

CHAPTER XVIII

"He rounded its water in his hand, deepened and clarified it in His thought, and in His will bequeathed it to Concord." Thoreau

Most of the focus of my long life was to live in, be part of, nature, and never let men stop me. Early on I had become aware of the idiosyncracies of mankind and I didn't want to get caught up in the conventions which fostered such blind behavior. So I lived serenely, unperturbed by what others thought of my being out there in the free wild. But as the years went by, among the trees, the wildflowers, the birds, the bugs and the whole interwoven ecosystems, a sense of guilt built up in me that I was one who understood what mankind should be doing for this endangered planet but I was selfishly enjoying the earth while doing nothing to guide, to educate, the humanity which was becoming the most destructive species on the planet.

In the late 1950's, being a half century old, and having finally gotten around to reading Henry Thoreau's WALDEN, then his MAINE WOODS, I finally woke up. I decided to dedicate the rest of my life to Henry Thoreau, to his principles of philosophy and his understanding of ecology. Checking on him in a library encyclopedia, I learned he has been considered as having had the highest sense of integrity of any man in America, though he was not a church goer. That clinched it. Eventually I landed in his home town of Concord, Massachusetts, and on the shores of his Walden Pond. For the next thirty-five years up to the time

of writing this, I was caught, determined to help, volunteer, and wound up ~~caught~~ ^{trapped} in the very aspects of civilization which I had stayed in the woods so long to avoid.

My biggest surprise when I first started to live in Concord was to learn that the Thoreau Society, which I had heard of and now joined, though national in scope, had no home base. It met annually in mid July, Thoreau's birthday ^h being July 12, in a church in the center of town, the church in which he had been christened, and from which he had been buried, and which he had refused to attend all his adult life. In my innocence, all revved up to help, I listened to a couple of older Thoreau Society members who said to me, "You live in Concord now, help us to get a Thoreau House in town." Totally unaware several members had been suggesting it for many years but had been blocked by one of their older members.

I agreed with them ~~that~~ should be a major effort. Just like that, I walked into a a human-behavior ^h trap in which I have been caught ever since. The dysfunctionality of the human race, which I once feared, now engulfed me. But I knew then and now, that if I truly believed in making the ^effort to make things better, then I must try, and not run away from it. My ever-increasing admiration for Henry Thoreau's integrity wouldn't let me be a quitter.

At the Annual Meeting of the Thoreau Society in the church, in 1959, I read a motion that the presiding officer appoint a committee to investigate the possibility of owning a Thoreau House in Concord. To my astonishment, nearly everyone in the church audience stood up, making such an unexpected noisy commotion I still hear it today, and voted "yes." Only a small handful of members continued to sit in one of the front pews, a warning, did I but recognize it. A

committee was named. I was put on it.

During the next year, when most of the members were scattered around the country, a couple of us asked questions around town, hoping to find something which could be converted into a Thoreau House, preferably in or near a woodsy spot. And we did much thinking about the funding we would have to find or raise.

At the next Annual Meeting, when the Secretary called for a report from the Thoreau House Committee, an elderly woman officer ambled slowly up the right-hand aisle to the pulpit steps, climbed part way up, turned around and faced the congregation. As she began to talk I remembered she was one of those who had remained seated last year when most of the congregation had stood up.

In very solemn tones she reminded members of Henry Thoreau's philosophy of simplicity. She stated that the Thoreau Society should never have more than a thousand dollars in the bank, that to raise the funds for a Thoreau House would invite all kinds of business tactics which would not please Henry Thoreau. Being a long-time officer, to the dismay of many she got the Thoreau House Committee killed.

But a couple of us decided to pursue the search for a suitable site on our own, trusting that something could be done about it eventually. It was four years later that I walked over to the Thoreau Texas House neighborhood, where Thoreau's family had lived when he was at the Pond. I blinked when I saw a small old house next door to the Texas House site had a sign across the front door which said "For Sale." As I have felt ever since, it seemed as if Henry had me by the hand and led me there.

