kicking Weyerhaeuser, the Great Satan, off the mountain.

Between election and land exchange, I had enrolled in graduate school at UW. I asked if there might be an internship opportunity at DNR. By May, I was the designated project manager for Tiger Mountain. I called prospective advisory council members. Harvey had to be at the table. We couldn't possibly discuss the future of Tiger Mountain without its strongest advocate, he who imagined and named the "Issaquah Alps."

I found myself curled against the stairwell wall in my Wallingford rental, on the phone for endless hours, trying to assure Harvey there was no plan in the drawer. It wasn't a conspiracy to trap him. He was sure the whole process was a shuck and jive, run by the same old crew

at DNR he had battled for so many years. Finally he relented and agreed to attend. But oh so grudgingly.

I can't remember how many meetings Harvey attended. Early on, he was certainly not at the table. Rather, he purposefully sat at the back of the room, volcanic with suspicion. That lasted for months until I brought in a series of handmade resource overlay maps. He finally admitted we really were trying to come up with a workable plan for keeping Tiger Mountain what he called a "working forest in an urban environment." And we did. His advocacy and support for Tiger over the years declared the soundness of a plan that, in the end, he very much made his own.

Now he has left us for the long trail. And left me with his July 18 final salutation, typical in its praise and lingering conspiratorial suspicion. "Dear Brains, Or should I say, Sinister Figure in the Shadows Behind the Throne." Then graciously signed off with "Blessings on thee all" for those of us who secured his dream of an Issaquah Alps, Mount Si, Mt. Teneriffe, the Middle Fork, Mt. Garfield and beyond -- protected forever from Zorro roads slashed across green slopes and the scourge of McMansions clotting the ridges all the way to Snoqualmie Pass.

NOTES FROM MEETING WITH

Larry Phillips and Randy Revelle

July 21, 2005

Also present: Doug Simpson, current President of IATC and Barb Johnson, former President.

Did Harvey write to you on old pieces of paper?

Both: Yes! With writing on the back, and typos, cross outs, etc.

They both hiked with Harvey about five or six years ago on a Saturday for about four hours on Cougar Mountain. That was the last time either saw Harvey. (Editor's note: Until recently. See page 11 for the Revelle story).

How did you first meet/encounter Harvey?

Larry: I don't recall any specific instance. I was Randy's campaign manager when he was running for County Executive the first time in 1981 when we encountered Harvey.

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Randy: At that time, the first anti-sprawl wave was forming. Harvey approached me during the campaign. He was tired of public officials not listening to him. He had done his homework and knew I had a good environmental record as a Seattle City Councilman. I was the author of SEPA (State Environmental Policy Act). He knew that Ron Dunlap had a reputation of being developer friendly.

Even though he was a character, Harvey and I established a bond of trust.

Larry: He appreciated Randy's integrity. He "delivered." In fact, his campaign theme was "Works hard and delivers."

What was your impression of Harvey? How did you interact with him?

Randy: We got along fine. We trusted each other. He was passionate; had a good sense of humor.

Larry: Harvey was strategic. He knew what he was doing. He used his "mountain man" persona to good advantage. He used it, sometimes biting, to make a point. He had a passion about open space and a mission.

Tell us something that impressed you about him:

Randy: He was generous with credit for others. He did not have a super ego.

Larry: His sense of place. He is our local John Muir.

What convinced you to support the Cougar Mountain Park proposal?

Randy: Four things;

- 1) The Issaquah Alps Trails Club was a convincing entity.
- 2) I was an environmentalist already.
- 3) We walked the ground together.
- 4) Harvey disliked my opponents.

Harvey is best to talk to on a hike. He doesn't say much, but he is very thoughtful.

What do you consider Harvey's greatest achievement to be?

Randy: Cougar Mountain Park and all his writings.

Larry: The fact that all of his guidebooks created "little Harveys." He enabled many others to become environmental activists.

HARVEY'S VISION

By Ted Leber

My wife Ann and I lived on Cougar Mountain for 52 years. I retired in 1973 and shortly thereafter became a bum. That left us lots of time to hike in our Cougar Mountain backyard, so to speak. Shortly after we began hiking on an almost daily basis, we encountered this strange bearded creature doing, essentially, the same thing we were. We kinda joined forces to explore.

