

# THE ALPINE

Special Dedication Edition ♦ August 2009



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

## STATUE DEDICATION SET FOR SEPTEMBER 20

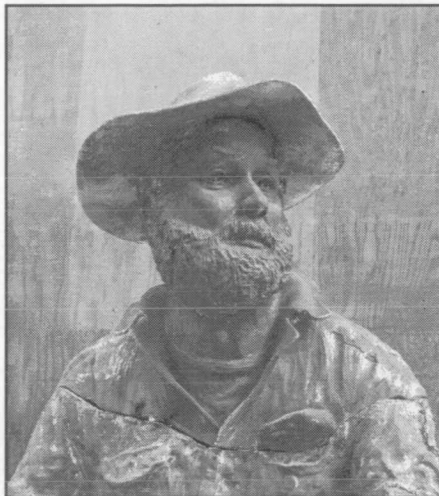
Years of planning and preparation culminate September 20 at 2 p.m. when the Harvey Manning statue is dedicated. The statue site is next to the Trail Center at 1<sup>st</sup> and Bush streets in Issaquah.

Harvey will sit proudly on a base of boulders from his own property on Cougar Mountain. The pose, based on a prominent photo by Larry Hanson, was selected by sculptor Sara Johani, who has spent the better part of two years creating Harvey in bronze.

The dedication program will be emceed by Steve Williams, president of the Issaquah Alps Trails Club, which Manning founded in 1979. Speakers will include Issaquah Mayor Ava Frisinger, City Councilman and former IATC president Dave Kappler, DNR Asset Operations Manager for Tiger Mountain Doug McClelland, IATC Vice-President Ken Konigsmark, Penelope Manning (Harvey's daughter), and sculptor Sara Johani.

IATC and the Manning family invite interested persons to attend the dedication, then walk the three short blocks to Gibson Hall on Newport Way for refreshments and fellowship. Part of the gathering will include celebration of the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Issaquah Alps Trails Club.

## CREATING A STATUE



By Doug Simpson

How does a small, non-profit organization go about erecting a statue for a deserving person? In fits and starts, I can tell you, balancing short-term reality with long-term goals. In short, it ain't easy.

The first step is to find a sculptor. Steve Gierke, Issaquah's Community Service Consultant, helped with the bid process, and we had five applications from Northwest sculptors. IATC's committee and Gary Reul of the city's Arts Commission narrowed the field to two. After interviews, we selected Lateral Line Studios and the duo of sculptor Sara Johani and foundryman Tom Jay. Some of their work is displayed at the Issaquah Salmon Hatchery.

The next step—a gigantic one—is raising the funds to pay for it. Based on Lateral Line's bid, we figured we needed \$65,000 to cover all expenses. The Issaquah Alps Trails Club pledged

\$15,000. and REI immediately donated \$10,000: we were off to a good start. Issaquah's Arts Commission pledged another \$8,000—and we were halfway there.

Expecting major support from other "greenie" organizations, we soon learned that none have deep pockets. These groups were willing to help, but most came through with \$500 to \$1500. It all helped, but those numbers don't add up too fast.

We relied heavily on individual contributions. Lots of checks came trickling in, most between \$25 and \$100. We pledged to put the names of all donors of \$1000 or more on a plaque. By the time we had stopped collecting, we had nineteen such donors. One we have called the Longwell Family. When IATC icon Bill Longwell passed away (he had been on our committee) late in 2007, the family named the Manning Statue Fund one of two memorial beneficiaries. That brought in a critically important \$5225.

As committee chairman, I attended numerous meetings of organizations both local and regional, including the Issaquah Arts Commission and City Council. I wrote letters or made phone calls to countless organizations. Some of these paid off, but many didn't for philosophical reasons or financial limitations.