Determined not to lose it, I got a group together, created a new organization, the Thoreau Foundation, and immediately sent for the forms necessary to incorporate and become tax exempt. This

was just in time to pass the word around at that July's meeting. At the outdoor picnic supper a voice spoke in my ear, "The money for the Thoreau House is available if you will take full charge." Can anyone blame me if I felt Henry was whispering in my ear? It was a young man who worked in a bank in Boston, whom I had often seen at meetings but didn't know. Eventually his ideas conflicted with ours, but he did make the money available to buy that house right away. Later he pulled out, but a Concord family took over the financing.

The evening before I was to mail the filled-out forms for incorporation and tax exemption I went to the negative-minded Thoreau Society officer's home to give her one last chance to change her mind. I asked her bluntly, "Why don't you want a Thoreau Society House in Concord?" Her answer, so selfish no one would want to cooperate with her, and typical of Thoreau officer behavior I was to learn, was, "Because I don't want to run it and I'll be damned if I let anyone else run it."

We decided to ignore her. In the morning I mailed in the legal forms to the Attorney General's office in Boston. They soon came back, properly signed and accepted. But all in all, it had taken nearly ten years, from the time I first read that motion before the Thoreau Society, to find and get open to the public a Thoreau House. We called it the Thpreau Lyceum, in memory of Thoreau's and Emersons's many lectures at the Concord Lyceum of their day. In 1967 we held the U.S. Post Office Thoreau commemorative stamps, with a caterer's tent and luncheon as such people^{were} present as Toger Tory Peterson and Edwin Way Teale.

But by 1968, the same elderly woman officer, who, like Deng Xioping, had more clout than conscience, determined I was not going to run that Lyceum even though it didn't belong to the Thoreau Society. Mostly through furtive wine parties at her home late afternoons she got

me thrown out. Though I was the one who had created that Board of Directors, and had ~~been~~ living in the Lyceum for a year as Curator.

I had helped remodel the inside of the building. Had planted fruit trees and other species such as lilacs, comparable to what Thoreau had grown next door. I created a small wildflower garden on the tree-shaded border between the ~~two~~ properties. But I had to move out.

I decided to leave town, realizing I had let politics catch up with me by being polite instead of ~~fr~~fractious myself. I headed for the Virgin Islands, hoping to find some way to take off from there for a lagoon on the east coast of Central America, where I had long wanted to camp and investigate the tropical birds. Fortunately, or so it seemed at first, a lab research job became available on St. John, where I could work until I had enough funds to get over to Caratasca Lagoon. But on the ^{lab}boats going over from St. Thomas, a high sea broke, threw me, and broke my back.

After a month flat on my back in the St. Thomas Hospital, I was put into a ¹plaster cast from chin to seat so I could fly to Florida to be at my sister's for most of the healing process. Once strong enough, I returned to New England and went camping in downeast Maine, an ideal thing to do, just bird watching and typing for the summer while my back finished healing.

A couple of Thoreau Society members who had been disturbed by the turn of events at the Lyceum, contacted me and insisted I do something for Henry Thoreau while I was in Maine. At first I said no more Henry Thoreau, but they persisted until I agreed to get something started. I could probably stay with it for two or three years then turn it over to some interested man. I stayed

with it for ten years, got a bridge and an island in the Upper Penobscot river named for Thoreau, and created THE THOREAU JOURNAL QUARTERLY, which eventually the Philosophy Dept. of the University of Minnesota took over, their area also being "Thoreau Country."

But I never forgot Walden Pond. It haunted me because of what had been happening to it. During the years when I lived in Concord, the Middlesex County Commissioners were managing Walden. In fact, they had begun ten years earlier to rearrange the terrain at the east end for their recreation plans. Since Thoreau's day there had been a path through the trees all around Walden, begun centuries before by the Indians. The County cut all the path trees off the east end and brought^t in truck loads of sand to create an artificial beach, and dumped sand^h into the water to make it shallow for paddling.