Harvey had a vision, as did we, that this lovely area was going to get ruined, and suggested that the area be named the Issaquah Alps--and that we develop a number of trails. Harvey was the driving force in naming various trails, and we "developed" them by just plain using them. Some of the trails in use today are trails that we just "stomped" out in a direction that seemed interesting. After a while we could repeat a particular hike because of the wear. We found some very interesting things along the way, too, such as airshafts for the mines that burrowed beneath our feet. We also came across many mining and logging relics.

Harvey was more familiar with Tiger Mountain than we, but we learned a lot there, too. He and Bill Longwell were deeply involved in getting trails on Tiger and Squak mountains. We started getting others interested; pretty soon there was quite a group tramping all over the trails in Harvey's Issaquah Alps.

I think Harvey and I are the only people (at least that I've heard of) who actually heard a wolf howl on Cougar Mountain. It just stopped us in our tracks. It was a long time ago, but definitely unmistakable! The wolf must have just been checking out the neighborhood, as we never heard him again. Of course, we encountered a number of wild animals—deer, an occasional bear, various rodents, and birds. But only that one wolf howl.

My wife and I are still fairly "active" in the "Hardcore," a group of formerly active Issaquah hikers who now hike other areas as well—Marty and Larry Hanson, Bev and Joe Toynbee, Peggy and Ralph Owen, to name a few. A group of seven of us actually went to New Zealand a few years ago. But at 85 years of age, Ann and I are slowing down a bit.

THE LONG VIEW STORM

by Yvonne & Tom Mechler

Before the Issaquah Alps Trails Club was formed, a small group of us hiked to the area now known as Long View Peak. It was raining and Harvey was using an umbrella. Soon the rain became a thunderstorm, and we took refuge under a large fir tree, Harvey with his umbrella still in the unfurled position. Harvey took the opportunity with his captive audience crowded under the fir tree to lobby quite persistently to form a hiking club. We were all quickly compliant, not wanting to linger any longer under tree during the height of an electrical storm. Tom offered the use of the Issaquah Sportsman's Club for an organizational meeting, which was held there soon after. . .

Harvey occasionally was the recipient of new outdoor equipment supplied by various manufacturers. On this particularly beautiful day atop Tiger Mountain, Harvey had a brand spanking new daypack. As we finished lunch, Harvey—who customarily ate canned kippered herring washed down with a can of Pepsi—shook *some* of the oil from the can and dropped the can straight into the new daypack. Perhaps this accounted for the rapid deterioration of his daypacks. . .

Though Harvey was a strong advocate of hikers including the “10 Essentials” while backpacking, he often commented that to keep his pack light he just carried a plastic tablecloth to curl up in at night instead of a tent and bag.

MANNING PARTY

Friends, and associates and admirers of Harvey Manning are invited to a gathering on Wednesday, January 3, from 7-9 p.m. at Tibbett's Manor in Issaquah to honor and remember the legendary founder of the Issaquah Alps Trails Club. Snacks and beverages will be provided at the event jointly sponsored by the IATC, the North Cascades Conservation Council and The Mountaineers.

Books, pictures and assorted memorabilia will be on display at the event. The only program per se will be a few short speeches by representatives of the sponsoring groups.

Tibbett's Manor is located three quarters of a mile south of I-90 from exit 15.

MANNING, Tiger Mt. State Forest and the DNR

By Doug McClelland, Asset Operations Manager,
DNR and Greenway Board member

I was in Illinois with my mom when my wife Kristi called to tell me Harvey Manning had died. I said to myself how could Harvey die, I had just received my monthly Harvey letter at our Preston post office box last week. You could always recognize a letter from Harvey; it was typed on the back of another letter he had received or on a Xerox of an important article you should read after you finish his letter. Harvey always reused paper received from someone else or sent me more to learn in each incoming report, direction or charge from Harvey. His typewriter was his own. Good thing he wasn't on the FBI list as a terrorist since his typewriter would always give him away. Maybe he was.

I first met Harvey on his annual government officials' hike, the “Big Wigs” hike, on Tiger Mountain; I think it was spring of 1980. Kristi and I were new foresters with the State DNR learning the ropes from Harvey. Little did we know it was the beginning of 26 years of learning for both of us, the Department of Natural Resources and all who had the privilege to know Harvey. Harvey's vision and unrelenting drive to complete that vision is the foundation of so much we take for granted in the Mountains to Sound Greenway.