*continued on page 2*

## Creating a Statue *continued from page 1*

Meanwhile Sara Johani set about her task of creating the best possible Harvey Manning statue. And she went to great lengths, studying his clothing and even scrutinizing Harvey's son Harvey Paul's head to literally get a feel for Harvey's head. Family and committee members were consulted about how accurate the model's features were, including the contours of his hat, his glasses and his flannel shirt. Harvey's wife Betty, daughter Penny and members of the committee have been greatly impressed by Johani's artistic details. We made one trip to the studio at Chimacum near Port Townsend to check progress. (Note: the process of creating the statue is another story in itself.)

I worked with Issaquah Badge and Trophy to create the two needed plaques, one listing the major donors which will be placed in cement in front of the statue. The other will be riveted into the rock base. It will say: "Harvey Manning, 1925-2006, Champion of the Issaquah Alps." The latter tagline was arrived at after multiple suggestions from club members and others. ITAC President Steve Williams discussed this in his last Alpiner message.

The Manning family early on volunteered rocks for the statue base. Johani picked out four that ideally suited her vision. The problem was moving them from the Manning hillside property on Cougar Mountain to the statue site next to the trail center at 1<sup>st</sup> and Bush streets in Issaquah. Marenakos Rock Center, located in Preston, agreed to transport the boulders to the site. This was done on July 17. Owner Bill Hyde and Roger Brekke of Marenakos went to great effort to do so and placed the boulders precisely to Johani's wishes. It was a marvelous sight and provided all with the euphoric feeling of envisioning the artistic end result of our years of preparation. Hyde relished the experience and interacting with the Manning family and committee members—and then refused to accept payment for a half day's work and Marenakos' truck and gear.

Now we invite all to come to the dedication ceremony on September 20.

(Below are listed the nineteen most generous donors whose names will appear on the plaque: Issaquah Alps Trails Club, REI, City of Issaquah Arts Commission, The Longwell Family, Allen F. Osberg, The Seattle Foundation, Issaquah Kiwanis Club, Washington Trails Association, The Mountaineers Foundation, Mountains to Sound Greenway, North Cascades Conservation Council, Grace Brooks, Betty Culbert, Jim Ellis, A. John Hartman, Deborah K. Smith, Karen Tom, Tom Walsh, Ann and Fred Weinmann.)

## The Apparatus

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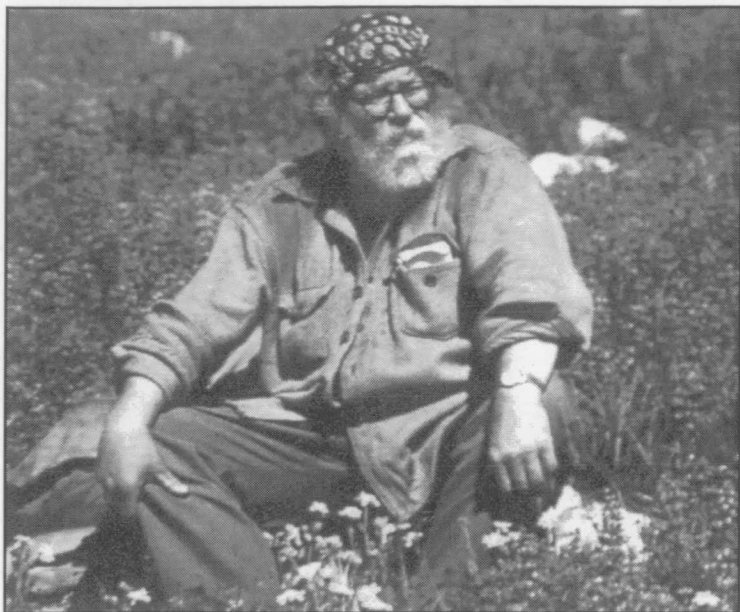
*(Ed Note: Interspersed on these pages are excerpts about Manning from the special Memorial Edition Alpiner published in December 2006.)*



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.

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. - Ralph Owen





Harvey at Goat Rocks, the photo inspiration for the statue. (Larry Hanson Photo).