The year that I arrived in Concord, 1957, they also clear-cut the forest off the slopes along a section of the north side of the Pond; they gouged out the slope soil and dumped some of it into the Pond to create^e another shallow area, and pushed much of it up the slope to the east to create a bus road; and they cleared out a bus turn-around area at the east end. Townspeople made such a fuss about driving down to the Walden beach in a bus the County changed the name ~~to~~ to the ambulance road. Thoreau Society members, alerted rather late to what was happening, ~~they~~ quickly formed a Save Walden Committee and demanded that the County put back the trees and soil. The County insisted it was only trying to help mothers with little children, so the Thoreau Society took the County to court.

It took three years to move up through the courts. But the Save Walden Committee won its case. The County was ordered to restore the trees and put the soil back in place. The County claimed it had no funds with which to comply.

Not long after that I moved to Maine. By 1975 the State had taken over the Walden Pond Reservation from the County. I had long assumed that the damage to the deforested slope had long since been repaired. I stopped in to look at the site on my way to xx winter with my sister and parents in Florida in the late fall of 1979. I stared at the damaged site in utter surprise. Nothing had been done. Nothing. The whole area was like a huge sand dune; it was bare and so gullied a man could stand in the bottom of the gully and the top of his head would not reach the dune level above. I was told that horseback riders, even bicyclists, rode up and down that gully all spring, summer and fall. What the County had done had become a scar on the Walden landscape.

From Florida I wrote to the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Management in Boston, and asked permission to reforest that area, volunteer, and listed my qualifications for doing so. Not until July, returning to Concord from Maine for the mid summer Thoreau Society Annual Meeting, did the State and myself make contact.

The State DEM Director stood on the flat with me above the dune area, a level area which lies between the slopes down to the Pond and even steeper slopes up to the street level. A tall, friendly man, with what I called a male Mona Lisa smile, looked down on me and said, "I will turn it over to you if you will stick with it until it is done." Which was just what I had hoped for. That fall, on my way back south to Florida, I stopped over in Concord long enough to buy, for the State, the tools which which would be needed first thing in the spring, for it was expected that a group of Youth Conservation Corps students would be my crew. I gathered together buckets, shovels and trowels, and stored them in the Reservation workshop, where there were already rakes, shovels and other tools.

The work got started in mid April, in 1980. But as I had to wait for my crew to be out of school, and for a small buckhoe

machine to bring back some of the soil which had been removed, I spent most of the time creating tree seedling beds into which I heeled small white pine and oak seedlings which I gleaned from around the Reservation. I gathered, also, to plant in the tree bed area, a few ground cover plants, and carried in buckets of rotted tree stumps from the cabin area, where the 1938 hurricane had ~~blow~~^{blown} down a stand of pines which Thoreau had planted there, and stockpiled it so I could eventually mix it in with the dry slope soil. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

The soil around Walden Pond is part of the glacial outwash extending about two miles both east and west and north and south. It is a sandy plain of about 2600 acres, very similar to the famous Jersey Pine Barrens but on an almost microcosm scale. Some local native plants will not grow in it so I couldn't bring many of my wildflowers in there. But pitch pines do grow there, a characteristic species in that kind of soil. Planting in such dry soil on steep slopes needed fussy finger work, quite different from modern tree planting with a machine.

Another additional difficulty was that the steep slope facing south along that north side of the Pond faced the sun all day. Relentless sunshine, on dry soil all day, on a steep angle, means problems in getting transplants to ^rsurvive. I knew I couldn't plant much ground cover, which normally holds soil and keeps it damp in a forest, as it was going to take years for the new seedlings to produce shade ^{the} they require. Thus that soil would be loose, uncovered soil for some time, with tree roots not only slow to get down to the water table but slow in holding soil in place.

Eventually a small backhoe machine arrived with a skillful driver. Its first chore was to bring soil back down from the turn around at the top of the ambulance road, and from a berm where some of it had been stored down along ^{the ambulance road} ~~along~~ the Pond-facing slope.

