



EARTH FIRST! PIRATE SHIP LAUNCHED ON LAKE FOUL MAY 19. See Page 12, for story.  
—Photo by Dan Milles

## BLOCKADE PERSONAL ACCOUNTS

### #1 by Mike Rosselle

Work on the Bald Mountain Road came to a halt at 10:15 a.m., the 25th of April. Four people stood in front of the D-8 caterpillar that was pioneering the road down Silver Creek. They demanded an end to the senseless rape of the forest. In the thirty years Les Moore had operated the screaming machinery of destruction, no one had ever stood in his way. He cursed and shouted, demanding that they move.

"Shut 'er down, we're not moving!" was the reply from the four, who now held a banner displaying the Earth First! emblem.

The operator dropped the blade. He dismounted the giant machine, still cursing. The protesters, not wanting to provoke an incident with the driver, stood in silence. The time for arguments, at least for the moment, was over. Les Moore was angry. Having exhausted every obscenity in his vocabulary, and realizing that threats alone would not move the determined group, he climbed back into his bulldozer. He backed down the road scar about fifty feet. He

dropped the blade and advanced slowly, scraping a layer of fresh earth into a pile that grew as he approached the human blockade. He came to a stop as the rocks and dirt piled up at the feet of the blockaders, whose arms were linked together. They looked him straight in the eye. They showed no sign of moving.

Les Moore raised the blade of the dozer as high as it would go. He skillfully maneuvered the cat from side to side, dislodging large rocks from the high side of the road cut. The rocks rolled off the berm towards their feet. But it was to no avail. A large wall of disturbed soil now stood between protesters and machine.

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## Personal Accounts (continued)

The dozer, visibly frustrated, once again retreated, this time about ten yards up the road. The blockade advanced over the berm, to the base of the blade.

"First down!" someone said.

Les Moore, disgusted by the sight of the environmentalists, retreated another ten yards in reverse. He killed the engine and climbed down, this time with his thermos in hand.

"Bunch of Communist bastards! Who funds you anyway? The Rockefellers?" He scowled as he walked up the road mumbling obscenities, on his way to call the sheriff. The blockaders advanced another ten yards. They draped their banner over the dozer blade.

"Touch down!"

Meanwhile, an anxious Dave Foreman was leading the press corps through the mud. When they arrived on the scene, the bulldozer had been idle for half an hour, and a crowd of Earth First! support people were gathered around the captured machine. The blockade of the Bald Mountain Road had begun, after months of planning and preparations; so too, began the non-violent struggle to save all wilder-ness.

It would be th more hours before the Josephine County Sheriff's deputies would arrive and haul the demonstrators off to jail. Work would resume on the controversial road. More blocks were to follow. The people of Oregon and the rest of the country were gearing up for a long fight.

### #2 by Ric Bailey

The ten of us, the second wave of defense, rendezvoused at a deserted campground. It was May 5, 2:30 a.m., nine days after the initial blockade. Our strategy was altered by the recon report from the night before: The Freddie's had a double locked gate at the head of the road. We would have to hike three miles to reach the battlefront.

During the long ride up to the gate, we sat in silence, in the backs of the pickups, some snoozing, most contemplating the task at hand. At last, we reached the gate. The pickups departed. We were on our own. We hadn't gone far before we were confronted by an unexpected peril: a dog barking. Its warnings shattered the tense stillness of the night. We retreated. After a brief conference, we decided to leave the road on the Northwest side, circumventing the dog and probable guard encampment. This we succeeded in doing without conflict. We reemerged from the bush, and started back down, passing silent pieces of machinery scattered along the accursed road, like so many behemoths in hibernation. We suppressed the obvious desires that arose.

Our objective was: locate the end of the constructed road, and there make our stand to prevent further intrusion into the as yet undefiled portions of Bald Mountain Ridge. As dawn was breaking, we found our spot, where the last stretch of road went into a cutting bordered by a sheer wall of stone on the left, and a steep drop into a canyon flecked with



"You better get the hell out of here if you don't want to be killed!" Catskiner Fred Brown tells William Smith, Molly Campbell, Diana Warren, Peter Swanson, and Doug Norlen.