## MANNING'S IMPACT

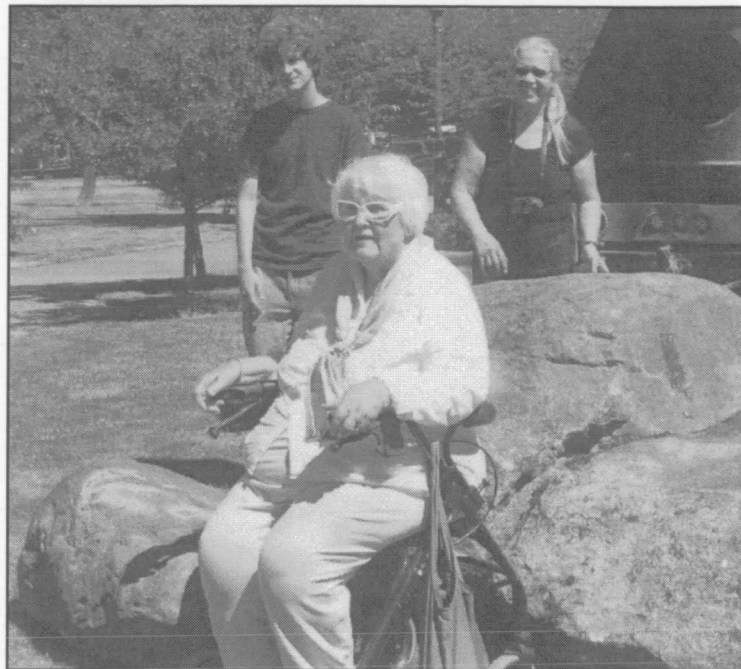
Harvey made a big impact on my life here in the Northwest. Starting fresh in a new area and culture (I had been out of the country for ten years), I could not have picked a better club than IATC to become active in. Harvey made me an activist, a hike leader from the second time I hiked with him—and not long after Hike Chair.

That position put me on the spot since I had to follow in his footsteps and attempt to emulate his prose while trying to get hikers interested in the Alps enough to become foot soldiers themselves. Of course, discovering many of the unique places on Cougar with him and our dogs will always be special to me. - Betty Culbert



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.

Your greatest legacy is how many of us are out there teaching natural history to the next generation and loving the outdoors. - Barbara Johnson



Betty Manning, Harvey's wife, sits by the rocks where Harvey will soon be ensconced. Also in the photo are their grandson Dylan Manning and sculptor Sara Johani. (Larry Hanson Photo).



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. - Ralph Owen



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. - Charles McCrone



"Your feet-bones are connected to your head-bones which are connected to your letter-writing finger-bones. What your feet know, and what they feel, must be transmitted to government officials." --H. Manning





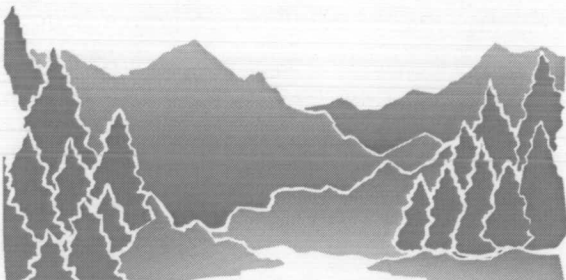
Bill Hyde, standing, and Roger Brekke of Marenakos Rock Center, place the Manning boulders recently. Also in the photo are Harvey's daughter Penelope Manning, park official Stu Chisholm, and sculptor Sara Johani. (Larry Hanson Photo).



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.

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

- Former King County Executive Randy Revelle



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. - Joe Toynbee



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

He is our local John Muir.

- King County Councilman Larry Phillips



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. - Ralph Owen



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.

- Ken Konigsmark





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.

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.

- Doug McClelland



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. - Dave Kappler



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.

- Charles McCrone



Harvey, with teddy bear, as Grand Marshal of a Salmon Days parade in years past.

Harvey sent me many type-written 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.