It was recovered and brought back down to the dune area to fill the gully so that the top level beveled off with the rest of the dune. That ended the horseback riding and the bicycling adventures up and down that damaged slope.

I had sent out a call for hay and sticks. Now, as in an old-fashioned painting showing seed being cast broadside, my crew sowed grass seed with hand swings over the bare soil, all the way up to the turn around. In haste to get it all ~~day~~ done in one day, while the weather held, they quickly spread the hay, several inches deep, over the grass seed, then placed the sticks on the hay to keep it from blowing or from washing if we had a heavy rain. Just before time to do home we watered it all.

Five days later we arrived as a group first thing in the morning to see green grass tips sticking up through the hay. We were elated. I can still hear our cheers echoing up the slope into the woods above, and out over Walden water. It didn't rain for several days, typical June weather. We had hooked up an old fire hose we found in the work shop and borrowed an old water pump which made it possible to water daily from the Pond. Eventually Walden Forever Wild purchased and donated a modern compact water pump.

In the fall we started transplanting some of the heeled-in tree seedlings, for by then the grass roots were holding the soil so our feet didn't start a soil crumbling. It took three years to get all the seedlings out there. Some still had to be collected from around the Reservation. Here and there a seedling didn't "take," and had to be replaced. I had to start the work myself every spring, and continue into the fall, as my crew were still in school part of that time. With every little tree having to be fussy-finger planted, on steep slopes out in the open sun, the planting process was slow.

Because people had become used to running up and down those slopes over th^e years, and the horseback riders were makin' comments about losing their rights, a snowfence was erected around the west edge of the plantation, from where the horses had been approaching, and across the bottom where the planting area joined with the upper edge of the beach. Another example of people demanding their "rights" in there, was I had repaired five narrow foot paths up to the street level from the flat ~~area~~^{area} below. An older man was scrambling up through where I had just planted some seedling^d pines and when I spoke to him, calling his attention to the work just done in there, he insisted he had a right to walk up through there as he had paid his parking fee. He stated he had a right to walk anywhere he wanted in the Walden Reservation.

Once we got the snowfence^w in place, firmly attached to stakes sunk in the ground, teenage boys insisted they had rights to go anywhere on the Reservation. They started kicking holes in the fragile snowfence slats. It became a copycat idea, and those holes had to be repaired all summer for several summers.

The last spring I worked there, in 1985, the water level of the Pond rose to its famous cyclical height, right up through the fence into the bottom area of planted seedlings. Walden Pond has a 30-year water cycle, 15 years building up, 15 years dropping down; at the end of the latter period there is no water in the east end of the Pond. I had planted a row of gray birch across the bottom of the slope, just above the beach sand line, as it is a fast-growing species and would quickly provide shade ^{for} of the transplants there. I had assumed that flood stage would kill them, but when I saw them a dozen years later they were doing what they had been planted to do, and the whole slope was so densely forested there was no more bare soil.

In the very first months that I was working on that sand dune area at Walden it became obvious to me that the Boston bureaucrats had the same outlook about Walden as had the County. Walden, to both, existed primarily as a swim-recreation site for Boston area residents. Its fragile environment and unsual history meant nothing to city authorities. My Mona Lisa-smile Director understood the role of Walden as a national and international treasure, but he could only do what higher up commissioners dictated. Those over him insisted that Boston area people needed a fresh water pond for swimming. Many of us realized the State should develop alternative swim sites, even by damming brooks in several small neighborhoods so cars would not be crowding the highways to get to just one parking lot. But the commissioners made it obvious that as long as Walden were there, and had been bequested to the State by the Emerson family, they had no intention of bothering with alternatives.