Photos by Frank Siler

huge fir trees on the right. We mounted the stone embankment. We observed the road survey stakes that had been placed at the base of a tree that bore a sign proclaiming the boundary of the Kalmiopsis Wilderness Area. Anger and disgust inflamed us.

It was not long before we heard the sound we awaited; harsh and unmistakable. The surly growl of a D8 cat preparing for a day of destruction. The tone of "its" voice changed. We knew it was moving down toward us. We leaped onto the road: eight of us hand in hand, stretched across the road. Two photographers positioned themselves for action shots. The cat turned the corner into full view. It clattered toward us at full throttle. We held forth our arms in gesture of command and defiance. The great machine halted. It dropped its huge blade at our feet. Les Moore ("Les" wilderness "Moore" destruction) dismounted. He placed us all under citizens arrest, then left to fetch the sheriff. We held our position in front of the dozer savoring the accomplishment of phase one of our blockade.

It was an hour and a half before the sheriff's deputies arrived in 4-wheel drive pickups. We had an added surprise for them. As soon as our scout came running back with the news that they had arrived, we emptied our packs of the chains and handcuffs, and began phase II of our plan. We quickly bound ourselves to the bulldozer. Our ploy worked. The sheriff sent a man all the way back to town for a set of bolt cutters. By the time he returned, cut us loose, and we were hauled away, we had succeeded in delaying construction for 4½ hours.

We spent about 2 hours in jail, before being released on our own recognizance. We will go to court to face a charge of criminal mischief. But our blockade was a success, and the consequences were expected. Other affinity groups are forming, other strategies will be employed, and construction will halt more often, and for longer periods of time. At least, that is our hope. We feel in our hearts that we have contributed to a

great cause, and helped with the advent of a new tactic in the protection of wilderness in America: Direct Action. We are confident that ours was not an act of futility, but a show of force, of power, and that in the end, the beautiful North Kalmiopsis will be saved.

### #3 by Doug Norlen

The following is a personal account of the Tuesday, May 10 blockade which caused a one-hour shutdown of construction of the Bald Mountain road in the Kalmiopsis region.

Molly Campbell, William Smith, Peter Swanson, Diana Warren and I stood just above the road getting ready for our action. Stay calm. Deep breaths. Relax. Concentrate. Pray. Pull together! Ready, set, go! Ayess!!!

The five of us jumped down a steep fifteen foot embankment that was gouged into the mountainside to make room for

the logging roadbed. Two photographers, Frank and Karin followed, sliding and bouncing down to the roadbed. A third photographer, Omo remained perched safely above the roadway at a spot he later described as "a good vantage point to take pictures." The driver of the bulldozer was working a sharp corner turnout in the road about 20 yards down from where we descended. He saw us at once and his eyes bulged out. He reacted instantly by calling and waving to a giant earthmover driver who was dumping a load of dirt to build up the corner. The earthmover driver immediately parked his machine, jumped out and ran by us to a white Plumley Company truck parked just up the road from us.

The Catskiner grabbed a quick gear and started down the road away from us. It appeared to me that he was frightened and was leaving to call the sheriff. However, when

he was just about completely around the corner, he appeared to have a change of emotions. He turned his dozer around and headed back towards the corner between us. He drove his dozer at a fast clip and began frantically working the corner again. The five of us linked arms and approached him.

As we approached the cat the driver in the Plumley Company truck drove past us to call the sheriff.

The dozer driver put his machine into reverse and backed towards us. He kept coming back and when his dozer was at arm's length to us, we stopped. He did not. He kept backing his dozer into us and we were forced backwards by the machine.

"You better get the hell out of here if you don't want to get killed!" he screamed as he pointed at us vindictively.



Fred Brown

It was then that I saw the man, saw his face clearly. He was wearing an Irish beret tilted to the right. He had very distinct Irish features with high cheekbones and a rolling chin. His eyes were red and intense, showing extreme anger and equally extreme fear. His lips quivered rapidly as he screamed at us. He seemed to be losing control.

After forcing us back about 20 feet he went forward toward the corner. The five of us regrouped and relinked our arms. The dozer shifted back into reverse and started at us again.