- Bill Longwell

# WALKING THE BEACH

By Harvey Manning

(Ed. Note: This article is chapter 5 of a seven chapter unpublished essay that complements Manning's book *WALKING THE BEACH TO BELLINGHAM*. In this adventure, he and his Shelly dog took a four-day walk from Tacoma to Seattle, connecting the book's earlier link from Edmonds north.)

Raindrops were splashing my face. The bluff jungle was so steep that getting off the beach was a job for a monkey. What then? Hang by my tail to morning? The night's flood of the spring tide would drown the sands and shingle deeply and totally.

Flush against the bluff lay a block of concrete. Barged in long ago by a developer intent on making something out of nothing. A boat house could be built, hitched by staircase or tramway to a picture window atop the bluff. Said God, "No you don't."

I clambered the concrete to a slim bit of perched beach. Rigged the tarp. The rain quit. "Pop!" went the can of jolly good ale and old. Life was good.

The bulge of bluff to my south obliterated sight and sound of Des Moines, to my north of whatever might prove to be there.

Across the Whulge, on Vashon Island, was the beach cabin where we waved at Will Rogers and Wiley Post, beginning their circumnavigation of the planet. When a movie of Will's was playing at the Princess in Edmonds, the manager had to borrow chairs from a furniture store to fill the aisles, and never mind the Fire Department. America wept for Will when the report went out of the crash in Alaska. I liked airplanes, then. Wore a Lindy helmet until it mysteriously disappeared.

The Whulge had become restless. Not lap-lap-lap, but slap-slap-slap, nearing the concrete block. The night's high was scheduled for 12.0. That's a lot. Monstrous gray whales sprawled on the horizon, one south, the other northwest. Between them the cumulonimbus fluffed brilliantly high.

A longshore current was rushing by the shore, northward bound. Longshore currents are generated by waves that strike the shore obliquely. Waves and currents are made by wind. But there hadn't been a breath all day. There are mysteries not dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio.

A tug labored by, shoving a barge. In silence. The ka-choop, ka-choop of the slap-slap-slap-smothered-the diesels, and also the jets that materialized from a spaceport somewhere inland, rocketed straight up over the Whulge, then turned toward New York, London, and Alpha Centauri. This was how it was in the movie palaces before the "Jazz Singer" shattered the magic of the silver screen. Atop my block of concrete I could listen to the *before*.

GA-LOOF! A "sneaker" wave whacked the concrete. In the gloom I spotted the three-derrick freighter from the "Oceane Sea" that done the deed. Two hours to the high, charted for 10:31. GA-LOOF, GA-LOOF was now continuous, and not from ships. Yet still no winds. Somewhere there must be a wind.

The sunset orange faded from the sky and also its mirror, the Whulge. The black whales united to obliterate moon and stars. Black, black, black. . . Except. . .

The cloud to the south glowed. Tacoma was there. To the northwest—Bremerton. To the north—Seattle. Between Bremerton and Seattle, a little glow that never was there when that was our home—Winslow on Bainbridge Island. From the wilderness without, the Cascades and Olympics, all those glows seemed a unity, civitas uber alles. Yet the wildness within has interstices.

The Whulge was as empty and silent as it was before the windships from Europe. I was *in* the before. Waves had climbed the concrete wall nearly to my boots, dangling. I hadn't caught the TV news since the day before yesterday. What if the Antarctic icecap had melted? I'd be among the early victims, in company with the driftwood lady and the doper I "skeered" half to death. Meanwhile, however, no police or murderers could disturb me without getting wet to the neck.

To make the world larger, go slower. To make it infinite, sit. So enormous was the night's Whulge that not all Queen Isabella's jewels could bankroll a voyage to Vashon Island, somewhere beyond (so rumor hath it) the black vacancy.

Far out in the Big Water was a tiny light. Was it *on* the water or *in* the Big Sky? No visible hull for support, nor wings. No sound. Moving so slowly on water or in air that it might be forever getting to. . . where?

Water and sky were, as in Genesis, all one. As were, here, waking and sleeping. I followed the light with eyes open, then with eyes closed.