A group of four of us, including three young men, were talking on the steps of the Concord Public Library in mid July, ^{1980,} after the Thoreau Society meeting. I was telling them of the need for the rescue of Walden, and that I wished the Thoreau Society would reactivate its Save Walden Committee. Up to then I had met with a wall every time I tried to interest Thoreau Society members in Walden, for it was mostly a gathering of older men, arm-chair literary type people, who insisted that Walden existed only in a book. Now, one of the young men said, "Why not start our own Walden organization?" The banter of words which followed that for the next several minutes produced ^everal positive ideas. We came up with the title "Walden Forever Wild" after a group I'd heard of in the Catskills, and one young man insisted I go immediately to the Post Office, just a couple of blocks away, and open a mail box in that name. Which I did

do; the Post Office assigned us mail box No, 275, which we still have today. One of those young men vanished as he lived elsewhere. The other two helped get Walden Forever Wild started.

The last year in which I worked at planting the slopes the State expressed satisfaction in the reforested area to the extent they wanted to extend the work around the Pond, especially at the western end where a slope of cinder debris extended from the railroad tracks back there down to the Pond edge. They hired a young man, the lowest bidder, a novice landscaper, to remove the cinder slope and put in a path to make it possible to walk all around the Pond. That cinder slope had been there since Thoreau's time and only kids and people like myself scrambled across it. Much aware by then of the damage trampling feet could do to so fragile an environment I begged the State not to open up that path, warning of the erosion that could result. But the State went ahead with its plans. Today, what had been a green wall over there has mostly open slopes and the ground cover has been trampled to death. The erosion is tragic.

A couple of years after the damage became very obvious over there I wrote to the DEM and offered to repair it, volunteer, and find a way to protect it. I was told that if I wanted to work over there I would have to be under the supervision of the landscaper. To me a kid, only a ~~kid~~^{third} my age, with no experience other than what he got at Walden.

The Walden Forever Wild organization continued to develop. For awhile we tried submitting bills to the State legislature, requesting that Walden be a nature-preserve-type Sanctuary, which it should be as such an historic site. But we refused to do such things as march in the streets, and the town of Concord was so apathetic we had little

support from there. One of the legislators contacted the Thoreau Society and asked if they would back the bill. As usual the Thoreau Society was totally disinterested. A woman legislator wrote us, "take your cause elsewhere."

Gradually we recognized we had to put more effort into trying to educate the public, especially local people, as we had begun to recognize the reason ~~that~~ the local Concord and Lincoln residents were so insensible to Walden's plight. The current adult, middle-aged residents had been teen agers at the time hippies came to town in the 1960's and tried to take over Walden. They had adopted Henry Thoreau as their guru because of his belief in the simple life. But camping was not allowed at Walden, and the hippies spread out around town looking for a spot to tuck into. Unkempt looking, with their hand put, strangers from away, they were out of place in a town which drew the other kind of visitors, - to the Emerson House, the Alcott House, the Hawthorne Old Manse, to old North Bridge and the Minuteman. They were as welcome as fleas, a memory which the ~~parents~~ ^{parents} of today's teen agers still had.

To them Walden and Henry Thoreau continued to represent the hippie generation and every time Walden Forever Wild tried speaking up publicly, of the need to save Walden, one ~~or~~ more local residents made a comment about that hippie Henry Thoreau, that Walden was not worth saving. Finally, in 1995, ^{under} Walden Forever Wild ^I put out an educational pamphlet, HENRY DAVID THOREAU, HOW GREAT A SON ~~OF~~ CONCORD, an Emerson quote, summarizing the busy and useful life of Henry Thoreau. By the time of his death, the Thoreau family was one of the most ^{an} financially stable in town due to their work with pencils and graphite. Also, we helped the locals to realize that Henry Thoreau was the first to discover the principles of ecology, and is considered by many specialists today to be the founder of the science of ecology. WFW donated a copy to every family in town, an

expense which has proved worth it. Since the publication of that pamphlet Walden Forever Wild has not heard one word about Thoreau being a hippie; instead many comments beginning with "I didn't know..." have come in. The whole town has now waked up to the value of Walden, and its incorporated Walden Woods.

