

Excerpts about Tom Brucker's role in saving Hells Canyon, from Brock Evans' new book, *Endless Pressure Endlessly Applied*, Wake-Robin Press, 2020

[Chapter 12: HELLS CANYON CAMPAIGN]

(Just after B's landmark *Petition for Intervention* in the legal battle was accepted by the court, which had been hearing only from dam builder petitioners, August 1967)

"Next thing I got was a summons from the trial judge: "you will appear (with all the other parties) at a Preliminary Hearing at the Portland Federal Courthouse on September 27 [1967]" .My heart sank further. What does one do at a Preliminary Hearing in a federal court? I hadn't the slightest idea about that either! I was not a real lawyer-lawyer anymore. My responsibility was to be the Sierra Club's Representative for the whole Northwest – from the North Pole to California!

The North Cascades Park/Wilderness bill was soon to get marked up in the Senate; much lobbying to be done there. On Oregon's Westside, I was trying to rally folks to make one last effort to save the magnificent forests of French Pete Creek from the chainsaw, The struggle over monster freeways in Seattle was at a fever pitch. I had to find some help.

I called up my hiking and climbing friend, Tom Brucker. Tom was about five years older, a very experienced trial lawyer, calm and confident. "Can you help? We can't pay much," I said, 'but we have a chance to save a whole river here." A great conservationist, Tom liked the idea. I told him all I could about this mysterious great canyon that I had not yet seen, about Justice Douglas' Supreme Court opinion, about my conviction that the FPC proceeding was our only hope of slowing things down until we could fashion a political solution to save the Snake permanently. How and what to do we would just have to figure out as we went along. For now, we had to act and play out the game, whatever that 'game' was. [p.195]

[from chapter 47, pp 465-470: *MUSIC TO PLAY AT MY FUNERAL*]

#10. Bach: Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello, #6... July 1970.

This was one of the pieces I played over and over again while my friend and fellow Seattle attorney Tom Brucker and I lived together for one week in Hollis Days' remote White River cabin. During those seven intense days, we drafted the legal brief that would save the Canyon from destruction by the giant dams proposed for it. We had to do well on this brief. We had to make the strongest possible case. We had to save the great Snake River and its magnificent gorges from drowning.

So for seven days we cooked our meals, fed wood to the stove, debated, discussed, and argued every point as lawyers do, and collaborated completely. Tom took one section or subject, I would take another, then we would compare. To cool down, every now and then we wandered outside into the ancient fir forest near Mt. Rainier National Park.

And over and over I would play my favorite records, including all the cello sonatas, all very mind-sharpening, thought-deepening, to me, all helping me to focus, think clearly. I am lucky Tom was so tolerant!

We finished about July 30, drove home together, spent all the next day packing up our backpacks; and the next day,, with my wife Rachel, & his wife Mary, leaving our little children home with a babysitter, and with 6 other friends, drove up to Cascade Pass to begin the greatest mountaineering adventure and achievement of my life, the 10-day Ptarmigan Traverse, 40 miles down the spine of the North Cascades, from Cascade Pass to Chickamin Glacier, a mostly unknown wilderness region of no trails, all cross-country, rappelling off cliffs, picking our way across crevasse-ridden snowfields, through blizzards and storms and brilliant flower-filled meadows, lovely little lakes and the most profoundly stirring wild scenery on the continent. It was a Supreme Adventure, the grandest possible coda – not to mention contrast—to the equally intense intellectual “adventure’ with Tom of just the week before.