Each of those letters I received contained another challenge from Harvey to make Tiger Mountain a successful working forest, a wilderness on the Metro. Sometimes it was praise for getting it right. Sometimes a warning that he is still watching and most of the time it was a challenge to do more, watch out for those who don't understand what we are doing here. We are stewards in time of the land we have the privilege to walk on. We need to be forever vigilant to keep ahead of those who want to take back the forest.

Over the years we learned many things from Harvey. They were just the tip of his vision but hopefully we will find a way to ensure that vision is never lost. A forest like Tiger is here forever. Forever is a really long time. We have a role to ensure that future visitors to Tiger Mountain remember what Harvey has taught us:

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Manning, Tiger Mt. & DNR *continued from page 13*

- If people do not know about the forest, they won't take the time to protect it. Name the stream, rock outcrop or lakes; make people love it by hiking there; make them value it for without a name it is nothing. Beaver Valley, Double Beaver Wetland, Otter Lake and other special spots on Tiger were nothing till they were given a name.
- The trail is the means to the end, not the end itself. Ensuring the land is there for the animals and future generations to explore is the end. The trail and the footsteps that follow are the means to develop a reason to save the land. After the land is protected the trail may need to disappear, for it is the land and all it provides that is really important.
- Don't take the words Harvey has typed personally. It's his challenge to get you to think, react and change. If you don't listen you can't learn. If you don't think and question your actions, you might not ever get what he was really trying to tell you.
- A plan is great, but how you implement it is what really counts. What you do on the ground is what really matters.
- Don't accept it can't be done. If you take the time to learn from each other, really get to know each other, you can find a way to make special things happen.

Harvey grew to appreciate the Washington State Department of Natural Resources. At first he didn't trust Old King Cole, as he named Bert Cole, the Department's first commissioner from 1957 to 1980. But after that hike in 1980 Brian Boyle, Bob Rose and others in the DNR learned his methods and long term partnerships were forged. Our task now is to ensure all the future foresters and managers at the DNR come to understand what Harvey meant when he said let's make this a working forest, a true wilderness on the Metro. If we don't know what is important, the forest will not be here for others to enjoy. The forest will be taken for granted and the special places lost forever.

I feel privileged to have spent 26 years with Harvey. Even when in the past few years it was only by that monthly letter I received at the Preston post office. Our challenge in the time we have together, working on the Greenway, is to ensure his message, however direct and to the point it is, is never lost. Have you figured out how we are going to do it? We must or the forest will not be here after we are gone.

MEMORIES OF HARVEY

By Barbara Johnson

Our family was a backpacking/hiking family. We always took our vacations in the mountains, never Disneyland. When we moved back to King County and the Eastside, I would drive by all those woods on the hills around our home and wonder, "I'll bet there are trails in them thar woods."

One day, while reading the Issaquah Press, I read an article proposing a park on Cougar Mountain. The interviewee was Harvey Manning, whom I knew as a hiking guidebook author. When I called the Press to find out more about this park, I was told to call Harvey for details. "What, me call the world famous Harvey Manning? Surely, he wouldn't want to waste time speaking to me, a mere mortal!" Well, I screwed up my courage and dialed the number. Harvey spoke to me for about 30 minutes. That turned out to be one of our shortest phone conversations! (I had to get call-waiting because of our many lengthy chats.)

Shortly after this conversation, Harvey sent me one of his many scribbled post cards inviting me to an organizational meeting for a hiking club. Note: He sent many folks a postcard for this meeting. I couldn't be there that day, but I said I would be willing to help out somehow. BIG MISTAKE!!!

In abstentia, I was elected vice-president of the new Issaquah Alps Trails Club. Boy did that turn out to be a commitment: lots of hard work, meetings, lobbying, trail work, hike leading, and fun.

The first summer of hikes we had up to 70 people on our walks. Several of us met in early fall to figure out what to do next. We had obviously filled a need. We increased the hikes from once a month to once a week. Leaders were needed. Harvey pointed at me and said, "You could lead one." Gulp. "It's easy," he said. "Just use my guidebook." OK, I answered tentatively.

With the guidebook in hand, my family and I rode the 210 (Yes, we did lead hikes via Metro) to Preston. We headed west along the old railroad grade. Whoops, it disappeared. We wound up hiking along the road till we got back to Issaquah. It was not my best day of hiking.