In the meantime the Thoreau Society has also waked up. After my pleading with them for years to reactivate the Save Walden Committee, or in some way help to save Walden, at last they are on a more visionary course, and probably while not always making the wisest of choices, like the local residents they are no longer apathetic. One stimulant has been a rock music person from Hollywood, Do Henley, learned of the plight of Walden when looking at a TV program in his California home. Having been an English major, and an admirer of Thoreau in his youth he came to Concord to find out what the problem was.

With skill, persistence, and proper support from a group of influential Boston people, he created a new group called it the Walden Woods Project, and immediately set up concert programs to gain some funding. In no time, it now seems, he brought in enough money to stop, buy out, developers who had already started work in large open spaces around the periphery of Walden. Knowing that Walden Forever Wild could never rescue all that open space I used to wish that some kind of activist organizer from outside the area would come in and help. Henley proved to be the perfect rescuer, though some local people resent rock music money. Through the acquisition of millions of dollars, some being matching grants, the open spaces around Walden are now safe for all time, and people should be forever grateful to Henley. ~~But~~ He proved to us what most of us have known from a long time, but haven't wanted to face. That money makes good things, as well as bad, possible.

While all this was going on I was beginning to face up to the calendar. I had moved to a senior citizen village in my home state of Connecticut from my Maine cabin, just a half ~~mile~~ mile from the University of Connecticut campus, partly to have its library close by. When I had been an undergraduate there I had been so impressed with the size of the rural campus, two miles north and south and over a half mile in width that I felt some portion of it should be in a protected sanctuary. I talked to the then Dean about it, but when he opened out a sheaf of maps laying out the development plans for the then small campus, I gasped and gave up. But when I returned recently I still felt the campus was large enough that some wild spot could still be preserved somewhere. By then the campus had been largely built up.

Then I remembered an open area just half a mile up the road from me. When I was an undergraduate student our class learned how to create a pine plantation by planting bucketsful of pine seedlings in a large open field along the main road there to Willimantic. Today those pines are over fifty years old, forming a mature white pine stand, along side a lane which goes down into land which in my time was an open farm site. There is a pond in there, which had been used for years to provide water power for a silk mill down the road. But now, the university owned that land and it was not used for farming. Young forests had come in naturally on all sides of the pond.

I had learned that the area was slated to become student housing eventually, being saved for such expansion. I knew there were two swamps in there, and in addition to them and the pond there was a brook. Meaning it could be classified by today's standards as wetlands upon which no building would be allowed. The more than 150 acres in there could be declared forest preserve by the university.

I worked with the Natural History Department, and though we met with resistance at first, our request was granted to declare that area the Albert E. Moss Forest, Wildlife and ~~XXXXXX~~ Wildflower Sanctuary. There are a variety of habitats present. But to wait for the birds, chipmunks and the wind to return many of the species which had been plowed out, would be too slow. I have brought some of my wildflowers there and planted them. I am hoping that in time most of the native Connecticut plants can be assembled there. The only habitats not present are bogs, and limestone sites, though someday enough limestone rocks can be brought in to make a rock garden for those special species, as ^{they} are found in western Connecticut.

Down in back of my own yard, there is a woodlot which I am sure was contiguous with the Moss Sanctuary woodlot long ago. It has a stone wall composed of large rounded boulders, no doubt moved there by oxen by the earlier farmers of the area. I use it as a northern boundary of a lane which I have cleared of undershrub through the woodlot. Thus I have a young forest to work in just south of the stone wall where shady trees permit the growing of many of the native forest wildflower species. I call the lane Mary's Wildflower Alley, and recently I have started a live wildflower exhibit in the new nursing home down at the back end of the woodlot. A few wildflower species I have bought in, knowing I ~~can't~~ ^{can't} collect them, such as yellow ladyslipper and hepaticas.

I brought some of the plants down from Maine, others from my Concord collection. Some I have found locally, and a few were already on the place. Counting the tree and shrub species already present, and such usual common weeds as bouncing bet the clovers,

I have listed at least 60 species present. Among them are such native wildflowers as round-lobed hepatica, bloodroot, whitw trillium, red (purple) trillium, a yellow trillium I bought in from the Carolinas, and yellow ladyslipper which I got in the same place; wild ginger, foamflower, forget-me-not, Jack-in-the-pulpit, smooth yellow violet, downy yellow violet, rattlesnake plantain, tall meadorue, cardinal flower, great blue lobelia, and bottle gentian.

As most states now have laws against collecting wildflower plants, as they should have, I continue to cultivate them in nursery fashion, which gives me surplus plants with which I can be a Johnny Appleseed. As I've said, I have put some of them in the Moss Sanctuary, brought some to the Edwin Way Teale Trail Wood Sanctuary in Hampton, Conn., and I sold a few potted ones recently at a table sale for Walden Forever Wild. I donate them now as my contribution to the wild habitats which humans have trampled out or farmed, or built on and the buildings are now down, but which have reverted to undisturbed habitats, if conditions are conducive to their reestablishment.

These last years of activity, aside from wildflowers, I put almost full time into Walden Forever Wild work. Walden has yet to be saved; there is now some hope this can be done by the year 2000. There is also Walden Woods, and other Thoreau wild spots needin g study such as the Estabrook Country, and the three small rivers which Thoreau made so famous.

And, for all the good the Thoreau Society has at last gotten into, it has stmbled with one projectwhich implies rescuing in the future. In their desire to upgrade the Lyceum activites into a real Thoreau Center, they have sold the Lyceum to a private family, when they should have remodeled it in place. Instead they acquired an elitist hunt club, the opporit to anything one associâtes with Thoreau. Maybe funds will be available someday to buy it back.

Having recognized the need for better public education about such ecological areas, Walden Forever Wild is working out ideas for creating a Thoreau Institute of Ecology. It will be a two-story building, with large auditorium and supportive rooms on the first floor, and classrooms, special libraries and several ~~xx~~^{lab} rooms on the second floor, where emphasis will be put on the study of the ecology of Thoreau's wild spots, which can become models for other communities to become intimately acquainted with their local wild areas.

It is hoped that successful corporation women, and women who are top in their sciences, will donate to the start-up fund for the Institute. This has nothing to do with the feminist movement, as men will have prominent roles to play in it, but it is an opportunity for women in upper financial brackets to create something useful and needed for the world of ecology. And, who knows, it might help a couple of them to break that glass ceiling. Women are just beginning to be interested in ecology; caring for the environment could offer outlet for their talents, in contrast to the destructive ways ^t ~~men~~ ^{with which} have always approached environment.

If I didn't accomplish some of the things I had hoped to do, - I was sure, for instance I could get Walden saved by now, - at least I have been a catalyst. Many a time I have been tempted to go back to the idyllic life in the woods, and return to living as part of the planet's wild diversity. But two things have deterred me; it is no longer a safe world for a woman alone in the woods. It used to be that crime ~~was~~^{was} committed in civilization and taken out and dumped in the woods. Now, the criminals live and hide in the woods.

But also, having once admitted to myself the need to help protect the planet against human thoughtlessness, and having become embroiled in it, there can be no turning back. Not as long as cleaner water,

unpolluted air, animals on the brink of extinction, elitist citizens over-exploit, recycling needs further development, acid rain still damages vegetation, much more needs to be done. And there is that ozone hole out there. With human population increasing faster than land and resources are available, more than half of this small planet being water, - it is impossible for me to hide in the woods any longer. I know too much to be that indifferent. ~~anyxixxxxxxx~~

Time has caught up with me. Even John Muir had to come inside eventually. There is a flat corner on one of the big boulders down in my Wildflower Alley, where I go sit now and then, as I call it Contemplation Rock. I now recognize that one of the most diverse things on this planet, and therefore one of the most influential, is the human mind. That such diversity allows for the positives, which need to be managed to keep the negatives from controlling.