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Memories of Harvey *continued from page 14*

When we returned home, I called the author. "Your guidebook is wrong," I stated, perhaps a bit too vigorously. Well, that got Harvey going. He went out and checked the route. Yup, the State Highway Dept had rerouted the trail. Kindly, Harvey accompanied me on my hike. We managed to find a route that included scrambling over rip-rap under I-90 and the East Fork of Issaquah Creek.

Now, I was hooked. I agreed to several things that Harvey "suggested." How do you say No to the Guru? Including spending hours lobbying the Newcastle Hearings Committee of the King County Council. Harvey and I visited several Councilpersons to plead our case. He needed me to drive as The Great Wilderness Hiker seemed to get lost in downtown Seattle frequently!

After all the work we did together, Harvey and I had a great working relationship. I have a lot of great memories of trying to decipher his scrawlings that seemed to arrive in the mail with great frequency. Harvey never learned to use a computer. He always trusted his typewriter. Of course, he made typos which he would scratch out, add comments in the margins, etc. It was great fun editing his articles for *The Alpinist*.

Oh, yeah. We even got to hike together a few times. It was always fun to be around the Guru of Cougar Mountain. And I'm so glad he marshaled all of us to help him work to preserve hiking in the Issaquah Alps.

Lobbying with Harvey

The Introduction to Cougar Mountain Guide includes most of what Harvey and I did. We spent hours lobbying King County Councilpersons and Executive Randy Revelle. I spent a lot of time at Newcastle Community Hearings where 3 councilmembers, Gary Owens, Bruce Laing, and Bill Reams, listened to testimony from developers and citizens about how to modify the Community Plan or not. There were several of us citizens there to counter any testimony from developers. We managed to hold our own.

Uncompromising

Harvey was always a man of principle. He refused to compromise about anything. It was method of making sure we got what we wanted. The rest of us often tried wheedling him to compromise a teeny bit, but he never did. And he managed to win most of his battles.

Knew how to coin a phrase

Harvey coined the phrase "The Issaquah Alps" in order to get folks attention. He claimed he did it tongue in cheek. It stuck.

MTS originator

Shortly after the Trails Club was formed, we were meeting monthly at the Newport Way branch of the Bellevue Library. Harvey tossed out an idea to preserve the Greenway look as one approached Issaquah along westbound I-90. Several of us said it was a great idea, but we knew in our heart of hearts that it was a pipe dream. It would never come to pass. Guess Harvey knew more than the rest of us!

Mail crazy

Harvey was always bundling up photocopies of articles and mailing them off to acquaintances. I was inundated weekly with such tidbits.

Interactions with the Guru

When I would call him, his wife, Betty screened his calls. I always got through. Until later years when I was President. I did something to anger him and we haven't spoken since. Harvey referred to their home as The 800-Meter Hut. It is now surrounded by Bellevue Suburbia. Often when I visited, I would catch Harvey watching soap operas—his dirty little secret, perhaps? I teased him often about them and he deftly defended himself.

Betty and Harvey built a sod-roofed house on their property for Betty to do weaving. She made some lovely felted items, some using dog hair from their pets.

Buying a daypack at Eddie Bauer

One day while I was working at Bellevue Square, I spotted a day pack at the Eddie Bauer store. It was huge, had lots of pockets, and attachments and I bought one on sale, no less. I did need a new one. When I got home, I called Harvey and told him about it. He reckoned he might get a new one at that price.

A few days later there was a message on my answering machine from Harvey. Apparently he tried to find the store at the mall and got lost. He chided me for not being there to guide him!

When I first started hiking with the club, I would trail behind Harvey and others; listening to their comments

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Memories *continued from page 15*

as they pointed out flowers, trees, rocks, birds and other natural history points of interest. I thought to myself, "If only I could be as knowledgeable as Harvey. I would feel Life Is Complete." I decided to make learning as much about the natural history of the area as possible. I listened intently on every hike; purchased several field guides and read them as I walked along. (Picture me with nose buried in a book trying to avoid the usual trail hazards!)

I learned enough that I was able to be employed as a park ranger. I had attained my goal. Thank you Harvey for teaching me so much about nature, politics, and writing a well-drafted paragraph! Your greatest legacy is how many of us are out there teaching natural history to the next generation and loving the outdoors.



Happy trails, Harvey!